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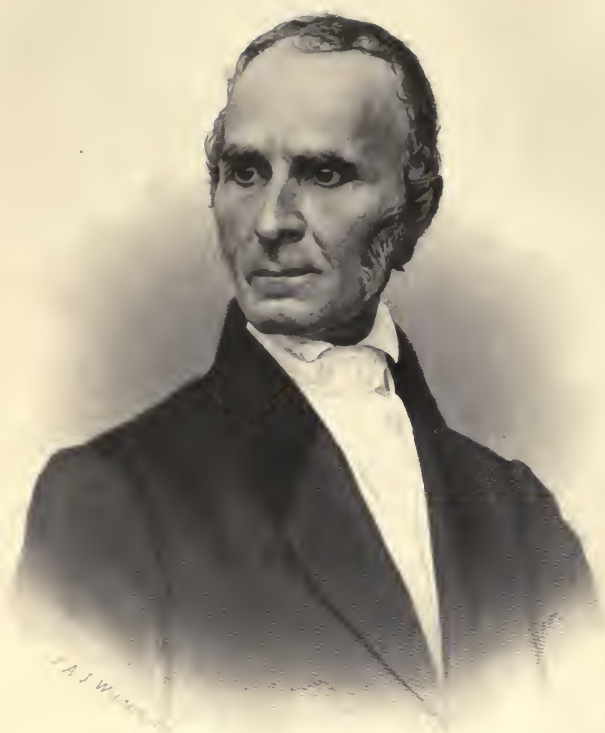
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THE TRAGIC MUSE.

I.

THE people of France have made it no secret that those of England, as a general thing, are, to their perception, an inexpressive and speechless race, perpendicular and unsociable, unaddicted to modifying the bareness of juxtaposition by verbal or other concessions. This view might have derived encouragement, a few years ago, in Paris, from the manner in which four persons sat together in silence, one fine day about noon, in the garden, as it is called, of the Palais de l'Industrie — the central court of the great glazed bazaar where, among plants and parterres, graveled walks and thin fountains, are ranged the figures and groups, the monuments and busts, which form, in the annual exhibition of the Salon, the department of statuary. The spirit of observation is naturally high at the Salon, quickened by a thousand artful or ineffective appeals, but no particular tension of the visual sense would have been required to embrace the character of the four persons in question. As a solicitation of the eye on definite grounds, they too constituted a successful plastic fact; and even the most superficial observer would have perceived them to be striking products of an insular neighborhood, representatives of that tweed-and-waterproof class with which, on the recurrent occasions when the English turn out for a holiday — Christmas and Easter, Whitsuntide and the autumn — Paris besprinkles it-

self at a night's notice. They had about them the indefinable professional look of the British traveler abroad; that air of preparation for exposure, material and moral, which is so oddly combined with the serene revelation of security and of persistence, and which excites, according to individual susceptibility, the ire or the admiration of foreign communities. They were the more unmistakable as they illustrated very favorably the energetic race to which they had the honor to belong. The fresh, diffused light of the Salon made them clear and important; they were finished productions, in their way, and ranged there motionless, on their green bench, they were almost as much on exhibition as if they had been hung on the line.

Three ladies and a young man, they were obviously a family — a mother, two daughters, and a son — a circumstance which had the effect at once of making each member of the group doubly typical and of helping to account for their fine taciturnity. They were not, with each other, on terms of ceremony, and moreover they were probably fatigued with their course among the pictures, the rooms on the upper floor. Their attitude, on the part of visitors who had superior features, even if they might appear to some passers-by to have neglected a rare opportunity for an expression, was, after all, a kind of tribute to the state of exhaustion, of bewilderment, to which the genius of France is still capable of reducing the proud.

"*En v'la des abrutis!*" more than one of their fellow-gazers might have been heard to exclaim; and certain it is that there was something depressed and discouraged in this interesting group, who sat looking vaguely before them, not noticing the life of the place, somewhat as if each had a private anxiety. A very close observer would have guessed that though on many questions they were closely united, this present anxiety was not the same for each. If they looked grave, moreover, this was doubtless partly the result of their all being dressed in mourning, as if for a recent bereavement. The eldest of the three ladies had indeed a face of a fine austere mould, which would have been moved to gayety only by some force more insidious than any she was likely to recognize in Paris. Cold, still, and considerably worn, it was neither stupid nor hard, but it was firm, narrow, and sharp. This competent matron, acquainted evidently with grief, but not weakened by it, had a high forehead, to which the quality of the skin gave a singular polish — it glittered even when seen at a distance; a nose which achieved a high, free curve; and a tendency to throw back her head and carry it well above her, as if to disengage it from the possible entanglements of the rest of her person. If you had seen her walk, you would have perceived that she trod the earth in a manner suggesting that in a world where she had long since discovered that one could n't have one's own way, one could never tell what annoying aggression might take place, so that it was well, from hour to hour, to save what one could. Lady Agnes saved her head, her white triangular forehead, over which her closely crinkled flaxen hair, reproduced in different shades in her children, made a sort of looped silken canopy, like the marquee at a garden-party. Her daughters were tall, like herself — that was visible even as they sat there — and one of them, the

younger evidently, was very pretty: a straight, slender, gray-eyed English girl, with a "good" figure and a fresh complexion. The sister, who was not pretty, was also straight and slender and gray-eyed. Therefore it would be difficult to say why, with so much similarity of cause, there was such difference of effect. Perhaps, after all, she may have had her admirers, and the safest form of my assertion would be that she was not so pretty as the other. Her eyes were dull, and for a part of the impression of length that she produced, her face, in which the cheeks were flat, was excessively responsible. Her brother, beside her, had taken off his hat, as if he felt the air of the summer day heavy in the great pavilion. He was a lean, strong, clear-faced youth, with a straight nose and light-brown hair, which lay continuously and profusely back from his forehead, so that to smooth it from the brow to the neck but a single movement of the hand was required. I cannot describe him better than by saying that he was the sort of young Englishman who looks particularly well abroad, and whose general aspect — his inches, his limbs, his friendly eyes, the modulation of his voice, the cleanness of his flesh-tints, and the fashion of his garments — excites on the part of those who encounter him in far countries, on the ground of a common speech, a delightful sympathy of race. This sympathy is sometimes qualified by an apprehension of undue literalness, but it almost revels as soon as such a danger is dispelled. We shall see quickly enough how accurate a measure it might have taken of Nicholas Dormer. There was food for suspicion, perhaps, in the wandering blankness that sat at moments in his eyes, as if he had no attention at all, not the least in the world, at his command; but it is no more than just to add, without delay, that this questionable symptom was known, among those who liked him, by the indulgent name of dreaminess. For

his mother and sisters, for instance, his dreaminess was notorious. He is the more welcome to the benefit of such an interpretation as there is always held to be something engaging in the combination of the muscular and the musing, the mildness of strength.

After some time — a period during which these good people might have appeared to have come, individually, to the Palais de l'Industrie much less to see the works of art than to think over their domestic affairs — the young man, rousing himself from his reverie, addressed one of the girls.

"I say, Biddy, why should we sit moping here all day? Come and take a turn about with me."

His younger sister, while he got up, leaned forward a little, looking round her, but she gave, for the moment, no further sign of complying with his invitation.

"Where shall we find you, then, if Peter comes?" inquired the other Miss Dormer, making no movement at all.

"I dare say Peter won't come. He'll leave us here to cool our heels."

"Oh, Nick, dear!" Biddy exclaimed in a sweet little voice of protest. It was plainly her theory that Peter would come, and even, a little, her apprehension that she might miss him should she quit that spot.

"We shall come back in a quarter of an hour. Really, I must look at these things," Nick declared, turning his face to a marble group which stood near them, on the right — a man, with the skin of a beast round his loins, trying to wrench away a naked woman, who, to resist him, locked her arms round the trunk of a young tree. It appeared to represent some primitive act of courtship or capture — a wonderful entanglement of limbs and concussion of bosoms.

Lady Agnes followed the direction of her son's eyes, and then observed —

"Everything seems very dreadful. I should think Biddy had better sit still. Hasn't she seen enough horrors up above?"

"I dare say that if Peter comes Julia will be with him," the elder girl remarked irrelevantly.

"Well, then, he can take Julia about. That will be more proper," said Lady Agnes.

"Mother, dear, she doesn't care a button about art. It's a fearful bore looking at fine things with Julia," Nick rejoined.

"Won't you go with him, Grace?" said Biddy, appealing to her sister.

"I think she has awfully good taste!" Grace exclaimed, not answering this inquiry.

"Don't say nasty things about her!" Lady Agnes broke out, solemnly, to her son, after resting her eyes on him a moment with an air of reluctant reprobation.

"I say nothing but what she'd say herself," the young man replied. "About some things she has very good taste, but about this kind of thing she has no taste at all."

"That's better, I think," said Lady Agnes, turning her eyes again to the "kind of thing" that her son appeared to designate.

"She's awfully clever — awfully!" Grace went on, with decision.

"Awfully, awfully," her brother repeated, standing in front of her and smiling down at her.

"You *are* nasty, Nick. You know you are," said the young lady, but more in sorrow than in anger.

Biddy got up at this, as if the accusatory tone prompted her to place herself, generously, at his side. "Might n't you go and order lunch, in that place, you know?" she asked of her mother. "Then we would come back when it was ready."

"My dear child, I can't order lunch," Lady Agnes replied, with a cold impa-

tience which seemed to intimate that she had problems far more important than those of victualing to contend with.

"I mean Peter, if he comes. I am sure he's up in everything of that sort."

"Oh, hang Peter!" Nick exclaimed. "Leave him out of account, and do order lunch, mother; but not cold beef and pickles."

"I must say — about him — you're not nice," Biddy ventured to remark to her brother, hesitating, and even blushing, a little.

"You make up for it, my dear," the young man answered, giving her chin — a very charming, rotund little chin — a friendly whisk with his forefinger.

"I can't imagine what you've got against him," her ladyship murmured, gravely.

"Dear mother, it's disappointed fondness," Nick argued. "They won't answer one's notes; they won't let one know where they are nor what to expect. 'Hell has no fury like a woman scorned;' nor like a man either."

"Peter has such a tremendous lot to do — it's a very busy time at the embassy; there are sure to be reasons," Biddy explained, with her pretty eyes.

"Reasons enough, no doubt!" said Lady Agnes, who accompanied these words with an ambiguous sigh, however, as if in Paris even the best reasons would naturally be bad ones.

"Does n't Julia write to you, does n't she answer you the very day?" Grace inquired, looking at Nick as if she were the courageous one.

He hesitated a moment, returning her glance with a certain severity. "What do you know about my correspondence? No doubt I ask too much," he went on: "I'm so attached to them. Dear old Peter, dear old Julia!"

"She's younger than you, my dear!" cried the elder girl, still resolute.

"Yes, nineteen days."

"I'm glad you know her birthday."

"She knows yours; she always gives you something," Lady Agnes resumed, to her son.

"Her taste is good *then*, is n't it, Nick?" Grace Dormer continued.

"She makes charming presents; but, dear mother, it is n't *her* taste. It's her husband's."

"Her husband's?"

"The beautiful objects of which she disposes so freely are the things he collected, for years, laboriously, devotedly, poor man!"

"She disposes of them to you, but not to others," said Lady Agnes. "But that's all right," she added, as if this might have been taken for a complaint of the limitations of Julia's bounty. "She has to select, among so many, and that's a proof of taste," her ladyship went on.

"You can't say she does n't choose lovely ones," Grace remarked to her brother, in a tone of some triumph.

"My dear, they are all lovely. George Dallow's judgment was so sure, he was incapable of making a mistake," Nicholas Dormer returned.

"I don't see how you can talk of him; he was dreadful," said Lady Agnes.

"My dear, if he was good enough for Julia to marry, he is good enough for one to talk of."

"She did him a great honor."

"I dare say; but he was not unworthy of it. No such intelligent collection of beautiful objects has been made in England in our time."

"You think too much of beautiful objects," returned her ladyship.

"I thought you were just now implying that I thought too little."

"It's very nice — his having left Julia so well off," Biddy interposed, soothingly, as if she foresaw a tangle.

"He treated her *en grand seigneur*, absolutely," Nick went on.

"He used to look greasy, all the same," Grace Dormer pursued, with a

kind of dull irreconcilability. "His name ought to have been Tallow."

"You are not saying what Julia would like, if that's what you are trying to say," her brother remarked.

"Don't be vulgar, Grace," said Lady Agnes.

"I know Peter Sherringham's birthday!" Biddy broke out innocently, as a pacific diversion. She had passed her hand into her brother's arm, to signify her readiness to go with him, while she scanned the remoter portions of the garden as if it had occurred to her that to direct their steps thither might after all be the shorter way to get at Peter.

"He's too much older than you, my dear," Grace rejoined, discouragingly.

"That's why I've noticed it — he's thirty-four. Do you call that too old? I don't care for slobbering infants!" Biddy cried.

"Don't be vulgar," Lady Agnes enjoined again.

"Come, Bid, we'll go and be vulgar together; for that's what we are, I'm afraid," her brother said to her. "We'll go and look at all these low works of art."

"Do you really think it's necessary to the child's development?" Lady Agnes demanded, as the pair turned away. Nicholas Dormer was struck as by a kind of challenge, and he paused, lingering a moment, with his little sister on his arm. "What we've been through this morning in this place, and what you've paraded before our eyes — the murders, the tortures, all kinds of disease and indecency!"

Nick looked at his mother as if this sudden protest surprised him, but as if also there were lurking explanations of it which he quickly guessed. Her resentment had the effect not so much of animating her cold face as of making it colder, less expressive, though visibly prouder. "Ah, dear mother, don't do the British matron!" he exclaimed, good-humoredly.

"British matron is soon said! I don't know what they are coming to."

"How odd that you should have been struck only with the disagreeable things, when, for myself, I have felt it to be most interesting, the most suggestive morning I have passed for ever so many months!"

"Oh, Nick, Nick!" Lady Agnes murmured, with a strange depth of feeling.

"I like them better in London — they are much less unpleasant," said Grace Dormer.

"They are things you can look at," her ladyship went on. "We certainly make the better show."

"The subject does n't matter; it's the treatment, the treatment!" Biddy announced, in a voice like the tinkle of a silver bell.

"Poor little Bid!" her brother cried, breaking into a laugh.

"How can I learn to model, mamma, dear, if I don't look at things and if I don't study them?" the girl continued.

This inquiry passed unheeded, and Nicholas Dormer said to his mother, more seriously, but with a certain kind of explicitness, as if he could make a particular allowance: "This place is an immense stimulus to me; it refreshes me, excites me, it's such an exhibition of artistic life. It's full of ideas, full of refinements; it gives one such an impression of artistic experience. They try everything, they feel everything. While you were looking at the murders, apparently, I observed an immense deal of curious and interesting work. There are too many of them, poor devils; so many who must make their way, who must attract attention. Some of them can only *taper fort*, stand on their heads, turn summersaults, or commit deeds of violence, to make people notice them. After that, no doubt, a good many will be quieter. But I don't know; to-day I'm in an appreciative mood — I feel

indulgent even to them: they give me an impression of intelligence, of eager observation. All art is one — remember that, Biddy, dear," the young man continued, looking down at his sister with a smile. "It's the same great, many-headed effort, and any ground that's gained by an individual, any spark that's struck in any province, is of use and of suggestion to all the others. We are all in the same boat."

"We, do you say, my dear? Are you really setting up for an artist?" Lady Agnes asked.

Nick hesitated a moment. "I was speaking for Biddy!"

"But you are one, Nick — you are!" the girl cried.

Lady Agnes looked for an instant as if she were going to say once more, "Don't be vulgar!" But she suppressed these words, if she had intended them, and uttered others, few in number and not completely articulate, to the effect that she hated talking about art. While her son spoke she had watched him as if she failed to follow him; yet something in the tone of her exclamation seemed to denote that she had understood him only too well.

"We are all in the same boat," Biddy repeated, smiling at her.

"Not me, if you please!" Lady Agnes replied. "It's horrid, messy work, your modeling."

"Ah, but look at the results!" said the girl, eagerly, glancing about at the monuments in the garden as if in regard even to them she were in some degree an effective cause.

"There's a great deal being done here — a real vitality," Nicholas Dormer went on, to his mother, in the same reasonable, informing way. "Some of these fellows go very far."

"They do, indeed!" said Lady Agnes.

"I'm fond of young schools, like this movement in sculpture," Nick remarked, with his slightly provoking serenity.

"They're old enough to know better!"

"May n't I look, mamma? It is necessary to my development," Biddy declared.

"You may do as you like," said Lady Agnes, with dignity.

"She ought to see good work, you know," the young man went on.

"I leave it to your sense of responsibility." This statement was somewhat majestic, and for a moment, evidently, it tempted Nick, almost provoked him, or at any rate suggested to him an occasion to say something that he had on his mind. Apparently, however, he judged the occasion on the whole not good enough, and his sister Grace interposed with the inquiry —

"Please, mamma, are we *never* going to lunch?"

"Ah, mother, mother!" the young man murmured, in a troubled way, looking down at Lady Agnes with a deep fold in his forehead.

For her, also, as she returned his look, it seemed an occasion; but with this difference, that she had no hesitation in taking advantage of it. She was encouraged by his slight embarrassment; for ordinarily Nick was not embarrassed. "You used to have so much," she went on; "but sometimes I don't know what has become of it — it seems all, *all* gone!"

"Ah, mother, mother!" he exclaimed again, as if there were so many things to say that it was impossible to choose. But this time he stepped closer, bent over her, and, in spite of the publicity of their situation, gave her a quick, expressive kiss. The foreign observer whom I took for granted in beginning to sketch this scene would have had to admit that the rigid English family had, after all, a capacity for emotion. Grace Dormer, indeed, looked round her to see if at this moment they were noticed. She discovered with satisfaction that they had escaped.

II.

Nick Dormer walked away with Biddy, but he had not gone far before he stopped in front of a clever bust, where his mother, in the distance, saw him playing in the air with his hand, carrying out by this gesture, which presumably was applausive, some critical remark he had made to his sister. Lady Agnes raised her glass to her eyes by the long handle to which rather a clanking chain was attached, perceiving that the bust represented an ugly old man with a bald head; at which her ladyship indefinitely sighed, though it was not apparent in what way such an object could be detrimental to her daughter. Nick passed on, and quickly paused again; this time, his mother discerned, it was before the marble image of a grimacing woman. Presently she lost sight of him; he wandered behind things, looking at them all round.

"I ought to get plenty of ideas for my modeling, ought n't I, Nick?" his sister inquired of him, after a moment.

"Ah, my poor child, what shall I say?"

"Don't you think I have any capacity for ideas?" the girl continued, ruefully.

"Lots of them, no doubt. But the capacity for applying them, for putting them into practice — how much of that have you?"

"How can I tell till I try?"

"What do you mean by trying, Biddy, dear?"

"Why, you know — you've seen me."

"Do you call that trying?" her brother asked, smiling at her.

"Ah, Nick!" murmured the girl, sensitively. Then, with more spirit, she went on: "And please, what do you?"

"Well, this, for instance;" and her companion pointed to another bust — a head of a young man, in terra-

cotta, at which they had just arrived; a modern young man, to whom, with his thick neck, his little cap, and his wide ring of dense curls, the artist had given the air of a Florentine of the time of Lorenzo.

Biddy looked at the image a moment. "Ah, that's not trying; that's succeeding."

"Not altogether; it's only trying seriously."

"Well, why should n't I be serious?"

"Mother would n't like it. She has inherited the queer old superstition that art is pardonable only so long as it's bad — so long as it's done at odd hours, for a little distraction, like a game of tennis or of whist. The only thing that can justify it, the effort to carry it as far as one can (which you can't do without time and singleness of purpose), she regards as just the dangerous, the criminal element. It's the oddest hind-part-before view, the drollest immorality."

"She does n't want one to be professional," Biddy remarked, as if she could do justice to every system.

"Better leave it alone, then: there are duffers enough."

"I don't want to be a duffer," Biddy said. "But I thought you encouraged me."

"So I did, my poor child. It was only to encourage myself."

"With your own work — your painting?"

"With my futile, my ill-starred endeavors. Union is strength; so that we might present a wider front, a larger surface of resistance."

Biddy was silent a moment, while they continued their tour of observation. She noticed how her brother passed over some things quickly, his first glance sufficing to show him whether they were worth another, and recognized in a moment the figures that had something in them. His tone puzzled her, but his certainty of eye impressed her, and she

felt what a difference there was yet between them — how much longer, in every case, she would have taken to discriminate. She was aware that she could rarely tell whether a picture was good or bad until she had looked at it for ten minutes; and modest little Biddy was compelled privately to add, "And often not even then." She was mystified, as I say (Nick was often mystifying — it was his only fault), but one thing was definite: her brother was exceedingly clever. It was the consciousness of this that made her remark at last, "I don't so much care whether or no I please mamma, if I please you."

"Oh, don't lean on me. I'm a wretched broken reed!" Nick Dormer exclaimed.

"Do you mean you're a duffer?" Biddy asked, alarmed.

"Frightful, frightful!"

"So that you mean to give up your work — to let it alone, as you advise me?"

"It has never been my work, Biddy. If it had, it would be different. I should stick to it."

"And you *won't* stick to it?" the girl exclaimed, standing before him, open-eyed.

Her brother looked into her eyes a moment, and she had a compunction; she feared she was indiscreet and was worrying him. "Your questions are much simpler than the elements out of which my answer should come."

"A great talent — what is simpler than that?"

"One thing, dear Biddy: no talent at all!"

"Well, yours is so real, you can't help it."

"We shall see, we shall see," said Nicholas Dormer. "Let us go look at that big group."

"We shall see if it's real?" Biddy went on, as she accompanied him.

"No; we shall see if I can't help it. What nonsense Paris makes one talk!"

the young man added, as they stopped in front of the composition. This was true, perhaps, but not in a sense which he found himself tempted to deplore. The present was far from being his first visit to the French capital: he had often quitted England, and usually made a point of "putting in," as he called it, a few days there on the outward journey to the Continent or on the return; but on this occasion the emotions, for the most part agreeable, attendant upon a change of air and of scene had been more punctual and more acute than for a long time before, and stronger the sense of novelty, refreshment, amusement, of manifold suggestions looking to that quarter of thought to which, on the whole, his attention was apt most frequently, though not most confessedly, to stray. He was fonder of Paris than most of his countrymen, though not so fond, perhaps, as the natives of some other lands: the place had always had the power of quickening sensibly the life of reflection and of observation within him. It was a good while since the reflections engendered by his situation there had been so favorable to the city by the Seine; a good while, at all events, since they had ministered so to excitement, to exhilaration, to ambition, even to a restlessness which was not prevented from being agreeable by the nervous quality in it. Dormer could have given the reason of this unwonted glow; but his preference was very much to keep it to himself. Certainly, to persons not deeply knowing, or at any rate not deeply curious, in relation to the young man's history, the explanation might have seemed to beg the question, consisting as it did of the simple formula that he had at last come to a crisis. Why a crisis — what was it, and why had he not come to it before? The reader shall learn these things in time, if he cares enough for them. For several years Nicholas Dormer had not omitted to see the Salon, which the general

voice, this season, pronounced not particularly good. None the less, it was the exhibition of this season that, for some cause connected with his "crisis," made him think fast, produced that effect which he had spoken of to his mother as a sense of artistic life. The precinct of the marbles and bronzes appealed to him especially to-day; the glazed garden, not florally rich, with its new productions alternating with perfunctory plants, and its queer, damp smell, partly the odor of plastic clay, of the studios of sculptors, spoke to him with the voice of old associations, of other visits, of companionships that were closed — an insinuating eloquence which was at the same time, somehow, identical with the general sharp contagion of Paris. There was youth in the air, and a multitudinous newness, forever reviving, and the diffusion of a hundred talents, ingenuities, experiments. The summer clouds made shadows on the roof of the great building; the white images, hard in their crudity, spotted the place with provocations; the rattle of plates at the restaurant sounded sociable in the distance, and our young man congratulated himself more than ever that he had not missed the exhibition. He felt that it would help him to settle something. At the moment he made this reflection his eye fell upon a person who appeared — just in the first glimpse — to carry out the idea of help. He uttered a lively ejaculation, which, however, in its want of finish, Biddy failed to understand; so pertinent, so relevant and congruous, was the other party to this encounter.

The girl's attention followed her brother's, and rested with his on a young man who faced them without seeing them, engaged as he was in imparting to two persons who were with him his ideas about one of the works exposed to view. What Biddy discerned was that this young man was fair and fat and of the middle stature; he had a round face and a short beard, and on his crown a

mere reminiscence of hair, as the fact that he carried his hat in his hand permitted it to be observed. Bridget Dormer, who was quick, estimated him immediately as a gentleman, but a gentleman unlike any other gentleman she had ever seen. She would have taken him for a foreigner, but that the words proceeding from his mouth reached her ear and imposed themselves as a variety of English. It was not that a foreigner might not have spoken excellent English, nor yet that the English of this young man was not excellent. It had, on the contrary, a conspicuous and aggressive perfection, and Biddy was sure that no alien would have ventured to play such tricks with the tongue. He seemed to draw rich effects and wandering airs from it — to modulate and manipulate it as he would have done a musical instrument. Her view of the gentleman's companions was less operative, save that she made the rapid reflection that they were people whom in any country, from China to Peru, one would immediately have taken for natives. One of them was an old lady with a shawl; that was the most salient way in which she presented herself. The shawl was an ancient, voluminous fabric of embroidered cashmere, such as many ladies wore forty years ago in their walks abroad, and such as no lady wears to-day. It had fallen half off the back of the wearer, but at the moment Biddy permitted herself to consider her she gave it a violent jerk and brought it up to her shoulders again, where she continued to arrange and settle it, with a good deal of jauntiness and elegance, while she listened to the talk of the gentleman. Biddy guessed that this little transaction took place very frequently, and she was not unaware that it gave the old lady a droll, faded, superannuated appearance, as if she were singularly out of step with the age. The other person was very much younger — she might have been a daughter — and had a pale face, a low

forehead, and thick, dark hair. What she chiefly had, however, Biddy rapidly discovered, was a pair of eyes. Our young friend was helped to the discovery by the accident of their resting at this moment, for a little while—it struck Biddy as very long—on her own. She had eyes as her mother (if it was her mother) had a shawl: they were what you would most promptly have described her by. Both of these ladies were clad in light, thin, scanty gowns, giving an impression of flowered figures and odd transparencies, and in low shoes, which showed a great deal of stocking and were ornamented with large rosettes. Biddy's slightly agitated perception traveled directly to their shoes: they suggested to her vaguely that the wearers were dancers—connected possibly with the old-fashioned exhibition of the shawl-dance. By the time she had taken in so much as this the mellifluous young man had perceived and addressed himself to her brother. He came forward with an extended hand. Nick greeted him and said it was a happy chance—he was uncommonly glad to see him.

"I never come across you—I don't know why," Nick remarked, while the two, smiling, looked each other up and down, like men reunited after a long interval.

"Oh, it seems to me there's reason enough: our paths in life are so different." Nick's friend had a laugh which exhibited dimples, a circumstance that excited Biddy's sense of the incongruous—he seemed too old for dimples. He had a great deal of manner, as was evinced by his fashion of saluting her without knowing her.

"Different, yes, but not so different as that. Don't we both live in London, after all, and in the nineteenth century?"

"Ah, my dear Dormer, excuse me: I don't live in the nineteenth century. *Jamais de la vie!*"

"Nor in London, either?"

"Yes—when I'm not in Samarcand! But surely we've diverged since the old days. I adore what you burn; you burn what I adore." While the stranger spoke he looked cheerfully, hospitably, at Biddy; not because it was she, she easily guessed, but because it was in his nature to desire a second auditor—a kind of sympathetic gallery. Her life, somehow, was filled with shy people, and she immediately knew that she had never encountered any one less shy than this bright, sonorous young man.

"How do you know what I adore?" Nicholas Dormer inquired.

"I know well enough what you used to."

"That's more than I do myself; there were so many things."

"Yes, there are many things—many, many: that's what makes life so amusing."

"Do you find it amusing?"

"My dear fellow, *c'est à pouffer!* Don't you think so? Ah, it was high time I should meet you—I see. I have an idea you need me."

"Upon my word, I think I do!" Nick said, in a tone which struck his sister, and made her wonder still more why, if the gentleman was so important as that, he did not introduce him.

"There are many gods, and this is one of their temples," the mysterious personage went on. "It's a house of strange idols—is not it?—and of some curious and unnatural sacrifices."

To Biddy, as much as to her brother, this remark appeared to be offered; but the girl's eyes turned back to the ladies, who, for the moment, had lost their companion. She felt irresponsible, and feared she should pass with this familiar cosmopolite for a stiff, scared English girl, which was not the type she aimed at; but there seemed an interdiction even of ocular commerce so long as she had not a sign from Nick. The elder

of the strange women had turned her back and was looking at some bronze figure, losing her shawl again as she did so; but the other stood where their escort had quitted her, giving all her attention to his sudden acquaintance. Her arms hung at her sides, her head was bent, her face lowered, so that she had an odd appearance of raising her eyes from under her brows; and in this attitude she was striking, though her air was unconciliatory, almost dangerous. Did it express resentment at having been abandoned for another girl? Biddy, who began to be frightened — there was a moment when the forsaken one resembled a tigress about to spring — was tempted to cry out that she had no wish whatever to appropriate the gentleman. Then she made the discovery that the young lady had a manner, almost as much as her cicerone, and the rapid induction that it perhaps meant no more than his. She only looked at Biddy from beneath her eyebrows, which were wonderfully arched, but there was a manner in the way she did it. Biddy had a momentary sense of being a figure in a ballet, a dramatic ballet — a subordinate, motionless figure, to be dashed at, to music, or capered up to. It would be a very dramatic ballet indeed if this young person were the heroine. She had magnificent hair, the girl reflected; and at the same moment she heard Nick say to his interlocutor, "You're not in London — one can't meet you there?"

"I drift, I float," was the answer; "my feelings direct me — if such a life as mine may be said to have a direction. Where there's anything to feel, I try to be there!" the young man continued, with his confiding laugh.

"I should like to get hold of you," Nick remarked.

"Well, in that case there would be something to feel. Those are the currents — any sort of personal relation — that govern my career."

"I don't want to lose you this time." Nick continued, in a manner that excited Biddy's surprise. A moment before, when his friend had said that he tried to be where there was anything to feel, she had wondered how he could endure him.

"Don't lose me, don't lose me!" exclaimed the stranger, with a countenance and a tone which affected the girl as the highest expression of irresponsibility that she had ever seen. "After all, why should you? Let us remain together, unless I interfere" — and he looked, smiling and interrogative, at Biddy, who still remained blank, only observing again that Nick forbore to make them acquainted. This was an anomaly, since he prized the gentleman so; but there could be no anomaly of Nick's that would not impose itself upon his younger sister.

"Certainly, I keep you," said Nick, "unless, on my side, I deprive those ladies" —

"Charming women, but it's not an indissoluble union. We meet and we part! They are going — I am seeing them to the door. I shall come back." With this Nick's friend rejoined his companions, who moved away with him, the strange, fine eyes of the girl lingering on Nick, as well as on Biddy, as they receded.

"Who is he — who are they?" Biddy instantly asked.

"He's a gentleman," Nick replied, unsatisfactorily, and even, as she thought, with a shade of hesitation. He spoke as if she might have supposed he was not one; and if he was really one, why didn't he introduce him? But Biddy would not for the world have put this question to her brother, who now moved to the nearest bench and dropped upon it, as if to wait for the other's return. No sooner, however, had his sister seated herself than he said, "See here, my dear, do you think you had better stay?"

"Do you want me to go back to mother?" the girl asked, with a lengthening visage.

"Well, what do you think?" and Nick smiled down at her.

"Is your conversation to be about — about private affairs?"

"No, I can't say that. But I doubt whether mother would think it the sort of thing that's 'necessary to your development.'"

This assertion appeared to inspire Biddy with the eagerness with which again she broke out: "But who are they — who are they?"

"I know nothing of the ladies. I never saw them before. The man's a fellow I knew very well at Balliol. He was a wonderful creature there. We have diverged, as he says, and I had almost lost sight of him, but not so much as he thinks, because I've read him, and read him with interest. He has written some able things."

"What kind of things?"

"Verses, my dear."

"What kind of verses?"

"Well, very remarkable, very near perfection." Biddy listened to this with so much interest that she thought it illogical her brother should add, "I dare say Peter will have come, if you return to mother."

"I don't care if he has. Peter's nothing to me. But I'll go if you wish it."

Nick looked down at her again, and then said, "It doesn't signify. We'll all go."

"All?" Biddy echoed.

"He won't hurt us. On the contrary, he'll do us good."

This was possible, the girl reflected in silence, but none the less the idea struck her as courageous — the idea of their taking the odd young man back to breakfast with them and with the others, especially if Peter should be there. If Peter was nothing to her, it was singular she should have attached such impor-

tance to this contingency. The odd young man reappeared, and now that she saw him without his queer female appendages he seemed personally less unusual. He struck her, moreover, as generally a good deal accounted for by the poetic character, especially if he exemplified it in approximate perfection. As he took his place on the bench, Nick said to him, indicating her, "My sister Bridget," and then mentioned his name, "Mr. Gabriel Nash."

"You enjoy Paris — you are happy here?" Mr. Nash inquired, leaning over his friend to speak to the girl.

Though his words were simple, he struck her as affected, and this made her answer him more dryly than she usually spoke. "Oh, yes, it's very nice."

"And French art interests you? You find things here that please?"

"Oh, yes, I like some of them."

Mr. Nash looked at her with kind eyes. "I hoped you would say you like the Academy better."

"She would if she did n't think you expected it," said Nicholas Dormer.

"Oh, Nick!" Biddy protested.

"Miss Dormer is herself an English picture," Gabriel Nash remarked, smiling like a man whose urbanity was a solvent.

"That's a compliment, if you don't like them!" Biddy exclaimed.

"Ah, some of them, some of them; there's a certain sort of thing!" Mr. Nash continued. "We must feel everything, everything that we can. We are here for that."

"You do like English art, then?" Nick demanded, with a slight accent of surprise.

Mr. Nash turned his smile upon him. "My dear Dormer, do you remember the old complaint I used to make of you? You had formulas that were like walking in one's hat. One may see something in a case, and one may not."

"Upon my word," said Nick, "I don't know any one who was fonder of

a generalization than you. You turned them off as you'd distribute handbills."

"They were my wild oats. I've sown them all."

"We shall see that!"

"Oh, they're nothing now — a tame; scanty, homely growth. My only generalizations are my actions."

"We shall see *them*, then."

"Ah, excuse me. You can't see them with the naked eye. Moreover, mine are principally negative. People's actions, I know, are, for the most part, the things they do, but mine are the things I don't do. There are so many of those, so many, but they don't produce any effect. And then all the rest are shades — extremely fine shades."

"Shades of behavior?" Nick inquired, with an interest which surprised his sister: Mr. Nash's discourse striking her mainly as elegant moonshine.

"Shades of impression, of appreciation," said the young man, with his explanatory smile. "My only behavior is my feelings."

"Well, don't you show your feelings? You used to!"

"Wasn't it mainly those of disgust?" Nash asked. "Those operate no longer. I have closed that window."

"Do you mean you like everything?"

"Dear me, no! But I look only at what I do like."

"Do you mean that you have lost the faculty of displeasure?"

"I haven't the least idea. I never try it. My dear fellow," said Gabriel Nash, "we have only one life that we know anything about: fancy taking it up with disagreeable impressions! When, then, shall we go in for pleasure?"

"What do you mean by pleasure?" Nick Dormer asked.

"The appreciation of the charming, the love of the beautiful, the exercise of admiration."

Nick had excited a certain astonishment on the part of his sister, but it was now Biddy's turn to make him

open his eyes a little. She raised her sweet voice and inquired of Mr. Nash —

"Don't you think there are any wrongs in the world — any abuses and sufferings?"

"Oh, so many, so many! That's why one must choose."

"Choose to stop them, to reform them — isn't that the choice?" Biddy asked. "That's Nick's," she added, blushing and looking at this personage.

"Ah, our divergence — yes!" sighed Gabriel Nash. "There are all kinds of machinery for that — very complicated and ingenious. Your formulas, my dear Dormer, your formulas!"

"Hang 'em, I haven't got any!" Nick exclaimed.

"To me, personally, the simplest ways are those that appeal most," Mr. Nash went on. "We pay too much attention to the ugly; we notice it, we magnify it. The great thing is to leave it alone and encourage the beautiful."

"You must be very sure you get hold of the beautiful," said Nick.

"Ah, precisely, and that's just the importance of the faculty of appreciation. We must train our special sense. It is capable of extraordinary extension. Life's none too long for that."

"But what's the good of the extraordinary extension if there is no affirmation of it, if it all goes to the negative, as you say? Where are the fine consequences?" Dormer asked.

"In one's own spirit. One is one's self a fine consequence. That's the most important one we have to do with. *I* am a fine consequence," said Gabriel Nash.

Biddy rose from the bench at this, and stepped away a little, as if to look at a piece of statuary. But she had not gone far before, pausing and turning, she bent her eyes upon Mr. Nash with a heightened color, an air of hesitation, and the question, after a moment, "Are you an æsthete?"

"Ah, there's one of the formulas!"

That's walking in one's hat! I've no profession, my dear young lady. I've no *état civil*. These things are a part of the complicated, ingenious machinery. As I say, I keep to the simplest way. I find that gives one enough to do. Merely to be is such a *métier*; to live is such an art; to feel is such a career!"

Bridget Dormer turned her back and examined her statue, and her brother said to his old friend, "And to write?"

"To write? Oh, I'll never do it again!"

"You have done it almost well enough to be inconsistent. Those things of yours are anything but negative; they are complicated and ingenious."

"My dear fellow, I am extremely ashamed of them," said Gabriel Nash.

"Ah, call yourself a bloated Buddhist and have done with it!" his companion exclaimed.

"Have done with it? I have n't the least desire for that. And why should one call one's self anything? One only deprives other people of their dearest occupation. Let me add that you don't *begin* to have an insight into the art of life till it ceases to be of the smallest consequence to you what you may be called. That's rudimentary."

"But if you go in for shades, you must also go in for names. You must distinguish," Dormer objected. "The observer is nothing without his categories, his types, and his varieties."

"Ah, trust him to distinguish!" said Gabriel Nash, sweetly. "That's for his own convenience; he has, privately, a terminology to meet it. That's one's style. But from the moment it's for the convenience of others, the signs have to be grosser, the shades begin to go. That's a deplorable hour! Literature, you see, is for the convenience of others. It requires the most abject concessions. It plays such mischief with one's style that really I have had to give it up."

"And politics?" Nick Dormer asked.

"Well, what about them?" was Mr. Nash's reply, in a peculiar intonation, as he watched his friend's sister, who was still examining her statue. Biddy was divided between irritation and curiosity. She had interposed space, but she had not gone beyond ear-shot. Nick's question made her curiosity throb, especially in its second form, as a rejoinder to their companion's.

"That, no doubt you'll say, is still far more for the convenience of others — is still worse for one's style."

Biddy turned round in time to hear Mr. Nash exclaim, "It has simply nothing in life to do with shades! I can't say worse for it than that."

Biddy stepped nearer at this, and, drawing still further on her courage, "Won't mamma be waiting? Ought n't we to go to luncheon?" she asked.

Both the young men looked up at her, and Mr. Nash remarked —

"You ought to protest! You ought to save him!"

"To save him?" said Biddy.

"He *had* a style; upon my word, he had! But I've seen it go. I've read his speeches."

"You were capable of that?" Dormer demanded.

"For you, yes. But it was like listening to a nightingale in a brass band."

"I think they were beautiful," Biddy declared.

Her brother got up at this tribute, and Mr. Nash, rising too, said, with his bright, colloquial air —

"But, Miss Dormer, he had eyes. He was made to see — to see all over, to see everything. There are so few like that."

"I think he still sees," Biddy rejoined, wondering a little why Nick did n't defend himself.

"He sees his side, dear young lady. Poor man, fancy your having a 'side' — you, you — and spending your days and your nights looking at it! I'd as soon pass my life looking at a potato."

"You don't see me some day a great statesman?" said Nick.

"My dear fellow, it's exactly what I've a terror of."

"Mercy! don't you admire them?" Biddy cried.

"It's a trade like another, and a method of making one's way which society certainly condones. But when one can be something better!"

"Dear me, what is better?" Biddy asked.

The young man hesitated, and Nick, replying for him, said —

"Gabriel Nash is better! You must come and lunch with us. I must keep you — I must!" he added.

"We shall save him yet," Mr. Nash observed genially to Biddy as they went, and the girl wondered still more what her mother would make of him.

III.

After her companions left her Lady Agnes rested for five minutes in silence with her elder daughter, at the end of which time she observed, "I suppose one must have food, at any rate," and, getting up, quitted the place where they had been sitting. "And where are we to go? I hate eating out-of-doors," she went on.

"Dear me, when one comes to Paris!" Grace rejoined, in a tone which appeared to imply that in so rash an adventure one must be prepared for compromises and concessions. The two ladies wandered to where they saw a large sign of "Buffet" suspended in the air, entering a precinct reserved for little white-clothed tables, straw-covered chairs, and long-aproned waiters. One of these functionaries approached them with eagerness, and with a "*Mesdames sont seules?*" receiving in return, from her ladyship, the announcement, "*Non; nous sommes beaucoup!*" He introduced them to a table larger than most of the

others, and under his protection they took their places at it, and began, rather languidly and vaguely, to consider the question of the repast. The waiter had placed a *carte* in Lady Agnes's hands, and she studied it, through her eyeglass, with a failure of interest, while he enumerated, with professional fluency, the resources of the establishment, and Grace looked at the people at the other tables. She was hungry, and had already broken a morsel from a long glazed roll.

"Not cold beef and pickles, you know," she observed to her mother. Lady Agnes gave no heed to this profane remark, but she dropped her eyeglass and laid down the greasy document. "What does it signify? I dare say it's all nasty," Grace continued; and she added, inconsequently, "If Peter comes, he's sure to be particular."

"Let him be particular to come, first!" her ladyship exclaimed, turning a cold eye upon the waiter.

"*Poulet chasseur, filets mignons, sauce béarnaise,*" the man suggested.

"You will give us what I tell you," said Lady Agnes, and she mentioned, with distinctness and authority, the dishes of which she desired that the meal should be composed. He interposed three or four more suggestions, but as they produced absolutely no impression on her he became silent and submissive, doing justice, apparently, to her ideas. For Lady Agnes had ideas; and though it had suited her humor, ten minutes before, to profess herself helpless in such a case, the manner in which she imposed them upon the waiter as original, practical, and economical showed the high, executive woman, the mother of children, the daughter of earls, the consort of an official, the dispenser of hospitality, looking back upon a lifetime of luncheons. She carried many cares, and the feeding of multitudes (she was honorably conscious of having fed them decently, as she had always done everything) had ever been one of them.

"Everything is absurdly dear," she remarked to her daughter, as the waiter went away. To this remark Grace made no answer. She had been used, for a long time back, to hearing that everything was very dear; it was what one always expected. So she found the case herself, but she was silent and inventive about it.

Nothing further passed, in the way of conversation with her mother, while they waited for the latter's orders to be executed, till Lady Agnes reflected, audibly, "He makes me unhappy, the way he talks about Julia."

"Sometimes I think he does it to torment one. One can't mention her!" Grace responded.

"It's better not to mention her, but to leave it alone."

"Yet he never mentions her of himself."

"In some cases that is supposed to show that people like people — though of course something more than that is required," Lady Agnes continued to meditate. "Sometimes I think he's thinking of her; then, at others, I can't fancy *what* he's thinking of."

"It would be awfully suitable," said Grace, biting her roll.

Her mother was silent a moment, as if she were looking for some higher ground to put it upon. Then she appeared to find this loftier level in the observation, "Of course he must like her; he has known her always."

"Nothing can be plainer than that, she likes him," Grace declared.

"Poor Julia!" Lady Agnes exclaimed; and her tone suggested that she knew more about that than she was ready to state.

"It is n't as if she was n't clever and well read," her daughter went on. "If there were nothing else, there would be a reason in her being so interested in politics, in everything that he is."

"Ah, what he is — that's what I sometimes wonder!"

Grace Dormer looked at her mother a moment. "Why, mother, isn't he going to be like papa?" She waited for an answer that didn't come; then she pursued, "I thought you thought him so like him already."

"Well, I don't," said Lady Agnes, quietly.

"Who is, then? Certainly Percy isn't."

Lady Agnes was silent a moment. "There is no one like your father."

"Dear papa!" Grace exclaimed. Then, with a rapid transition, "It would be so jolly for all of us; she would be so nice to us."

"She is that already, in her way," said Lady Agnes, conscientiously, having followed the return, quick as it was. "Much good does it do her!" And she reproduced the note of her ejaculation of a moment before.

"It does her some, if one looks out for her. I do, and I think she knows it," Grace declared. "One can, at any rate, keep other women off."

"Don't meddle! you're very clumsy," was her mother's not particularly sympathetic rejoinder. "There are other women who are beautiful, and there are others who are clever and rich."

"Yes, but not all in one; that's what's so nice in Julia. Her fortune would be thrown in; he would n't appear to have married her for it."

"If he does, he won't," said Lady Agnes, a trifle obscurely.

"Yes, that's what's so charming. And he could do anything then, could n't he?"

"Well, your father had no fortune, to speak of."

"Yes, but did n't uncle Percy help him?"

"His wife helped him," said Lady Agnes.

"Dear mamma!" the girl exclaimed. "There's one thing," she added: "that Mr. Carteret will always help Nick."

"What do you mean by 'always'?"

"Why, whether he marries Julia or not."

"Things are not so easy," responded Lady Agnes. "It will all depend on Nick's behavior. He can stop it to-morrow."

Grace Dormer stared; she evidently thought Mr. Carteret's beneficence a part of the essence of things. "How could he stop it?"

"By not being serious. It is n't so hard to prevent people giving you money."

"Serious?" Grace repeated. "Does he want him to be a prig, like Lord Egbert?"

"Yes, he does. And what he'll do for him he'll do for him only if he marries Julia."

"Has he told you?" Grace inquired. And then, before her mother could answer, she exclaimed, "I'm delighted at that!"

"He has n't told me, but that's the way things happen." Lady Agnes was less optimistic than her daughter, and such optimism as she cultivated appeared to be tempered by irony. "If Nick becomes rich, Charles Carteret will make him more so. If he does n't, he won't give him a shilling."

"Oh, mamma!" Grace protested.

"It's all very well to say that in public life money is n't necessary, as it used to be," her ladyship went on, broodingly. "Those who say so don't know anything about it. It's always necessary."

Her daughter was visibly affected by the gloom of her manner, and felt impelled to evoke, as a corrective, a more cheerful idea. "I dare say; but there's the fact—is n't there?—that poor papa had so little."

"Yes, and there's the fact that it killed him!"

These words came out with a strange, quick little flare of passion. They startled Grace Dormer, who jumped in her place, and cried, "Oh, mother!"

The next instant, however, she added, in a different voice, "Oh, Peter!" for, with an air of eagerness, a gentleman was walking up to them.

"How d'ye do, cousin Agnes? How d'ye do, little Grace?" Peter Sherringham said, laughing and shaking hands with them; and three minutes later he was settled in his chair at their table, on which the first elements of the repast had been placed. Explanations, on one side and the other, were demanded and produced; from which it appeared that the two parties had been in some degree at cross-purposes. The day before Lady Agnes and her companions traveled to Paris, Sherringham had gone to London for forty-eight hours, on private business of the ambassador's, arriving, on his return by the night-train, only early that morning. There had accordingly been a delay in his receiving Nick Dormer's two notes. If Nick had come to the embassy in person (he might have done him the honor to call), he would have learned that the second secretary was absent. Lady Agnes was not altogether successful in assigning a motive to her son's neglect of this courteous form; she said, "I expected him, I wanted him, to go; and indeed, not hearing from you, he would have gone immediately—an hour or two hence, on leaving this place. But we are here so quietly, not to go out, not to seem to appeal to the ambassador. He said, 'Oh, mother, we'll keep out of it; a friendly note will do.' I don't know, definitely, what he wanted to keep out of, except it's anything like gayety. The embassy is n't gay, I know. But I'm sure his note was friendly, was n't it? I dare say you'll see for yourself; he's different directly he gets abroad; he does n't seem to care." Lady Agnes paused a moment, not carrying out this particular elucidation; then she resumed: "He said you would have seen Julia, and that you would understand everything from her. And when I asked how she would

know, he said, 'Oh, she knows everything!'"

"He never said a word to me about Julia," Peter Sherringham rejoined. Lady Agnes and her daughter exchanged a glance at this; the latter had already asked three times where Julia was, and her ladyship remarked that they had been hoping she would be able to come with Peter. The young man set forth that she was at that moment at an hotel in the Rue de la Paix, but had only been there since that morning; he had seen her before coming to the Champs Elysées. She had come up to Paris by an early train — she had been staying at Versailles, of all places in the world. She had been a week in Paris, on her return from Cannes (her stay *there* had been of nearly a month, — fancy!), and then had gone out to Versailles to see Mrs. Billinghamurst. Perhaps they would remember her, poor Dallow's sister. She was staying there to teach her daughters French (she had about thirty!), or something of that sort, and Julia had spent three days with her. She was to return to England about the 25th. It would make seven weeks that she would have been away from town — a rare thing for her; she usually stuck to it so in summer.

"Three days with Mrs. Billinghamurst — how very good-natured of her!" Lady Agnes commented.

"Oh, they're very nice to her," Sherringham said.

"Well, I hope so!" Grace Dorner remarked. "Why did n't you make her come here?"

"I proposed it, but she would n't." Another eye-beam, at this, passed between the two ladies, and Peter went on: "She said you must come and see her, at the Hôtel de Hollande."

"Of course we'll do that," Lady Agnes declared. "Nick went to ask about her at the Mirabeau."

"She gave that up; they would n't give her the rooms she wanted, her usual set."

"She's delightfully particular!" Grace murmured. Then she added, "She *does* like pictures, does n't she?"

Peter Sherringham stared. "Oh, I dare say. But that's not what she has in her head this morning. She has some news from London; she's immensely excited."

"What has she in her head?" Lady Agnes asked.

"What's her news from London?" Grace demanded.

"She wants Nick to stand."

"Nick to stand?" both the ladies cried.

"She undertakes to bring him in for Harsh. Mr. Pinks is dead — the fellow, you know, that got the seat at the general election. He dropped down in London — disease of the heart, or something of that sort. Julia has her telegram, but I see it was in last night's papers."

"Imagine, Nick never mentioned it!" said Lady Agnes.

"Don't you know, mother? — abroad he only reads foreign papers."

"Oh, I know. I've no patience with him," her ladyship continued. "Dear Julia!"

"It's a nasty little place, and Pinks had a tight squeeze — 107, or something of that sort; but if it returned a Liberal a year ago, very likely it will do so again. Julia, at any rate, *se fait forte*, as they say here, to put him in."

"I'm sure if she can she will," Grace reflected.

"Dear, dear Julia! And Nick can do something for himself," said the mother of this candidate.

"I have no doubt he can do anything," Peter Sherringham returned, good-naturedly. Then, "Do you mean in expenses?" he inquired.

"Ah, I'm afraid he can't do much in expenses, poor dear boy! And it's dreadful, how little we can look to Percy."

"Well, I dare say you may look to Julia. I think that's her idea."

"Delightful Julia!" Lady Agnes ejaculated. "If poor Sir Nicholas could have known! Of course he must go straight home," she added.

"He won't like that," said Grace.

"Then he'll have to go without liking it."

"It will rather spoil *your* little excursion, if you've only just come," Peter suggested; "and the great Biddy's, if she's enjoying Paris."

"We may stay, perhaps — with Julia to protect us," said Lady Agnes.

"Ah, she won't stay; she'll go over for her man."

"Her man?"

"The fellow that stands, whoever he is; especially if he's Nick." These last words caused the eyes of Peter Sherringham's companions to meet again, and he went on: "She'll go straight down to Harsh."

"Wonderful Julia!" Lady Agnes breathed. "Of course Nick must go straight there, too."

"Well, I suppose he must see first if they'll have him."

"If they'll have him? Why, how can he tell till he tries?"

"I mean the people at headquarters, the fellows who arrange it."

Lady Agnes colored a little. "My dear Peter, do you suppose there will be the least doubt of their 'having' the son of his father?"

"Of course it's a great name, cousin Agnes — a very great name."

"One of the greatest, simply," said Lady Agnes, smiling.

"It's the best name in the world!" Grace Dormer subjoined.

"All the same it did n't prevent his losing his seat."

"By half a dozen votes: it was too odious!" her ladyship cried.

"I remember — I remember. And in such a case as that, why did n't they immediately put him in somewhere else?"

"How one sees that you live abroad, Peter! There happens to have been the most extraordinary lack of openings — I never saw anything like it — for a year. They've had their hand on him, keeping him all ready. I dare say they've telegraphed to him."

"And he has n't told you?"

Lady Agnes hesitated. "He's so odd when he's abroad!"

"At home, too, he lets things go," Grace interposed. "He does so little — takes no trouble." Her mother suffered this statement to pass unchallenged, and she pursued, philosophically, "I suppose it's because he knows he's so clever."

"So he is, dear old boy. But what does he do, what has he been doing, in a positive way?"

"He has been painting."

"Ah, not seriously!" Lady Agnes protested.

"That's the worst way," said Peter Sherringham. "Good things?"

Neither of the ladies made a direct response to this, but Lady Agnes said, "He has spoken repeatedly. They are always calling on him."

"He speaks magnificently," Grace attested.

"That's another of the things I lose, living in far countries. And he's doing the Salon, now, with the great Biddy?"

"Just the things in this part. I can't think what keeps them so long," Lady Agnes rejoined. "Did you ever see such a dreadful place?"

Sherringham stared. "Are n't the things good? I had an idea" —

"Good?" cried Lady Agnes. "They're too odious, too wicked."

"Ah," said Peter, laughing, "that's what people fall into, out of England."

"Here they come," Grace announced, at this point; "but they've got a strange man with them."

"That's a bore, when we want to talk!" Lady Agnes exclaimed.

Peter got up, in the spirit of welcome, and stood a moment watching the others

approach. "There will be no difficulty in talking, to judge by the gentleman," he dropped; and while he remains so conspicuous our eyes may rest on him briefly. He was middling high, and had a figure that looked flexible and active; he was visibly a representative of the nervous rather than of the phlegmatic branch of his race. He had an oval face, delicate features, and a complexion that tended to the brown. Brown were his eyes, and women thought them soft; dark brown his hair, in which the same critics sometimes regretted the absence of a little undulation. It was perhaps to conceal this plainness that he wore it very short. His teeth were white; his moustache was pointed, and so was the small beard that adorned the extremity of his chin. His face expressed intelligence and was very much alive, and had the further distinction that it often

struck superficial observers with a certain foreignness of cast. The deeper sort, however, usually perceived that it was English enough. There was an idea that, having taken up the diplomatic career and gone to live in strange lands, he cultivated the mask of an alien, an Italian or a Spaniard; of an alien in time, even — one of the wonderful ubiquitous diplomatic agents of the sixteenth century. In fact, it would have been impossible to be more modern than Peter Sherringham, and more of one's class and one's country. But this did not prevent a portion of the community — Bridget Dormer, for instance — from admiring the hue of his cheek for its olive richness and his moustache and beard for their resemblance to those of Charles I. At the same time — she rather jumbled her comparisons — she thought he looked like a Titian.

Henry James.

WASHINGTON'S GREAT CAMPAIGN OF 1776.

THROUGHOUT a considerable portion of the country the news of the Declaration of Independence was accompanied by the news of a brilliant success at the South. After the defeat of Macdonald at Moore's Creek, and the sudden arming of North Carolina, Clinton did not venture to land, but cruised about in the neighborhood, awaiting the arrival of Sir Peter Parker's squadron from Ireland. Harassed by violent and contrary winds, Parker was three months in making the voyage, and it was not until May that he arrived, bringing with him Lord Cornwallis. As North Carolina had given such unmistakable evidence of its real temper, it was decided not to land upon that coast for the present, but to go South and capture Charleston and Savannah. Lord William Campbell, refugee governor of South

Carolina, urged that there was a great loyalist party in that colony, which would declare itself as soon as the chief city should be in the hands of the king's troops. That there would be any serious difficulty in taking Charleston occurred to no one. But Colonel Moultrie had thrown up on Sullivan's Island, commanding the harbor, a fortress of palmetto logs strengthened by heavy banks of sand, and now held it with a force of twelve hundred men, while five thousand militia were gathered about the town, under command of General Charles Lee, who had been sent down to meet the emergency, but did little more than to meddle and hinder. In his character of trained European officer, Lee laughed to scorn Moultrie's palmetto stronghold, and would have ordered him to abandon it, but that he was posi-

tively overruled by Rutledge, president of the provincial congress, who knew Moultrie and relied upon his sound judgment. The British commanders, Clinton and Parker, wasted three weeks in discussing various plans of attack, while the Americans, with spade and hatchet, were rapidly barring every approach to Charleston, and fresh regiments came pouring in to man the new-built intrenchments. At last Clinton landed three thousand men on a naked sand-bank, divided from Sullivan's Island by a short space of shallow sea, which he thought could be forded at low tide. At the proper time Sir Peter Parker was to open a furious fire from the fleet, which it was expected would knock down the fort in a few minutes, while Clinton, fording the shoals, would drive out the Americans at the point of the bayonet. The shoals, however, turned out to be seven feet deep at low water, and the task of the infantry was reduced to a desperate conflict with the swarms of mosquitoes, which nearly drove them frantic. The battle thus became a mere artillery duel between the fort and the fleet. The British fire was rapid and furious, but ineffective. Most of the shot passed harmlessly over the low fortress, and those which struck did no harm to its elastic structure. The American fire was very slow, and few shots were wasted. The cable of Parker's flagship was cut by a well-aimed ball, and the ship, swinging around, received a raking fire which swept her deck with terrible slaughter. After the fight had lasted ten hours the British retreated out of range. The palmetto fort had suffered no serious injury, and only one gun had been silenced. The American loss in killed and wounded was thirty-seven. On the other hand, Sir Peter's flagship had lost her main-mast and mizzen-mast, and had some twenty shots in her hull, so that she was little better than a wreck. The British loss in killed and wounded was two hundred

and five. Of their ten sail, only one frigate remained seaworthy at the close of the action. After waiting three weeks to refit, the whole expedition sailed away from New York to coöperate with the Howes. Charleston was saved, and for more than two years the Southern States were freed from the invader. In commemoration of this brilliant victory, and of the novel stronghold which had so roused the mirth of the European soldier of fortune, the outpost on Sullivan's Island has ever since been known by the name of Fort Moultrie.

It was with such tidings of good omen that the Declaration of Independence was sent forth to the world. But it was the last news of victory that for the next six months was to cheer the anxious statesmen assembled at Philadelphia. During the rest of the summer and the autumn disaster followed upon disaster, until it might well seem as if fickle fortune had ceased to smile upon the cause of liberty. The issue of the contest was now centred in New York. By conquering and holding the line of the Hudson River, the British hoped to cut the United Colonies in two, after which it was thought that Virginia and New England, isolated from each other, might be induced to consider the error of their ways and repent. Accordingly, General Howe was to capture the city of New York, while General Carleton was to descend from Canada, recapture Ticonderoga, and take possession of the upper waters of the Hudson, together with the Mohawk valley. Great hopes were built upon the coöperation of the loyalists, of whom there was a greater number in New York than in any other State, except perhaps South Carolina. It was partly for this reason, as we shall hereafter see, that these two States suffered more actual misery from the war than all the others put together. The horrors of civil war were to be added to the attack of the invader. Throughout the Mohawk valley the influence of Sir

John Johnson, the Tory son of the famous baronet of the Seven Years' War, was thought to be supreme; and it turned out to be very powerful both with the white population and with the Indians. At the other end of the line, in New York city, the Tory element was strong, for reasons already set forth. On Long Island, the people of Kings and Queens counties, of Dutch descent, were Tories almost to a man, while the English population of Suffolk was solidly in favor of independence. And this instance of Long Island was typical. From one end of the United States to the other, the Tory sentiment was strongest with the non-English element in the population.

Before beginning his attack on New York, General Howe had to await the arrival of his brother; for the ministry had resolved to try the effect of what seemed to them a "conciliatory policy." On the 12th of July Lord Howe arrived at Staten Island, bringing with him the "olive-branch" which Lord North had promised to send along with the sword. This curious specimen of political botany turned out to consist of a gracious declaration that all persons who should desist from rebellion and lend their "aid in restoring tranquillity" would receive full and free pardon from their sovereign lord the king. As it would not do to recognize the existence of Congress, Lord Howe inclosed this declaration in a letter addressed to "George Washington, Esq.," and sent it up the harbor with a flag of truce. But as George Washington, in his capacity of Virginian landholder and American citizen, had no authority for dealing with a royal commissioner, he refused to receive the letter. Colonel Reed informed Lord Howe's messenger that there was no person in the army with that address. The British officer reluctantly rowed away, but suddenly, putting his barge about, he came back and inquired by what title Washington should be prop-

erly addressed. Colonel Reed replied, "You are aware, sir, of the rank of General Washington in our army?" "Yes, sir, we are," answered the officer; "I am sure my Lord Howe will lament exceedingly this affair, as the letter is of a civil, and not of a military nature. He greatly laments that he was not here a little sooner." This remark was understood by Colonel Reed to refer to the Declaration of Independence, which was then but eight days old. A week later Lord Howe sent Colonel Patterson, the British adjutant-general, with a document now addressed to "George Washington, Esq., etc. etc." Colonel Patterson begged for a personal interview, which was granted. He was introduced to Washington, whom he describes as a gentleman of magnificent presence and very handsomely dressed. Somewhat overawed, and beginning his remarks with "May it please your Excellency," Patterson explained that the etceteras on the letter meant everything. "Indeed," said Washington, with a pleasant smile, "they might mean anything." He declined to take the letter, but listened to Patterson's explanations, and then replied that he was not authorized to deal with the matter, and could not give his lordship any encouragement, as he seemed empowered only to grant pardons, whereas those who had committed no fault needed no pardons. As Patterson got up to go, he asked if his Excellency had no message to send to Lord Howe. "Nothing," answered Washington, "but my particular compliments." Thus foiled in his attempt to negotiate with the American commander, Lord Howe next inclosed his declaration in a circular letter addressed to the royal governors of the Middle and Southern colonies; but as most of these dignitaries were either in jail or on board the British fleet, not much was to be expected from such a mode of publication. The precious document was captured and sent to Congress, which derisively published

it for the amusement and instruction of the people. It was everywhere greeted with jeers. "No doubt we all need pardon from Heaven," said Governor Trumbull, of Connecticut, "for our manifold sins and transgressions; but the American who needs the pardon of his Britannic Majesty is yet to be found." The only serious effect produced was the weakening of the loyalist party. Many who had thus far been held back by the hope that Lord Howe's intercession might settle all the difficulties now came forward as warm supporters of independence as soon as it became apparent that the king had really nothing to offer.

The olive-branch having proved ineffectual, nothing was left but to unsheathe the sword, and a most interesting campaign now began, of which the primary object was to capture the city of New York and compel Washington's army to surrender. The British army was heavily reinforced by the return of Clinton's expedition and the arrival of 11,000 fresh troops from England and Germany. General Howe had now more than 25,000 men at his disposal, fully equipped and disciplined; while to oppose him Washington had but 18,000, many of them raw levies which had just come in. If the American army had consisted of such veterans as Washington afterwards led at Monmouth, the disparity of numbers would still have told powerfully in favor of the British. As it was, in view of the crudeness of his material, Washington could hardly hope to do more with his army than to make it play the part of a detaining force. To keep the field in the face of overwhelming odds is one of the most arduous of military problems, and often calls for a higher order of intelligence than that which is displayed in the mere winning of battles. Upon this problem Washington was now to be employed for six months without respite, and it was not long before he gave evidence of mil-

itary genius such as has seldom been surpassed in the history of modern warfare. At the outset the city of New York furnished the kernel of the problem. Without control of the water it would be well-nigh impossible to hold the city. Still there was a chance, and it was the part of a good general to take this chance, and cut out as much work as possible for the enemy. The shore of Manhattan Island was girded with small forts and redoubts, which Lee had erected in the spring before his departure for South Carolina. The lower end of the island, along the line of Wall Street, was then but little more than half its present width, as several lines of street have since been added upon both sides. From Cortlandt Street across to Paulus Hook, the width of the Hudson River was not less than two miles, while the East River near Fulton Ferry was nearly a mile in width. The city reached only from the Battery as far as Chatham Street, whence the Bowery Lane ran northwestwardly to Bloomingdale through a country smiling with orchards and gardens. Many of the streets were now barricaded, and a strong line of redoubts ran across from river to river below the side of Canal Street. At the upper end of the island, and on the Jersey shore, were other fortresses, with which we shall shortly have to deal, and out in the harbor, as a sort of watch-tower from which to inspect the enemy's fleet, a redoubt had been raised on Governor's Island, and was commanded by Colonel Prescott, with a party of the men of Bunker Hill.

In order to garrison such various positions, it was necessary for Washington to scatter his 18,000 men; and this added much to the difficulty of his task, for Howe could at any moment strike at almost any one of these points with his whole force. From the nature of the case the immense advantage of the initiative belonged entirely to Howe. But in one quarter, the most important of all,

Washington had effected as much concentration of his troops as was possible. The position on Brooklyn Heights was dangerously exposed, but it was absolutely necessary for the Americans to occupy it if they were to keep their hold upon New York. This eminence commanded New York exactly as Bunker Hill and Dorchester Heights commanded Boston. Greene had, accordingly, spent the summer in fortifying it, and there 9000 men — one half of the army — were now concentrated under command of Putnam. Upon this exposed position General Howe determined to throw nearly the whole of his force. He felt confident that the capture or destruction of half the American army would so discourage the rebels as to make them lend a readier ear to the overtures of that excellent peacemaker, his brother. Accordingly, on the 22d of August, General Howe landed 20,000 men at Gravesend Bay. From this point the American position was approachable by four roads, two of which crossed a range of densely wooded hills, and continued through the villages of Bedford and Flatbush. To the left of these the Gowanus road followed the shore about the western base of the hills, while on the right the Jamaica road curved inland and turned their eastern base.

The elaborate caution with which the British commander now proceeded stands out in striking contrast with the temerity of his advance upon Bunker Hill in the preceding year. He spent four days in reconnoitring, and then he sent his brother, with part of the fleet, to make a feint upon New York, and occupy Washington's attention. Before daybreak of the 27th, under the cover of this feint, the British advance had been nearly completed. General Grant, with the Highland regiments, advanced along the coast road, where the American outposts were held by William Alexander, of New Jersey, commonly

known as Lord Stirling, from a lapsed Scotch earldom to which he had claimed the title. The Hessians, under General von Heister, proceeded along the Bedford and Flatbush roads, which were defended by Sullivan; while more than half of the army, under Howe in person, accompanied by Clinton, Percy, and Cornwallis, accomplished a long night march by the Jamaica road, in order to take the Americans in flank. This long flanking march was completed in perfect secrecy because the people of the neighborhood were in sympathy with the British, and it encountered no obstacles because the American force was simply incapable of covering so much territory. The divisions of Stirling and Sullivan contained the 5000 men which were all that Putnam could afford to send forward from his works. A patrol which watched the Jamaica road was captured early in the morning, but it would not in any case have been possible to send any force there which could materially have hindered the British advance. Overwhelming superiority in numbers enabled the British to go where they pleased, and the battle was already virtually won when they appeared on the Jamaica road in the rear of the village of Bedford. Scarcely had the fight begun on the crest of the hill between Sullivan and the Hessians in his front when he found himself assaulted in the rear. Thrown into confusion, and driven back and forth through the woods between two galling fires, his division was quickly routed, and nearly all were taken prisoners, including the general himself. On the coast road the fight between Stirling and Grant was the first in which Americans had ever met British troops in open field and in regular line of battle. Against the sturdy Highland regiments Stirling held his ground gallantly for four hours, until he was in turn assaulted in the rear by Lord Cornwallis, after the rout of Sullivan. It now became, with Stirling, simply a

question of saving his division from capture, and after a desperate fight this end was accomplished, and the men got back to Brooklyn Heights, though the brave Stirling himself was taken prisoner. In this noble struggle the highest honors were won by the brigade of Maryland men commanded by Smallwood, and throughout the war we shall find this honorable distinction of Maryland for the personal gallantry of her troops fully maintained, until in the last pitched battle, at Eutaw Springs, we see them driving the finest infantry of England at the point of the bayonet.

The defeat of Sullivan and Stirling enabled Howe to bring up his whole army in front of the works at Brooklyn Heights toward the close of the day. To complete the victory it would be necessary to storm these works, but Howe's men were tired with marching, if not with fighting, and so the incident known as the battle of Long Island came to an end. A swift ship was at once dispatched to England with the news of the victory, which was somewhat highly colored. It was for a while supposed that there had been a terrible slaughter, but careful research has shown that this was not the case. About 400 had been killed and wounded on each side, and this loss had been incurred mainly in the fight between Stirling and Grant. On other parts of the field the British triumph had consisted chiefly in the scooping up of prisoners, of whom at least 1000 were taken. The stories of a wholesale butchery by the Hessians which once were current have been completely disproved. Washington gave a detailed account of the affair a few days afterward, and the most careful investigation has shown that he was correct in every particular. But to the American public the blow was none the less terrible, while in England the exultation served as an offset to the chagrin felt after the loss of Boston and the defeat at Fort Moultrie, and it was naturally long be-

fore facts could be seen in their true proportions.

Heavy as was the blow, however, General Howe's object was still but half attained. He had neither captured nor destroyed the American forces on Long Island, but had only driven them into their works. He was still confronted by 8000 men on Brooklyn Heights, and the problem was how to dislodge them. In the evening Washington came over from New York, and made everything ready to resist a storm. To this end, on the next day, he brought over reinforcements, raising his total force within the works to 10,000 men. Under such circumstances, if the British had attempted a storm, they would probably have been repulsed with great slaughter. But Howe had not forgotten Bunker Hill, and he thought it best to proceed by way of siege. As soon as Washington perceived this intention of his adversary, he saw that he must withdraw his army. He would have courted a storm, in which he was almost sure to be victorious, but he shrank from a siege, in which he was quite sure to lose his whole force. The British troops now invested him in a semicircle, and their ships might at any moment close in behind and cut off his only retreat. Accordingly, sending trusty messengers across the river, Washington collected every sloop, yacht, fishing-smack, yawl, scow, or row-boat that could be found in either water from the Battery to King's Bridge or Hell-Gate; and after nightfall of the 29th, these craft were all assembled at the Brooklyn ferry, and wisely manned by the fishermen of Marblehead and Gloucester from Glover's Essex regiment, experts, every one of them, whether at oar or sail. All through the night the American troops were ferried across the broad river, as quietly as possible and in excellent order, while Washington superintended the details of the embarkation, and was himself the last man to leave the ground. At seven o'clock in

the morning the whole American army had landed on the New York side, and had brought with them all their cannon, small arms, ammunition, tools, and horses, and all their larder besides, so that when the bewildered British climbed into the empty works they did not find so much as a biscuit or a glass of rum wherewith to console themselves.

This retreat has always been regarded as one of the most brilliant incidents in Washington's career, and it would certainly be hard to find a more striking example of vigilance. Had Washington allowed himself to be cooped up on Brooklyn Heights he would have been forced to surrender; and whatever was left of the war would have been a game played without queen, rook, or bishop. For this very reason it is hardly creditable to Howe that he should have let his adversary get away so easily. At daybreak, indeed, the Americans had been remarkably favored by the sudden rise of a fog which covered the East River, but during the night the moon had shone brightly, and one can only wonder that the multitudinous plash of oars and the unavoidable murmur of ten thousand men embarking, with their heavy guns and stores, should not have attracted the attention of some wakeful sentinel, either on shore or on the fleet. A storming party of British, at the right moment, would at least have disturbed the proceedings. So rare a chance of ending the war at a blow was never again to be offered to the British commanders. Washington now stationed the bulk of his army along the line of the Harlem River, leaving a strong detachment in the city under Putnam; and presently, with the same extraordinary skill which he had just displayed in sending boats under the very eyes of the fleet, he withdrew Colonel Prescott and his troops from their exposed position on Governor's Island, which there was no longer any reason for holding.

Hoping that the stroke just given by the British sword might have weakened the obstinacy of the Americans, Lord Howe again had recourse to the olive-branch. The captured General Sullivan was sent to Congress to hold out hopes that Lord Howe would use his influence to get all the obnoxious acts of Parliament repealed, only he would first like to confer with some of the members of Congress informally and as with mere private gentlemen. A lively debate ensued upon this proposal, in which some saw an insult to Congress, while all quite needlessly suspected treachery. John Adams, about whom there was so much less of the *suaviter in modo* than of the *fortiter in re*, alluded to Sullivan, very unjustly, as a "decoy duck," who had better have been shot in the battle than employed on such a business. It was finally voted that no proposals of peace from Great Britain should receive notice, unless they should be conveyed in writing, and should explicitly recognize Congress as the legal representative of the American States. For this once, however, out of personal regard for Lord Howe, and that nothing might be disdained which really looked toward a peaceful settlement, they would send a committee to Staten Island to confer with his lordship, who might regard this committee in whatever light he pleased. In this shrewd, half-humorous method of getting rid of the diplomatic difficulty, one is forcibly reminded of President Lincoln's famous proclamation addressed "To whom it may concern." The committee, consisting of Franklin, Rutledge, and John Adams, were hospitably entertained by Lord Howe, but their conference came to nothing, because the Americans now demanded a recognition of their independence as a condition which must precede all negotiation. There is no doubt that Lord Howe, who was a warm friend to the Americans and a most energetic opponent of the king's policy, was bitterly grieved at

this result. As a last resort he published a proclamation announcing the intention of the British government to reconsider the various acts and instructions by which the Americans had been annoyed, and appealing to all right-minded people to decide for themselves whether it were not wise to rely on a solemn promise like this, rather than commit themselves to the dangerous chances of an unequal and unrighteous war.

Four days after this futile interview General Howe took possession of New York. After the loss of Brooklyn Heights, Washington and Greene were already aware that the city could not be held. Its capture was very easily effected. Several ships-of-the-line ascended the Hudson as far as Bloomingdale, and the East River as far as Blackwell's Island; and while thus from either side these vessels swept the northern part of Manhattan with a furious fire, General Howe brought his army across from Brooklyn in boats and landed at Kipp's Bay, near the present site of East Thirty-Fourth Street. Washington came promptly down, with two New England brigades, to reinforce the men whom he had stationed at that point, and to hinder the landing of the enemy until Putnam should have time to evacuate the city. To Washington's wrath and disgust, these men were seized with panic, and suddenly turned and fled without firing a shot. Had Howe now thrown his men promptly forward across the line of Thirty-Fourth Street, he would have cut off Putnam's retreat from the city. But what the New England brigades failed to do a bright woman succeeded in accomplishing. When Howe had reached the spot known as Murray Hill, now the centre of much brownstone magnificence in Park and Madison and Fifth avenues, at that time a noble country farmstead, Mrs. Lindley Murray, mother of the famous grammarian, well knowing the easy temper of

the British commander, sent out a servant to invite him to stop and take luncheon. A general halt was ordered; and while Howe and his officers were gracefully entertained for more than two hours by their accomplished and subtle hostess, Putnam hastily marched his 4000 men up the shore of the Hudson, until, passing Bloomingdale, he touched the right wing of the main army, and was safe, though his tents, blankets, and heavy guns had been left behind. The American lines now extended from the mouth of Harlem River across the island, and on the following day the British attempted to break through their centre at Harlem Heights; but the attack was repulsed, with a loss of sixty Americans and three hundred British, and the lines just formed remained, with very little change, for nearly four weeks.

General Howe had thus got possession of the city of New York, but the conquest availed him little so long as the American army stood across the island, in the attitude of blockading him. If this campaign was to decide the war, as the ministry hoped, nothing short of the capture or dispersal of Washington's army would suffice. But the problem was now much harder than it had been at Brooklyn. For as the land above Manhattan Island widens rapidly to the north and east, it would not be easy to hem Washington in by sending forces to his rear. As soon as he should find his position imperiled, he would possess the shorter line by which to draw his battalions together and force an escape, and so the event proved. Still, with Howe's superior force and with his fleet, if he could get up the Hudson to the rear of the American right, and at the same time land troops from the Sound in the rear of the American left, it was possible that Washington might be compelled to surrender. There was nothing to bar Howe's passage up the East River to the Sound; but at the northern ex-

tremity of Manhattan Island the ascent of the Hudson was guarded on the east by Fort Washington, under command of Putnam, and on the west by Fort Lee, standing on the summit of the lofty cliffs known as the Palisades, and commanded by Greene. It was still doubtful, however, whether these two strongholds could effectually bar the ascent of so broad a river, and for further security Putnam undertook to place obstructions in the bed of the stream itself. Both the Continental Congress and the State Convention of New York were extremely unwilling that these two fortresses should in any event be given up, for in no case must the Hudson River be abandoned. Putnam and Greene thought that the forts could be held, but by the 9th of October it was proved that they could not bar the passage of the river, for on that day two frigates ran safely between them, and captured some small American craft a short distance above. This point having been ascertained, General Howe, on the 12th, leaving Percy in command before Harlem Heights, moved the greater part of his army nine miles up the East River to Throg's Neck, a peninsula in the Sound, separated from the mainland by a narrow creek and a marsh that was overflowed at high tide. By landing here suddenly, Howe hoped to get in Washington's rear and cut him off from his base of supply in Connecticut. But Washington had foreseen the move and forestalled it. When Howe arrived at Throg's Neck, he found the bridge over the creek destroyed, and the main shore occupied by a force which it would be dangerous to try to dislodge by wading across the marsh. While Howe was thus detained six days on the peninsula, Washington moved his base to White Plains, and concentrated his whole army at that point, abandoning everything on Manhattan Island except Fort Washington. Sullivan, Stirling, and Morgan, who had just been exchanged, now re-

joined the army, and Lee also arrived from South Carolina.

By this movement to White Plains, Washington had foiled Howe's attempt to get in his rear, and the British general decided to try the effect of an attack in front. On the 28th of October he succeeded in storming an outpost at Chatterton Hill, losing 229 lives, while the Americans lost 140. But this affair, which is sometimes known as the battle of White Plains, seems to have discouraged Howe. Before renewing the attack he waited three days, thinking perhaps of Bunker Hill; and on the last night of October, Washington fell back upon North Castle, where he took a position so strong that it was useless to think of assailing him. Howe then changed his plans entirely, and moved down the east bank of the Hudson to Dobb's Ferry, whence he could either attack Fort Washington, or cross into New Jersey and advance upon Philadelphia, the "rebel capital." The purpose of this change was to entice Washington from his unassailable position.

To meet this new movement, Washington threw his advance of 5000 men, under Putnam, into New Jersey, where they encamped near Hackensack; he sent Heath up to Peekskill, with 3000 men, to guard the entrance to the Highlands; and he left Lee at North Castle, with 7000 men, and ordered him to co-operate with him promptly in whatever direction, as soon as the nature of Howe's plans should become apparent. As Forts Washington and Lee detained a large force in garrison, while they had shown themselves unable to prevent ships from passing up the river, there was no longer any use in holding them. Nay, they had now become dangerous, as traps in which the garrisons and stores might be suddenly surrounded and captured. Washington accordingly resolved to evacuate them both, while, to allay the fears of Congress in the event of a descent from Canada, he ordered Heath

to fortify the much more important position at West Point.

Had Washington's orders been obeyed and his plans carried out, history might still have recorded a retreat through "the Jerseys," but how different a retreat from that which was now about to take place! The officious interference of Congress, a venial error of judgment on the part of Greene, and gross insubordination on the part of Lee, occurring all together at this critical moment, brought about the greatest disaster of the war, and came within an ace of overwhelming the American cause in total and irretrievable ruin. Washington instructed Greene, who now commanded both fortresses, to withdraw the garrison and stores from Fort Washington, and to make arrangements for evacuating Fort Lee also. At the same time he did not give a positive order, but left the matter somewhat within Greene's discretion, in case military circumstances of an unforeseen kind should arise. Then, while Washington had gone up to reconnoitre the site for the new fortress at West Point, there came a special order from Congress that Fort Washington should not be abandoned save under direst extremity. If Greene had thoroughly grasped Washington's view of the case, he would have disregarded this conditional order, for there could hardly be a worse extremity than that which the sudden capture of the fortress would entail. But Greene's mind was not quite clear; he believed that the fort could be held, and he did not like to take the responsibility of disregarding a message from Congress. In this dilemma, he did the worst thing possible: he reinforced the doomed garrison, and awaited Washington's return.

When the commander-in-chief returned, on the 14th, he learned with dismay that nothing had been done. But it was now too late to mend matters, for that very night several British vessels passed up between the forts, and the

next day Howe appeared before Fort Washington with an overwhelming force, and told Colonel Magaw, the officer in charge, that if he did not immediately surrender the whole garrison would be put to the sword. Magaw replied that he would fight as long as breath was left in his body, and if Howe wanted his fort he must come and take it. On the 16th, after a sharp struggle, in which the Americans fought with desperate gallantry, though they were outnumbered more than five to one, the works were carried, and the whole garrison was captured. The victory cost the British more than 500 men in killed and wounded. The Americans, fighting behind their works, lost but 150; but they surrendered 3000 of the best troops in their half-trained army, together with an immense quantity of artillery and small arms. It was not in General Howe's kindly nature to carry out his savage threat of the day before; but some of the Hessians, maddened with the stubborn resistance they had encountered, began murdering their prisoners in cold blood, until they were sharply called to order. From Fort Lee, on the opposite bank of the river, Washington surveyed this woful surrender with his usual iron composure; but when it came to seeing his brave men thrown down and stabbed to death by the cruel Hessian bayonets, his overwrought heart could bear it no longer, and he cried and sobbed like a child.

This capture of the garrison of Fort Washington was one of the most crushing blows that befell the American arms during the whole course of the war. Washington's retreat seemed now likely to be converted into a mere flight, and a most terrible gloom overspread the whole country. The disaster was primarily due to the interference of Congress. It might have been averted by prompt and decisive action on the part of Greene. But Washington, whose clear judgment made due allowance for

all the circumstances, never for a moment cast any blame upon his subordinate. The lesson was never forgotten by Greene, whose intelligence was of that high order which may indeed make a first mistake, but never makes a second. The friendship between the two generals became warmer than ever. Washington, by a sympathetic instinct, had divined from the outset the military genius that was by and by to prove scarcely inferior to his own.

Yet worse remained behind. Washington had but 6000 men on the Jersey side of the river, and it was now high time for Lee to come over from North Castle and join him, with the force of 7000 that had been left under his command. On the 17th, Washington sent a positive order for him to cross the river at once; but Lee dissembled, pretended to regard the order in the light of mere advice, and stayed where he was. He occupied an utterly impregnable position: why should he leave it, and imperil a force with which he might accomplish something memorable on his own account? By the resignation of General Ward, Lee had become the senior major-general of the Continental army, and in the event of disaster to Washington he would almost certainly become commander-in-chief. He had returned from South Carolina more arrogant and loud-voiced than ever. The Northern people knew little of Moultrie, while they supposed Lee to be a great military light; and the charlatan accordingly got the whole credit of the victory, which, if his precious advice had been taken, would never have been won. Lee was called the hero of Charleston, and people began to contrast the victory of Sullivan's Island with the recent defeats, and to draw conclusions very disparaging to Washington. From the beginning Lee had felt personally aggrieved at not being appointed to the chief command, and now he seemed to see a fair chance of ruining his hated rival. Should

he come to the head of the army in a moment of dire disaster to the Americans, it would be so much the better, for it would be likely to open negotiations with Lord Howe, and Lee loved to chaffer and intrigue much better than to fight. So he spent his time in endeavoring, by insidious letters and lying whispers, to nourish the feeling of disaffection toward Washington, while he refused to send a single regiment to his assistance. Thus, through the villainy of this traitor in the camp, Washington actually lost more men, so far as their present use was concerned at this most critical moment, than he had been deprived of by all the blows which the enemy had dealt him since the beginning of the campaign.

On the night of the 19th, Howe threw 5000 men across the river, about five miles above Fort Lee, and with this force Lord Cornwallis marched rapidly down upon that stronghold. The place had become untenable, and it was with some difficulty that a repetition of the catastrophe of Fort Washington was avoided. Greene had barely time, with his 2000 men, to gain the bridge over the Hackensack and join the main army, leaving behind all his cannon, tents, blankets, and eatables. The position now occupied by the main army, between the Hackensack and Passaic rivers, was an unsafe one, in view of the great superiority of the enemy in numbers. A strong British force, coming down upon Washington from the north, might compel him to surrender or to fight at a great disadvantage. To avoid this danger, on the 21st, he crossed the Passaic and marched southwestward to Newark, where he stayed five days; and every day he sent a messenger to Lee, urging him to make all possible haste in bringing over his half of the army, that they might be able to confront the enemy on something like equal terms. Nothing could have been more explicit or more peremptory than Washington's orders:

but Lee affected to misunderstand them, sent excuses, raised objections, paltered, argued, prevaricated, and lied, and so contrived to stay where he was until the first of December. To Washington he pretended that his moving was beset by "obstacles," the nature of which he would explain as soon as they should meet. But to James Bowdoin, president of the executive council of Massachusetts, he wrote at the same time declaring that his own army and that under Washington "must rest each on its own bottom." He assumed command over Heath, who had been left to guard the Highlands, and ordered him to send 2000 troops to reinforce the main army; but that officer very properly refused to depart from the instructions which the commander-in-chief had left with him. To various members of Congress Lee told the falsehood that if *his* advice had only been heeded, Fort Washington would have been evacuated ere it was too late; and he wrote to Dr. Rush, wondering whether any of the members of Congress had ever studied Roman history, and suggesting that he might do great things if he could only be made Dictator for one week.

Meanwhile Washington, unable to risk a battle, was rapidly retreating through New Jersey. On the 28th of November Cornwallis advanced upon Newark, and Washington fell back upon New Brunswick. On the 1st of December, as Cornwallis reached the latter place, Washington broke down the bridge over the Raritan, and continued his retreat to Princeton. The terms of service for which his troops had been enlisted were now beginning to expire, and so great was the discouragement wrought by the accumulation of disasters which had befallen the army since the battle of Long Island that many of the soldiers lost heart in their work. Homesickness began to prevail, especially among the New England troops, and as their terms expired it was difficult to persuade them

to reenlist. Under these circumstances the army dwindled fast, until, by the time he reached Princeton, Washington had but 3000 men remaining at his disposal. The only thing to be done was to put the broad stream of the Delaware between himself and the enemy, and this he accomplished by the 8th, carrying over all his guns and stores, and seizing or destroying every boat that could be found on that great river for many miles in either direction. When the British arrived, on the evening of the same day, they found it impossible to cross. Cornwallis was eager to collect a flotilla of boats as soon as practicable, and push on to Philadelphia, but Howe, who had just joined him, thought it hardly worth while to take so much trouble, as the river would be sure to freeze over before many days. So the army was posted in detachments along the east bank, with its centre at Trenton, under Colonel Rahl; and while they waited for that "snap" of intensely cold weather, which in this climate seldom fails to come on within a few days of Christmas, Howe and Cornwallis both went back to New York.

Meanwhile, on the 2d of December, Lee had at last crossed the Hudson with a force diminished to 4000 men, and had proceeded by slow marches as far as Morristown. Further reinforcements were at hand. General Schuyler, in command of the army which had retreated the last summer from Canada, was guarding the forts on Lake Champlain; and as these appeared to be safe for the present, he detached seven regiments to go to the aid of Washington. As soon as Lee heard of the arrival of three of these regiments at Peekskill, he ordered them to join him at Morristown. As the other four, under General Gates, were making their way through northern New Jersey, doubts arose as to where they should find Washington in the course of his swift retreat. Gates sent his aid, Major Wilkinson, forward

for instructions, and he, learning that Washington had withdrawn into Pennsylvania, reported to Lee at Morristown, as second in command.

Lee had left his army in charge of Sullivan, and had foolishly taken up his quarters at an unguarded tavern about four miles from the town, and here Wilkinson found him in bed on the morning of the 13th. After breakfast Lee wrote a confidential letter to Gates, as to a kindred spirit from whom he might expect to get sympathy. Terrible had been the consequences of the disaster at Fort Washington. "There never was so damned a stroke," said the letter. "*Entre nous*, a certain great man is most damnably deficient. He has thrown me into a situation where I have my choice of difficulties. If I stay in this province I risk myself and army, and if I do not stay the province is lost forever. . . . Our counsels have been weak to the last degree. As to yourself, if you think you can be in time to aid the general, I would have you by all means go. You will at least save your army. . . . Adieu, my dear friend. God bless you." Hardly had he signed his name to this scandalous document when Wilkinson, who was standing at the window, exclaimed that the British were upon them. Sure enough. A Tory in the neighborhood, discerning the golden opportunity, had galloped eighteen miles to the British lines, and returned with a party of thirty dragoons, who surrounded the house and captured the vain-glorious schemer before he had time to collect his senses. Bareheaded and dressed only in a flannel gown and slippers, he was mounted on Wilkinson's horse, which stood waiting at the door, and was carried off, amid much mirth and exultation, to the British camp. Crestfallen and bewildered, he expressed a craven hope that his life might be spared, but was playfully reminded that he would very likely be summarily dealt with as a deserter from the British

army; and with this scant comfort he was fain to content himself for some weeks to come.

The capture of General Lee was reckoned by the people as one more in the list of dire catastrophes which made the present season the darkest moment in the whole course of the war. Had they known all that we know now, they would have seen that the army was well rid of a worthless mischief-maker, while the history of the war had gained a curiously picturesque episode. Apart from this incident there was cause enough for the gloom which now overspread the whole country. Washington had been forced to seek shelter behind the Delaware with a handful of men, whose terms of service were soon to expire, and another fortnight might easily witness the utter dispersal of this poor little army. At Philadelphia, where Putnam was now in command, there was a general panic, and people began hiding their valuables and moving their wives and children out into the country. Congress took fright, and retired to Baltimore. At the beginning of December, Lord Howe and his brother had issued a proclamation offering pardon and protection to all citizens who within sixty days should take the oath of allegiance to the British Crown; and in the course of ten days nearly three thousand persons, many of them wealthy and of high standing in society, had availed themselves of this promise. The British soldiers and the Tories considered the contest virtually ended. General Howe was compared with Cæsar, who came, and saw, and conquered. For his brilliant successes he had been made a Knight Commander of the Bath, and New York was to become the scene of merry Christmas festivities on the occasion of his receiving the famous red ribbon. In his confidence that Washington's strength was quite exhausted, he detached a considerable force from the army in New Jersey, and sent it,

under Lord Percy, to take possession of Newport as a convenient station for British ships entering the Sound. Donop and Rahl with their Hessians and Grant with his hardy Scotchmen would now quite suffice to destroy the remnant of Washington's army; and Cornwallis accordingly packed his portmanteaus and sent them aboard ship, intending to sail for England as soon as the fumes of the Christmas punch should be duly slept off.

Well might Thomas Paine declare, in the first of the series of pamphlets entitled *The Crisis*, which he now began to publish, that "these are the times that try men's souls." But in the midst of the general despondency there were a few brave hearts that had not yet begun to despair, and the bravest of these was Washington's. At this awful moment the whole future of America, and of all that America signifies to the world, rested upon that single Titanic will. Cruel defeat and yet more cruel treachery, enough to have crushed the strongest, could not crush Washington. All the lion in him was aroused, and his powerful nature was aglow with passionate resolve. His keen eye already saw the elements of weakness in Howe's too careless disposition of his forces on the east bank of the Delaware, and he had already planned for his antagonist such a Christmas greeting as he little expected. Just at this moment Washington was opportunely reinforced by Sullivan and Gates, with the troops lately under Lee's command; and with his little army thus raised to 6000 men, he meditated such a bold stroke as might revive the drooping spirits of his countrymen, and confound the enemy in the very moment of his fancied triumph.

Washington's plan was, by a sudden attack, to overwhelm the British centre at Trenton, and thus force the army to retreat upon New York. The Delaware was to be crossed in three divisions. The right wing, of 2000 men, under

Gates, was to attack Count Donop at Burlington; Ewing, with the centre, was to cross directly opposite Trenton; while Washington himself, with the left wing, was to cross nine miles above, and march down upon Trenton from the north. On Christmas Day all was ready, but the beginnings of the enterprise were not auspicious. Gates, who preferred to go and intrigue in Congress, succeeded in begging off, and started for Baltimore. Cadwalader, who took his place, tried hard to get his men and artillery across the river, but was baffled by the huge masses of floating ice, and reluctantly gave up the attempt. Ewing was so discouraged that he did not even try to cross, and both officers took it for granted that Washington must be foiled in like manner. But Washington was desperately in earnest; and although at sunset, just as he had reached his crossing-place, he was informed by special messenger of the failure of Ewing and Cadwalader, he determined to go on and make the attack with the 2500 men whom he had with him. The great blocks of ice, borne swiftly along by the powerful current, made the passage extremely dangerous, but Glover, with his skillful fishermen of Marblehead, succeeded in ferrying the little army across without the loss of a man or a gun. More than ten hours were consumed in the passage, and then there was a march of nine miles to be made in a blinding storm of snow and sleet. They pushed rapidly on in two columns, led by Greene and Sullivan respectively, drove in the enemy's pickets at the point of the bayonet, and entered the town by different roads soon after sunrise. Washington's guns were at once planted so as to sweep the streets, and after Colonel Rahl and seventeen of his men had been slain the whole body of Hessians, 1000 in number, surrendered at discretion. Of the Americans, two were frozen to death on the march, and two were killed in the action. By noon of the next day Cad-

walader had crossed the river to Burlington, but no sooner had Donop heard what had happened at Trenton than he retreated by a circuitous road to Princeton, leaving behind all his sick and wounded soldiers, and all his heavy arms and baggage. Washington recrossed into Pennsylvania with his prisoners, but again advanced, and occupied Trenton on the 29th.

When the news of the catastrophe reached New York, the holiday feasting was rudely disturbed. Instead of embarking for England, Cornwallis rode post-haste to Princeton, where he found Donop throwing up earthworks. On the morning of January 2d Cornwallis advanced, with 8000 men, upon Trenton, but his march was slow and painful. He was exposed during most of the day to a galling fire from parties of riflemen hidden in the woods by the roadside, and Greene, with a force of 600 men and two field-pieces, contrived so to harass and delay him that he did not reach Trenton till late in the afternoon. By that time Washington had withdrawn his whole force beyond the Assunpink, a small river which flows into the Delaware just south of Trenton, and had guarded the bridge and the fords by batteries admirably placed. The British made several attempts to cross, but were repulsed with some slaughter; and as their day's work had sorely fatigued them, Cornwallis thought best to wait until to-morrow, while he sent his messenger post-haste back to Princeton to bring up a force of nearly 2000 men which he had left behind there. With this added strength he felt sure that he could force the passage of the stream above the American position, when by turning Washington's right flank he could fold him back against the Delaware, and thus compel him to surrender. Cornwallis accordingly went to bed in high spirits. "At last we have run down the old fox," said he, "and we will bag him in the morning."

The situation was indeed a very dangerous one; but when the British general called his antagonist an old fox, he did him no more than justice. In its union of slyness with audacity, the movement which Washington now executed strongly reminds one of "Stonewall" Jackson. He understood perfectly well what Cornwallis intended to do; but he knew at the same time that detachments of the British army must have been left behind at Princeton and New Brunswick to guard the stores. From the size of the army before him he rightly judged that these rear detachments must be too small to withstand his own force. By overwhelming one or both of them, he could compel Cornwallis to retreat upon New York, while he himself might take up an impregnable position on the heights about Morristown, from which he might threaten the British line and hold their whole army in check. — a most brilliant and daring scheme for a commander to entertain while in such a perilous position as Washington was that night! But the manner in which he began by extricating himself was not the least brilliant part of the manœuvre. All night long the American camp-fires were kept burning brightly, and small parties were busily engaged in throwing up intrenchments so near the Assunpink that the British sentinels could plainly hear the murmur of their voices and the thud of the spade and pickaxe. While this was going on, the whole American army marched swiftly up the south bank of the little stream, passed around Cornwallis's left wing to his rear, and gained the road to Princeton. Toward sunrise, as the British detachment was coming down the road from Princeton to Trenton, in obedience to Cornwallis's order, its van, under Colonel Mawhood, met the foremost column of Americans approaching, under General Mercer. As he caught sight of the Americans, Mawhood thought that they must be a party of fugitives, and hastened to intercept

them ; but he was soon undeceived. The Americans attacked with vigor, and a sharp fight was sustained, with varying fortunes, until Mercer was pierced by a bayonet, and his men began to fall back in some confusion. Just at this critical moment Washington came galloping upon the field and rallied the troops, and as the entire forces on both sides had now come up the fight became general. In a few minutes the British were routed and their line was cut in two ; one half fleeing toward Trenton, the other half toward New Brunswick. There was little slaughter, as the whole fight did not occupy more than twenty minutes. The British lost about 200 in killed and wounded, with 300 prisoners and their capnon ; the American loss was less than 100.

Shortly before sunrise, the men who had been left in the camp on the Assunpink to feed the fires and make a noise beat a hasty retreat, and found their way to Princeton by circuitous paths. When Cornwallis got up, he could hardly believe his eyes. Here was nothing before him but an empty camp : the American army had vanished, and whither it had gone he could not imagine. But his perplexity was soon relieved by the booming of distant cannon on the Princeton road, and the game which the "old fox" had played him all at once became apparent. Nothing was to be done but to retreat upon New Brunswick with all possible haste, and save the stores there. His road led back through Princeton, and from Mawhood's fugitives he soon heard the story of the morning's disaster. His march was hindered by various impediments. A thaw had set in, so that the little streams had swelled into roaring torrents, difficult to ford, and the American army, which had passed over the road before day-break, had not forgotten to destroy the bridges. By the time that Cornwallis and his men reached Princeton, wet and weary, the Americans had already left

it, but they had not gone on to New Brunswick. Washington had hoped to seize the stores there, but the distance was eighteen miles, his men were wretchedly shod and too tired to march rapidly, and it would not be prudent to risk a general engagement when his main purpose could be secured without one. For these reasons, Washington turned northward to the heights of Morristown, while Cornwallis continued his retreat to New Brunswick. A few days later, Putnam advanced from Philadelphia and occupied Princeton, thus forming the right wing of the American army, of which the main body lay at Morristown, while Heath's division on the Hudson constituted the left wing. Various cantonments were established along this long line. On the 5th, George Clinton, coming down from Peekskill, drove the British out of Hackensack and occupied it, while on the same day a detachment of German mercenaries at Springfield was routed by a body of militia. Elizabethtown was then taken by General Maxwell, whereupon the British retired from Newark.

Thus in a brief campaign of three weeks Washington had rallied the fragments of a defeated and broken army, fought two successful battles, taken nearly 2000 prisoners, and recovered the State of New Jersey. He had canceled the disastrous effects of Lee's treachery, and replaced things apparently in the condition in which the fall of Fort Washington had left them. Really he had done much more than this, for by assuming the offensive and winning victories through sheer force of genius, he had completely turned the tide of popular feeling. The British generals began to be afraid of him, while on the other hand his army began to grow by the accession of fresh recruits. In New Jersey the enemy retained nothing but New Brunswick, Amboy, and Paulus Hook.

On the 25th Washington issued a

proclamation declaring that all persons who had accepted Lord Howe's offer of protection must either retire within the British lines, or come forward and take the oath of allegiance to the United States. Many narrow-minded people, who did not look with favor upon a close federation of the States, commented severely upon the form of this proclamation: it was too national, they said. But it proved effective. However lukewarm may have been the interest which many of the Jersey people felt in the war when their soil was first invaded, the conduct of the British troops had been such that every one now looked upon them as foreign enemies. They had not only foraged indiscriminately upon friend and foe, but they had set fire to farmhouses, murdered peaceful citizens, and violated women. The wrath of the people, kindled by such outrages, had waxed so hot that it was not safe for the British to stir beyond their narrow lines except in considerable force. Their foraging parties were waylaid and cut off by bands of indignant yeomanry, and so sorely were they harassed in their advanced position at New Brunswick that they often suffered from want of food. Many of the German mercenaries, caring nothing for the cause in which they had been forcibly enlisted, began deserting; and in this they were encouraged by Congress, which issued a manifesto in German, making a liberal offer of land to any foreign soldier who should leave the British service. This little document was inclosed in the wrappers in which packages of tobacco were sold, and every now and then some canny smoker accepted the offer.

Washington's position at Morristown was so strong that there was no hope of dislodging him, and the snow-blocked roads made the difficulties of a winter campaign so great that Howe thought best to wait for warm weather before doing anything more. While the Brit-

ish arms were thus held in check, the friends of America, both in England and on the continent of Europe, were greatly encouraged. From this moment Washington was regarded in Europe as a first-rate general. Military critics who were capable of understanding his movements compared his brilliant achievements with his slender resources, and discovered in him genius of a high order. Men began to call him "the American Fabius;" and this epithet was so pleasing to his fellow-countrymen, in that pedantic age, that it clung to him for the rest of his life, and was repeated in newspapers and speeches and pamphlets with wearisome iteration. Yet there was something more than Fabian in Washington's generalship. For wariness he has never been surpassed; yet, as Colonel Stedman observed, in his excellent contemporary history of the war, the most remarkable thing about Washington was his courage. It would be hard indeed to find more striking examples of audacity than he exhibited at Trenton and Princeton. Lord Cornwallis was no mean antagonist, and no one was a better judge of what a commander might be expected to do with a given stock of resources. His surprise at the Assunpink was so great that he never got over it. After the surrender at Yorktown, his lordship expressed to Washington his generous admiration for the wonderful skill which had suddenly hurled an army four hundred miles, from the Hudson River to the James, with such precision and such deadly effect. "But after all," he added, "your Excellency's achievements in New Jersey were such that nothing could surpass them." The man who had turned the tables on him at the Assunpink he could well believe to be capable of anything.

In England the effect of the campaign was very serious. Not long before, Edmund Burke had despondingly remarked that an army which was always obliged to refuse battle could never expel the in-

vaders ; but now the case wore a different aspect. Sir William Howe had not so much to show for his red ribbon, after all. He had taken New York, and dealt many heavy blows with his overwhelming force, unexpectedly aided by foul play on the American side ; but as for crushing Washington and ending the war, he seemed farther from it than

ever. It would take another campaign to do this, — perhaps many. Lord North, who had little heart for the war at any time, was discouraged, while the king and Lord George Germaine were furious with disappointment. “It was that unhappy affair of Trenton,” observed the latter, “that blasted our hopes.”

John Fiske.

ALEC YEATON'S SON.

GLOUCESTER, AUGUST, 1720.

THE wind it wailed, the wind it moaned,
And the white caps flecked the sea ;
“An’ I would to God,” the skipper groaned,
“I had not my boy with me !”

Snug in the stern-sheets, little John
Laughed as the scud swept by ;
But the skipper’s sunburnt cheek grew wan
As he watched the wicked sky.

“Would he were at his mother’s side !”
And the skipper’s eyes were dim.
“Good Lord in heaven, if ill betide,
What would become of him !

“For me — my muscles are as steel,
For me let hap what may ;
I might make shift upon the keel
Until the break o’ day.

“But he, he is so weak and small,
So young, scarce learned to stand —
O pitying Father of us all,
I trust him in Thy hand !

“For Thou, who markest from on high
A sparrow’s fall — each one ! —
Surely, O Lord, thou’lt have an eye
On Alec Yeaton’s son !”

Then, helm hard-port, right straight he sailed
Towards the headland light :

The wind it moaned, the wind it wailed,
And black, black fell the night.

Then burst a storm to make one quail
Though housed from winds and waves —
They who could tell about that gale
Must rise from watery graves!

Sudden it came, as sudden went;
Ere half the night was sped,
The winds were hushed, the waves were spent,
And the stars shone overhead.

Now, as the morning mist grew thin,
The folk on Gloucester shore
Saw a little figure floating in
Secure, on a broken oar!

Up rose the cry, "A wreck! a wreck!
Pull, mates, and waste no breath" —
They knew it, though 't was but a speck
Upon the edge of death!

Long did they marvel in the town
At God his strange decree,
That let the stalwart skipper drown,
And the little child go free!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

PASSE ROSE.

XIII.

IT had been felt by all the inmates of the Abbey of St. Servais, after Brother Dominic's return from Immburg, that his journey had wrought in him some strange transformation. He who used to labor at his desk with such patience, content to spend an entire day on a single gigantic capital (though able to copy in that time an entire epistle of the blessed St. Peter in Tironian characters), now sighed at his window like a longing girl, or paced the garden walks in restless self-communion. Brother Dominic was himself aware of this change, al-

though he would have strenuously denied it, had it been brought to his charge; for at times, in the oval of the capital he was tracing, a face looked out upon him, his pen was entangled in a tress of yellow hair, and a mist of blue eyes hid the page altogether.

Reflecting upon his experiences at Immburg, he was at least ready to admit there was that in the world he had not suspected, and that the wine of a king is sometimes stronger than that of an abbot. He endeavored in vain, however, to retrace in sequence the events of his journey. At whichever end he began, he came always to that fatal cup on the

eve of his departure from the villa, — a cup in which the strands of memory had dissolved away. Certain he was that before setting out from the abbey he was no favorite of the prior. How then should the woman know that he had the prior's esteem? It was equally true that before his journey he gave no thought to the coarseness of his frock, which now irritated and displeased him as he recalled the *cedal* of soft texture about the neck of the woman who roused him from his nap in the strangers' hall at Immaburg. So dear to him had been his copying-desk, its parchment and inks of vermilion and gold, that when he fell asleep he was dreaming of nothing more than to be seated at it again; and now he gazed listless at the manuscript spread before him, and his former pursuit afforded him no satisfaction. More than this, a fragrance other than that of the holy spices mingled with the smoke of the censer, and a voice not the reader's ravished his ear in the very midst of the sacred offices.

Exactly what had happened while the fumes of the wine were upon him he could not tell. A confused recollection of messages given and taken; of seeing the captain with the demon; of the demon itself, which nevertheless had thrust an arm of honest flesh under his nose, and had entered the house of God freely without signs of terror; and above all, of a face and voice sweeter and more potent than even the king's wine, was all he could recover from memory. He felt conscious of having committed some grievous error, but whether it consisted in holding converse with the woman or the demon, in receiving the message or in surrendering it, he could not determine. On his homeward way he had reflected upon what he should say to the prior when he rendered an account of his journey, and after much misgiving had purposed to tell in all sincerity how a woman of the princesses' household had given him letters for a certain goldsmith

of Maestricht, but had taken them again, saying she would dispatch them by another messenger; also, how another, whether woman or devil he knew not, had bidden him tell the prior she was well. Less than this he dared not utter, more he could not. But when, after relating the issue of his mission to the king and the queen's reception of the missal, the prior questioned him of other matters, between his own confusion and the chill of the prior's eye, his courage failed him, and he held his peace altogether.

Had any one deemed it worthy of notice, a change as great as that which had befallen Brother Dominic might also have been observed in Friedgis, after the last visit of Passe Rose to the abbey. Upon the apathy and dejection into which misfortune had plunged him she had blazed like a star. Suspicious as he had been of her sincerity, it was only when she failed to reappear that he realized what credit he had attached to her promises. As the days passed, his suspicions had deepened. But a hope once kindled is hard to kill. The monotony of the abbey life jarred with this hope and irritated his expectancy. As he lay awake at night, listening for the song of the cuckoo, balancing the girl's promise against her long delay, those mysterious words of the gospels, "in kings' houses," came to him with all the assured conviction of Passe Rose's utterance, and he followed the courses of awakened hope and desire as the Northman's bark follows the rising wind. Did the girl indeed speak truly? He would verify her words in person. Being a slave, to flee was to steal, and to steal was to lose, for the first offense, an eye; for the second, the nose; for the third, life. Beyond the instant when, outside the abbey walls, he should set his face in the direction Passe Rose had so vaguely indicated as that of Aix, he had no plan. But to plan was not his nature; he would meet what the

future brought as the bark's prow meets the waves. Surely the collar was an omen from the gods, — the gods, always forgotten in prosperity, denied in misfortune, and remembered again at the first gleam of hope! Of a truth the gods lived; for on the very eve of his projected flight Brother Dominic came to his cell, bidding him prepare to accompany the Prior Sergius on the morrow to Aix as his servant. Aye, surely, the gods lived!

Upon Brother Dominic, whom the prior also took with him, the announcement of this second journey produced a strange exhilaration. Inasmuch as Sergius, the abbot being still weak, went to represent the latter on the occasion of the return of Pepin, victor in the campaign against the Avars, it was natural that Brother Dominic should argue that he was certain to share with the prior the king's hospitality, — a thought well calculated to excite pride. And it was thus he sought to explain the elation which the anticipations of this journey caused him, as he rode one morning of the harvest month from the abbey yard, just as the sun rose out of the wood of Hesbaye. "I have served God these many years," thought he, drawing himself erect on his mule; "the saints forbid I should now serve the devil!" If it pleased him to go to Aix, certainly that was because he should mingle there with great people and witness a great pageant. Vassals of the king from the Marches of Spain to the land of the Obodrites, nobles from Brittany and Carinthia, prelates of the Church and dignitaries of the State, the king himself, his young queen and fair daughters, women of the royal household, — when Brother Dominic reached this point in his enumeration, the beatings of his heart forced him to grasp the mule tightly, till the vision had passed. Surely the woman was right; he had the prior's favor, else why was he now his companion? It was strange; who had told her? Yet the very sweet-

ness of truth was in her voice, and her eyes — Here Brother Dominic's heart was seized with such new tremors that the Saxon Friedgis, who walked behind with the servants and beasts of burden, looked to see him lose his hold altogether.

Mounted upon a fiery horse whose restive movements he controlled without seeming to heed them, the Prior Sergius rode alone in advance of Brother Dominic's gray mule. At a little distance he might have been mistaken for some *fidèle* of the king, on his way to the Champ de Mai to fulfill the service of the ban; or, if one observed his Roman dress, prescribed for the clergy, for one of those Frankish prelates in whose veins ran the blood of a conquering race, and whose instincts of enterprise and audacity often led them to exchange the solitude and idleness of the cloister for the excitement of war or the adventuresome life of missionary conquest. As he drew near, one observed a certain grace and elegance of carriage, betraying his Italian descent, and announcing, in spite of his dress, a courtier of the Eastern Empire rather than a prelate of the West. On closer inspection, one saw the pale face of the scholar, possessing the magic and reserve of learning, and forgot in its dreamy gaze both the courtier and the warrior-priest.

These contradictions in the external appearance of the prior were paralleled by the differences of opinion in which he was held. The monks of St. Servais, being forbidden to speak ill one of another, would have testified that he was fair of speech, just in government, and nice in the discharge of his duties as in the care of his person. Yet his glance begot in them all an uneasy self-examination. When a rule was broken, one thought of the prior first, of God afterwards. The guests at the monastery table, on the other hand, won by his manner and cheer, were loud in his praise; except it were some surly fellow

who, while the rest fed on the prior's smile, growled in his beard over his cups, "Such a smile never fattened man nor ox." The children, playing in the court as the prior rode out on the road to Aix, ceased their sport at his approach. For them he was so much black shadow, chilling their laughter as the passing cloud dulled the crimson mist of maple buds on the hill slope beyond the ponds in spring. More sensitive than their elders, they responded more quickly to the iron string which vibrated under the pleasantest tones of the prior's voice.

A shepherd of the abbey had once found a dog in the woods at a she-wolf's teats, and enticed it back on his return at night. None had ever suffered from its bite, yet all who saw it, sleek now and well favored, asleep in the gate, remembered that it had wintered with the wolf. The prior constrained the same deference.

If, as the woman of Innaburg had said, Brother Dominic enjoyed the prior's favor, it was evident that he did not possess his confidence, for Sergius rode in front, alone, paying him no heed. Untroubled, however, by this thought, the monk ambled contentedly behind his superior, his face smiling as the landscape lying before them under the ascending sun. Surely no one knows the day which God has made who has not seen it break, nor loves it well who does not greet its first approach, when flowers are bedewed and birds sing. For what man, if he delights in the face of his mistress, will not go before her coming to see her countenance when joy is fresh upon it? Brother Dominic was no poet to feed upon dew and larks' songs, and it was not long before the cravings of his stomach, stimulated by the morning air, carried his hand to his wallet. Yet a poet's thoughts, unformed and unuttered, stirred in his simple soul.

The road which the prior had taken, traversing the luxuriant meadows about the Meuse, soon entered the narrowing

valley, following close now to the river's dancing waters, and now to the oak-crowned cliffs, whose bastions, like a mighty fortress, overtopped the deep moat of the stream. Alive to new impressions, his lips moving softly to a bubbling stream of pleasure, Brother Dominic saw all that passed before his eyes: the corn-flag whence the black-bird shook the dew in his sudden flight; the hamlets hidden among the trees; the villages nestling to the water; the barges floating by; and above, the bluffs of towering rock, out of whose heart the Roman stronghold overhanging the valley had long ago been hewn, and whose quarries now furnished the material for the royal edifices of Aix.

It was clear that in taking the longer road to his destination the prior purposed to spend the night at Visé, a royal bourg where the king had established one of those hospitable houses which afforded free shelter and security to travelers, and which were designed to facilitate commerce and intercourse throughout the kingdom. Brother Dominic remembered the place well, for he had passed this way on his return from Innaburg; and it was not long before the rude movements of his mule and the exhaustion of his wallet combined to render it a very haven of rest and fruition to his quickened imagination. It was with no little satisfaction, then, that he saw at last its outlying farm-buildings, and detected, as he approached, the savory odors of roasting flesh and steaming stews.

The sound of a horn woke the valley echoes as they entered the inclosure. The prior, well known at Visé, was received with ceremony; one hastening to take his horse as he dismounted, another running to fill a copper bowl with water for his ablutions. Brother Dominic, content to mingle with the throng gathered about the fountain, finished his toilet quickly, not failing to observe, meanwhile, among the trees, the smok-

ing dome of the kitchen, which, like an immense beehive, swarmed with servants running to and fro, and gave forth sounds and scents most agreeable to his senses.

"Sir," said a voice, suddenly, at his side, "tell me if, by the grace of God" —

Brother Dominic turned to see who it was thus plucking him by the sleeve, but, the press being great, he discovered no one, and passed with the rest into the room where the tables were spread. Scarcely, however, had he seated himself when he felt his sleeve pulled again, and heard a plaintive voice in his ear: —

"Tell me, in the name of the good God, if by his grace thou hast seen anywhere my dear daughter" — And then came the servants bearing covered dishes, and once more his interlocutor disappeared before he could discover who it was thus addressing him.

After the repast was over, accustomed as he was to the hour of meditation prescribed by the rules of the monastery, and bewildered by the songs and tales of those who lingered at table, he betook himself to a quiet, sunny seat in the open air, where, finding his lids growing heavy, he began to repeat the five canticles whose first letters form the name of the Blessed Mother; and while thus engaged he thought himself transported, by some magical power, to the strangers' hall at Immaburg, and that a voice, sweeter than honey, took as it were the very words of the canticle out of his mouth. Rousing himself with an effort, he perceived that in fact a woman sat beside him, but resembling in no wise the woman of the princesses' household. Her hand shook, whether from age or palsy he could not tell; her voice, sweet though feeble, trembled; her eyes, vacant of intelligence, were yet restless and full of lights.

"Sir, I beseech thee — she was the gift of God. Never did she suck these breasts, yet was she mine. See, this

was her girdle. Sawest thou ever one so small? I keep it here, warm, within my bosom. Surely thou wouldst know her by this girdle. Well, then, who hath taken her from me? Listen. I have a house in Maestricht — In Maestricht, did I say? Yes, that was right, — a house with a garden. Loriots sing there every morning, but she sings there no longer. Tell me, I pray thee, why the loriots sing there, when she is gone; it is not fitting." Troubled by her incoherency, Brother Dominic made a motion to rise. "Nay, I beseech thee, tell me first where she is; the world is so very large, — never before did I conceive it was so large. How is it possible I should find her? Every one must search. Thou wilt know her by her mouth, — a little mouth, like a red rose. No one has so sweet a mouth. Ah, my God, the rose-leaves are not softer nor so fragrant! If one followed the bees, surely one would discover her," — her face brightened; then, relapsing into her monotone, — "but they fly so fast! Who can follow the bees? That is impossible."

"Good mother" — interposed Brother Dominic.

"Aye, good mother, — that is what she used to say, — good little mother. I remember it well, when she said this, standing beside me: her breast reached to my shoulder, — she was obliged to stoop to kiss me. Oh, I remember it well! I have a long memory, for it is a long while. Let us see how long it is. My husband began on that day a silver image to the Virgin. It is said that the king has forbidden that one should prostrate one's self before an image, but to make an image of silver, delicately carven, for God's altar, that is quite different" —

"Is thy husband, then, a goldsmith?" interrupted Brother Dominic, remembering suddenly the message with which *Passe Rose* had charged him.

"Does not every one in Maestricht

know Werdric the goldsmith?" replied the woman. "But it is only I who know why he works day and night on the Virgin's image. That is because he struck the gift of God. Did I say he struck her? It seems to me that he struck her." She passed her hands over her eyes, in the endeavor to recollect. "When a blow is given the blood runs to the spot. That is what I saw. Where the grass is trampled, there the wild boar has passed. Is it not so?"

"Good woman," said Brother Dominic, "methinks thy daughter is well. When I was at" —

"Oh, she is well, never fear. Every night she comes to my bed. Only that cursed collar which the fay gave her has cast a spell about her. Hast thou heard how the fay lost its girdle? My child found its comb by a pool in the wood of Hesbaye. Who would not pick up a comb of gold? I do not blame her. But when she laid hold of it, the fay gave forth such sobs and wailings that her heart was touched, — her heart is so tender!" Father Dominic could but be interested in this narration. The great pagan gods were indeed gone forever, but a host of lesser divinities, like the skirmishers of a retiring army, still lingered in the sacred places and haunted the popular imagination. "So she gave back the comb, receiving in its stead a collar of gold, — cursed collar! It has bewitched my child" —

"Wait a little, my good mother," interposed the monk. "Listen a moment. When I was at Immaburg, at the king's villa, a girl like the one thou tellest of bade me say to the goldsmith" —

"Aye, aye, the goldsmith, — that is my husband. He is making an image for the Virgin Mother because he struck a virgin. That is just. It is very easy to appease the Blessed Mother. Her heart is like the good God's. She will forgive. But my child will not forgive so easily. The blow cut her heart in twain."

"I tell thee I have seen thy daughter!" cried Brother Dominic; "that is to say, I have no doubt of it. When I was at Immaburg, a woman came to me after supper — Wait a little, — there were two. One gave me letters, the other bade me say she was well. Certainly the message must have been for thee. One of the two I saw not, but heard her voice only. Either she gave me the letters for the prior, which is clearly impossible, since I did not see her; or she took the letters who did not give them, which is contrary to reason; or the demon — God defend us!" said the monk, scratching his head in perplexity, "would I had told the prior the whole truth! Only, not knowing the truth, how could I utter it?" And pleased at the sudden discovery of this balm to his troubled conscience, Brother Dominic smiled on his companion.

His words had made no impression upon her mind. Even the announcement that he had seen her daughter passed unnoticed, and as he spoke she continued muttering to herself with that incoherency of a mind hurried on by the torrent of its own disordered thoughts, and powerless to fix its attention upon even the objects of its desire. But her senses, reveling like hounds escaped from the leash while the master is abroad, were alive to sights and sounds beyond the knowledge of others, and she raised her head suddenly at the rustle of leaves in the thicket behind her to see the prior disappearing softly; and, leaving the monk bewildered by his strange interview and the misgivings which it had aroused, she plunged into the bushes, crying, "Seigneur, listen in the name of Christ" —

"The blessed St. Servais preserve us!" thought Brother Dominic, doubly troubled with pity for the woman and concern for himself. Renouncing at last the effort to reconcile the contradictions of memory, he entered the house to inquire of the king's vidame if the woman

were indeed the wife of the goldsmith of Maestricht.

"Aye," replied the vidame, "her husband cannot restrain her;" and tapping his forehead, "God hath taken her wits from her. They say at Maestricht that she hath housed a demon these ten years."

Remembering his experience with the demon, Brother Dominic trembled. Many were his prayers and brief was his sleep that night at Visé; and riding behind the prior on his mule the next morning, it seemed to him that Sergius read his thoughts whenever he turned to speak with him, and that the very birds, fluttering from the boughs as they passed underneath, laughed aloud at his trouble. But gradually the morning sun cleared his brain of bodings, as it had cleared the fog from the valleys. The wood was fresh and cool. At the crossing of the Geule he saw the road which branched to Immaburg. Soon the ford of the Wurm was passed, and then the towers of Aix rose up unexpectedly on the skirt of the forest.

At the city gate their entrance was blocked by a passing troop. Sounds of laughter and women's voices filled the echoing archway, and the prior, checking his horse to observe the riders as they went by, smiled when his eye fell upon the Saxon Rothilde, between Gesualda and Agnes of Solier. Her face was bright and her laughter gay. "Robert of Tours returns with Pepin from Hungary," thought the prior. Then, as he looked, the girl's face grew white, and the smile left it. "So," thought the prior, "am I then come amiss? Nay, little one, I will give thee thy lover over the king's will — and body."

Behind the others, Friedgis, on foot, and Brother Dominic, on his mule, could see nothing, and the troop was soon gone, like a flight of swallows. Then the three rode in, — prior, monk, and slave, — little dreaming that each was thinking of the same woman.

XIV.

It had been a day of delights for Brother Dominic. He had sat at table with the abbot of Fontenelle, director of the royal buildings, with whom the Prior Sergius lodged; and though his place was with those of less degree, it was enough for him that the meats were well seasoned and garnished with flowers, that the wine in his goblet was interdicted by no vow, and that the crystal jar of honey stood at his elbow. Free to come and go, he had passed the morning hours in viewing the imperial city, whose growing splendors he doubted not would eclipse those of Rome itself. He had wandered at will through its streets and squares, stood on the foundations of the vast theatre which the king was building beyond the northern gate, marveled at the mighty columns transported so great a distance for the new basilica, dipped his hands in the springs whose heat proclaimed the reality of regions infernal, and braved the guards at the palace gate to gaze at the king's abode. But more than all these things, at the evening hour, while sitting, fatigued with wonder, on one of the marble benches of the palace court, he had seen the woman of Immaburg. Ah, fool that he was! to be so overcome that he must needs stare, without the wit to speak or move, as at a were-wolf issuing from a cavern! His back was turned to the place whence she came, but as she passed a smell of sweet ointment carried him in a twinkling to the strangers' hall at Immaburg; and then strength fled from his limbs, so that when he would have risen the damsel was already far from him. Worst of all, when he would have followed her, — for what purpose God knows, — a devil of a soldier at the gate beset him with questions, jesting at his haste, and charging him with evil intent, so that for very shame he forced himself to go another way than that the woman had taken.

Rothilde had not so much as noticed the monk. Her face was covered as she crossed the court, though it was late twilight. One would have sworn her to be only some servant of the palace, — as indeed the soldier had thought, — for her head-cloth was of coarse serge, and her shoe-nails sounded on the stones as she walked. Paying no heed to any she met, she went her way by the street which skirted the eastern side of the palace to the church of St. Marcellus, into which she disappeared. If it was dusk without, it was night within, and she stood inside the door till her eyes were accustomed to the darkness; then, following the wall, entered one of the side chapels, where the obscurity was almost complete. Against the pier hung a small votive casket, inclosing a sweet gum, from which the smoke curled upward in spirals. In the centre of the chapel was a sarcophagus of Parian marble, executed in Italy for the king. Upon this the girl seated herself, gathering one foot beneath her, and waited. A verger came down the nave, and lighted four candles before an altar in the opposite aisle. The taper in his hand hovered a moment about the candles, was effaced by a pillar, reappeared again, then vanished altogether. Silent and immobile, the girl watched the retreating light. It was evident that she did not wish to be observed, yet in her attitude there was an insolent unconcern. Her hood had fallen from her hair, where the black pearls of Robert of Tours shone with a dull lustre in the candle-light reflected from the pavement.

Yesterday, at the Liege gate, she had seen Friedgis, her Saxon lover. Till the dancing-girl spoke his name in the supper-room at Immaburg, she had forgotten him. Yet she had loved him — once. He stood with the asses behind the monk to whom she had given the papers for the prior. Had he seen her? How her heart had leaped! “What ails thee?” Gesualda had said,

observing her pallor. Certainly it was her collar the dancing-girl wore at Immaburg. At the sight of it the past had come back like the memory of a dream, — her Saxon home and lover. She changed her posture mechanically, shrugging her shoulders with a movement of disdain. How was it possible she had ever loved him? Her eyes followed the smoke ascending from the casket along the rough surface of the wall to the carved capital, where, curling outward, it crept along the curve of the arch to the keystone. Did he know where she was? Had he come seeking her? She remembered the look the dancing-girl had given her when uttering his name. Did she perchance come from him? The smoke, escaping from under the arch of the chapel, floated higher into the vaultings of the aisle. “Come up hither,” it seemed to say, “above the pavement where the multitude kneel, into the tribune of the king.” Rothilde leaned forward to watch its ascending spiral. She had sought the dancing-girl after supper, and from the gallery had seen her conversing with the monk at the door of the chapel. But when she descended to speak with her, she found no one, and seeing the captain approaching had retreated hastily. “Friedgis, the Saxon slave who keeps the gate for the monks of St. Servais,” — that was what the girl had said. A slave, leading the asses! how could it be that she had ever loved him! — and her blue eyes followed the smoke-wreaths, stealing ever upward softly, as if fearful of hindrance or surprise, into the great dome.

A sound caused her to turn her head and draw her cloak about her. In the shadow of the pillar near the font something moved. Slipping from her seat, she removed her shoes, and gliding obliquely in her noiseless sandals towards the black figure beside the font, paused, as if to dip her finger in the holy water; then, with a quick motion, threw back her head-cloth and revealed her face.

"Enough," said the prior softly; "cover thyself." Without doubt he remembered the monk Fardolphus, who, secreted beneath one of the altars, had overheard the conspirators of Pepin the Bastard, and had hastened to tell the king. With a gesture the girl led the way into the recess of the chapel, where she seated herself again on the lid of the sarcophagus. The distant candles shone on her face, still uncovered; the fillet of pearls gleamed in her hair; her teeth glistened between her parted lips. "Cover thyself," repeated the prior authoritatively. She obeyed but in part, and reluctantly. It seemed to give her pleasure to reveal a little of the beauty concealed behind the coarseness of her garment. Standing between her and the light, the prior looked at her attentively, struck anew by this beauty which the Abbot Rainal had thought to consecrate to the service of God. Keener in his perceptions than the abbot, the prior had seen in this convert, destined for the Saxon mission, a tool of another temper, fitted for other ends. More learned, too, than his superior, the prior was acquainted with the writings of certain Greek authors, who maintained that moral character may be discovered in the expression of the face, even in the forms of the members; that the shape of the extremities indicates the fineness or coarseness of the intelligence; and that in the movements of the body are revealed those of the soul. Looking about among the king's household for an accomplice, when his eye fell upon Rothilde, it had rested on her face with satisfaction. In truth, the Greek was right. Does the habitual state of the soul leave no trace upon its dwelling? See how she has decked her body. Is not that eye which delights in the things of sense the eye also of the soul? Those fingers, so frail, yet so full of nervous energy, are fingers to clutch at a crown. That mouth, so small, what passions tremble on its fine lines, what de-

sire sleeps in the hollow of its lips! "It is she I seek," the prior had said, looking into her eye. It was a blue eye, trustful, but not trusty; in repose clear as a shallow pool in an open field, — then filling with sudden lights; one saw there what one would, — stars or flames. When he first saw her, she wore, as now, the black pearls of Robert of Tours, to whom the king had refused her in marriage. Should he win her to his purpose by playing on her love of kindred and home, fill her soul with the desire of vengeance? "Nay," said the prior to himself, observing her more closely: "to such an one a nation is less than a man; she will do greater things for her lover than for her country." On inquiry, he learned that Robert of Tours had won the young queen to his suit. The king, however, remained obstinate, and to rid himself of further importunity sent the girl to the convent of Eicka, to take the veil. So chance threw her into the prior's hands; for the convent of Eicka belonged by royal diploma to the abbot's domain, and during the latter's sickness its oversight, both as to internal order and external affairs, fell to the prior's charge. Having thus become director of the girl's conscience, he had opportunity to study her character, and, by mitigation of the rules in her favor, to establish himself in her confidence. He knew how to render worldly pleasures attractive in condemning them, and to deepen the sullen rage of her disappointed ambition by dwelling upon the irrevocableness of her lot. To strip her arms of their jewels and her dress of its silver fringes, to break her garnet girdle and lay it on the altar, to give herself over to the austerities of fasts, vigils, and macerations, to abandon her passionate love for the mystical substitute offered her, — all this the prior knew how to paint in words fit to quicken her terror and disgust for the tomb to which she saw herself destined in the very plenitude of life and ambition.

Meanwhile, he had obtained, through the young queen's intercession, the king's permission for her return to court, on condition that she renounced all hopes of marriage.

On the eve of her consecration Sergius entered her room. Sleepless with rage and fear, she saw him leaning above her bed, shading his face from the taper in his hand.

"What wilt thou of me?" she stammered, pressed against the wall.

"To leave this grave, and take thy place in the queen's household."

She raised herself on her elbow, still gazing at him fiercely from her blue eyes.

"Rise and dress thyself. The horses are at the gate."

"The king relents?" she said, dazed. The prior smiled.

"What wilt thou of me?" she asked again, sitting up in bed, and searching his face.

"Obedience."

"And afterwards?"

"Obedience."

"Afterwards?" she insisted.

"On the night I bid thee, to open the door of the king's apartment, and lead him thou findest without to the king's bed. Afterwards," said the prior softly, "I will give thee to Robert of Tours in marriage."

That night Rothilde set out for the court, wearing her girdle and pearls.

Not a little vain of his perspicacity in having divined what lay beneath the innocent expression of her blue eyes, the prior had often smiled at the abbot's naive projects for Rothilde; but after her return among the queen's women, he had often also experienced a nervous apprehension of what he had discovered. Having, as it were, been unmasked by his penetrating eye, the girl made no further effort at concealment from him, seeming rather to take an insolent satisfaction in revealing more than he had perceived. On several occasions, trem-

bling for her discretion, he had been on the point of saying, "Cover thyself!" as just now, when she threw off her disguise in the church of St. Marcellus, despite the candle-light shining in her face. Moreover, if in discovering the weakness of another one acquires a sense of superiority, in profiting by it one falls into bondage; and Rothilde, sitting on the lid of marble, was more at ease than the prior, walking irresolutely to and fro between the chapel walls, as if dreading to make use of the instrument which he had chosen.

"The king is still obdurate," he said at length, pausing before her, and approaching the subject in hand indirectly.

"Thou art not come to tell me that!" replied the girl, returning his gaze.

"Nay," he said quickly, "but to remind thee of thy promise" —

"I remember," she interrupted. "Is the time come?"

"Within a month's time I will wed thee in this very place with Robert of Tours — if thou darest."

"Why ask?" she replied dryly, leaning forward and resting her chin in her hand.

"I have here the abbot's ring," continued the prior, drawing it from his pouch; "with this ring one may enter the palace at all hours, even to the king's chamber. Only, to reach the king's chamber, one must know the way" —

"Especially when it is night," interposed Rothilde.

"It is for thee to show the way. Thou wilt wait at the stair by the door of the audience hall." The prior spoke rapidly, and the girl listened intently. "He who wears this ring" —

"Who?" she interrupted again.

Sergius made a gesture of impatience — "will come after matins, at the eighth hour of night. He will show thee the ring, and will follow thee."

"I will be there." She reached forth her hand. "Give me the ring, that I may know it when I see it again. Is

the night fixed?" she asked, examining the ring attentively.

"Not yet. He who" — The prior hesitated.

The girl looked up. "Strikes," she said, observing his repugnance.

— "is not yet come."

"Who is he?" she whispered.

"A Greek from Pavia. His arm is sure. When — when it is over" — He paused, feeling his way softly, and seeking fitting words.

"Well?" said the girl.

He laid his hand on her arm, and, grasping her robe, drew her palm from her chin. "Such a secret is for two only, — thee and me." She seemed not to comprehend, but her eyes dilated. "This man cannot live. If he escapes, gold will buy his tongue as it hath bought his hand; if he is taken, if there should be an outcry, torture will loosen it. Escape he must not, and if taken — dead — the dead keep their secrets, and ours."

For a moment neither spoke nor moved.

"Yes," murmured the girl absently, "that were better." She sat motionless, like a figure sculptured on the lid of the sarcophagus.

The prior drew a poniard from his cloak, and laid it softly beside her. Her eyes, half closed, looked beyond him, and he could see her bosom rise and fall under the cendal.

"He — the Greek — is not yet come?" she said almost inaudibly.

"Not yet. He who came with him is here. They parted company for greater surety." He was going to say more, but saw she was no longer listening to him. Her eyes were fixed on the blade lying beside her. The head-cloth had fallen again upon her shoulders, but the prior paid no heed to it. He seemed fearful of disturbing her, watching her as a fox watches a pheasant approaching.

"I would see him, the Greek, first," she said at length, lifting her eyes.

"It shall be as thou wilt, when he comes," he replied eagerly, unable to repress his joy.

"And if he fails?"

"He will not fail."

As he spoke, footsteps echoed in the vaultings. The girl snatched the blade from the stone, and drew the cloth over her face.

"Dost thou know the tower by the ford of the Wurm, on the road to Im-maburg? — to the east, beside the river, a hundred paces. Bring thy Greek thither at night, the third day. Here — the ring — quick" — and slipping from her seat, the girl glided from the chapel, and disappeared in the darkness.

In the street she threw back her hood, and filled her lungs with the cool night air. Absorbed by her thoughts, she was not conscious of the dagger in her hand till she emerged into the open space before the baths, where a torch flared in the wind. Secreting the weapon in her cloak, and covering her face quickly, she crossed to the opposite side, to avoid those going in and out, and in her agitation stumbled against a passer-by. She recoiled, holding herself flat against the wall, — it was Friedgis! Dieu! how coarse he was! She followed him at a little distance, cautiously. He walked carelessly, looking from side to side, the cord of his tunic swinging against his bare legs. Notwithstanding her emotions, the girl laughed, it was so droll. What would he do if he knew? At the gate of the palace he stopped, scrutinizing its massive walls, and moving from place to place, like a spy observing the camp of an enemy. The girl's heart beat heavily. Did he know? At last he went slowly away. She could see him looking back from time to time, till his form grew indistinct in the darkness. As if possessed by a sudden idea, she took a few quick steps after him; then paused a moment, undecided, and finally turning back entered the gate. Within the court the lights shone on the

pavement, and she followed the encircling gallery in the shadow of the pillars. At the stairs in the angle, some one sitting on the lower step rose at her approach, and between the folds of her head-cloth she recognized the monk of Immaburg. Unable to resist the promptings of his imagination, Brother Dominic had lingered the entire evening in the vicinity of the palace. Now that the vague hope he cherished was so unexpectedly realized, tinnidity paralyzed him, and, ill at ease under the glance of those eyes which fascinated him, he would have fled, had not the girl laid hold of his sleeve.

"Art thou not he to whom I gave the papers at Immaburg?" she asked, peering into his face.

"Aye," replied Brother Dominic, trembling.

"I saw thee yesterday at the gate with the prior of St. Servais;" and in spite of his trouble, this mark of interest was not without its effect. Seeing his tremor, Rothilde smiled assuringly, as one encourages a child. "There was another with thee,—he who held the asses."

"Aye, the porter."

"Stand not here; the night is cold," said the girl, pulling him by the robe along the gallery. Brother Dominic's courage began to return in the obscurity.

"What porter?" she asked.

"Of the abbey; a Saxon serf whom the king gave the abbot."

"The good abbot! It was he who baptized me in the wood at Elhresberg." They were passing under the gallery towards the gate. "Does he lodge with thee, this porter?"

"At the abbot of Fontenelle's," replied Brother Dominic proudly.

"This way," said the girl, drawing him after her. He felt her hand in his, warm as the spring waters in the king's baths, but it suggested to the poor monk no place of torment. "Thou gavest the

papers to the prior?" Brother Dominic trembled again. "He has much faith in thee, therefore I trust thee." Her hand pressed his, and Brother Dominic passed from apprehension to ecstasy. "Hast thou lodgings of thine own at the abbot's?"

"Aye, a goodly chamber in the court, with a Damascus carpet."

The girl could but laugh. "Truly, a Damascus carpet!"

The laugh smote his heart like the ripple of soft fingers on a lute's strings.

"Aye, I will show it thee," he stammered, amazed at his own daring.

"What said the dancing-girl to thee at Immaburg?" asked Rothilde abruptly.

But Brother Dominic could articulate nothing. As to many others, so it happened to him that, having often thought to see demons, now that one assailed him he did not recognize it. At the archway of the court where he lodged he paused. He heard behind him the girl's breathing, and, observing no one, entered softly, hugging the wall's shadow, suddenly full of resources.

Before the narrow door of his room he hesitated, terrified at what he was doing. The girl pushed him aside, and entered.

A taper burned on the table. Uncovering her face, she glanced rapidly about her. Brother Dominic stood in the door. "Listen," she said, approaching him and pulling him within. "I would see this Saxon. Bring him here to me, and leave us a little space." Brother Dominic, a moment before ready to abandon this adventure, perceiving now that it was to see another she had come, stood stubbornly his ground. She laid her hand on his sleeve and smiled reassuringly. "Then come again." For such a smile the monk would certainly have gone to fetch Cerberus from the Acheron. "Hasten," she said, pushing him gently.

When he had gone, the girl threw off her hood, removed her shoes, and

surveyed herself eagerly. Her underskirt was short, closely fitted, and its points were tied with silver cords. Her neck was visible under a veil of tissue, fastened behind to her hair. Between the draperies of her outer tunic shone her girdle, set with garnets, and the silver lacings of her sandals, binding the stamped leather above her ankles. Satisfied with the result of her inspection, she stood waiting, her back against the door. Presently the door was pushed open, and Friedgis entered. As he crossed the sill, the girl, leaning against the door, closed it deftly and slid forward the bolt. Friedgis had at first seen no one; then he uttered a suppressed cry of joy and surprise, and caught her in his arms.

XV.

Is there any one who, in years of ripeness, does not look back with wonder upon the things which charmed his childish fancy? And if, perchance, for any reason, he must needs feign an outgrown pleasure, what more rapid and wearisome than a former delight outlived and dispossessed of power? The shining flint contents no longer the eye which has seen the diamond's lustre; the softest fleece chafes the limbs that have felt the touch of spun-silk raiment; and the heart that has fed in a king's palace from the golden dishes of vanity and ambition, what palate hath it for things which once satisfied its unwhetted appetite? Far away, indeed, for Rothilde, were the wooden huts and sheep pastures of Bardengau. In Friedgis' clasp, so strong with sudden, unfeigned joy, a thrill of revolt ran through her, as her body had shrunk from the touch of her serge garment. Yet she let him have his way, and clung to his neck, her head upon his breast, her blue eyes smiling under the pearl chaplet. It was a long journey

from the camp at Ehresberg to this chamber at Aix, and she must needs go over it all with her lover, recounting, between his kisses, what had befallen her. There were questions to ask and to answer, a story to tell and to hear, and, after the first thirst of his heart was slaked, other questions hard to parry; and while he gave her lips scarce time to speak, fearing to utter a sound, lest joy, like a frail vase, should break at a murmur, she smiled through her half-shut eyes and held her shrinking body still, with no thought but of Robert of Tours, no anxiety but to know how long a time the poor fool of a monk without would give her to accomplish her purpose.

"How knewest thou I was here?" he whispered.

"I saw thee with the monk at the gate."

"And thou camest at once?" He stooped and kissed her. "I knew thou wert here. There came a girl to the abbey wearing thy collar. It was she who bade me seek in the king's house."

"The captain's dancing-girl," thought Rothilde; then aloud, "It was to seek me thou camest?"

"Aye, indeed. But for this journey of the prior's I had come alone. The girl spoke like a seer." Then he bent to her lips again. What mattered these things? Why waste time in speech? Silence and kisses were better.

The minutes slipped away, he not heeding them, she counting them. At last, sighing, she unclasped his arms and stood up. "I must be gone; it is time," she said.

"Go?" he stammered, bewildered. "Whither?"

She touched her lips to his forehead. He saw now for the first time her silver-corded dress, the girdle and pearls, and a shadow of jealous fear crossed his face.

She saw it, and smiled sadly. "Why am I here?" she said reproachfully.

"Because thou lovest me," he replied, springing to her side.

"And thou?"

"Thou knowest I would die for thee."

She freed herself gently from his clasp. Why did she look at him so pitifully? What was she going to say to him? She made an effort to speak, smiled helplessly, and turned away, her eyes bright with tears. A terrible fear began to oppress him. Suddenly she turned again, standing before him. Her eyes shone dry as fire; her very body, rigid with purpose, seemed changed. "Whither do I go?" she said, in a hard voice. "Whither, indeed, but to the king's palace! The girl spoke truly. See,"—she loosed the pearls from her hair,— "here are the proofs. Where will a maid find such but in a king's palace?" Friedgis stared at her in silence. "For what end should a king take a captive from the dust of the road to put sandals on her feet and deck her hair with pearls?" She watched the poison work in his veins. "He hath slain her kindred and laid her roof in ashes. One thing yet remains undone, — to waste her heart with fire as he hath wasted her land. Hush! The monk is at the door." Friedgis was advancing towards her. She put out her hand to stay him, gathering her cloak from the floor, where it had fallen when she entered, and drawing it about her.

"Thou shalt not go," he said hoarsely, seizing her arm.

Her eyes softened with pity. "Art thou able to contend with a king?"

He still held her arm. In her fingers were the pearls of Robert of Tours. "Give me the gems;" and taking them from her hand, he ground them under foot. "Thou goest back willingly to thy king?"

"And if I go,"—she loosed her dress, and drew forth the prior's poniard,— "what dost thou fear? Tell me, when thou strikest, when the foe's arms are locked about thy neck and thine eyes

swim with mist, when time presses, where dost thou push the blade home? Is it not here?" She laid her hand on his breast. "Fear nothing. I am strong — and I am thine."

"Give me the blade," he demanded. "When the eyes are thick with mist it is too late. I am stronger than thou."

She trembled now, recoiling before him. "Thou — the king" — she murmured, retreating as he advanced. "Nay, not thou" —

"Give it me," he repeated sullenly.

"Nay, nay," she pleaded. "They will slay thee. Let me go. Thou art mad — they will slay thee — it is not possible." Her back was against the wall, his hand on her wrist; his fingers loosed hers from the handle. With a sudden gesture she let go, and tore the veil from her throat and bosom. "Strike here, then; that were better. If thou lovest, strike. It is I who lead thee to death. If I had not come! — but I loved thee! Strike, I tell thee, now, while I love thee!"

The blade fell from his grasp, his frame shook, and he sank at her feet, hiding his face in his hands.

She stooped quickly, picked up the fallen poniard, and adjusted her dress. "Listen," she said, between her breathing, and forcing his hands from his face. "Death is not sweet to those who love, but it is sweet to those who hate. Dost thou remember the dead we left to the vultures by the Weser? In the night their wounds cry out to me. If I lead thee to his chamber," — she lowered her voice, — "the king's, that were a thing worth dying for; I and thee together."

She raised her head. Brother Dominic was tapping irresolutely at the door.

"To die!" she whispered passionately in his ear. "Nay, I will not have it so! I love thee — we will fly. Leave it only to me — I have a way. For him, death and justice; for us, life and love." He had caught her again in

his arms. "Nay, nay." She struggled. "Loose thy hold. Let me go. The monk will rouse the house. My shoes!" She slipped her sandaled feet into them, drew back the bolt, cast a quick look of promise and triumph at her lover, and closed the door behind her.

Brother Dominic, waiting impatiently without, had at first laid his ear to the door and listened. Then, fearful of discovery, he hid himself in an angle, squatting in the shadow. He had forgotten the five canticles, upon whose efficacy he relied in hours of peril, but had resolved to put an end to this mystery, when the girl opened the door suddenly upon him.

"Dear monk," she said, pressing his hand in her own, "I have seen thy carpet; another time I will see thee. Thou hast done me service, and when I come again I will pay thee in what coin thou wilt; only be discreet. Farewell."

Enveloped in her cloak, she hurried through the arch into the street. She had done well to come! Friedgis was seeking her. She had felt sure of it. He knew where to look, too; the girl had told him. Who was this girl? Aye, she had done well to come. What wax men were in soft hands! That was a happy thought, to say the king loved her; if it were only so indeed! Just now she might have slain Friedgis, when he lay at her feet, and, again, when he held his lips to hers. The temptation was strong, though the monk was at the door, — she loathed him so. But this was better. The idea came to her when the prior said the Greek had not come. Pray God he might not come! As she hurried on, she met the prior returning home. There was another with him, and the two were laughing. "Fool!" she said to herself, turning to gaze after them. "Fret not over thy Greek. I have one to take his place, one whom I fear not to use thy blade upon, — only, by thy God, dear prior, I will use it before he goes in to the king, and I will

waken the king myself. If he gave the monk Fardolphus an abbey for revealing the Hunchback's plot, he will give me my lover. Nay, what will he not give, if I have but the wit to ask aright?" And in her exultation a cry of triumph burst from her lips.

XVI.

It was one of those mornings such as come only in the early autumn. The air was crisp, sonorous, and still. On inhaling this air, so pure, so invigorating, one thought of the wood, its odors and lights, its leaves and birds. The king had gone to Frankenburg to hunt, and no wonder. For some other day, less alluring, the sordid suit, the pitiful complaint, the accounts of the vidame; for some other day, less fair, the disputations of the school, those terrible questions, What is man, what is life, what is death? and those terrible answers, A guest in his own abode, the expectation of death, a doubtful journey. To-day, a spear, a horse, and the wood!

On his way to the service of the first hour, Brother Dominic inhaled this air with delight. On rising from his bed, his foot had encountered the girl's fillet of pearls. Some were missing, their fragments scattered on the floor; the rest were whole. What a sweet odor they exhaled! But he thrust them quickly out of sight into his pouch, for shame afflicted him sorely, and never does an evil action appear so shameful as in the gray light of dawn. He wished to flee from himself, and hastened out into the street, already full of people, with whom he mingled gladly, listening to their conversation, greetings, and laughter. When conscience convicts, one feels one's self an outcast; so it comforted Brother Dominic to join this stream of life, to enter the church with the congregation, to raise his voice with others in the anthem, and to listen to the

clerks reciting the psalms. Fortified by all these things, he said to himself that he was not so bad, after all. Having breakfasted, he felt still easier, and found nothing better to do than to go to the service of the third hour, also. Yet he was conscious that he was no longer the same man. Ordinary sights and sounds had acquired a new significance; a veil had been torn away from life. As he returned, a band of singers and players, issuing from the church of St. Marcellus, descended the steps of the parvis strewn with flowers; and following the instruments came the newly married, hand in hand. The pair possessed for him a strange fascination. They walked erect, knowing all observed them, blushing and hiding their joy. Dieu! how beautiful it was! As he went his way, two maids preceded him; they had baskets, and pruning-knives to cut the grapes from the vines. They chatted gayly, and one said, "If he comes to-day, do thou walk beside me in the same row;" then they laughed, one with pleasure, the other with envy. Was the world then so full of love? It suddenly occurred to him that he ought to restore the pearls; and he began to imagine with what dignity he would comport himself.

"Here — thy pearls."

"Heaven bless thee," she would say.

"I had feared" —

"Heaven bless *thee*, and save thee indeed," he would answer, and go his way.

Rehearsing this scene, he took the broken fillet from his pouch.

"Sawest thou the queen as she passed to the chase?" said one girl to the other.

"Aye; she is fairer than the last one."

"And all the women with her? One had a girdle of dragons and lions."

"The images of those who will one day devour her."

"I would I had one like it, nevertheless," sighed the other. Then they laughed together.

"How still the palace is! There is

not a soul left," observed one, as they passed before the gate.

Brother Dominic paused. Surely, since all were at the chase, it were no harm to enter. He crossed the court, and stopped under the balcony. It was here he had seen her. He might sit down now in tranquillity; there was no danger she would come. Within, a maid talked with a page over the stair-rail. "When wilt thou come again?" asked the page in a low voice.

"How can I tell?" she replied, leaning on the balustrade.

"Adieu," said the page reluctantly.

"Adieu," answered the girl. The boy lingered.

"If perchance thou wishest a kiss — take one," said the girl. He took three; then light feet ran up the stairs.

"What a world!" thought Brother Dominic, as if he formed no part of it, and contemplated it as he would contemplate an object held in his hand. "After all, it must be so," he added reflectively. The sun, rising above the roofs, began to shine in his face; so he left his seat and walked along the gallery. At the angle was an open space separating the main from the lateral buildings. A stairway, ascending from the gallery, led to an elevated platform, uncovered to the sky. A woman servant, bearing a jar on her head, coming down the steps, gazed at the monk curiously. What was he doing there? Was he perchance going into the gynæceum? At the foot of the steps she turned to observe him. Fatigued by the ascent, Brother Dominic was sitting in the shade. "Yes, certainly, it must be so," he was repeating to himself, turning over the pearls in his hand. A second stairway, covered by an arch, led down to the level of the court on the other side. The gate at its bottom step was open. He could see shrubbery and hear birds. "There must be a garden there," he thought. Holding his robe in his hand, he went down the passage steps leisurely. How still it was! As

the girl had said, every one was at the chase. Aie! that were fine, — to gallop in the wood, spear in hand, after the deer; and he began to imagine himself in full pursuit, the flanks of his horse white with foam. It must be easier to ride a horse than a mule, it appeared so simple; he would throw the rein on the neck, and leave his companions far behind. How they sped! like an arrow from the bow, horse and rider as one. And now, entangled in the thick copse, the stag was at bay, its horns were lowered, it was about to charge. The spear flew. "Dieu! what a fine blow!" said a voice from behind, — hers, whose purple hair-band fluttered at the head of his lance, dyed deeper now in the jet of blood. Agitated and perspiring at the thought of this scene, Brother Dominic started back. Where was he? God preserve him! the garden was full of women. It resembled the cloister at Maestricht, only more spacious, more beautiful, and with women for monks. He turned precipitately to retrace his steps, when, under the trees close to the spot where he had come, he saw a maid looking full upon him. Her spindle trembled with her laughter; her eyes shone with merriment, as only Agnes of Solier's could. He must have passed her as he entered, and there she sat, more terrible in her beauty and her laughter than the dragon at the gate of the garden of Hesperus. Every woman in the place ceased her work to stare at him: this he knew well, though his back was turned. Had God then delivered him, like Job, into the power of Satan?

In his confusion he made the sign of the cross with the girl's fillet of pearls. Seigneur, what a rosary for a monk!

At the sight of the black gems in his hand Agnes ceased her laughter. Rothilde's pearls!

"Whence hast thou the pearls?" she called to him, making a sign that he should draw near.

"The pearls?" stammered Brother

Dominic, assailed in an unexpected quarter. "I found them hard by."

"Hard by?"

"Aye. Some one hath dropped them in the court. I was seeking her to whom they should belong."

"Give them here," said Agnes, reaching out her hand. The monk obeyed with alacrity, ready to profit by any way of escape. "Some one hath set his foot upon them," she said, examining them.

"It was not I. I found them so when I rose from bed." Ah, cursed tongue! What was he saying?

"From bed?" said Agnes of Solier, looking up with surprise. "Thou saidst hard by, in the court."

"In the abbot's court," stammered Brother Dominic, sinking deeper in the mire, — "the abbot of Fontenelle's, where I lodge."

"Is thy bed then in the court?" asked Agnes of Solier, marking his confusion and observing him sharply.

"Nay," gasped Brother Dominic, seeking to extricate himself, "said I in the court? In my chamber." Seigneur! his tongue would prove his ruin; and the girl had said, "Be discreet!"

"In thy chamber?" said Agnes of Solier, pricked with curiosity.

"It was not to me she came, but the Saxon, — the porter." Brother Dominic perceived that he was no longer responsible for what he was saying. It was the devil that spoke, not he. If ever a man was possessed of a demon bent on his ruin, and the girl's too, it was he. He heard himself speak with terror; he endeavored to arrest his tongue, — impossible. There was but one thing to do, — to fly. Never would he betray the girl! He cast a despairing look about him, and called the saints to his succor for a desperate effort.

"Wait!" cried Agnes, rising from her seat. "I would speak with thee."

But Brother Dominic's foot was on the stair, and naught but a wall or a barred gate could arrest him. "Blessed

St. Servais, aid me ! ” he ejaculated, taking two steps at a time. Ah ! if ever he got back to his desk again, he would serve God indeed.

Many a good resolution is conceived in fear, and a nightmare serves sometimes to wake one from moral lethargy. In the heat of his ignominious retreat Brother Dominic formed a pious resolve. To his excited imagination, the garden into which he had unwittingly penetrated, with its flowers, fountains, and maidens, became a symbol of that paradise whence our first parents were driven, and before the reproaches of his conscience he fled as they had fled before the sword of the angel. He would go back to that quiet cell whose window overlooked a world with which he could not cope, a paradise whose trees bore such sweet but terrible fruits of knowledge, and with whose realities he was unfit to wrestle. God had provided that cell for such as he, and he had known no peace since he left it. The world was too vast a scene for his activities ; it entangled him in matters whose issue threatened soul and body. Every step involved a peril. He would go back to that solitude where he could hear the voice of God. The mirth of the abbot's table, its wine and flowers ; this woman whose smiles entranced him,

whose garments shed forth perfumes ; these hours of idleness breeding dreams of forbidden pleasures ; this great capital whose splendors allured and overwhelmed him, — how should a simple monk contend with such things ! Danger ? It was the very fragrance of the flower, the sparkle of the wine, the glitter of the girdle and the beauty which it zoned. Doubtless others to whom God gave his grace might walk in safety amid such perils, as the three holy ones had stood in the flames of the furnace clothed in the dew of purity. But as for him, he would that very day gain the prior's permission to return to Maestricht. This resolution was taken before he reached the palace gate, and in passing from under the portal the air seemed fresher, his step more buoyant, and he experienced the charm of that cloister garth he had forsaken with so foolish a pride, desirous of seeing the world from whose vortex he was now escaping with his soul in his hand.

The prior was abroad when he returned. Evidently God would try his purpose. He would fast that day, and observe the hours. Firm in his resolve, he recited his prayers incessantly, keeping his room, and rising even at midnight to attend the service in the king's oratory.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM IN POLITICS.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, in his article entitled *A Word More About America*, expressed the opinion that the people of the United States had solved “the political and social problem ;” and Professor Von Holst, in his *Constitutional History of the United States*, has declared that “in political questions of a concrete nature the Americans are, on an average, more competent judges

than any people on the continent of Europe.” These criticisms from abroad are based on keen insight, extensive observation, and profound scholarship. Their correctness in the way of generalization needs not to be questioned. Nevertheless, the operation of our government is constantly revealing important phases of the political problem which are yet unsolved, and are taxing

to the utmost the American aptitude for politics. Foremost among them is the conflict between the States in dealing with internal affairs. Upon the subjects, broadly stated, of foreign relations, war or insurrection, commerce, the currency, the postal service, naturalization, bankruptcy, patents, and copyrights, the United States are a nation; they may have a national policy and uniform laws. But as to all other matters, including most subjects intimately affecting material and social interests, the United States are a confederation; they may have at the same time thirty-eight different policies and as many conflicting systems of law. Though they possess a common spirit, common habits, sentiments, interests, and social conditions, yet in the regulation of these interests and conditions they assume toward one another the attitude of foreign states. Hence legal anomalies and absurdities are of frequent occurrence. A single piece of property may be taxable in several States at the same time; and a railroad corporation or insurance company may be subject to as many conflicting systems of law as there are States in which it does business. What would constitute a marriage in one State may in another have no such legal effect; persons divorced in one State may in another be lawful husband and wife; and a man may at the same time have two or more legal wives, each in a separate State.

The condition of the law thus exemplified exists not only as to commercial transactions and domestic and social relations, but also as to wills, intestacy, educational and charitable institutions, and the whole range of legislative enactment. Its effect in discouraging material development and in unsettling the home and society may easily be inferred. No wonder that, as a president of the American Bar Association lately said, "lawyers everywhere feel the necessity of a prompt and thorough reform of modern state legislation." Yet, when

a remedy is sought, it is not to be found. In the words of a learned writer, these are "wrongs without a remedy; there is no organized instrumentality for their correction within the four corners of our system of government."

The causes of this conflict of law are deeply rooted. Indeed, they reach back to the settlement of this country, and are imbedded in the nature of our government. The earliest settlements were made at points widely apart, and for objects very dissimilar. They encountered various conditions of soil, climate, and other surroundings. Among the colonists were represented many nationalities, many religious sects, and all grades of society. To be sure, the prevalence of the English common law and some voluntary borrowing from one another's codes were unifying influences. Moreover, the colonial charters usually required that the laws and institutions established should not be repugnant to the laws of England. But the charters were interpreted freely, and some colonies, notably Massachusetts Bay, refused to acknowledge any control in establishing their institutions. In fact, the colonies did not so much recognize their position of England's dependencies as they pursued their destiny as independent communities. Under a consciousness of individuality and a local pride, they organized their politics each after its own ideals. Hence great diversity arose among them in political, social, and legal institutions.

With the growth in population and in wealth these differences were correspondingly intensified. They gave rise to a sectional spirit which finally dominated the relations of the colonies. In the struggle for independence of England, though yielding somewhat to the necessity of union, this spirit remained still a distracting and paralyzing influence. It gave form to the Articles of Confederation, and made them inadequate to the exigencies of the Union;

and when, therefore, a stronger general government became inevitable, this was framed and adopted only through a compromise between these rival spirits of sectionalism and nationality.

The question of uniformity in state legislation was one of those upon which this issue was most clearly drawn. In the Constitutional Convention, Mr. Madison called attention to "the propensity of the States to pursue their particular interests," and insisted that "in developing the evils which vitiate the political system of the United States, it is proper to take into view those which prevail within the States individually, as well as those which affect them collectively." He accordingly favored Edmund Randolph's resolution, giving Congress a negative on state legislation, and the power to legislate on all subjects affecting the peace and harmony of the Union. Of course this proposal met determined opposition. "The national legislature, with such a power," said Elbridge Gerry, "may enslave the States." "Will any State," asked John Rutledge, "ever agree to be bound hand and foot in this manner?"

Nevertheless, the point was at first substantially carried. For though the suggestion of a negative upon state legislation was not followed, the convention did resolve, first, that the national legislature ought to possess the right "to legislate, in all cases, for the general interests of the Union, and also in those to which the States are separately incompetent, or in which the harmony of the United States may be interrupted by individual legislation;" and, secondly, "that the jurisdiction of the national judiciary shall extend to cases arising under laws passed by the general legislature, and to such other questions as involve the national peace and harmony." Had these resolutions become embodied in the Constitution, the history of our legislative development might have been far different from what it is.

For though too great opportunity might have existed for the encroachment of Congress, at the same time uniformity in state legislation might have been made possible.

It would seem that the advocates of state rights fully appreciated the danger to which their principle was exposed. For though defeated in open convention, they continued the struggle in private committee, and were, apparently, successful. All the resolutions having been submitted to a committee of detail to be formulated into a constitution, the two above recited received no mention in the report, and all subsequent efforts to introduce them before the convention were promptly voted down. This sudden change may be imputed largely to the growing conviction that the people would refuse to ratify a constitution abridging too much the powers of the States. Timothy Ellsworth thus expressed this feeling: "The people of the States are strongly attached to their own constitutions. . . . The only chance we have to support a general government is to graft it on the state governments. . . . In this way only can we rely on the confidence and support of the people." The purpose for which the delegates had been chosen was to render the Constitution "adequate to the exigencies of the Union,"—an end which, as experience under the Articles of Confederation had shown, could not be attained unless full and definite powers were given to Congress on subjects recognized as national; for example, commerce, defense, revenue, and foreign relations. Such powers, it was believed, the people could be induced to concede; but to ask them, in addition, to do what, on the other hand, did not appear indispensable, namely, to curtail still further the rights of the States, would be vain,—it might be fatal. Hence Madison's suggestion that this was the opportunity "to secure a good internal legislation and administration to the particular States," at first

adopted, was finally put aside. Excepting the subjects of bankruptcy and naturalization, the exclusive control by the States of their internal affairs remained undisturbed by the Constitution as it had come down to them from early times; and thus it has remained to this day.

This stagnation in one part of our political system is the more conspicuous when contrasted with the rapid growth of the spirit of nationality. In the Constitution this principle found at last a substantial expression, — a government within its limits truly national. But that government, as is the case with every fundamental law, was one only in outline. "Constitute government how you please," said Burke, "infinitely the greater part of it must depend upon the exercise of powers which are left at large to the prudence and uprightness of ministers of state." In the exercise of this discretion, Hamilton and his colleagues, whose duty it became to fill in this outline, to organize and to start the machinery of government, addressed themselves to their task, keeping always in view the purpose of the founders, — the strengthening of the central government that it might be "adequate to the exigencies of the Union." As a consequence, the general government, in adjusting foreign relations, defending the frontier, and maintaining peace, came more and more into prominence, and took its rightful place as the sole representative and director of the national life.

But even more in the development of public policy than in the establishment of the government has the principle of nationality been consolidating the Union. "The leading thought in Hamilton's financial policy," says Von Holst, "was the creation of national interests." The various features of that policy, the Assumption Bill, the Funding Act, the tax laws, and the National Bank, all greatly extended the influence of the national government at the expense of the States. Likewise his scheme for

the encouragement of manufactures laid the foundation of the system of protective duties, which has gradually brought nearly all the industries of the country into such intimate relations with Congress that they are constantly affected by the manœuvres of parties. Moreover, Hamilton's doctrine of "implied powers" has been used to a remarkable extent in increasing the power of Congress and in solidifying the Union. Under this warrant, Congress has carried on, at the expense of the national treasury, a great system of internal improvements, and aided in the construction of continental railways, extending its influence throughout the land.

With this rapid growth in federal activity there has been a corresponding increase in a nationality of sentiment. The people, being affected in so many important relations by the national government, gradually transferred to it more and more of the interest before exclusively felt in the state governments. They began to feel a common citizenship in a great country, and to assimilate one another's habits, customs, and thought.

This was not true, however, of the country as a whole. Exasperated by the agitation in the North for the abolition of slavery, the South came more and more under the domination of the principle of sectionalism, which existed in the Constitution side by side with the principle of nationality, and had given rise to a distinct method of constitutional interpretation and a distinct line of political doctrine. Under this influence, the tendency at the South was rather to resist the encroachment of Congress, to maintain fidelity to the state governments, and to emphasize individuality in thought and in conduct. Yet as the struggle over slavery increased in violence, it became itself a unifying influence, till at last North and South fought in solid phalanxes to determine the nature of our political system. The result confirmed the fact that we are a nation,

not a confederation, and by abolishing slavery put aside a great obstacle to a nationality of sentiment, and initiated a unification of our institutions, the last step in the attainment of a truly national life.

In this direction, however, the assimilation and harmonization of our institutions and laws, the nineteenth century has witnessed but little progress. There has, indeed, been some unconscious movement toward uniformity. As a common foundation of all state legislation lies the English common law. Trained in this and starting out from it, the courts of the different States, under similar conditions of social and material development, have tended to arrive at common principles. Often, expediency has led courts and legislatures, especially in the newer communities, to follow the judicial decisions and to copy the laws of other States. At times, also, the interests involved in interstate commerce, refusing to endure the barriers of conflicting laws, influence a revision of state legislation in the direction of uniformity.

Nevertheless, these influences have but slightly offset the individuality and selfishness displayed by the States. The new communities successively formed out of the great West have been for the most part uncontrolled in the management of their internal affairs; and often, following after new, untried principles, they have disregarded precedents set by the older States, and adopted novel policies and laws. As a result, the conflict of law, formerly confined to the acts of thirteen legislatures, is now extended throughout the laws of thirty-eight States, nine Territories, and the District of Columbia.

Of course the spread of population has brought a corresponding development in social and material activities. Our first century under the Constitution has, indeed, been, as Mr. Gladstone has lately said, "a century of national ad-

vancement that is without a parallel in history;" and we may, with him, "look forward to its probable continuance upon a still larger scale." The major part of commercial and legal transactions and of domestic and social relations are affected by the enactments of state legislatures. Surely some effort should be made to secure in the action of these bodies a degree of harmony corresponding to the importance of the interests involved and to the present state of civilization.

As to what the nature of this effort should be there is ground for difference of opinion. In the case of the Territories and the District of Columbia the way is clear. Congress has power, by article four of the Constitution, to "make all needful rules respecting the territory" of the United States, and, by article one, "to exercise exclusive jurisdiction in all cases whatsoever" over the District of Columbia. Under this authority, Congress has passed laws for the suppression of polygamy. The protection of monogamy by similar laws could rest on the same authority, and is equally essential to the public welfare. Indeed, a step in the right direction has already been taken. In 1887 Congress enacted that every ceremony of marriage in any of the Territories of the United States must be certified by the person who performs it, and signed by the parties, and filed in the probate court. Let the national legislature go forward until there is uniformity in all the laws of marriage and divorce throughout the Territories and the District of Columbia. Of course a Territory, when admitted to the Union, would become, like the other States, sovereign over its internal affairs, and such laws of Congress would not continue in force unless reenacted by the new state legislature. But the body of law, once having been established by Congress and approved by public sentiment, would probably not be changed by the State.

Moreover, such action by Congress would be a wholesome example for the States. With reference to the latter, the problem of reform presents more difficulty. As to one subject a solution has been suggested by recent events. In 1886, under the power, expressly granted in the Constitution, "to regulate commerce . . . among the several States," Congress passed the Interstate Commerce Law regulating transportation. By the thorough discussion which the measure received in the press as well as in Congress, the people were enlightened as to the import of that power. Moreover, the Supreme Court has recently declared that besides the matter of transportation, "the power also embraces within its control all the instrumentalities by which that commerce may be carried on, and the means by which it may be aided and encouraged." Reciting these facts, a committee of the American Bar Association has reported that uniformity of law relating to business transactions may be attained by congressional legislation for the regulation of commerce among the States.

Whatever may come of this novel suggestion, as to internal affairs in general the Constitution does not expressly give to the national government control over the legislation of the States; and by the Tenth Amendment, "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." Hence any direct interference by act of Congress with the States in these matters would be unconstitutional; and this conclusion is supported by the highest authorities.

This has been a great obstacle to the attainment of uniformity in the laws of marriage and divorce, the imperative need of which has long been evident; and it has been suggested by eminent writers that the Constitution should be amended so as to give to Congress full

control over these subjects. To the effectiveness of such a step in securing uniformity the experience of some foreign countries could testify. A case to the point is that of Switzerland, which was stated somewhat at length in *The Atlantic* for February, 1888. Down to 1874, the constitutional development of Switzerland and its experience in regulating the celebration of marriage was analogous to that of the United States. Similar conflict and uncertainty existed in the laws enacted by the cantons, and the interference of the central government was likewise resisted as unconstitutional. But in 1874 the new Constitution expressly transferred that subject from the cantons to the general government; and in 1876 uniformity was at last secured by a national law. Likewise in the new civil codes of the German Empire and of the Kingdom of Italy, the celebration of marriage was put into the control of the central government, and uniform laws resulted.

It is to be noted, however, that these changes were carried through in the course of radical readjustments of the powers and the forms of government, and upon a current of popular favor, — conditions not to be expected at present in the United States. No considerable revision of the Constitution has taken place since its adoption. Indeed, excluding the amendments made before the government was fully established, only once in our history have the conditions been favorable for the least amendment of the Constitution, and that upon but one subject. After a discussion of the subject of slavery and the nature of our government, lasting for nearly three quarters of a century, and issuing at last in civil strife, the resulting upheaval of public sentiment was sufficiently great to bring about the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments. The opinion has some currency that there are premonitions of a second great wave of popular feeling, this time upon the

subject of the liquor traffic. Should this opinion prove well founded, possibly there could be associated with the effort to protect the home by an amendment prohibiting the liquor traffic a movement to protect the family by an amendment giving Congress control of marriage and divorce.

But, to leave the field of speculation, the amendment last mentioned must be brought about, if at all, under the normal conditions of society and by the method provided in the Constitution; and the probability of this being effected at present is slight. For, apart from the lack of popular interest in such a movement, the nature of the machinery to be used is most discouraging. Its framers could hardly have realized how complicated and unwieldy it would become in the development of our political system, else they would have made it simpler. An amendment must first be proposed either by a two-thirds vote of Congress, or by a convention called by Congress on the application of two thirds of the several States, and must then be ratified either by the legislatures of three fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three fourths of the States. The result is that the Constitution is almost incapable of amendment.

Moreover, there is a popular feeling that "there must be no tinkering with the Constitution." Arising soon after the establishment of the government, at first as a partisan sentiment, this feeling afterward passed beyond party lines into a popular worship; and it became the orthodox opinion that the Constitution embodies the best form of government yet devised, and contains within itself an infallible and all-sufficient rule of political action. This conviction has all along been strengthened by the favorable comments of eminent foreign observers.

Thus has grown up throughout the United States a strong aversion to any amendment whatever, — especially to

any that, like the one suggested, tends to curtail the rights of the States. The old doctrine of state rights is still a force in our politics, though it acts in a limited range. It is manifested in a widespread determination to maintain the constitutional rights of the States; and so far it has the support of the Supreme Court, particularly in recent decisions.

In view of these circumstances, it has often become necessary, in order to reform an abuse in our politics, to resort to measures neither the most direct nor the most effective; and such seems to be the need in the matter in hand. Since it is at present impracticable to amend the Constitution, if immediate relief is to be had from the conflict in state legislation, some other expedient must be devised, not inconsistent with that instrument, and not offensive to the political prejudices of the people.

In recent years, the problem has been studied with a view to uniformity, especially in the laws of marriage and of divorce; and a plan advocated by one of the most eminent authorities upon this subject has met with much favor. In 1881, Theodore Dwight Woolsey, formerly president of Yale University, in discussing the subject with a representative of the New York Herald, said: "The advantage of uniformity must be evident to every one. It cannot be secured except by voluntary action on the part of the legislatures of the different States. The most direct way of bringing the matter to the attention of the legislatures would be for representatives of all the States to meet for the preparation of measures to be presented for enactment. If the governor of each State would appoint or request a competent person to represent his State in such a convention, the result might be the thorough reformation of the marriage and divorce laws of the nation." It would be expected that each legislature, upon the recommendation of the governor,

would enact such a measure as should result from the deliberations of this convention; and that Congress, upon the advice of the President, should extend the measure over the Territories and the District of Columbia. Of course the work of the convention need not be restricted to the subjects just mentioned; it might be applied to other subjects also in which uniformity should be deemed expedient.

It must be admitted that this scheme is without precedent, and that any State that would enact such a law would be able at any time thereafter to repeal it. But also without precedent are the circumstances of the evil, and if uniformity would result between a few States only, this might be a leaven which would gradually permeate the whole.

At any rate, this plan holds out a reasonable hope of immediate relief. As such it merits a trial. But from the fact that the trial itself depends upon the voluntary action of many officials and of many legislatures, nothing whatever can be done without the vigorous and constant support of public sentiment. It would seem that the initiative would be most suitably and most effectively taken by the bench and the bar; for they may fairly be expected to know both the present condition of the law and the proper means for its reformation. This obligation has already been recognized to

some extent. In 1882, the Bar Association of Kings County, New York, took measures to petition the governor of that State to appoint commissioners to an interstate convention, in accordance with the suggestion of Dr. Woolsey. In 1887, the American Bar Association, at the request of Professor Simeon E. Baldwin, of New Haven, instructed its Committee on Jurisprudence and Law Reform to inquire and report "whether it would not be desirable to promote the enactment in the several States of some uniform law" for the celebration of marriage. It is the express object of this association to promote "uniformity of legislation throughout the Union" through the medium of local councils acting directly upon state legislatures. But its meetings are brief and infrequent. It can best accomplish its purpose by advocating through its local councils the appointment by the several States of commissioners to an interstate convention. Such a body could give the subject that sustained and thorough consideration which its importance requires. It would have to deal with the evil in our political system, than which there is no other so deeply rooted, so far-reaching, and so injurious. There is scarcely a single business interest, hardly a person, who is not injured, directly or indirectly, by this omnipresent conflict and confusion of law.

Frank Gaylord Cook.

PALM SUNDAY IN PUEBLA DE LOS ANGELES.

SOME one hundred miles from the city of Mexico, and within twice that distance of Vera Cruz and the sea, and some seven thousand feet up into the clear, crisp air, lies the city of Puebla. The streets are broad and clean, the plazas filled with trees and rich in flowers, the markets exceptionally interesting.

Above this charming city tower, like huge sentinels, the two great volcanoes Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl.

The legend of its founding is quaint and somewhat characteristic; moreover, there is no shadow of doubt as to its truth.

The good Fray Julian Garces, the

first consecrated bishop of the Catholic Church in Mexico, conceived the most praiseworthy plan of founding, somewhere between the coast and the city of Mexico, a haven of refuge and safe resting-place for weary travelers. Upon one eventful night, when his mind was filled with this noble resolve, he beheld a lovely plain, bounded by the great slope of the volcanoes, watered by two rivers, and dotted by many ever-living springs, making all things fresh and green. As he gazed, his eyes beheld two angels with line and rod, measuring bounds and distances upon the ground. After seeing the vision, the bishop awoke, and that very hour set out to search for the site the angels had shown him; upon finding which he joyously exclaimed, "This is the site the Lord has chosen through his holy angels, and here shall the city be;" and even now the most charming and delightful of all the cities on the southern slope is this Puebla de los Angeles. Nothing has occurred since to shake confidence in the wisdom of the good bishop, nor impair the value of his undertaking, and to-day the idler, the antiquary, and the artist rise up and call him blessed.

But the pious bishop did not stop here. As early as 1536 he laid the corner-stone of the present cathedral, completed one hundred and fifty years later. This noble edifice, in its interior adornments, lofty nave, broad aisles divided by massive stone columns, inlaid floor of colored marble, altars, chapels, and choirs, as well as in its grand exterior, raised upon a terrace and surmounted by majestic towers, is by far the most stately and beautiful of all the great buildings of Mexico.

Before I reached the huge swinging doors, carved and heavily ironed, I knew it was Palm Sunday; for the streets were filled with people, each one carrying a long thin leaf of the sago palm, and the balconies with children twisting the sacred leaves over the iron railings,

to mark a blessing for the house until the next festival.

I had crossed the plaza, where I had been loitering under the trees, making memoranda in my sketch-book of the groups of Indians lounging on the benches in the shade, and sketching the outlines of bunches of little donkeys dozing in the sun; and mounting the raised terrace upon which the noble pile is built, I found myself in the cool, incense-laden interior. The aisles were a moving mass of people waving palms over their heads, the vista looking like great fields of ferns in the wind. The service was still in progress, and the distant bursts of the organ resounded at intervals through the arches.

I wedged my way between the throngs of worshipers, — some kneeling, some shuffling along, keeping step with the crowd, — past the inlaid stalls, exquisite carvings, and gilded figures of saints, until I reached the door of the sacristy. I always search out the sacristy. It contains the movable property of the church, and as I have a passion for moving it, — when the sacristan is of the same mind, — I always find it the most attractive corner of any sacred interior.

The room was superb. The walls were covered with paintings set in gilded frames; the chests of drawers were crammed with costly vestments. Two exquisite tables covered with slabs of onyx stood on one side, while upon a raised shelf above them were ranged eight superb Japanese Imari jars, — for water, I presumed. When I entered, a line of students near the door were being robed in white starched garments by the sacristan; groups of priests, in twos and threes, some in vestments, others in street robes, were chatting together on an old settle; and an aged bishop, white-haired, was listening intently to a young priest dressed in a dark purple robe, both outlined against an open window. The whole effect reminded me of one of Vibert's pictures. I was so ab-

sorbed that I remained motionless in the middle of the room, gazing awkwardly about. The next moment the light was shut out, and I was half smothered in the folds of a muslin skirt. I had been mistaken for a student chorister, and the sacristan would have slipped it over my head but for my smothered protest. Had I known the service, I think I should have risked the consequences.

The sacristy opened into the chapter-room. The wanderer who thinks he must go to Italy to find grand interiors should stand at the threshold of this room and look in; or, still better, rest his weary bones for half an hour within the perfectly proportioned, vaulted and domed apartment, hung with Flemish tapestry and covered with paintings, and examine it at his leisure. He can select any one of the superb old Spanish chairs presented by Charles V., thirty-two of which line the walls; then, being rested, he can step into the middle of the room, and feast his eyes upon a single slab of Mexican onyx covering a table large enough for a grand council of bishops. I confess I stood for an instant amazed, wondering whether I was really in Mexico, across its thousand miles of dust, or had wandered into some old palace or church in Verona or Padua.

At the far end of this chapter-room sat a grave-looking priest, absorbed in his breviary. I approached him, hat in hand.

"Holy father, I am a stranger and a painter. I know the service is going on, and that I should not now intrude; but this room is so beautiful, and my stay in Puebla so short, that I must crave your permission to enter."

He laid down his book. "*Mi amigo*, you are welcome. Wander about where you will, here and by the altar. You will disturb no one. You painters always revere the church, for within its walls your greatest works are held sacred."

I thought that very neat for a priest

just awakened from a reverie, and, thanking him, examined greedily the superb old carved chair he had just vacated. I did revere the church, and told him so, but all the same I coveted the chair, and but for his compliment and devout air would have dared to open negotiations for its possession. I argued, iconoclast that I am, that it would hardly be missed among its fellows, and that perhaps one of those frightful renovations, constantly taking place in Mexican churches, might overtake this beautiful room, when new mahogany horrors might replace these exquisite specimens of the seventeenth century, and the whole set be claimed by the second-hand man or the wood-pile.

Then I strolled out into the church, with that vacant air which always marks one in a building new to him, — especially when it overwhelms him, — gazing up at the nave, reading the inscriptions under the pictures, and idling about the aisles. Soon I came to a confessional box. There I sat down, sheltered by a protecting column.

There is a fascination about the confessional which I can never escape. Here sits the old news-gatherer and safe-deposit vault of everybody's valuable secrets, peaceful and calm within the seclusion of his grated cabinet; and here come a troop of people, telling him all the good and bad things of their lives, and leaving with him for safe-keeping their most precious property, — their misdeeds. What a collection of broken bonds, dishonored names, and debts of ingratitude must he be custodian of!

The good father before me was a kindly faced, plethoric old man; a little deaf, I should judge, from the fanning motion of his left hand, making a sounding-board for his ear. About him were a group of penitents, patiently awaiting their turns. When I halted and sought the shelter of a pillar, the closely veiled and muffled figure of a richly dressed señora was bowed before him. She re-

mained a few moments, and then slipped away, and another figure took her place at the grating. I raised my eyes wistfully, wondering whether I could read the old fellow's face, which was in strong light, sufficiently well to get some sort of an inkling of her confidences; but no cloud of sorrow, or ruffle of anger, or gleam of curiosity passed over it. It was as expressionless as a harvest moon, and placid as a mountain lake. At times I even fancied he was asleep; then his little eyes would open slowly and peep out keenly, and I knew he had only been digesting and assorting his several informations. One after another they dropped away silently, — the Indian in his *zarape*, the old man in sandals, and the sad-faced woman with a black *rebosa* twisted about her throat. Each had prostrated himself, and poured through that six inches of space the woes that weighed heavy on his soul. The good father listened to them all. His patience and equanimity seemed marvelous. I was so engrossed that I forgot I was an eavesdropper, and could make no sort of excuse for my vulgar curiosity which would satisfy any one upon whose privacy I intruded; and, coming to this conclusion, I was about to shoulder my trap and move off, when I caught sight of a short, thick-set young Mexican, muffled to his chin in a *zarape*. He was leaning against the opposite column, watching earnestly the same confessional box, his black, bead-like eyes riveted upon the priest. In his hand he held a small red cap, with which he partially concealed his face. It was not prepossessing. The forehead was low and receding, the mouth firm and cruel. As each penitent turned away, the man edged nearer to the priest, with a movement that attracted me. It was like that of an animal slowly yielding to the power of a snake. He was now close enough for me to see great drops of sweat running down his temples; his breath came thick and short; his whole

form, sturdy fellow as he was, trembled and shook. The cap was now clenched in his fist and pressed to his breast, the eyes were still fastened on the priest, the feet moving a few inches at a time. When the last penitent had laid her face against the grating, he fell upon his knees behind her, and buried his face in his hands. When she was gone, he threw himself forward in her place, and clutched the grating with a moan that startled me. I arose from my seat, edged around the pillar, and got the light more clearly on the priest's face. It was as calm and serene as a wooden saint's.

For a few moments the Mexican lay in a heap at the grating; then he raised his head, and looked cautiously about him. I shrank into the shadow. The face was ghastly pale, the lips trembled, the eyes started from his head. The priest leaned forward wearily, his ear to the iron lattice. The man's lips began to move; the confession had begun. Both figures remained motionless, the man whispering eagerly, and the priest listening patiently. Suddenly the good father started forward, bent down, and scanned the man's face searchingly through the grating. In another instant he uttered a half-smothered cry of horror, covered his face with the sleeve of his robe, and fell back on his seat. The man edged around on his knees from the side grating to the front of the confessional, and bowed his head to the lower step of the box. For several minutes neither moved. I flattened myself against the column, and became a part of the architecture. Then the priest, with blanched face, leaned forward over the half door, and laid his hand on the penitent. The man raised his head, clutched the top of the half door, bent forward, and glued his lips to the priest's ear. I reached down noiselessly for my sketch-trap, peeled myself from the column as one would a wet handbill, and, keeping the pillar between me and the

confessional, made a straight line for the sacristy.

Before I reached the door the priest overtook me, crossed the room, and disappeared through a smaller door in the opposite wall. I turned to avoid him, and caught sight of the red cap of the Mexican pressing his way hurriedly to the street. I waited until he was lost in the throng, drew a long breath, and dropped upon a bench.

The faces of both man and priest haunted me. I had evidently been the unsuspected witness of one of those strange confidences existing in Catholic countries between the criminal and the Church. I had also been in extreme personal danger. A crime so terrible that the bare recital of it shocked to demoralization so unimpressible a priest as the good father was safe in his ear alone. Had there been a faint suspicion in the man's mind that I had overheard any part of his story, my position would have been dangerous.

But what could have been the crime? I reflected that even an inquiry looking towards its solution would be equally hazardous, and so tried to banish the incident from my mind.

A jar upon the other end of the bench awoke me from my reverie. A pale, neatly dressed, sad-looking young fellow had just sat down. He apologized for disturbing me, and the courtesy led to his moving up to my end.

"English?"

"No; from New York."

"What do you sell?"

"Nothing. I paint. This trap contains my canvas and colors. What do you do?" I asked.

"I am a clerk in the department of justice. The office is closed to-day, and I have come into the church out of the heat, because it is cool."

I sounded him carefully, was convinced of his honesty, and related the incident of the confessional. He was not surprised. On the contrary, he re-

counted to me many similar instances in his own experience, explaining that it is quite natural for a man haunted by a crime to seek the quiet of a church, and that often the relief afforded by the confessional wrings from him his secret. No doubt my case was one of these.

"And is the murderer safe?"

"From the priest, yes. The police agents, however, always watch the churches."

While we were speaking an officer passed, bowed to my companion, retraced his steps, and said, "There has been an important arrest. You may perhaps be wanted."

I touched the speaker's arm. "Pardon me. Was it made near the cathedral?"

"Yes; outside the great door."

"What was the color of his cap?"

He turned sharply, looked at me searchingly, and said, lowering his voice,—

"Red."

A few days later I wandered into the market-place, in search of a subject. My difficulty was simply one of selection. I could have opened my easel at random and made half a dozen sketches without leaving my stool; but where there is so much wealth of material one is apt to be over-critical, and, being anxious to pick out the best, often loses the *esprit* of the first impression, and so goes away without a line. It was not the fault of the day or the market. The sun was brilliant beyond belief, the sky superb; the open square of the older section was filled with tumble-down bungalow-like sheds, hung with screens of patched matting; the sidewalks were fringed with giant thatched umbrellas, picturesque in the extreme; the costumes were rich and varied: all this and more, and yet I was not satisfied. Outside the slanting roofs, heaped up on the pavement, lay piles of green vegetables,

pottery, and fruit, glistening in the dazzling light. Inside the booths were hung festoons of bright stuffs, rebosas and *pañuelos*, gray and cool by contrast. Thronging crowds of natives streamed in and out the sheds, blocked up narrow passageways, grouped in the open, and disappeared into the black shadows of an inviting archway, beyond which an even crisper sunlight glowed in dabs, spots, and splashes of luxuriant color. There was everything, in fact, to intoxicate a man in search of the picturesque, and yet I idled along without opening my sketch-book, and for more than an hour lugged my trap about: deciding on a group under the edge of the archway, with a glimpse of blue in the sky and the towers of the church beyond; abandoning that instantly for a long stretch of street leading out of a square dotted with donkeys waiting to be unloaded; and concluding, finally, to paint some high-wheeled carts, only to relinquish them all for something else.

I continued, I say, to waste thus foolishly my precious time, until, dazed and worn out, I turned on my heel, hailed a cab, and drove to the old Paseo. There I entered the little *plazuela*, embowered in trees, sat down opposite the delightful old church of San Francisco, and was at work in five minutes. When one is dazzled by a sunset, let him shut his eyes. After the blaze of a Mexican market, try the quiet grays of a seventeenth-century church, seen through soft foliage and across cool, shady walks.

The church of San Francisco is another of the delightful old churches of Puebla. I regret that the fiend with the bucket and the flat brush has practically destroyed almost the whole interior except the choir, which is still exquisite with its finely carved wooden stalls and rich organ. But I rejoice that the outside, with its quaint altar fronting on the *plazuela*, façade of dark brick ornamented with panels of Spanish tiles, stone carvings, statues, and

lofty towers, is still untouched, and hence beautiful.

Adjoining the church is a military hospital and barracks, formerly an old convent. I was so wholly wrapped up in my work that my water-cup needed refilling before I looked up and about me. To my surprise, I was nearly surrounded by a squad of soldiers and half a dozen officers. One fine-looking old fellow, with gray moustache and pointed beard, stood so close that my elbow struck his knee when I arose. The first thought that ran through my head was my experience of Sunday, and my unpardonable imprudence in imparting my discoveries of the confessional to the sad-faced young man on the bench. Tracked, of course, I concluded, — arrested in the streets, and held as a witness on bread and pulque for a week. No passport, and an *alibi* out of the question! A second glance reassured me. The possessor of the pointed beard only smiled cordially, apologized, and seated himself on the bench at my right. His intentions were the most peaceful. It was the growing picture that absorbed him and his fellow-officers and men. They had merely deployed noiselessly in my rear, to find out what the deuce the stranger was doing under that white umbrella. Only this, and nothing more. I was not even permitted to fill my water-bottle myself. A sign from my friend, and a soldier, with his arm in a sling, ran to the fountain, returned in a flash, and passed the bottle back to me with so reverential an air that but for the deep earnestness of his manner I should have laughed aloud. He seemed to regard the water-bottle as the home of the witch that worked the spell.

After that the circle was narrowed, and my open cigarette-case added a touch of good fellowship, everybody becoming quite cozy and sociable. The officer was in command of the barracks. His brother officers — one after another was introduced with much form and

manner — were on duty at the hospital except one, who was in command of the department of police of the city. A slight chill ran down my spine, but I returned the commandant's bow with a smile that established at once the absolute purity of my life.

For two hours, in the cool of the morning, under the trees of the little plazuela, this charming episode continued; I painting, the others around me deeply interested; all smoking, and chatting in the friendliest possible way. At the sound of a bugle the men dropped away, and soon after all the officers bowed and disappeared, except my friend with the pointed beard and the commandant of the police. These two moved their bench nearer, and sat down, determined to watch the sketch to the end. The conversation drifted into different channels. The system of policing the streets at night was explained to me, the manner of arrest, the absolute authority given to the *jefe politico* in the rural districts, — an execution first, and an investigation afterwards, — the necessity for such prompt action in a country abounding in bandits, the success of the government in suppressing the evil, etc.

"And are the crimes confined wholly to the country districts?" I asked. "Are your cities safe?"

"Generally, yes. Occasionally there is a murder among the lower classes of the people. It is not always for booty; revenge for some real or fancied injury often prompts it."

"Has there been any particularly brutal crime committed here lately?" I asked carelessly, skirting the edge of my precipice.

"Not exactly here. There was one at Atlixco, a small town a few miles west of here, but the man escaped."

"Have you captured him?"

"Not yet. There was a man arrested here a few days ago, who is now awaiting examination. It may be that we have the right one. We shall know to-morrow."

I kept at work, dabbling away at the mass of foliage, and putting in pats of shadow tones.

"Was it the man arrested near the cathedral on Palm Sunday?"

"There was a man arrested on Palm Sunday," he replied slowly. "How did you know?"

I looked up, and found his eyes riveted on me in a peculiar, penetrating way.

"I heard it spoken of in the church," I replied, catching my breath. My foot went over the precipice. I could see into the pit below.

"If the American heard of it," said he in a low voice, turning to my friend, "it was badly done."

I filled a fresh brush with color, leaned over my canvas, and before I looked up a second time had regained my feet and crawled back to a safe spot. I could hear the stones go rumbling down into the abyss beneath me; then I concentrated myself upon the details of the façade, and the officer began explaining the early history of the founding of the church, and the many vicissitudes it had experienced in the great battles which had raged around its towers. By the time he had finished the cold look went out of his eyes.

The sketch was completed, the trap bundled up, three hats were raised, and we separated.

I thought of the horror-stricken face of the priest and the crouching figure of the Mexican; then I thought of that penetrating, steel-like glance of the commandant.

So far as I know the priest alone shares the secret.

F. Hopkinson Smith.

STUDIES OF FACTORY LIFE: THE AMERICAN AND THE MILL.

THE statement is frequently made that "the Americans have everywhere been driven out of the factory." It is true that they have almost universally quitted the lower grades of work in cotton-mills, but it must not be hastily assumed that they left in any such manner as would justify the use of the expression that they were driven from it. To say that they were *driven* seems to imply that if their departure were not actually compulsory, it was at any rate an experience which would not have come to them had their social and national life developed in an orderly way. The phrase would also warrant the inference that the movement out of the factory was downward, towards a less satisfactory condition and towards inferior sorts of labor.

It should not be said that the Americans were driven, if it can be shown that their passage into the factory, through it and away from it, was due to a spontaneous and a measurably successful effort to accomplish results and obtain objects which they desired. The entire process then takes its place among those oscillations of the masses which conduce to the healthy growth of society. The matter is worthy of conscientious study, since the world is beginning to demand that all institutions shall have a moral as well as an economical or political justification for existence. If it be found that a people are inevitably degraded through mill service, and that they are nearly certain, in the course of succeeding generations, to sink rather than to rise, then the factory must be condemned by all persons who believe that the purpose of being on this planet is ethical, and that it is immoral to foster practices and methods which deteriorate the human race. If, on the other hand, an examination of

the subject shall lead to the conclusion that certain classes of mill people have not been vitally injured by their life, it will become proper to inquire into the causes which have preserved them, in order to learn whether their salvation be due to their association with the factory, or whether it is consequent upon particular characteristics which they have themselves brought into that association. The student must also be careful to remember that if the latter be the case with any race or class which is sharply distinguished in its nature from other classes, some of these different races or classes, not possessing the same preservative qualities, might be less favorably affected by factory life, and might be finally moulded into a very dissimilar shape by experience of that mode of work and existence. The study of the subject is the more valuable, as it may serve to suggest that if the factory is not always wholly harmful to all its workers, it might be possible, by intelligent effort, to render it less harmful to any laborers. It may prove that this object is to be attained through some modification of the system, which will help the operatives to surround themselves with such influences as will tend to develop in them the characteristics which have been efficacious in elevating other classes. There is need of such effort, for even if every body of factory employees have not suffered vitally because of their connection with the institutions of manufacturing, moreover, even if some of them have been able to rise through that connection, it still does not follow that these institutions have ever been rendered as innoxious or as beneficial as they might have been had they been founded, or were they now administered, with conscientious reference to ethical laws.

We do not suppose we can throw so much light, in this paper, on the relation of the Americans to the mill as would solve all question about the function of the factory in civilization, but we hope to present some facts which may at least point in the direction of perfect knowledge, and that wisdom which is the fruit thereof. Factory life to-day differs in many respects from factory life fifty or more years ago, and it is hard to draw correct inferences from one about the other. Still, the understanding of the earlier condition may help to the full comprehension of the other. The modifications which the system has undergone are due partly to moral and partly to material causes. The history of the future will probably be marked by changes also due to both these kinds of causes. Any discovery in science, in the utilization of physical forces, which should have the effect of encouraging the dispersion of labor, rather than its concentration in cities and in large establishments, would alter many aspects of the laborer's present attitude toward life, and that world wherein, it is supposed, he has a soul to nourish as well as a stomach to fill. On the contrary, should the present disposition to economic centralization continue, it is still impossible to forecast all its phases, or to decide beforehand how they may greatly affect its moral tendencies. But at bottom the relation of human beings to each other is ethical, and material powers alone will never furnish all the elements necessary to solve moral questions. Under all conditions of science and all conceptions of political or economical law, and under every sort of institution, men will hurt or help each other according to the presence or absence in them of a controlling sense that they owe a duty to each other: the employer to the laborer, the laborer to the employer, and each one to his fellow. All problems resolve themselves finally into the struggle for personal righteousness.

In an earlier paper, treating of the village system, I have briefly sketched the history of the Americans in connection with cotton manufacturing. I propose now to consider the subject in greater detail. In the first part of the century, all the operatives were natives. This state of affairs lasted without important modification for nearly fifty years. The history of the male operatives was such as I have indicated in the former paper. Those of ordinary ability lived and died in the service. The more capable ones in each generation rose to be overseers, superintendents, and manufacturers. At first the weavers were all women. At that time hand-mules were used, and these, of course, were run by men, and they required more operators to a given number of spindles than the present machinery necessitates. The old dressing-frames took more hands to do the same work than are now needful, and these were all masculine hands. In the carding and picking rooms, also, more men and boys were then employed. The young men of that period, I am informed, despised weaving as a business, and did not think it worth while to learn to do it. The wages were too small to suit them, and then, as now, the less lucrative employments were passed over to the feminine portion of the working corps; it being accepted among the principles of practical if not of theoretical economics that no wages are too small for women. When the foreigners came to this country, the men began to take looms to run. It would be a forced conclusion to maintain that the entrance of men into the trade helped to cause the rise in the wages paid to weavers, but the history of this branch of labor is rendered rather curious by the fact that it is one which in this country was first entirely relegated to women, and which has been better paid since the other sex have shared in it. In most kinds of work, the men have been the first laborers, and women

have come in later; and sometimes their advent has been opposed, lest it should lower the wages.

The careers of the mill women naturally differed from those of the men. There was no promotion for them in the factory. Their way to rise was to marry out of the necessity for continuing to work in it. Men began to be weavers in Rhode Island about 1848 and 1849. The day of labor was much longer than at present. General Butler has lately given the figures for Massachusetts. They do not differ essentially from those applicable to the smaller State, except that in the latter commonwealth the enactment of a ten-hour law was delayed several years after it had been adopted in the former. I am told by a man who for many decades has been a superintendent that he was "in a cotton-mill in 1826, and worked from fourteen to fifteen hours per day up to 1833 or 1834." Then the hours began to lessen. After 1850 the time was twelve and eleven and a half hours, till 1862, when it was reduced to eleven. This remained the established number for more than twenty years, till the ten-hour law was finally adopted in Rhode Island. In any attempt to estimate, from these figures, the comparative hardship of the operative's lot at different periods, it must be remembered that although, in bygone years, the day of labor was longer than it is now, the machinery was much less rapid in motion, and consequently the strain on the person who tended it was not so unrelenting as at present. All the mechanical changes, however, have not been of a nature to increase the drain on the operative's strength. A superintendent of large experience once told me that the hardest work done in the mill, in proportion to the strength of the worker, was performed by girls thirteen and fourteen years old. Some alterations in the machinery have, in recent years, rendered easier this particular process in the manufacture.

The wages were of course smaller in former days, from four to six dollars a week for weavers, while at present they range from six to twelve dollars. Overseers in 1850 received from nine shillings to ten shillings sixpence a day, and now, for rooms of the same size, they are paid sixteen to eighteen shillings, and work two hours less a day. The shilling is sixteen and two thirds cents.

When, at the beginning of the century, the cotton business arose, it afforded the girls of New England the first opportunity to find occupation outside their homes sufficiently important to affect the destiny of any large number of them. They rushed into the new opening, not dreaming that they were precipitating their sex into the maelstrom of modern industry, or that they were merely the advance guard of a great army of female workers, whose disadvantageous attitude towards economic forces is one of the most fruitful sources of suffering in our social body. It was not the stupid girls who, in that early day, broke away from the monotony of farm life, or the still worse helplessness of existence with parents too poor to be farmers. It was the bright, eager young women, who went to the mills to earn money, and free themselves from the semi-servitude engendered by dependence on relatives. The story has often been told of the Lowell factory girls who published a paper, and in time settled to no meaner avocation than that of author or social reformer. There are legends also of a generation of Yankee mill girls who sent to Preston S. Brooks the suggestive tribute of thirty pieces of silver, after his assault upon Charles Sumner. But the careers concerning which these stories are related belong to a late period in the history of the Americans' connection with the manual part of cotton manufacture, and some of them were exceptionally striking. Still, such incidents indicate something which it is important to understand, and that

is that the nice girls of New England for many years became mill operatives. Of course I do not mean that such labor was ever aristocratic, but that it possessed a certain social sanction which it does not now command. A consideration of the average fortunes of the native help leads to the same conclusion. The mill girl had worldly superiors then as the dressmaker, the typewriter, the telegraph operator, the common-school teacher, has now, but she was from exactly the same stock, and was herself just the same sort of girl, as are the ones who now follow these different vocations. She maintained her dignity while in the mill, and if she left it before she grew old it was because she wanted to leave it, — usually because some man wisely wanted to marry her. Her marriage was generally sensible, and sometimes brilliant. In studying the traditions of the whole period, one finds occasional hints of that romance which attaches to all history, as amid the homely details one catches now and then a glimpse of ideal beauty, and comes upon the trace of some girl whose loveliness attracted a fate quite different from that of her village comrades. It is happily due to the purity of New England ethics that this fate is more often found to be joyful than sad.

I suppose it would be impossible to obtain statistics which would tell us much either of the life of the Americans who were operatives, or of the after fate of their descendants. But every person who has been long familiar with the native residents in the older manufacturing towns is necessarily acquainted with many family histories, which reveal the essential features of that former time, when factories were small, and owners and workers were often not only neighbors, but friends. They were all subjected to the ancient New England village tradition of substantial equality. They were of one blood, they held to one religion, and called each other very generally by their Christian names. "Of

that early time," writes a lady now more than eighty years old, "I have many recollections, when the wife of Mr. S—— met the wives of overseers not only in her church work or at prayer-meetings, but in social equality."

I have received accounts of a Quaker family who, about the year 1820, came from a more rural district to a Rhode Island manufacturing village, bringing with them eight or ten young girls, some of whom were also Quakers. The family established a boarding-house for mill operatives. The girls went into the factory. It is a little difficult to imagine young Quakeresses exchanging their soft "thees" and "thous" amid the din of print-cloth looms, a little hard to fancy their queer, sober-hued bonnets resting during working hours in some not over-dusty corner of a cotton-mill. Yet such things were in that far-off year of our Lord, who in all the course of his brief life on earth uttered few maxims that seem in perfect harmony with orthodox political economy. These girls went to "meeting" on "first days," — one's pen writes almost involuntarily the beloved Quaker dialect, — but history records not what they did about the fifth-day meeting, or whether they freed themselves from toil once in a while on the fourth day of the week, so that they might attend the monthly gatherings of their sect for religious edification. Doubtless the Spirit was with them, even though they were obliged to pass the solemn hours within factory walls, and we will trust they heard its holy whispers sound through the buzzing of the machinery. There have been many since their day whose ears that buzzing has deafened to all such whispers.

The girls who belonged in the place, the daughters of old established country families, called on the daughters of the boarding-house keepers, whom they had seen at "meeting." Very likely there were those who would not or did not call, either through indifference or because

of some slightly aristocratic notion, but those who went held good positions in such society as existed in the neighborhood. One of the visitors still remembers sitting with her youthful companions in the big room into which they were ushered, while the women of the house brought in and introduced one by one all their boarders who had become factory girls. I have been able to learn the subsequent history of several of these young women, and indeed often visited the home of one of them, after she had become a lovely old lady. They married well, most of them well even in a worldly sense. But there is no evidence going to show that they were influenced to make their marriages by any feeling that they stood, as operatives, in any special need of altering or bolstering up their position. They led refined, honorable, and presumably satisfactory lives in after years, as the wives of business men, some of whom were cotton manufacturers. Their descendants to-day are prominent and educated members of society in the towns and cities where they live.

Of course, in dwelling on the prosperity in affairs which attended so many of these people, I do not mean to imply that their acquisition of property settles the whole question as to whether they were helped or hindered in growth by their connection with the mill. It is an old truth, yet one of which each new generation needs to be reminded, that increase in wealth and elevation in society are not always accompanied by a commensurate spiritual, moral, and intellectual development. Still, after investigating the history of many families of tradesmen, mechanics, merchants, and manufacturers who are immediately descended from operatives, my impression is strong that this portion of the American race accomplished, on the whole, a healthy growth in all directions during the first half of the century. They were a sturdy and worthy folk, who merely

passed through the factory in the course of a natural transformation from a rural into a town and city population. This transformation was rendered inevitable, at that time, by the general development of the country, its resources, and its national character.

Sometimes the rustic operative left the mill and returned to his native fields. Even now, in one of the shore towns of Massachusetts, an old woman lives and dispenses hospitality to summer boarders, and is called "aunt" by all the neighbors, who in 1825, at the mature age of fourteen, left her home on the seashore, and went with another girl on a coasting vessel to Providence. Her mother was a widow, possessed of eight children, and need there probably was for every one to venture early into the world. After serving awhile at a boarding-house in the town, this girl strayed up the Blackstone River to a manufacturing village, whose noisy growth not only disturbed the quiet meadows, but in time necessitated the building of a dam, which caused some of the best farming land in the vicinity to be overflowed and lost to agriculture. Here our young damsel worked in the mill till her health failed, under the confinement and fatigue of the long laborious days, and she was obliged again to become a housemaid. Later, however, Fall River, which was then beginning to take a prominent place among factory towns, attracted her and all her family into its busy life. She grew to womanhood amid the spindles, but she married at last a man from her old home, and returned to the seashore.

The career of one girl, which came long ago to my knowledge, presents in a curious way elements both vulgar and exceptional.

In the following brief narrative of her experience, I will assume that her name was Caroline. She sprang from a very poor and not very reputable family. Her father died in prison. She was one

of nine brothers and sisters, and when a child she was not sent to school nor taught to read. Here certainly seemed to be fine material for the making of another "Margaret, the mother of criminals;" but there was some stuff in the girl's character, some element in her soul, which preserved her from such a fate. Her widowed mother moved from a rural district to a small manufacturing village about the year 1830. Caroline was put into the factory, but at what age I cannot tell; probably, however, while still in her early teens. She went to church, and I am unable to say positively whether she had ever been in the habit of going to church when the family abode in the country, but the person to whom I am indebted for her story thought she had not there been accustomed to attend any religious services. It was in the little village meeting-house that the girl began her education. She used to commit to memory the text from which the minister preached, doubtless availing herself therefor of his welcome repetitions of it during the sermon. There was an old Bible in her home, and she would repeat the text to one of her mill comrades who could read, and get her to find it for her in the treasured volume. The sentence being found, she would study the words, comparing their appearance with her recollection of them as first, second, and so on in the text, till she knew how each looked, and could distinguish it in other places on the mysterious printed pages. The more she learned, the more she wanted to know. One day, when she was nineteen years old, a woman grown, whose thoughts might naturally have turned to lovers, or to pleasant household images amid which her own young self should have leave to walk, the desire for knowledge crystallized into decisive action. She put her work in the mill in charge of some one else, one noon-time, and started along the road that led through the village to the next town. She stopped at every

house on the way, and asked at each the same question: Would the mistress take her in and give her board, and let her have time to go to school, if she would do housework in all her leisure hours? She went on in this search for more than a mile, till she found a Quaker woman who accepted her terms. She lived in that family for some time, and attended a small private school, where the other pupils were very little children. I do not know whether the teacher gave her the tuition, or whether she had saved money enough to pay the fees. The latter hypothesis seems less likely in view of the fact that, as she was a minor, her wages had always belonged to her mother. The need of that mother to exercise her full prerogative is quite apparent when it is considered that not only was Caroline one of nine offspring, but that the widow, after they came to the factory village, had married a widower, who was also blessed with nine sons and daughters, and that three additional infants were in the course of time born into this composite family.

Caroline continued her service as housemaid and her attendance at school till whatever resources she had had, either of money or clothes, were exhausted, and she was compelled again to become a wage-earner. She then returned to the mill. About this time the business passed into the hands of new owners, whose families took up their residence in the village. Caroline applied for help to one of the ladies, who she thought would be interested to aid her in her studies. She asked to do housework, live in her family, and receive a small compensation, and expressed the hope that her mistress would teach her. Her requests were granted, and she proved to be "the most eager scholar I ever saw," said the lady, in after years. The girl insisted on knowing the meaning of every word that she learned to spell, and her eyes would grow prominent with excitement as she

added one fact after another to her store of information. She took a lesson every day, till circumstances again led to her return to the mill. Later, however, her mistress procured her the opportunity to enter a small country boarding-school, where she paid her way with work, until she had finally acquired a fair amount of what is called an English education. The end of her story is disappointing. It suggests the baffling and mysterious nature of that spiritual mystery which lurks behind the average human existence. It is sometimes the hardest phase of life to understand, and it may be that comprehension of it is most necessary to one who would form any true theory, *not* only of social life as it is and as it should be, but also of the essential character and destiny of the soul. It is the old puzzle, Why should man prefer to hitch his wagon to a donkey rather than to a star? An elderly man, of extremely miserly habits, proposed to Caroline, and she married him. I have no means of knowing whether either before or after marriage he was ever able to inspire her with any affection. He did not look like a man whom a woman could love, but it may be that she did care for him. Still, when she told her friend, the manufacturer's wife, of her intention to marry him, she stated as a reason for her decision that he had three thousand dollars, and she thought that if she united herself to him, and should have children, they need not grow up in ignorance, as she had done, for she should be able to send them to school. Pathetic prescience of the womanly heart! Fortunately, it was justified, and one of her daughters took a normal school course and became a teacher. Caroline herself was left a widow in middle life, with sufficient property to insure her comfort. I do not know that she ever sought to cultivate her mind beyond the point at which her hardly gained schooling left her, and some doggerel verses which she once

wrote and showed to a friend proved that her mental life was very meagre.

As the century advanced, the West began to be known to enterprise. The gold mines of California attracted young men thither, while in New England much new business developed; and many of the operatives had by this time acquired habits or capital which prepared them to seize firm hold of these new and tempting opportunities. Women also found chances for other employment. The girl who could become a school-teacher or a telegraph operator had no mind to be a weaver. She even came to prefer to be clerk in a store, or to work in a thousand manufactures more dainty than that of the cotton mill. But this very cotton business shared in the great impetus which was pulsing through the material life of the whole country, and its importance grew. More mills were built and larger ones, and more hands were needed than ever before, just in the very years when the Americans were seeking other avenues of labor. A shrewd observer of that period writes me: "There were not so many Americans left the mills as you would suppose. The mills increased in size and numbers. Then the foreigners rushed in, and it made it look as if the Americans had all gone." My own knowledge of particular cases leads me to the opinion that the way in which the natives "left the mill" was something like this: There came a time when the parents, who either had been or still were operatives, did not put their children into the factory, but started them in other and more desirable pursuits. Thus the supply of American help failed for lack of new recruits, rather than through desertion on the part of those already in the service, except such desertion by the grown females as had been always the customary consequence of marriage. Most of the men who in 1850-60 were mill workers probably remained such to the end, but their

sons took up other labors and sought other careers. There would thus have been a great gap left in the factory but for the incoming of the Irish. It is curious to see how these waves of movement in the American and the Irish national bodies fitted into and supplemented each other. The foreigners were stimulated to come here by the accounts they received of the wonderful opportunities offered by this young and rapidly growing country, and they were urged and pricked on by their circumstances at home. They came just as the Americans began to tire of factory work. The door of the mill stood wide open. The foreigners had no time, no means of support, to enable them to seek other employment or to test other roads to fortune. The Americans had stood so long in the factory shelter — such as it was — that they had had time to study the resources of their country and the possibilities of their situation. So they walked out of the mills, or rather the younger generation refused to enter, and the foreigners, who must go somewhere and do something immediately, walked in, and filled the great inclosures with their voices and with the clang of the machinery which they guided.

The Irish were not, in the true sense of the word, imported by the manufacturers. They were not sent for, and they were not taken, as has been sometimes carelessly alleged, for the sake of lowering wages. They came of their own accord, and the general tendency of wages has been upward, during the last eighty years. The mill superintendent whom I have already quoted, and whose experience of factories began in 1826, says, "The help have made more money since 1840 than they ever did before." He adds that he has never known of manufacturers sending "over to the old country after help to work in mills," "but" he has "known them, when a family had a son or daughter here, to advance a sum to bring the

whole family out here, and let them work out the advance, but" "they always paid them the same price that they did others for the same work." Such occasional loans to persons who wanted their relatives to join them here cannot be classified as concerted efforts to import foreign help.

Sometimes, an American family that had left the mill returned to the service, and a few of the original native employees lingered on to a very late period. One of the last of these in a certain town was an old woman, who had been retained in some nominal employment long after her usefulness was past. When, finally, she could not even go to the mill, she was given room rent, and the town eked out whatever she had saved for her support and that of an aged crone who lived with her. A person who visited her shortly before her death found her room and her attendant rather dreary in appearance. The lower class of Americans is divided into two sorts: one kind is very neat, the other extremely untidy, and old Mary and her familiar were apparently of the latter order. A small, battered brass kettle was the only article of furniture which seemed in any way to connect the women and their belongings to those conditions of New England life whence they had sprung. Everything else smacked of such poverty and such manners as are indigenous to factory tenement-house life. There was nothing especially interesting about Mary, except that she was herself a relic, and that she showed a childish and rather touching glee when some very big oranges were given her, till she spoke of one of the owners of the mill, a young man, scarcely more than a boy, who had died suddenly some dozen years before. His memory was fresh in the heart of the aged dying woman; she "had thought so much of him," she said. She praised him because he had that kindly manner, which seems so easy to attain that one wonders

it is not more common, in view of all the love it is sure to excite. "He always had a pleasant word," she declared, "for every one, as he went through the factory." And then she spoke of the Sunday morning in April when he died. "They told me," said she, "as I was comin' out o' meetin' that he was dead, an' I hurried home, an' I come up-stairs, an' I did n't stop to take off my bonnet an' shawl, but I throwed myself, as I was, right down there on the floor, an' cried."

It has been said that the reason why rich and poor can so seldom help each other is because their difference in condition renders each unable to really understand and sympathize with the experiences, both of joy and sorrow, that come to the other. Love alone can bridge the gulf made by unlikeness, and give perfect comprehension. This aged creature of poverty and of toil, that spring day, entered into the same mystery of grief whose shadow lay on the home of those who owned the mill where she worked and the tenement on the floor of which she lay sobbing. But unfortunately the sort of love which is actual personal affection is rare between persons who belong to classes widely distinct from each other. Perhaps it is quite as often felt for the higher by the lower as the other way. Nor is this very strange. Undoubtedly, people of culture, of refined and dainty ways, are more calculated to inspire personal love in their inferiors than they are to feel it themselves for natures and characters more rudely moulded. Can no sympathy, then, be established between the higher, who are not always the richer, and the lower, who are not always the poorer ones of earth, which shall constitute the bond of a vital relation between them all? I think there is a love which, if less personal, is not less genuine than any love between equals, which the superior can feel for the inferior, and which can supply the necessary medium through which kind-

ness may pass without hurtful or offensive condescension. The divine love which has been the hope and solace of the world through the ages is of this character, and it has been the yearning desire of humanity to see it incarnated beyond the possibility of mistake in a human being. He who will bend his soul to the task of cultivating in himself this love for those who need it will not find any true culture of brain or any real refinement of nerve a hindrance to its growth. It is the finest force that the heart can generate, and no fineness is antagonistic to it. All that opposes its development, however delicate may seem the mental fibre that offers itself in opposition, is, in truth, only the brutal element in man, masking itself under some finical fancy.

The fact that the particular body of people who passed through the factory into other employments generally bettered their condition by so doing does not prevent it from being true that the growth of affairs has of late years developed another class of American workers, who in some respects are quite as badly off as were the factory operatives of that early day. These are certain classes of working girls in the cities. They have more refined associations, it is true, but these very associations must sometimes possess a teasing, tormenting quality, like the oft-quoted waters that surrounded Tantalus. Still, the preference which the American girl shows for an employment which brings her into a sort of contact with things and with customs which she considers elegant or beautiful cannot be wholly condemned or deplored. It argues a desire for something good, even if it does not always show a very clear perception of what is good. The shop girl's taste for the beautiful may at times be very false, but, such as it is, she has some opportunity to gratify it. On the other hand, no art and scarcely any beauty even of artifice enter into the life that is spent in the factory and the factory tenement. In the village

there may be natural beauty, but nature has generally, I believe, less attraction for the uneducated mind than have those productions of man which suggest luxury and adornment. The domestic affections may soothe and delight, but existence in the mill town is to the laborers bare of all that is elevating or refining on the side of the intellect or the æsthetic sense. This fact is worthy to receive serious consideration, beside the opinion which is occasionally maintained that the common human creature needs the alleviation of art, in order to escape from the turmoil of passion and of painful effort into the atmosphere of beauty, even more than the uncommon and superior being needs such alleviation.

Another thing must be remembered. According to the notions of the day, the social position of the shop and sewing girl is higher than that of the factory girl. If she ceased to be the former and became the latter, she might defeat her hope of making a marriage suitable to her views of life. This is not an entirely idle or valueless motive. So long as the feminine nature is harmonious with home life, and is sympathetic to the duties and joys consequent upon wifehood and motherhood, the desire which retains women in occupations which they believe to be favorable to the formation of satisfactory marriages is both healthy and conservative of the well-being of society.

Undoubtedly, the working girl often chooses her avocation from motives of shallow vanity or vulgar conventionality; more often she merely drifts towards some convenient occupation, a helpless straw upon the current of that industrial stream whose direction is determined for her and for all her kind by forces utterly beyond her control. She is a sewing girl, and not a factory girl, because she belongs to this generation, not because she prefers to be the one or the other. To say that she is sometimes governed by trivial motives is simply to affirm

that she manifests such frailties and errors of judgment as are inherent in humanity, both male and female. To say that she frequently has no real choice how she shall work, but is obliged to seize the first opportunity which custom presents to such as she, is merely to affirm that she, like the masculine laborer, is a victim to the exigencies of the labor market.

It is, therefore, not probable that any needed relief to the city working girls of American birth is to come through the extended removal of their labor from its present sphere to that of the cotton factory. Still, the events of social movement are so strange that they cannot be foretold; and even while considering the unlikelihood of such a change, my mind is forced to contemplate a possible drift again of the descendants of the Puritans into the mill. There are many natives there now, but they are of recent foreign extraction. As the distinction becomes less marked between this class and that which claims a longer inheritance in the American name, the two may assimilate in the factory as they now share some other avocations. A generation will soon arise whose grandparents only were foreign-born; and when it comes to that, their difference will not be very clearly defined from their comrades with whom it is a question of ancestry but a little farther removed. The American mill girl will not feel then that her companion is entirely alien to her in blood and breeding.

There are places in all cotton factories, and especially in those devoted to the more complicated processes of manufacture, which require more delicate labor of hand or brain than the merely elemental spinning and weaving, and in the present day an American man is occasionally found employed in them, or a Yankee girl may be discovered in one of the more sheltered nooks in the great industrial structure. There are still American superintendents, and some-

times there are overseers of native birth. Once in a while, on the other hand, the extreme shiftlessness, the hopeless unthriftiness, which sometimes characterizes the New Englander results in equally extreme poverty, and drives a family into the lower horde of mere machine operators. It may be that it is still an

open question whether these exceptional cases are to be regarded as simply survivals of a past order, or as indications of a coming change of attitude towards mill work on the part of the descendants of the people who, many generations ago, occupied the rural districts of New England.

Lillie B. Chace Wyman.

THE ATHLETIC PROBLEM IN EDUCATION.

ALTHOUGH the tendency of athletic sports to find a definite place in our educational institutions has doubtless, on the whole, proved beneficial to the interests of society, it promises to effect certain grave changes in our system of education. On the one hand, the needs of mental training for the duties of society are constantly increasing: each decade makes it more difficult to accomplish the sufficient education of youth. On the other, the development of the athletic motive trenches more and more upon the time and the interests of the student. Already educators of the youth in the mother country and her intellectual dependencies are struggling to bring about some satisfactory equation between these two classes of needs. Most of them clearly eye the advantage which is derived from physical sports. They see also only too clearly how in many instances these sports tend to turn the youth away from the interests of the higher culture. In the following pages I propose to consider the origin of the athletic impulses embodied in our sports, and their place in our system of education.

The disposition of mind and body which leads our youth so strongly towards the diversions of athletic sport rests upon several enduring inherent motives. In all the lower animals which are akin to man, indeed in nearly all

the mammalia, we find the young endowed with a sportive humor. As soon as they come into possession of their bodies, they begin to exercise them with vigorous antics, which, though they seem purposeless, are, physiologically considered, thoroughly purposeful. It is characteristic of all these creatures that the development of the brain keeps ahead of the muscular growth until the adult state is attained. The rapid growth of the body demands that it have a large amount of education in movement, a training which would not be gained by the ordinary functions of life. Sport comes in to exercise the frame, and so to perfect the process of growth. The friskings of two lambs in mimic combat or the endless capers of a young monkey are as necessary for their growth as the food which is built into the body. In man the period of growth is remarkably long. It lasts for a greater time than in any of his lower kindred, except perhaps the slow-growing elephants, and the changes which supervene between the time of birth and the perfect state of the body are greater in man than in any creatures mammalian.

Besides the need of training of the body which characterizes man, he requires a culture of the mind in a measure not demanded in the case of any other animal. It is therefore fit that with human beings the period of sport

culture, the time during which the two sides of life, the material and the mental, are receiving their education, should be greater than in any other creature. Sport, that is activity relating only to growth of mind and body, of necessity occupies a very large place in the history of a human being. There are other reasons why our ordinary sports have a place in the history of man greater than that which they possess in the period of development of lower creatures. The intelligence of man, and the keen sympathetic understanding of his fellows which arises from that intelligence, awaken the desire to conquer for conquering's sake. Some one has defined man as separated from other creatures by the fact that in him alone do we find progressive desires which are stimulated by their very satisfaction. From this peculiar form of the contending motives comes the impulse to win in contentions of every sort. Whoever has gained a sense of the contentions on which all human advance depends must value the development of this motive. Civilization is in fact made up of unnecessary accomplishments, of deeds which have been done beyond the limits of the moment's need.

Looking upon athletic sports in this way, considering them as a branch of natural education, the true trainer of youth will hesitate before he rashly ventures to interfere with the motives which lead to such diversions. He will see that he must reckon with this nature in his effort to impose the newer and as yet less natural arts of the higher intellectual culture. He will see that the form and quality of man took their ancestral shape in just such pleasurable activities as are manifest in our sports, and not in the grim work of the money-getting world, for which he is endeavoring to fit the being. He will, moreover, see that the moral status of the youth which it is his first duty to affirm has a certain gain from these modes of action. The habits of

command, of coöperation, and of laboring under defeat, qualities of the utmost value in maturer life, on which indeed the very successes of the race may depend, are cultivated in sportive contention, as they cannot be in any more artificial training. The teacher may prescribe the conditions of success in all modes of battle with the amplest illustrations from history without giving the youth a tenth part of the masterful quality which wins victories that he might obtain in a game of foot-ball. Therefore I say that the first duty of the educator is to look carefully to his processes when he begins to interfere with this ancient mode of culture.

The point that physical culture attained through the sportive motive is essential to the moral and bodily welfare of the race being accepted, the educator has to consider what are the evils which are likely to arise from the excessive development of these forms of exercise, — evils of a moral and physical sort. Considering first the physical effects of sports, we find a number of matters which demand the attention of the investigator. First among these effects upon the body, we may reckon the danger to life and limb incurred in a number of such diversions. It is a curious fact that nearly all our sports are based upon the effort to get possession of a ball: cricket, base-ball, foot-ball, lacrosse, tennis, all the common sports of youth except rowing, rest upon this contrivance. From the earliest dates of sport down to the present time, these little spheres have been the basis of diversions. Foot-ball, perhaps the oldest of these amusements among our people, has, as is well known, certain grave dangers. In the beginning of sports which grew up among the rustic population of England, the people of adjacent parishes played the game, all the able-bodied peasants taking a part in it. The ball was commonly kicked from the church of one parish to that of the other, and the contest lasted

often for many hours. When the sport came into the possession of school-boys, it was gradually organized, until at the present time it is subject to a very elaborate body of rules, and the number of contestants is limited to eleven on each side. The sport necessarily involves a system of training by which rude strength is combined with address in a very beautiful manner. The manifest aim of modern rules concerning this game is to limit the importance of mere brute force in contest, and it increases the value of the skill in individual action and perfection of combination among players. Although a good deal of risk is met in this sport, the regulation which it has of late undergone has diminished the element of danger, at the same time increasing the educational value of the diversion. To the ordinary well-conditioned young man the game has some eminent advantages. It teaches him to keep a cool head in moments of great activity. In it he learns to take considerable risks of bodily pain without hesitation, and to combine his action with that of his mates. It cultivates swift judgment, endurance, and self-confidence, without which even the naturally brave can never learn to meet danger. In no other form of activity can we, during times of peace, hope to give as valuable training to youth as is afforded by this sport. It appears to me well to bear with the dangers incurred in this violent form of exercise in order to retain in our system of discipline the peculiar training which is afforded by it alone.

Next to foot-ball, the sport of lacrosse, the only social custom which we have derived from the aborigines of this country, commends itself to the educator. As with foot-ball, lacrosse was originally a game played between large numbers of contestants. It has come now to the same limitation as regards numbers that we find with foot-ball. Like that sport, though in a less degree, it demands a

willingness to take bodily risks and an ability for creating swiftly formed co-operation between the persons engaged in the amusement. It has an advantage over foot-ball in that it does not necessarily involve the rude personal bodily contact between the contestants. If they touch each other in the strife, it is with the instrument by which the ball is thrown towards the goal.

Cricket and base-ball are to a great degree exempt from physical danger; at most the hands of the player suffer in the game. Even as much as the preceding sports, these minor forms of the ball games serve to train the youth in a swift and ready coöperation with their mates. Lawn tennis, at the moment the most popular of the ball sports, has the objection that the player is generally self-contained in his work, and does not obtain the training in coöperation which is the peculiarly precious element in the other related sports.

The only other coöperative diversion which is common enough among our students to give it any educational value is that of rowing. Aquatic contests with the oar have, as in the sports before mentioned, the general advantage that they require coöperation between those engaged in the labor, and this in a high measure. To attain success, the boating crew must devote the leisure of a year or more to the task of working together. A man thus learns to bring his activities into adjustment with those of his mates. The difficulty with this art, considered from the point of view of mental training, is that the individual is called upon to convert his body into a machine, which moves in rhythmical unity with the bodies of others. While the man engaged in foot-ball or other similar sports has to keep his mind in the highest degree awake, ready for instant and varied action, the boating man acts in a more mechanical way. His duty is to expend all his energies in a perfectly even manner during the twenty minutes

in which he is engaged in his strife, and the less he thinks while he is about his work the better his chance of success. This imperfection in the nature of the sport is partly compensated for by the fact that the work of a year in training is devoted to a moment of accomplishment in the actual race. It is something for the youth to learn the value of long-continued sacrifice directed to a single end.

The exercises of the gymnasium are what may be termed house exercises, generally involving no coöperation between the individual and his mates. Those sports which are self-contained, to run faster, jump higher, or put the shot further than any one else, may teach the individual the valuable art of putting forth all his energies to accomplish a given result, and in so far they are good; but lacking the coöperative element, they have a less moral value than the associated field sports. Only one of the house sports has an element of coöperation, — that known as the tug-of-war; and here the coöperative element is relatively small. Each individual is taught to sustain the utmost stress for a period of short duration, without much regard to the work of his fellows. The tug-of-war resembles, in certain features, the boat-race, but it appears to be of less moral value than any other coöperative sport. Pugilism and wrestling, which once held so large a place in popular sports, still have a small share in our house exercises. On the whole, however, they appear to be dying out. Their only good side is in the training which they give the youth in the capacity to stand punishment. They are very objectionable in that the close personal contact in the struggle necessarily leads to brutality. If, however, the youth can engage in such sports, and at the same time keep the mastery of his rage, they afford a certain kind of moral training which is not to be despised.

In considering the disadvantages at-

tendant on these several forms of diversion, we observe that the risk of physical accident is relatively small. Thus in the games at Harvard College during the last five years, although perhaps a thousand students have taken an active share in the contests, there has been no case in which death has been brought about, and it is doubtful if the maiming of any person has been so serious as to endanger his work in life. Where, as at the above-named school, the sports are supervised by a competent master of exercises, the risk of bodily ills is so very small that nothing but an unreasoning worship of life would lead to any criticism upon them on account of casualties which might occur.

It is possible, according to some medical testimony, that the excessive cultivation of the body in youth may lead to a speedier decay in middle life. The testimony on this point is conflicting, but it seems probable that such is not the case. The strain of the most vigorous contest upon the muscular and nervous system is not greater than those which are met by soldiers and others engaged in the serious activities of life. The statistics concerning the careers of those who have been engaged in university races, both in this country and Europe, do not indicate that these contests permanently impair the health of those engaged in them. It thus appears that we may dismiss the apprehension that athletic exercises are harmful to the body. We may well deem the immediate evidence of strong health and endurance which characterizes those who cultivate these arts as a substantial gain, and one not offset by any future disadvantages.

When we consider the effect of athletic sports upon the mental and moral development of youth, the question becomes of a more embarrassing character. In presenting the matter, I shall first turn the reader's attention to one effect of athletic exercises, which has not been

recognized in any writings I have seen upon the subject. This is the influence of athleticism in retarding the development of the mind. There is a great diversity in the peoples of northern Europe as to the age at which the mind acquires its normal powers. One of the commonest sources of perplexity in the management of young men arises from the fact that the mental development is not always coördinated with physical growth. This seems to be conspicuously the case in the youth of the United States. In watching for a quarter of a century the tide of youth which sets through Harvard College, I have paid a good deal of attention to those cases in which there has been a manifest retardation in the mental development. Many observers have noted that the youth of frail bodies frequently attain to something like intellectual maturity at an early age. In European countries it appears not unusual that boys of sixteen exhibit very nearly their full powers, or at least show to the observer what their ultimate capacities are to be. My personal contact with college students has been of an intimate nature. I have known rather more than three thousand such students under twenty years of age. Among none of these have I observed such instances of precocity as appear to be not uncommon in other countries. I am therefore inclined to think it likely that the American youth is, in the language of the naturalist, more atrocious than those of other lands; that is, his mental growth is more than usually retarded. This appears to coincide with the experience of American life-insurance companies in this country,—an experience which shows that the longevity of the American man is rather greater than that of the race on the other side of the water. From the same contact with youths from all sections of the country, in Harvard College, I have come to the conclusion that a high measure of physical activity tends

to postpone the period of mental maturity. I think the youths who have been much given to field sports, or who, in other words, have attained a vigorous growth, are apt to be from one to two years behind their mates in their intellectual development.

Although it is a serious inconvenience to our educational system to have such diversities between the physical and mental development, and in many regards disadvantageous to the youth of vigorous body to be bound to their fellows in a race for intellectual gains, their minds are, in the end, none the less good for being slow to come to a full measure of capacity. It seems likely that they are surer of long life from the slower growth at the beginning of their careers.

Turning now to the mental and moral evils of contestive sports, we find a more puzzling field of inquiry. In all forms of games, the principal interest in the performance is derived from the motive of the contestants to overcome their antagonists. As long as this effort is limited to the exercise of skill, to the training in coöperation and individual sacrifice, the result is in a high degree enlarging to the youth. Whatever of the mean impulse towards victory there may be is overwhelmed by the larger and more humanistic motive. The difficulty is that the winning is almost certain to become dearer to the contestants than the action which leads to it. The result is a temptation to resort to subterfuge in order to secure success. No one can attentively watch any of our college sports without being occasionally struck with the evidence of this debasing spirit. More commonly it is found among the keenly interested spectators than in those actually engaged in the games; but it is sometimes evident even there. Thus, in our base-ball games, one occasionally sees a youth endeavor to claim a point to which he knows he has no right. He trusts to the chances of the umpire not

being able to see the actual state of the case. As far as it goes, this evil habit is in the last degree degrading, and calculated to bear very ill fruit in the subsequent life of the man. Nothing can be worse in the way of a bar to an honorable career than the habit of winning unjustly. Let a man accept the principle that the chance failure of an arbiter to see through his tricks gives him a right to the gains they may afford him, and thenceforth the limits of honorable action will never be clear to him.

It is the custom of those who coach teams in contests to endeavor by their talk to worry their opponents. This evil has grown up in intercollegiate contests within a few years. It is now so serious as to threaten the wholesomeness of sport. The condition of the game of base-ball favors the use of this pernicious custom. It is necessary, in that sport, for the coach to direct the movements of certain men. It is undoubtedly very easy for him to make his shouting efficient in disturbing the work of his antagonists.

Another evil of the game arises from the fact that all the decisions of critical points depend upon hired umpires. My observation of this class of men has shown me that, as a whole, they are singularly just in their judgments. Their task is one of much difficulty, and is exposed to peculiar temptations. It is greatly to their credit that they are rarely suspected of deliberate injustice. Nevertheless, it seems to me unfit that the sports of students should be in any way involved with the actions of paid men belonging to a distinctly different class. In such a class there is of course a liability of trickery. Every now and then it is suspected that the gamesters who have money staked on the result of these contests pay the umpire for his influence in the result of the game. In almost all closely contested matches, it is easy for him to give the result to the side he may deliberately prefer.

The danger to the moral tone of these sports which arises from the services of hired umpires is connected with the larger evil of betting upon such games. It is a well-known fact that a great deal of money is staked, both by students and the outside public, on the results of intercollegiate contests. Sporting-men, in general, have a fancy for wagers on such events, for the reason that while there is some room for fraud, they feel on the whole more protected from it than in any other public sports. As between the students of the colleges, a great deal of money is commonly staked on the issue. Although the habit of making incidental wagers on the result of contests is perhaps not a very serious evil in itself, it breeds a habit of mind which readily leads to the youth's destruction. As in all immature people, even among the adult of uncultivated races, the gambling impulse is everywhere strong among students. All things considered, it is probably the most serious evil with which our higher schools have to deal. It appears to be worse in our secondary schools than in the universities. The worst evil of gambling is that it brings about a habit of mind which is apt to follow the youth through life. Other vices are often corrected by experience. This habit is characterized by singular permanence, and totally unfits the youth for the serious, unexciting, and laborious work of the world. In so far as matched games serve to develop the gamester humor in our youth, they are a curse to our institutions of learning. There is no question that they do afford the opportunity for much speculation of this description; but it is an open question whether, in case this opportunity of gambling were wanting, the motive would not find an outlet in other lines. Nevertheless, I am inclined to the opinion that the gambling which is induced by intercollegiate sports is a very serious qualification of their utility. There is some consolation in the fact

that the youth is apt to learn the lesson of discretion in the use of the speculative motive with less damage to his pocket or character by betting on the games of his mates than in more sordid ways.

In some institutions of learning it appears to have been noticed that athletic contests have served to diminish the interest of the student body in personal exercises. It is supposed that the interest of the individual student in his own physical culture is in some way diminished by the success of his comrades, who by virtue of their natural parts or long-continued training have attained to perfection in the art. Thus, in the report made by a committee of the board of overseers of Harvard College, the ground was taken that competitive athletics had served to lower the physical condition of the students, few taking part in such sports, for the reason that they could not attain distinguished excellence in their work. My own experience as a student and teacher in Harvard College, which extends altogether over a period of thirty years, does not support this judgment. I note in the first place that a poor physical condition is at present a matter of reproach to an individual, and he feels that he has to justify his bad state to his comrades by some kind of plea in extenuation. I notice furthermore that, in teaching geology in the field, set walks which twenty years ago surpassed the pedestrian powers of quite one half my students are now entirely within their abilities. That the reader may not be led to explain this difference by the fact of growing infirmity on my own part, I may say that not only the distances, but the times involved in the journey, are the same now as of old. There can be no question in my mind that the physical condition of the average student at Harvard College is vastly better than it was a score of years ago.

Along with this improvement in physical condition of youths has gone a decided gain in certain moral qualities. Thus between 1864 and 1870, it was not uncommon to find students in Harvard College seriously the worse for habits of drinking. I can recollect in those years a dozen cases in which I felt impelled to expostulate with young men on this subject. At least as many persons were known to me to be what we may properly call drunkards; but from about 1870, when the athletic motive began to develop, and particularly since the foundation of the new gymnasium, and the consequent wide development of field and house athletics, this vice has been rapidly diminishing. At present I do not know in my acquaintance with the students, which extends perhaps to half the members of the university, a single case in which the young man can be called a drunkard. I believe this gain to be due in large measure to the sense of pride in a physical state which affects by far the larger part of the students. Their experience in training, which is undergone in one way or another by a very large part of the young men, gives them by experiment a clear understanding as to the influence of hygienic conditions. In a similar way the use of tobacco has diminished. Between 1865 and 1880, it was not uncommon to find men so sodden with tobacco that they were unpleasant subjects to have in a small lecture-room. In this decade, I have found but two or three persons affected to this extent by tobacco. Even the use of tea and coffee, on the whole undesirable with youth, but extremely common in former years, has remarkably diminished. I am informed that only about one half the students who take their meals at Memorial Hall indulge in these beverages. In fact, the ways of the trained men in a college, like the customs of an army in a state where the military arm has great importance, are effective upon the body of

the folk. Reasonable living is necessary to athletic success, and the habits of those men become in a way a pattern for the school life.

Inquiries which have just been made by a committee of the college faculty, to whom was referred the report of the board of overseers concerning intercollegiate sports, have shown that about one half of the students in Harvard College submit themselves to the valuable physical and moral discipline involved in training. Though only a part of this number have attained to success as athletes, they all share the advantages which the preparation gives. The gain in physical and moral stamina which comes from such modes of life is incalculably great. All the teachers of Harvard College who have kept themselves in close relations with the students are sensible of this profit.

The question remains whether the competitive element in the contests is necessary for the perpetuation of what we may call the athletic motive. This is a difficult question to decide; but there are certain considerations which may not be without value. First, we note the fact that in all sports whatsoever the competitive element enters. A man may get a certain measure of diversion in solitary exercise; but we all know by experience how little inclined youth is to physical activities, except under either the stimulus of contention or the stimulus of example. It is scarcely to be supposed that the disciplinary training which is so desirable an element in our sports will be endured for any other end than the culture of the body. Mere exercise for the preservation of health does not commend itself to the untrained young man. This activity of the athletic motive in our schools has been secured by means of the competition between the students of the several colleges. We cannot expect to perpetuate the motive without the existence of the stimulus under which it has grown up.

Because we must look to intercollegiate contests for the stimulus which is to maintain the athletic activity of the students, it does not, however, follow that the amount of this competition need be very great. At present it appears to be excessive. Thus in the case of Harvard College, though the measure of the contention has been restrained by the action of the faculty, the athletic organizations enter into competition with about half a dozen other institutions, with the result that an unreasonable amount of time is given to such contests. It seems probable that all the necessary stimulus could be secured by having the contests limited to two or three schools. It is indeed possible that if there were no other competitions save those between Harvard and Yale, their youths would be provided with a sufficient incentive for the development of their athletic activities. It should be noted, however, that experience appears to show that where the competition is limited to a single organization, the spirit of contention becomes much intensified, and there is danger of having the antagonism develop in a dangerous degree, in a measure hurtful to the spirit of good nature which should prevail in such contests.

One of the most serious evils connected with athletic sports arises from the wild celebrations with which victory in important contests is received. All our larger colleges suffer from this evil. The fact is that youths are somewhat liable to outbreaks of a mob-like spirit, which is only partly subjugated even in completely trained men, and is very apt to overwhelm reason in persons who are not yet matured by culture. The only way in which an approach to adequate control has been had with these outbreaks is by the threat on the part of the college authorities to prohibit all contests with other colleges if the rejoicings are not moderated. This prohibitive element introduces at

once a bad spirit into the relations of the college authorities with the students.

It seems to me very desirable, in order to promote the educative value of these sports, that all forms of restraint should be brought about as far as possible by the action of the students themselves. At present, in Harvard College, the effort is to bring the moral and legal control of these diversions into the hands of a committee composed of members of the faculty, graduates, and representatives of their own body chosen by the students. There is reason to hope that this method may be successful, and that to the other profits of athletic culture we may add the training of moderation in action supplied by the rational sense of the student body. This is clearly the most hopeful way of ridding this branch of education of its evil.

We must bear in mind the fact that the revival of athletic sports in this country has been of decided advantage to our people. An inspection of the admirable records as to the physical condition of students, which are kept at Harvard University, show clearly that we have in the gymnastic habit a precious influence in our education. Whatever steps may be taken to guide this impulse in our youth, we must take pains not to stop the spring whence it flows.

It would be interesting to trace the relation of the modern athletic motive as it is developing in the English people to the general tides of thought which have affected that folk. It might be shown that the sportive humor which is now affecting that people appears to be a part of that curious reaction against the puritanic motive which so profoundly influenced this people for some centuries. For hundreds of years our race was singularly dominated by the schools of religious thought which condemned the body and all its spontaneous motives. We are now in the midst of a reaction against that long-continued depression. There is a certain risk that we may go

too far, for all such resurgences of motive have their dangers. There can be no doubt, however, that as a whole the change has been helpful to the state of man. As yet we have not begun to meet the evils which, from their devotion to sport, beset the upper classes of Rome. The man of to-day is a much gentler creature than the Roman. He is at foundation profoundly sympathetic, deeply affected by the Christian motive, and there is very little risk that our athleticism will take on the Roman shape.

It appears to me that the best method of meeting the evils which have arisen and are likely to arise from sports is to be found in a thorough-going understanding on the part of our young men concerning their place in life. To attain this end, our colleges should give as systematic instruction in the matter of sports as circumstances will permit. I cannot see but that it would be well to follow the plan already introduced into some of the colleges, of making gymnastic exercise a required element in the training. To the physical part of the exercise of such a course there might well be added a careful study of the anatomy and physiology connected with the problems of the muscular and hygienic development. The best education is that which mixes the rational with the impulsive or emotional motives. If the students could be brought to consider the matter of their diversions with a certain rationality of view, the effect would be to temper that element of fury which is now the only evil of these diversions.

The last point in the athletic problem which we shall consider is the relation of athletic sports to repose. Many critics of athletics have objected to the large amount of nervous expenditure involved in such diversions. In the first place they deplore the loss of this energy from more intellectual labor, and in the next place they object to the encroach-

ment upon the period of rest. The experience of our colleges shows pretty clearly that the evils likely to arise from the excessive devotion of time to diversions are not of a serious nature. Those inclined to be good students will do their intellectual work as well as their play, neither harming the other. The unintellectual person probably secures as much training in sport as he does in any other part of his employment. If there be embarrassments arising from excessive devotion to athletics, it is easy for the college authorities to remedy the matter by enforcing the requirements of study.

It has been suggested that athletic sports trench on the time which students should give to rest and quiet thought. To this we may answer that the need of rest other than that of sleep in the case of youth is very doubtful. Judging from the behavior of the youth of savages and of the lower animals, we

may fairly say that sport is the true rest of youth-time. It is true that the middle-aged man, the natural critic of youth, finds an intellectual as well as physical profit in contemplative repose, and therefore is inclined to favor the same habit in youth. Those of athletic organization are rarely meditative; it is rare, indeed, that youth is inclined to such habits, and it may be doubted whether they are likely to be good for him. We can afford to risk the loss of the contemplative habit, because there are few persons so organized as to make good use of this intellectual employment, and for the better reason that the world needs rather the swift reaction of man against his surroundings which the athletic habits favor. This quality the world will have at any cost. It can afford to pay empires for it, for on this capacity rests nearly all the successes which constitute human advance.

N. S. Shaler.

THE CRICKET.

PIPER of the fields and woods
 And the fragrant solitudes,
 When the trees are stripped of leaves,
 And the choked brook sobs and grieves;
 When the golden-rod alone
 Feigns the summer hath not flown;
 Then while evening airs grow chill,
 And the flocks upon the hill
 Huddle in the waning light,
 Thou, ere falls the frosty night,
 To the kine that homeward pass
 Pipest 'mid the stiffening grass.

Dark may dawn the winter days,—
 Where thou art the summer stays;
 Though the ruffian north winds roar,
 Lash the roof and smite the door,
 Thou from hearths secure and warm
 Laugh'st at the brewing storm,
 And thy merry minstrelsy

Sets the frozen fancy free.
Dost thou dream, O piper brave,
That from his sea-haunted grave
He who praised thy song of yore
Hath come back to hear once more,
Through high noons, thy strident strain
Borne o'er Enna's saffron plain?
Long, long since the nectared hoard
That the yellow bees had stored
In the turf above his head
Hath, by many a passing tread
O'er the chamber of his sleep,
In the dust been trampled deep.
From his lentisk couch of rest,
In his shaggy goat-skin vest,
He shall rise no more to hear,
With the poet's raptured ear,
O'er the thymy pastures swell
Morning sounds he loved so well.
Other skies are over us,
And afar Theocritus
Slumbers deep, O piper small,
And he will not heed at all
Though be struck thy shrillest notes,
Yet a voice like thine still floats
O'er him where thy shy kin be
'Mid the dews of Sicily.

James B. Kenyon.

MR. TOMMY DOVE.

I.

THE apothecary shop in Old Chester stood a little back from the street. There was a garden in front of it, but the fence which inclosed it was broken in places, so that an envious hand, had any such been known in Old Chester, could easily have broken off a cluster of cinnamon roses, or grasped a stately stem of tall white lilies.

The shop itself was but the square front room of Mr. Tommy Dove's old stone house. One of the windows had been cut down to make a door, so that customers might not wear out the white-

and-gray oil-cloth in his mother's entry; and the two front doors, side by side, were perhaps more of a distinguishing feature than the small pestle and mortar, which, suspended by some wires from an upper window, had long ago given to the wind and rain what gilding they possessed.

It was since Mrs. Dove's death that the fence had fallen out of repair, and wayfarers might be tempted by the bloom and richness of the garden; and since her death, too, the old front door had not been opened, and the gray house had lost its individuality as a home to become merely the apothecary shop.

Yet in spite of the closed shutters of the upper rooms and the silent entries, Tommy Dove still tried to feel that he had a home. He was glad to close the shop at night, first fixing the cord of the jangling bell, that he might be summoned if he were needed, and, going back into the kitchen, eat the somewhat uncomfortable supper which had been prepared for him by the woman who took charge of the house. He would open a book beside his plate, and eat, and read, and dream until Mrs. McDonald's heavy step warned him that she was impatient to put the kitchen to rights for the night. On such occasions Tommy would rub his hands together, and listen to his kettle singing on the fire, and think how cozy he was, yet with a sort of disappointment in himself, and a dim consciousness that he was losing some richness in his life, as he remembered, with a pang, that he was not grieving for his mother; and there was always the effort to drive his thoughts back to his own loneliness.

"Ah, it's hard on a man to have to make his own tea, and look after his household affairs!"

It pleased the apothecary to say "household affairs," and it pleased him yet more to meditate upon them in silence, with no shrill interruptions or commands. After long suppression and distrust, it was with a kind of wondering joy that this obedient son found the keys of the china-closet and the linen-press in his possession. True, their contents had no especial value,—"An ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own." So he counted the sheets and pillow-cases, and laid fresh sprigs of lavender among them with his own hands, and cautioned Mrs. McDonald to be careful in washing his old blue cups and saucers. He wished that she would not always reply, "Yes, yes, Mr. Tommy. Don't fret, dear." She meant it kindly, he was sure, but it hurt his new-born dignity a little.

"If mother had only called me *Thomas* instead of *Tommy*," he thought, "people would have treated me with more respect."

But if a man's own family snub him, he need not hope for anything more reverent than kindness from his immediate world. In a vague way Mr. Tommy realized this, and accepted the friendly nickname without a protest.

Part of the joy of being a proprietor expressed itself in the apothecary's garden. He no longer rose early to weed it, dearly as he loved it, and much as he missed those hours of dawn among his flowers. The tropæolums should trail half-way across the gravel path if they wanted to, and the sweet-peas might clamber up into the white rose if it pleased them. Tommy would not train them. He sometimes thought he knew how they felt. The broken fence did trouble him a little, but that it should not be mended was his unconscious protest at the past.

Yet he did bestir himself in this matter a week before the Temples came back to Old Chester. He was unwilling that Mr. Temple should see any disorder about the shop, or little Dick Temple, who used to beg for seeds from the balloon-vine to crack against his rosy cheek, or Miss Jane. They must not think he neglected his plants. So it was really a relief to him when he went out to his kitchen, one June evening, to know that the fence was mended, and not a single weed had hidden among the flowers. He seated himself by the open kitchen window, and, rocking slowly back and forth, stirred his tea with a small, thin spoon. The morning-glories outside made a frame for the distant hills, and for the yellow sunset with its filmy bars of gray cloud. Tommy was thinking how long it was since the great house at the other end of the village had been opened. Yes, it was surely eight years ago that the Temples had been in Old Chester. He

tried to adjust his thought of Dick. "Why, he must be quite a boy," he said. Then he reflected how the Temples would sympathize with him because of his mother's death. That they knew all about it the apothecary did not doubt. Was it not the most important event of his life? He wondered if Miss Jane had changed much; he even sighed a little as he thought of her. Miss Jane Temple, living in her brother's rich, comfortable house, with strong, bright interests all around her, seemed to this silent and somewhat timid man like a being from another world. Henry Temple's light-hearted indifference to everything outside of his own life had always awed the apothecary; but Miss Jane, in spite of her different world, was not like her brother, — she was quite simple, Tommy Dove thought, and gentle; so that when he saw her alone, on those rare days when she came to the shop, he was not at all afraid of her.

"Yes," he said to himself, putting his cup and saucer down on the broad white window-sill, "I should n't wonder a bit if she came in to tell me she sympathized with me, she's so kind."

And he was right in thinking Jane Temple would condole with him. She heard of Mrs. Dove's death soon after her return, and knowing less of the character of the deceased than most of Old Chester, she came very soon to the apothecary shop to say, with tears in her eyes, that she had heard of Mr. Tommy's loss, and she was so sorry. She was thinking of her own mother as she spoke, and the time when she was the guarded treasure of the big white house on the hill.

She had walked up the smooth gravel path with little Effie Temple hanging upon her hand, and she stood now at the low stone step. Mr. Tommy, leaning on his half-door and looking absently at the bloom and tangle of his garden, straightened up as he saw her coming, and hurried out to take the hand

she extended, and to stumble through some sort of greeting.

"And who is this little girl?" he inquired, buttoning his coat up to his chin with nervous fingers. The child's calm stare disconcerted him even more than Miss Jane's presence.

"This is my niece Effie," Miss Jane answered, smiling, for the child did not speak. "She was a baby when we left Old Chester."

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Tommy, — "oh, dear me, yes, indeed. I remember there *was* a baby. Won't you step in, Miss Jane? — and perhaps the little girl will let me make some hollyhock ladies to amuse her."

Effie frowned, but looked interested. "What are hollyhock ladies?" she demanded.

Her aunt did not go into the shop, though Mr. Tommy held the half-door hospitably open.

"I'll just wait down here," she said; and while Mr. Tommy went over to the row of hollyhocks, and, standing bare-headed in the sunshine, began to fill his hat with the silky blossoms, white and buff, rose-color and deep wine-red, she sat resting on the warm, broad step. She watched the row of pigeons sunning their white breasts on the ridgepole of the old barn, and listened to their long, rippling coo. A shadow from the honeysuckle about the door blew back and forth across the path, and up from the garden came the scent of sweet-clyssum and mignonette.

When Mr. Tommy came back, Effie, with her hands behind her and grave, unresponsive face, watched him strip off the calyx and bend back the petals, leaving a puffy yellow ball with nodding plumes upon a slender neck. The apothecary's fingers seemed all thumbs under the cool gaze of the child, but he managed to tie a blade of grass around the middle of the folded petals.

"That is a sash," he explained nervously.

"I think," observed Effie, slowly, "that nobody would know they were intended for ladies."

"Oh, Effie, dear!" said Miss Jane, pleadingly. But Tommy hastened to agree with the child.

"Oh, no," he said. "Oh, dear me, of course not. They don't look at all like ladies. But when I was a little boy I used to think they did, and I made whole families of them when the hollyhocks were in blossom; they were my dolls, you know."

"I didn't know boys played with dolls," Effie answered.

But Miss Jane looked distressed and apologetic, and it was perhaps because she feared Mr. Tommy's feelings had been hurt that she went through the shop into the small sitting-room beyond, and listened while he told her of his mother's sickness and death. But Effie's presence embarrassed him so much that, with a nervous desire to propitiate her, he opened the door of his corner-closet, and took out a cup and saucer of thin, fine china. There were little faded lavender flowers scattered over it, and the gilt upon the handle was somewhat worn, but it was delicate and pretty, and Tommy, standing in a streak of sunshine, with one lean hand upon the door of his closet, looked with wistful blue eyes at Effie.

"Perhaps," he said, "the little girl will take this little gift. I would be pleased if she would accept it."

"Oh, it is so pretty, Mr. Tommy," said Miss Jane. It would not have been kind to decline it, she thought, since Effie had been so naughty. "Say thank you, Effie. Indeed, you are too good, Mr. Tommy." And, in her mild way, as they walked home, she reproved the child because she had not seemed pleased.

But Effie was never known to hesitate for an excuse.

"Well, but, aunty," she explained, "why should that man give me a cup

and saucer? Haven't we *hundreds* of cups and saucers? And he kept calling me 'little girl,' — and his ridiculous old hollyhock ladies!"

II.

This little visit of Miss Jane's gave Tommy Dove much to reflect upon.

How gentle she was, how low her voice, how condescending her manner! Mr. Tommy knew no better than to call Miss Jane's timidity condescension, but that did not make him less happy. There was no one in Old Chester in the least like her, he thought; and then he fell to meditating upon his loneliness. He wondered how life would have seemed if his mother had not hated Mary Ellen Boyce, and the one dawn of love in all his cramped and timid life had been allowed to brighten into day. Yet, curiously enough, he found himself regretting his mother's sternness less than he had ever done before.

He thought of his talk with Miss Jane so often that week, that, without quite knowing why, he found himself, at the close of the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, waiting outside the church door. But Miss Jane, stopping to speak to old friends, was so long in coming out that most of the congregation had dispersed; so Tommy, quite naturally, began to walk beside her as he said "Good-evening," and hoped that she "found herself very well."

Miss Jane answered with a gentle cordiality, which the apothecary thought beautiful, but all the while she looked anxiously up the moonlit road, which wound like a white ribbon back among the hills. "I asked Dick to meet me," she explained, "but very likely he has forgotten it. He is such a good boy, Dick is, but sometimes he forgets." Miss Jane's love was not of the fibre which demands the best in its beloved.

"If," said Mr. Tommy, eagerly, —

"if you will allow me to walk along with you, ma'am" —

"Oh, no, indeed, Mr. Tommy," she answered, quite fluttered and hesitating. "The lane is as quiet as can be, and the moon has made it as light as day. Oh, no, indeed."

But the apothecary urged her again with respectful anxiety.

"You ought not to be alone, if you'll allow me to say so, Miss Jane." And so he went to the very door of Henry Temple's house. Miss Jane had so many questions to ask about Old Chester, and he had so much to tell her, that the walk was a pleasant one to them both; and, with a friendly impulse, as she said good-night and thanked him for his kindness, she asked him if he would not come in.

It was with a strange sensation that, standing in the shadows at the foot of the white steps, Tommy Dove declined what he had never dreamed would be offered to him. But he did it, and then went back to his shop, and, sitting down behind the counter, leaned his head on his hands and thought it all over. He hoped that he had expressed himself well; "elegantly" was the word in Tommy's mind. He felt sure that his conversation about his books had been very genteel, but he doubted a little if it had not been vulgar to speak of such common things as the snails and rose-bugs in his garden. This troubled him, and he was not quite happy when he lighted his candle and went up-stairs to his bedroom, under the eaves.

Miss Jane had enjoyed the walk home, but she was a little relieved that Mr. Tommy had not accepted her invitation. "There are no lights in the parlor," she said to herself, "and I could n't have taken him into the library."

When she opened the library door, her sweet elderly face flushed by the night air, and her eyes dazzled by the light, Henry Temple glanced up at her over

his glasses long enough to say, "Well, Janey?" and then settled back into his newspaper; but Dick sprang up from his seat beside his mother's sofa with a conscience-stricken look.

"Oh, aunty," he exclaimed, "what a lout I am! I forgot all about prayer-meeting!"

"Why, Richard!" said his mother in dismay, and Mr. Temple put down his paper to say, "Were you to go for your aunt? I'm ashamed of you, sir!"

"Oh, it is no matter, dear brother," protested Miss Jane, her face shining with affection; "never mind, Dick. As though one could n't come home alone in Old Chester! — though, really, I did n't; Mr. Dove walked back with me."

"Dove?" said Henry Temple. "Oh, Mr. Tommy? Yes. Well, that was really very nice in him. Did n't his mother die last winter? Dick, you cub, have you apologized to your aunt? Janey, while I think of it, just see that my gun-case is mended, will you? The baize is torn at one end."

"And, aunty," Dick said, penitently, "if you'll forgive me this time, I'll go with you, as well as for you, next week. It's this beastly translation; just look at that stuff! — *Finditur nodus cordis*" —

Miss Jane took off her bonnet, and leaned over Dick's shoulder; ever since the days in which she taught him his A B C's, she had been impressed by her nephew's learning, but she did not comment upon it now.

"Yes, she died in January," she said, slowly. "He must be very lonely."

No one answered her; each member of the family had its own occupations and interests, and Miss Jane's pity was as unnoticed as the fall of a rose-leaf outside in the tranquil night.

The library was such a pleasant room, though it was dim with cigar smoke that evening, that it was easy to shut out other people's affairs and be simply comfortable. The window on the south side had a broad, leather-cushioned seat,

where Effie Temple was curled up reading by the light of a hanging lamp. The lattices were open, and the soft June air and the climbing roses came in together from the moonlit night. The walls were lined with books, and in the corners were racks for fishing-rods; a pair of spurs had been thrown down upon the table, already littered with papers and letters and bits of unfinished fancy-work. A liver-colored pointer had fallen asleep beside Mrs. Temple's sofa, her delicate hand resting lovingly on his sleek head, and a collie was stretched at the feet of the master of the house.

Miss Jane felt, vaguely, that this careless comfort was the reason of the indifference to the outside world. Mr. Tommy's sorrow could not touch any one here, and for that reason, perhaps, she kept it in her own heart; possibly because the interests of her life were not her own, but other people's, Miss Jane's heart had more room for Mr. Tommy's griefs.

"Really," said Mrs. Temple that night to her husband, after she had eaten the bowl of delicate gruel her sister-in-law had brought her, — "really, Janey is a great help; you have no idea how much, in a small way, she relieves me."

"I've not a doubt of it," responded Henry Temple, pausing with his boot-jack in one plump white hand. "Janey has n't any mind, particularly, but she is a very good sort of person to depend upon. It's lucky for us she never married."

"Well," said Mrs. Temple, doubtfully, "it is for us, Henry — but, perhaps, — don't you think for Jane it is n't so lucky? I'm almost sorry for Jane. Not but what she's contented, — in your house she could n't be anything else, — but a woman's happier to be married, my dear."

She smiled at him, adoringly; possibly her sister-in-law's usefulness had protected the romance of Euphemia

Temple's life, and kept her blind to facts. But her husband laughed. Henry Temple's laugh was so frequent and so cordial that every one felt him to be the most good-natured fellow in the world.

"Nonsense!" he said; "she's happy enough. What could she want better? A comfortable home, a chance to travel sometimes, — and I'm sure we are all really fond of Janey! No, no, she's happy enough. Besides, she might not have found a good husband."

And Mrs. Temple assented, with a sigh of thankfulness for her own blessings.

III.

Miss Jane thought very often of Mr. Tommy's sorrow. She saw him once or twice in the village after that walk home from prayer-meeting, and she met him again in the west pasture, where she had gone to look for wild strawberries for her sister-in-law, — a task which could not be entrusted to the dull eyes of servants, and Dick was too busy, and Effie did not like the July sun even as late as five o'clock.

Miss Jane had stopped to rest upon a ledge of rock, which the roots of a walnut-tree grasped like the fingers of a wrinkled hand. She liked to hear the rustle of the wind in the sweet-fern at her side, and the shrill cry of the crickets. She took off her broad hat, and smoothed back a lock of her pale brown hair; then she watched a wandering butterfly light upon a swaying stalk of mullein, and slowly open and close his velvety wings. She was wondering, her eyes fixed absently upon the brown butterfly, if it would be very long before her brother opened the old house again, — this country life was very dear to Jane Temple, — so she did not hear Mr. Tommy's step, and his voice startled her when he said timidly, "Good-evening, ma'am." But she was distinctly glad to see him; he was part of Old Chester to Miss

Jane. The apothecary's arms were full of pennyroyal, and he buried his face in it once or twice, as though its fragrance delighted him, though really it was only to hide his embarrassed joy.

"I've been picking pennyroyal," he said, as if its aromatic perfume needed any explanation; "it grows very thickly on the East Common." Then, a little awkwardly, he pulled out half a dozen sprays from his bunch, and offered them to Miss Jane. "Some like it," he observed.

"I do," answered Miss Jane; and from that it was easy to fall to talking of his garden, and how dear Old Chester was to Miss Jane, and how sorry she should be when November came, and she must leave it — "And it may be very long before we come back again," she ended, with a sigh.

They were both so interested they had not noticed how the shadows had lengthened, and then faded into the gray, warm dusk; but when they did, Miss Jane rose, nervously.

"Dear me," she said, "how late it is! I must make haste!"

Tommy stumbled along at her side over the uneven ground, trying to see the path through his great bunch of pennyroyal. "Miss Jane," he said, a little breathless as he tried to keep pace with her, "if — if you'll let me, I'll bring you a bunch of those cinnamon roses I told you of."

"Why, indeed, I shall be very glad to have them," she answered. "You are so kind. But I'm afraid it will be a trouble, Mr. Dove."

These little talks with the apothecary had lent him a new dignity in Miss Jane's eyes, and she no longer called him "Mr. Tommy."

"Why," he protested, — "why, it will be the greatest pleasure in the world, the greatest pleasure in the world!"

He walked to Henry Temple's gate with her, and then stood peering between the iron bars at her small figure hurrying

along the driveway under the overhanging trees.

Miss Jane was late, and she came breathlessly into the dining-room, to find the family at tea.

"Well, Janey," said her brother, "we began to think you were going to spend the night in the fields!"

"I am so sorry," Jane answered, with anxious contrition. "I really did n't know how late it was. Have you tried to make the tea, dear sister? Do let me take your place. I'm sure you are tired, and — I'm so sorry!"

"But what happened to you, Janey?" Mr. Temple asked, good-naturedly; he had finished his curry, and could afford to be interested in small matters. "I suppose you have brought home a bushel of strawberries?"

"No, she has n't!" cried Effie, shrilly, from her perch on Dick's knee. "She has n't been picking strawberries all this time. I went out to meet her, so I did, an' I got to the pasture bars, an' then I did n't go any further, 'cause I saw aunty sitting under the big walnut with Mr. Tommy Dove, — an' I don't like that Mr. Tommy Dove."

"What?" exclaimed Henry Temple, his eyes full of amusement. "This is very surprising, Jane!"

"Aunty, I'll get the strawberries for you, next time!" said Dick, with a laugh.

Miss Jane tried to make her somewhat weak voice heard. "I — I was just going to say, dear brother" — she began, her anxious face hot with blushes — "I met Mr. Dove; he came across the pasture, and I was resting — and he" —

"Yes, yes, we understand," said her brother, pushing his chair back. "Euphemia, I think Jane will prefer that Effie is kept at home in the afternoons. Effie, confine yourself to large facts, my child: say you went to meet your aunt, but spare the details. Eh, Jane?"

His jolly laugh drowned her answer,

and he did not wait for her to repeat it; indeed, the whole matter went out of his mind, nor did it occur to him again until a week later, when Mrs. Temple, with a droll look, told him that Mr. Tommy had brought Miss Jane a bunch of cinnamon roses, and had stayed talking with her upon the porch for nearly an hour.

"Well, now, sec here," he said, as he flung his head back, with a laugh; "it's absurd, of course, but really Jane must be careful. It's very well to be kind and neighborly,—nobody believes in that sort of thing more than I do,—only, it must n't turn into 'Love's Offering,' Euphemia."

He was even careful to drop a good-natured sarcasm concerning Mr. Tommy in Miss Jane's presence, and had a moment of uncomfortable surprise in seeing his sister's face flush a little. But, after all, Jane was a woman and a Temple, and was but properly kind-hearted; so he ceased to be thoughtful for the apothecary, and spared him his ridicule.

The taking that bunch of roses to Miss Jane had been a great pleasure to Mr. Tommy. He thought of it so continuously that he was strangely absent-minded when he mixed his powders and potions, thereby causing no little anxiety to some nervous customers. He began to say to himself that Miss Jane had received his little nosegay with such kindness that he wished he had something better to give her. After meditating for several days upon this subject, it occurred to him that there was a certain blue chest in the garret, which held women's gowns and some small fineries of his mother's. Yet it was not until he had once more walked home from prayer-meeting with her that he made up his mind to open it, and see if it contained anything worthy of Henry Temple's sister.

The Dove house was full of the slumberous silence of the August afternoon,

when Tommy climbed the dusty stairs to search the blue chest. The garret under the roof was very hot, and there was a scorched smell from the worm-eaten rafters, that mingled with the pungent fragrance of herbs which were drying upon the floor. A blue fly buzzed fitfully up and down one of the small panes of glass in the window, and the hot silence was accented by the tick of the death-watch in the wall, or the muffled stir of bird life under the eaves outside. Against the brick chimney, which was rough with lines of mortar, were spiders' webs, gray with the dust of years; and in a tarnished brass warming-pan was a family of mice, that started at Tommy's step, the mother peering at him with bright, anxious eyes, and then running across the floor to hide beneath a loosened plank.

Tommy propped the window open with a broken sandal-wood box, which held nothing more valuable than some old yellow letters; the blue fly spread his wings and tumbled out into the sunshine, and the fresh air came in, in a warm, sweet gust. Then he lifted the lid of the chest and looked in. There was a vague regret for himself in Tommy's mind that the contents roused no sacred sorrow; indeed, he was much more conscious of what a refuge the garret had been to him in his boyhood, when he longed to escape from the sharp, scolding voice to which he never dared reply; but he forgot this as he lifted out two gowns and examined them critically. One was of shimmering gray, with small bunches of purple flowers scattered over it, and the other of thin changeable silk. He held them out at arm's-length and reflected.

They did not seem quite like the dresses Miss Jane wore, but he could not tell why. Then a thought struck him. He looked towards the door by which he had entered, and though he knew that in the empty house there were no other curious eyes than those of the gray

mouse, he stepped back across the uneven floor, and shut and bolted the door. There was a mirror in one corner, hanging high upon the discolored wall; its worn gilt frame flung a shadow on its powdery surface, but Mr. Tommy, standing on tiptoe, and holding the gray dress up in front of him, could catch a glimpse of the high waist and balloon sleeves. He shook his head: the dresses would not do, he thought; they did not look like Miss Jane. He laid the gowns down upon a cowhide trunk, upon the lid of which *Dove* was marked in brass nail-heads, and began his search again.

There was not much to hope for among the bonnets and chintz gowns and queer mantillas, but almost at the bottom of the chest he found a square package folded in silvered paper. This he opened anxiously. It contained a pale pea-green crêpe shawl, embroidered along the edge, and with heavy silk fringe laid straight and smooth. Tommy breathed quick with pleasure. He could not have explained it, but this seemed as though it belonged to Miss Jane. He replaced the other things, and then closed the lid and sat down upon it.

He shook the shawl out of its folds of forty years, and held it up to dusk and gleam in the sunshine. Yes, it was certainly beautiful, and it was the very thing for Miss Jane. But how should he give it to her? Was it best to wrap it up again, or to throw it over his arm, and just remark — incidentally? He lifted the silvered paper that it might help him to decide, but it fell apart along the worn creases. After all, that settled it. He would carry it to her folded across his arm; it would make too much of it to present her with a packet.

He shut the small window, and stopped to turn the pennyroyal over, and then he left the old garret to its hot stillness.

The apothecary was not in a position
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to know that Henry Temple was entertaining some gentlemen at dinner that evening, but it would have spared him some pain could he have guessed it. As it was, he was impatient for the tall clock in the shop to strike eight, that, with the shawl upon his arm, he might walk up the shadowy lane to the white house on the hill.

As Mrs. Temple was too great an invalid to be present on such occasions, Miss Jane took the head of her brother's table. She was so silent and timid a hostess that by degrees Henry Temple's friends had ceased to feel that politeness made it necessary to try to include her in their conversation. Miss Jane had no small feminine opinions upon social or political problems, and she was filled with mild astonishment to learn that their talk of *der Aberglaube* was a religious discussion; indeed, she rarely knew what they were talking about, and it was always a relief to her when she was allowed to leave them to their cigars and wine, and retire to the parlor. There, on this still August evening, she sat nervously waiting to give them their coffee, while Tommy was hastening up the hill. There was a bowl of roses on the table beside her, and she was trying, by the light of two candles in the twisted arms of a tall candelabrum, to read one of her brother's learned books. Miss Jane was constantly "improving her mind." As Tommy caught a glimpse of her through one of the open French windows, it seemed to him that there was a halo round her bending head, such as he had seen about the gracious faces of pictured saints.

It was unfortunate that at that moment Henry Temple and his guests should have been coming, with talk and laughter, through the hall. It was impossible not to see Tommy's shrinking figure in the doorway, his small face quivering with embarrassment, and the green shawl upon his arm making a spot of white under the porch lamp.

"What does this person want, Jane?" her brother said in a low, annoyed tone.

"I — I must ask you to excuse me, brother," she answered, frightened, yet with the loyalty of a gentle heart. "I think Mr. Dove has come to see — me."

Henry Temple frowned. "Very well," he said, briefly; and then, with his charming, cordial voice, he joined again in the drawing-room conversation of the men, explaining with good-natured carelessness that they must pour out the coffee for themselves.

The apothecary followed Miss Jane to the library, but he would not sit down; he stood first on one foot and then on the other, nervously rolling the shawl into a muff to hide his hands. "I'll go right home again, ma'am," he said. "I won't interrupt you — I won't stay."

"Oh, please don't go, Mr. Dove," Miss Jane remonstrated, tremulously. "My brother is — is occupied, but I'll be glad if you will stay and talk to me."

So Tommy stayed a little while. Once, when Henry Temple came in to find some book, he rose, and said, "Good-evening, sir," with respectful timidity. Mr. Temple's good-nature was restored by that time, and he answered, "Oh, how are you, Mr. Tommy?" in a way which warmed the apothecary's heart. He did not stay long after that, but when he rose to go it took some little time to find suitable language in which to present his gift to Miss Jane. He stumbled over his words as he tried to tell her that he hoped she would accept it. "If you will please to take it," he ended, holding the shawl out to her entreatingly.

Miss Jane was as confused as he. "Indeed, Mr. Dove" — she protested.

"It was my — my dear mother's," he said, imploringly. "I'd like to think you were wearing it. There never was anybody else I could have given it to —

except Mary Ellen Boyce, and mother did n't like her, Miss Jane; and — if — if you would just be willing" —

"Why," said Miss Jane, the tears coming into her eyes with embarrassed pleasure, "I hardly know how to refuse, you are so kind, and it is so beautiful; only I — I ought not to accept it, you know."

"Oh, please do, ma'am!" burst out Tommy.

And Miss Jane could only take it, touching it with her white fingers in womanly enjoyment of its exquisite texture. "Why, it's as fine as a cobweb," she said. "You are too kind, Mr. Dove."

Tommy went home thrilled with happiness. Miss Jane thought him kind, — she had taken his little present, and said it was beautiful! The very existence of Mary Ellen Boyce faded out of his mind; his heart beat high with pride; he said to himself that he really did not know what he should do when Miss Jane went away from Old Chester.

Perhaps that was the moment when a vague, undefined thought came into the apothecary's mind. *Perhaps she need not go away!* Tommy was actually frightened at himself. "Why," he said aloud, "if Miss Jane knew I had thought of such a thing, she would be very angry with me."

Then the image of Henry Temple presented itself, and Tommy shivered. Nevertheless, with a sort of awful pleasure, he said again, "Perhaps she need not go away."

IV.

That was the first of half a dozen calls. Miss Jane began not only to enjoy them, but to look forward to them. It was impossible not to be touched by the subtle flattery of Tommy's timidity; and, after that, his honest belief in her judgment, which dared to be admiration, and the simplicity with which he began

to show how happy he was if he could but be near her, caused a deepening interest in Miss Jane's mind. Perhaps her pleasure was greater because her brother had been called away from home for a few weeks, and she did not fear his sarcasms. The amused and annoyed looks of Mrs. Temple and Dick hurt her only when she saw them; she began to feel a certain bravery for her own life which she had never known before. Dearly as she loved these dear people, and absorbed as she was in their interests, she began to see that it was possible that she might have an interest which should be all her own, and to realize that there was room in the life which they had seemed to fill for an affection which did not need their sanction. She began to have a feeling of proprietorship; a new and trembling dignity crept into her manner. To be sure, it could be overthrown by a word. Effie's remark that the green crêpe shawl she had boldly thrown across her shoulders was a hideous old thing made her quick to put it away; but there were some rose-geranium leaves from one of Tommy's nosegays between its soft folds. The alteration in her manner was so slight, however, that Henry Temple, at least, would never have noticed it, or been particularly concerned that the apothecary should call, had not Tommy's first visit after his return fallen upon an evening when her brother needed Miss Jane's services.

"Really, Euphemia," he said, on finding that Miss Jane had been summoned to the parlor to see Mr. Dove, "is n't this thing getting to be something more serious than a bore?"

Mr. Temple was standing with his back to the fire, his elbows on the mantelshelf behind him, and a cigar between his fingers. His handsome face showed decided annoyance. "I wanted Jane to copy some manuscript for me, and here comes this confounded apothecary to delay me. What business has the fellow

to be here, anyhow? What is Jane thinking of to allow it?"

As Mr. Temple reflected upon his own inconvenience, his irritation increased.

"It's clear enough what he's thinking of," said Dick, who was lounging about the room, with his hands in his pockets: "he's in love with aunty; the romance of the apothecary is a perfect nuisance in this household. I wanted her to mend my cap for me to-night. Effie, you humbug, why don't you learn to sew and mend your brother's things?"

"'Cause," Effie replied concisely; and then she added, "He met me in the village yesterday, that Mr. Tommy Dove did, an' he asked me if aunty was going to be at home last night, an' I told him no, she was n't."

"But, Effie, dear," protested her mother from the sofa, "she *was* at home!"

"I know it," said Effie calmly, "but I did n't want him round; she promised to play backgammon with me."

Mrs. Temple's troubled remonstrance was drowned in her husband's rollicking laugh.

"Well done, Ef!" he said; "but the ecclesiastical game should teach you a regard for truth, — though, on the whole, no; it would have the opposite result. Don't play it, child, if its effect upon your morals is so evident. But, seriously, Euphemia — Go to bed, Effie, and remember, I will not allow untruthfulness;" and when she had gone pouting up-stairs, for a punishment which it chanced to be convenient to her father to administer, — for the child's presence was a restraint in a conversation of this nature, — he finished his sentence: "I don't like this at all. Has this person been coming here to see Jane?"

"Yes, he has," said Dick, who was sitting on the arm of his mother's sofa, and examining the loop of his riding-whip critically. "It's perfectly preposterous. Something ought to be done."

"Oh, Richard, dear," said his mother

in her weak voice, "don't say such a thing to your father. It is nothing, my dear; he has called occasionally, but I've no doubt it has only been about — about my medicine."

"Nonsense," said her husband, briefly, with an annoyed glance at the clock. "Dick, just tell me how long this thing has been going on, will you? I won't get that manuscript off to-night!"

"Well," Dick answered, "he has been coming once a week, certainly. In fact, I think this is the second time this week. Mother, darling, you must take a good deal of medicine?"

"But there's no harm, Henry," she said, anxiously. "Sometimes I think we are almost selfish about Janey. We expect her to be satisfied to have only *our* pleasures, not her own!"

"Now, Euphemia," Mr. Temple answered, gesticulating with his half-smoked cigar, "you really must not be absurd, you know. I'm perfectly willing for Jane to have her own pleasures when they are reasonable or proper. But I don't propose to receive the apothecary at my house to divert Jane Temple, — granted it is only diversion, and nothing more serious. But I'm inclined to think it is more serious. Do you want Tommy for a brother-in-law, my dear?"

"If Janey were fond of him" — Mrs. Temple said, trembling.

"Euphemia," responded her husband, "you have heard me remark, I think, that I hate a fool; now try and understand, please, that I am only anxious for Jane's best happiness. Do you suppose she could be happy with such a person as this Tommy Dove? Pshaw! It is n't to be considered seriously, — it is preposterous!"

He flung his cigar down on the smouldering logs with an angry exclamation.

"Your father will have his joke," Mrs. Temple said, looking at her son, with wistful apology for her husband. "Of course, dear, I know you only do

what is best for us all. No doubt it would be a great mistake for Janey; I only thought" —

"Don't think," interrupted Henry Temple, with a laugh; "it is one of the greatest mistakes. Just accept things, my dear, as they are, and don't argue about them. That's what I am going to do now, and end it."

"And what auntie will do, also," Dick said, grimly.

"I think *not*," returned his father, with equal grimness.

All this time, Mr. Tommy, unusually nervous, but very happy, was sitting in the chilly parlor with Miss Jane. He had come to Henry Temple's house that night with a purpose. He knew that Miss Jane would very soon go away from Old Chester, perhaps not to return for years, and unless he could persuade her to stay, who could tell whether he might ever see her again? And though he trembled at his own presumption, he meant to try to persuade her. He had dreamed of this moment for weeks; every word to her had been uttered with the distinct intention of encouraging himself, every look had betrayed his thought.

Mr. Tommy had felt vaguely that the atmosphere of the place was against him. Yet Effie was the embodiment of its antagonism, he thought, rather than the master of the house, and so of late he had, in many humble little ways, tried to propitiate the child. He had gathered small nosegays, and, tying a bit of bright ribbon about them with awkward fingers, had offered them to Miss Jane, with the request that she should give them to "the little girl." He never knew that though she thanked him, and told him he "was so kind to remember Effie," the flowers went no further than Miss Jane's own dressing-table, or the white stand at her bedside, where she kept her Bible, and Thomas à Kempis, and small good books. Nor did a game, which he had purchased

in the village, fare any better, nor a picture of a girl and a dog. But as Mr. Tommy never guessed the destination of his gifts, he was not discouraged, and so continued to offer them, with unabated hope that the contemptuous Effie would soon dislike him less.

On this sharp October night, he had brought in the pocket of his black coat six little red-cheeked apples. He polished them stealthily upon his sleeve as he climbed the hill, and when he laid them in a row upon the table in front of Miss Jane, they actually shone in the lamplight.

"They are paradise apples," he said, "and I brought them for the little girl. I thought may be she would like them."

Miss Jane was very nervous that evening; perhaps she had guessed the intention of the apothecary's call; at all events, her mild face was full of anxious indecision, though she was strangely happy.

"Indeed, you are too good, Mr. Dove," she said. She had hurried upstairs for the green shawl when he had been announced, and she drew it now a little closer about her shoulders. "Those paradise apples are so pretty."

"They are rather sour," Tommy answered, doubtfully, "but they seemed pretty, and I thought the little girl might like to play with them."

"We had one of those trees in the lower garden, when I was a child," said Miss Jane, "but it is dead now; the garden has run wild in all these years we have been away. I wish brother could live here, and it could be taken care of, and look as it used to."

"Do you?" Tommy said, slowly. He was not particularly anxious that Mr. Henry Temple should remain in Old Chester.

"Yes," she responded; "but I suppose it would be too lonely in the winter."

The apothecary hastened to agree

with her in this, and to tell her how desolate the great house looked in the winter, when the snow drifted across the porch, or lay unbroken on the window ledges and the thresholds. "It's so high on the hill, ma'am," he explained, "that the wind just sweeps it all the time. But it's pleasanter in the valley, Miss Jane."

Then they talked of Old Chester as it was long ago, and Miss Jane reminded him of the coast on the West Common. "The gypsies used to camp there in the summer, — do you remember? — but in the winter we children used to go sledding. I had a blue sled, and Billy Spear — he was our coachman — used to pull it up the hill for me."

Mr. Tommy listened ecstatically, the palms of his lean hands squeezed together between his knees. "Yes, yes," he said; "oh, dear me, yes, indeed, it *was* pleasant! If you were going to be here in the winter again, ma'am, I — I could pull the blue sled up the hill for you, Miss Jane."

"Oh," replied Miss Jane sadly, without the slightest consciousness of humor, "it's broken now; the children broke it. And your rheumatism, Mr. Dove."

"But I would n't mind that," cried Tommy, — "oh, my, no! Oh, Miss Jane, if you — only could — stay!"

"But I could n't, you know, Mr. Dove," she answered, the color coming and going in her faded cheek, and her voice unsteady. "I could n't let brother's family go back without me, and I could not be here alone, of course. But I shall miss — Old Chester."

She seemed to crouch further back into her chair, but Tommy sat quite upon the edge of his. Their two elderly hearts beat so quickly that they were both a little breathless as they spoke.

"But," said Mr. Tommy, huskily, rubbing his hands together and edging yet further forward, "if I — I mean if

you — if we — if it could be arranged — if — if — Oh, *don't* you understand, ma'am?"

"Oh, no, indeed, I don't," said Miss Jane, faintly; "not at all, I'm sure. And it could n't — could it?"

"Oh, my goodness, Miss Jane," said Tommy, almost crying, "I'll — I'll do anything — if you — if you just will" —

Here the door opened, and Henry Temple walked leisurely into the room.

"Ah, — Jane," he said, looking with calm directness at Tommy, yet without the slightest sign that he saw him, though the apothecary had risen and bowed, and bowed again. "There is some manuscript on my table, which I wish you would be so kind as to copy for me."

"Yes, brother," she said, white and trembling, "I will. But — Mr. Dove — you did n't see that Mr. Dove was here."

"Oh!" returned Mr. Temple, still gazing blankly at Tommy's quivering little face, while he fumbled for his glasses. He adjusted them, and his dark eyebrows gathered in a fleeting frown. "Ah, — Dove? Good-evening, Dove. You will excuse Miss Temple, I am sure. Jane, be good enough to attend to that, if you please."

He stood holding the door open, and looking down at Tommy with a certain high, calm glance which burned into the apothecary's soul.

"Brother!" Jane cried, her voice unsteady with anger. Yet she did not finish her sentence. Mr. Tommy interrupted her.

"Oh, yes," he said — "oh, dear me — why, certainly — yes. I'm just going — just going!" He seemed to shrink and grow smaller, as he slipped sideways past Henry Temple to find his hat in the hall. "Yes, yes," he repeated. "Good-night, sir, good-night." He did not even look at Miss Jane, but opened the front door, and, stumbling with haste, without stopping for his lan-

tern, which he had left at the foot of the steps, he found his way under the heavy shadows of the trees to the gate.

The sharp, cold wind seemed to brush the mist of his preposterous dream aside. He closed the iron gate with a clang behind him, and ran with all his might down the stony lane, his little legs shaking under him, and his eyes stinging with tears.

"Oh, my!" he said to himself. There was a lump in his throat, and he almost sobbed aloud.

That next hour in Jane Temple's unselfish life left its lasting imprint on her gentle face. She had followed her brother into the library, and, trembling in every limb, and with frightened eyes, listened to Henry Temple's announcement that he meant to put a stop to this folly.

"You don't understand these things, Jane," he said, "and it's my duty to protect you from the consequences of your ignorance. I'm glad to be kind to these people about here, — they are well-meaning and unoffensive; but kindness from a woman in your position to such a person as this apothecary will be misunderstood. He will begin to imagine he is in love with you."

"He's making a fool of himself," Dick broke in. "Somebody ought to do something about it. He's trespassing upon your good-nature, aunty."

"Dick," said Miss Jane, holding her head high, "I will listen to anything your father says, because he is my brother, and he has a right to speak, but I will not hear you say such things. Mr. Dove is — my friend. I will not listen to you."

There was a moment of astonished silence; then, at a look from his father, Dick muttered an apology. But Henry Temple, with a calm indifference, which might almost have been mistaken for kindness, added one or two keen, stern words, and then turned to leave the room. He had forgotten the necessity

for his manuscript, and there was no reason why he should have the discomfort of seeing his sister's pain.

He stopped in the doorway, his hands in his pockets, and looked back at Miss Jane. "I've no fear that you will forget yourself, Jane," he said. "Do not imagine for a moment that I distrust you."

When he had gone, and Dick, with an odd sensation of shame, had followed him, Mrs. Temple covered her face with her thin hands and burst into tears.

"Oh, Janey, you would n't leave us! You could n't! I—I'm no use, and Henry depends so on you he would n't have any comfort without you, and—oh, we could n't get along without you. Of course"—sobbing—"Henry speaks only for your best happiness. He said so. For you would n't be happy here—with Mr. Tommy—and that's the first consideration, of course."

Jane Temple's anger melted under those tears. The old love asserted itself in her faithful heart. "They need me," she thought tenderly. But though she comforted her sister-in-law with gentle words, she clung still to the belief that her own life "had a claim;" and when at last, hurt and exhausted and full of uncertainty, she locked herself into her own room, she was yet vaguely happy. Her eyes filled with tears, but her lips smiled; and when she knelt down to say her prayers, and pray that she might be submissive and patient, she buried her tear-stained face in the green shawl, and thanked God that Mr. Dove loved her. All that night she tried to see her duty, to conquer her selfishness, to be just to the apothecary, to remember that she had some right to her own life, and then, again,—to conquer her selfishness! She longed for day to come that she might hear the rest of Mr. Tommy's sentence, and comfort her heart with his honest love. "Then I can tell him it can never be," she made herself say.

V.

Not since that solemn day when Mrs. Dove had been carried over the threshold of the unused front door had Tommy crossed it, but some instinct, which he could not have defined, made the apothecary, breathless with his run down the hill, brush the cobwebs away from the keyhole, and fumble through his bunch of keys, that he might enter now.

He struck a match in the darkness of the hail, and, curving his lean hand about it, mounted the stairs to the parlor above the shop. On the mantelpiece, in the head of a dusty china shepherdess, was a candle, bent sideways by the summer's heats. This he lighted, and put upon the centre-table.

The parlor had the musty smell of a long-closed room, and as he touched the table he felt the grit of dust. He sat down upon the slippery horsehair sofa, and buried his face in his hands. The candle flickered a little in the current of air from the open door, and cast a grotesque shadow of his bending head upon the wall; a drop of wax fell with a white splash upon the rosewood table. Tommy raised his head, and looked about the dreary room. He did not spare himself one detail of its ugliness.

The furniture was stiff and clumsy. There were some engravings upon the wall, of celebrated people in their libraries and of children at prayer, and there was a cast of Little Samuel in one corner. Some faded family photographs of not attractive people hung in a row high above the black mantel, on which was a large couch shell, whose curving red lip held a bunch of dried grass and certain silky white seed-pods. There was a clock under a glass shade and a bunch of wax flowers in a blue vase; and on a fuzzy green mat upon a side table were the family Bible and the large parlor lamp with its knitted shade.

Mr. Tommy's haggard eyes traveled slowly from point to point. How had he dared to dream that he might ask Henry Temple's sister to come to such a home! But oh, how, in this last month, his life had been brightened by the mere thought of such a thing! Tommy wrung his hands together and groaned, but it was because of his intolerable humiliation rather than his despair, for now Miss Jane seemed such worlds away from him he did not realize that he had ever hoped. His whole lean body tingled with mortification. He pressed his fingers hard upon his eyes, and his breath came fast.

The candle burned down to the head of the china shepherdess, guttered, smoked, and, wavering into a sickly blue flame, went out. The darkness of the long-closed room seemed palpable as it closed about him, but before his eyes was still the glimmer of the lamps in Mr. Temple's drawing-room, and the silence of the night was jarred by his voice.

By and by there was a faint lightening of the heavy darkness; through the round hole in the closed wooden shutter came the gray gleam of dawn. It touched the motionless figure on the old sofa, and little by little the furniture began to take vague shapes in the shadows. Tommy lifted his head, and watched the daylight creep stealthily about.

At last he rose, slowly and stiffly, and went to the window to try to push the shutter back. The ivy held it outside, and the hinges were rusty, but it yielded a little, and then opened half-way. The white mist shut out the hills, and a stone's-throw from the gate the road was swallowed up in it.

The cold air struck his face like a rebuff from the great world outside; he shivered as he closed and bolted the shutter. He looked to see that he had left no matches about, and that there was no spark smouldering in the china

shepherdess, and then crept silently out of the room.

Mr. Tommy Dove had made up his mind.

First he wrote a line to Mrs. McDonald, pinning it to the white curtain in the kitchen window; then he went upstairs to the garret. There was a traveling-bag there, he thought. He groped in the dark corner under the mirror until he laid his hand upon it. As he left the room he caught sight of the blue chest, and his sudden pang of regret was like physical pain. He took the shabby bag to his room, and with unsteady hands thrust some few of his possessions into it. His money he put into his breast-pocket, and then looked at himself in the glass to see if any one could guess that under his tightly buttoned coat lay his little store of wealth. Some loose change he dropped into a snuff-box, which it was his custom to use instead of a purse, and as he did so he noticed one new, shining penny. The habit of these last weeks asserted itself, and he thought of Effie, but it was only for a moment.

A little later Mr. Tommy Dove opened his shop door, and let himself out into the dawn.

In the thick mist that covered the garden, the frosted flower-stalks stood up like brown, thin ghosts, and there was a heavy scent of wet fallen leaves. Mr. Tommy peered anxiously about for some last pansy or belated sweet-pea that had not yet taken wing, but he could find only two small, dull asters and a wilted spray of salvia rimmed with frosted dew. These he picked, tying them together with a long, wet blade of grass. He looked back once at the gray house; the reddening ivy along the south side was thinned by frost, and was shining faintly, as though it had rained in the night. The damp horse-chestnut leaves that covered the ground like a yellow mantle hardly rustled as he walked through them to the road.

It did not take Mr. Tommy very long to climb the lane to Henry Temple's gate. He did not enter, but stood pressing his face against the wet, cold iron, and staring up the dim driveway.

"Oh, dear me!" he said, with a catch in his breath. "Why, just think of it, I'll never see her again; and the only thing in the world I can do for her is just to go away!"

Then, with a dull ache in his heart, he began to say to himself that he knew what a relief it would be to Miss Jane not to see him.

"She has such a tender heart," he said; "she would be so sorry to make me feel badly by saying *no*. Oh my, to think I ever supposed she'd say anything else; it seems so selfish in me, but — but I did!"

He looked at his bunch of wilted flowers, and touched them softly with reverent fingers. A moment later he laid them down against the stone gate-

post, and then slowly turned back into the mist.

Miss Jane Temple, still irresolute, still miserable, but yet strangely happy, waited for Tommy all that dim October day. She did not know until nearly a week later, a week of misgivings, and grief, and wounded pride, that the shop in the village was closed, and no one knew just where the apothecary had gone, nor when he would return. She never saw the asters and the salvia, and the great iron gate, swinging open to let her go away from her old home, told her no story.

"After all," Mrs. Temple comforted herself, when the family were safe in town again, "we needn't have been anxious. He never could have dreamed of such a thing, though Henry thought he did, — and so did Janey. But an unmarried woman of her age is very likely to make such a mistake."

Margaret Deland.

THE SOLITAIRE.

FOR three years there lived in my house one of the remarkable birds described in their native land as "invisible, mysterious birds with the heavenly song." Contented and happy in the freedom of a large room, he honored me with his confidence and love, and enchanted me with his "heavenly song."

I have hesitated to write of this bird, because I feel unable to do justice either to himself or to his musical abilities; and, moreover, I am certain that what I must say will appear extravagant. Yet when I find grave scientific books indulging in a mild rapture over him; when learned travelers, unsuspected of sentimentality or exaggeration, rave over him; when the literary man, studying the customs, the history, and the govern-

ment of a nation, goes out of his way to eulogize the song of this bird, I take heart, and dare try to tell of the wonderful song and the life no less noble and beautiful.

Among eight or ten American birds of as many kinds, the solitaire, or, as he is called, the clarin, reminds one of a person of high degree cast away among the common herd. This may sound absurd, but such is the reserve of manner, the dignity of bearing, the mystery of his utterances, and the unapproachable beauty of his song, that the comparison is irresistible. The mocking-bird is a joyous, rollicking, marvelous songster; the wood-thrush moves the very soul with his ecstatic notes; the clarin equals the latter in quality, with a much

larger variety. He is an artist of the highest order; he is "God's poet," if any bird deserves the name; he strikes the listener dumb, and transports him with delight.

The solitaires, *Myadestes*, or fly-catching thrushes, are natives of the West Indies and Mexico. My bird was a *M. obscurus*, and came from Mexico. I found him in a New York bird-store, where he looked about as much at home among the shrieking and singing mob of parrots and canaries as a poet among a howling rabble of the "great unwashed."

Upon a casual glance he might be mistaken for a cat-bird, being about his size, with plumage of the same shade of dark slate, with darker wings and tail and slightly lighter breast; but a moment's examination shows his great difference from that interesting bird. His short, sharp, and wide beak indicates the fly-catcher, and his calm dark eyes are surrounded with delicate lines of minute white feathers, a break at each corner just preventing their being perfect rings.

Being a warm admirer of the cat-bird, I noticed the stranger first for the resemblance; but a few moments' study of his look and manner drew me strongly to himself, and though I desired only our native birds, I could not resist him.

When introduced to his new quarters in my house, the clarin did not flutter; he did not resist. He rested on the bottom of the cage where he was placed, and looked at me with eyes that said, "What are *you* going to do with me?" He had already accepted his imprisonment; he did not expect to be free, and it was plain that he no longer cared for his life. If he were to be subjected to the indignity of traveling in a box among common birds, he had no desire to live. It required much coaxing to make him forget the outrage, and I am glad to say it was the last affront he suffered. From that day he was treated as he deserved,

being always at liberty in the room, and enjoying the distinguished consideration of a houseful of people and birds. Before he came to understand that his life had changed, however; I feared he would die. He did not mope; he simply cared for nothing. For more than twenty-four hours he crouched on the floor of his cage, utterly indifferent even to a comfortable position; food he would not look at. I talked to him; I screened him from noisy neighbors; I made his cage attractive; I spared no effort to win him, — and at last I succeeded. He took up again the burden of life, hopped upon a perch, and began to dress his feathers. Soon he was induced to eat, and then he began to notice the bird-voices about him. Like other of the more intelligent birds, once won, he was entirely won. He was never in the least wild with me after that experience; never hesitated to put himself completely in my power, or to avail himself of my help if he needed it in any way. Says another bird-lover, "Let but a bird — that being so free and uncontrolled — be willing to draw near and conclude a friendship with you, and lo, how your heart is moved!"

It is hard to tell in what way this bird impressed every one with a sense of his imperial character, but it is true that he did. He never associated with the other birds, and he selected for his perches those in the darker part of the room, where his fellows did not go. Favorite resting-places were the edge of a hanging map, the top of a gas-fixtured, and a perch so near my seat that most birds were shy of it. Though extravagantly fond of water, requiring his bath daily, he greatly disliked to bathe in the dishes common to all. Like a royal personage, he preferred his bath in his own quarters.

Also, the clarin never added his voice to a medley of music. If moved to sing while others were doing so, he first reduced them to silence by a peculiar

mystical call, which had a marked effect not only upon every bird in the room, but upon the human listeners as well. This call cut into the ripple of sweet sounds about him like a knife, loud, sharp, and incisive, instantly silencing every bird. It consisted of two notes exactly one octave apart, — the lower one first; — uttered so nearly together that they produced the effect of one double note. After a pause of a few seconds it was repeated, as clear and distinct as before, with mouth open wide. It was delivered with the deliberation of a thrush; the bird standing motionless except the tail, which hung straight down, and emphasized every note with a slight jerk. This loud call, having been given perhaps twenty times, began to diminish in volume, with longer intervals between, till it became so faint it could scarcely be heard, — a mere murmur with closed bill, yet so remarkable and so effective that for some time not a bird peeped. Occasionally, while the room was quiet, he began to sing; but again it appeared that it was his purpose to hush the babble of music, for, having secured his beloved stillness, the beautiful bird remained a long time at rest, sitting closely on his perch, plainly in deep content and happiness. Sometimes, when out in the room, he delivered the call with extraordinary excitement, turning from side to side, posturing, flirting one wing or both, lifting them quite high and bringing them down sharply; but when in the cage at dusk, — his favorite time, — he stood, as I said, motionless and without agitation.

In another way my bird differed from nearly all the feathered folk, and proved his right to belong to the thrush family: he was not in any degree fussy; he never hopped about aimlessly, or to pass away time. He had not only a beautiful repose of manner, but there was an air of reticence in everything he did. Even in so trivial a matter as eating he was peculiar. During the season he was

always supplied with huckleberries, of which he was exceedingly fond. Any other bird would take his stand beside the dish, and eat till he was satisfied; but quite otherwise did the clarin. He went deliberately to the floor where they were, took one berry daintily in the tip of his beak, returned with it to the upper perch, fixed his eyes upon me, and suddenly, without a movement, let it slip down his throat, his eyes still upon me, with the most comically solemn expression of "Who says I swallowed a berry?" Then he stood with an air of defiant innocence, as if it were a crime to eat berries, not wiping his bill nor moving a feather till he wanted another berry, when he ate it in exactly the same way.

In the spring, when the room was emptied of all its tenants excepting two or three who could not be set free, the clarin was a very happy bird. He flew freely and joyously about, delighting especially in sweeping just over my head as if he intended to alight, and he sang hours at a time. The only disturbance he had then — the crumpled rose-leaf in his lot — was the presence of a saucy blue-jay, whom he could neither impress by his manner nor silence by his potent calls. So far from that, the jay plainly determined to outshriek him, and when no one was present to impose restraint on the naughty blue-coat (who, being a new-comer, was for a time quite modest), he overpowered every effort of his beautiful *vis-à-vis* by whistles and squawks and cat-calls of the loudest and most plebeian sort. At the first sound of this vulgar tirade the imperial bird was silent, scorning to use his exquisite voice in so low company; while the jay, in no whit abashed, filled the room with the uproar till some one entered, when he instantly ceased.

The regularity of the clarin's bath has been mentioned; he dried himself, if possible, in the sunshine. Even in this he had his own way, which was to

raise every feather on end: the delicate tips rose on his crown, the neck plumage stood out like a ruff, the tail spread, and the wings hung away from the body. In this attitude, he looked as if wrapped in exquisite furs from his small beak to his slender black legs. He shared with all thrushes a strange restlessness on the approach of evening. First he moved back and forth on one perch with a gliding motion, his body crouched till the breast almost touched the perch, tail standing up, and wings quivering. Then he became quiet, and uttered his call for some time, and soon after settled for the night, sleeping well and even dreaming, as was evident from the muffled scraps of song and whispered calls that came from his cage.

This bird has all the sensitiveness of an artistic temperament, and one can readily believe that in freedom he would choose a life so secluded as to merit the popular name, "the invisible bird," inhabiting the wildest and most inaccessible spots on the rough mountain side, as Mr. Frederick A. Ober found some of his near relations in the West Indies. If, in spite of his reserved manners, any bird was impertinent enough to chase or annoy him, he acted as if his feelings were hurt, went to his cage, and refused to leave it for some time. Yet it was not cowardice, for he could and did defend his cage against intruders, flying at them with cries of rage. Also, if his wishes chanced to interfere with the notions of another bird, — as they did on one or two occasions that I noticed, — he showed no lack of spirit in carrying them out. Once that I remember, he chose to perch on the top of a certain cage next a window, where he had not before cared to go. The particular spot that he occupied was the regular stand of another bird, one also accustomed to having his own way, and quite willing to fight for it, — a Brazilian cardinal. The cardinal, of course, disputed the point with the

clarin, but the latter retained his position as long as he desired, running at the enemy with a cry, if he ventured to alight near. In general, his tastes were so different from others that he seldom came into collision with them.

When, on the approach of spring, some of his room-mates grew belligerent, and there arose occasional jarring between them, my bird showed his dislike of contention and coarse ways by declining to come out of his cage at all. Although the door stood open all day, and he was kept busy driving away visitors, he insisted on remaining a hermit till the restless birds were liberated, when he instantly resumed his usual habits, and came out as before. His sensitiveness was exhibited in another way, — mortification if an accident befell him. For example, when, by loss of feathers in moulting, he was unable to fly well, and fell to the floor instead of reaching the perch he aimed at, he stood as if stunned, motionless where he happened to drop, as if life were no longer worth living. Once he fell in this way upon a table beside a newspaper. As he landed, his feet slid on the polished surface, and he slipped partly under the loose paper, so that only his head appeared above it. There he stood for five minutes looking at me, and bearing a droll resemblance to a bird's head on a newspaper. He was not more than four feet from me, and was obviously deeply chagrined, and in doubt whether he would better ever try to recover himself; and I positively did not dare to laugh, lest I hurt him more.

The first time the clarin fell to the floor, I ventured to offer him the end of a perch which I held. Not in the least startled, he looked at it, then at me, then accepted the civility by stepping upon it, and holding there while I lifted and carried him to the door of the cage. This soon came to be the regular thing, and all through the trying season of moulting he waited for me to bring a

perch and restore him to the upper regions where he belonged. He would have been easily tamed. Even with no efforts toward it, he came on my desk freely, talked to me with quivering wings, and readily ate from my finger. The only show of excitement, as he made these successive advancements, was the rising of some part of his plumage. At one time he lifted the feathers around the base of his head, so that he appeared to have on a cap a little too big, with a fringe on the edge; and on his first alighting on the arm of the chair where I sat, the feathers over his ears stood out like ear-muffs.

When at last the clarin and the blue-jay were left nearly alone in the room, I noticed that the clarin began watching with interest the movements of the jay. They had never come in collision, except of the voice above mentioned, because the jay preferred the floor, chairs, and desk, and seldom touched the perches, while the clarin nearly lived upon them. But after some study, the latter clearly made up his mind to try the places his larger room-mate liked so well. He had already learned to go upon the desk and ask for currants, which in the absence of fresh berries I kept soaking in a little covered dish. If, after asking as plainly as eloquent looks and significant movements of wings could, I did not take the hint and give him some, he flew over my head, just touching it as he passed. But now, having resolved to imitate the jay, he went to the floor, and tried all of his chosen retreats: the lower rounds of the chair, my rockers, my knee, and the back of a chair sacred to the jay. During these excursions into unknown regions he discovered that warm air came out of the register, and apparently thinking he had discovered summer, he perched on the water-cup that hung before it, spread his feathers, and seemed as happy as if he had really found that genial season.

Who can describe the song of a bird?

Poets and prose writers alike have lavished epithets on nightingale and mocking-bird, wood-thrush and veery, yet who, till he heard one, could imagine what its song was like? Yet I must speak of it.

Singing was always a serious matter with my bird; that is, he never sang while eating or flying about, interpolating his exquisite notes between two mouthfuls, or dropping them from the air. He always placed himself deliberately, and waited for the room to be still, — or made it so, as already related. During the first few months of his residence with me, he gave one song of perhaps twenty notes, ending in a lovely tremolo. This had great variety of arrangement, but it bore unmistakable resemblance to the original theme. It was in quality totally unlike any bird-note I ever heard, and thrilling in an extraordinary degree, though it was uttered with the beak nearly closed. I can readily believe what Mr. Ober and others assert, that it must have a startling effect when poured out freely in his native woods. This song alone placed the clarin at the head of all songsters that I have heard or heard of. But after nearly a year of this, he came out one memorable day with an entirely new melody, much more intricate and more beautiful, which for some time he reserved for very special and particular occasions, still giving the former one ordinarily. Some months later, to my amazement, he added a third chant, which so resembled that of the wood-thrush that if he had been near one I should have thought it a remarkable mimicry. He delivered this with the exquisite feeling of the native bird, even the delicious quivering tone at the end, which indeed my bird often repeated in a low tone by itself. Sometimes, when the room was very still and he sitting on his perch, feathers puffed out, perfectly happy, he breathed out this most bewitching tremulous sound without open-

ing his beak, — a performance enchanting beyond words to express.

These themes the clarin constantly varied, and in the three years of his life with me I often noted down, in a sort of phonetic way, his songs, as he delivered them, and I have six or seven that are perfectly distinct and different. He never mixed them together, or united them; he rarely sang two on the same day. All through, too, there seemed so much reserve power that one could not resist the conviction that he could go on and on, and break one's heart with his voice, if he chose.

The bird's own deep feeling was shown by his conduct; the least movement in the room shut him up instantly. One could heartily say with another bird-lover across the sea, "If he has not a soul, who will answer to me for the human soul?"

It was reserved for the last weeks of his life for my bird to give me the most genuine surprise. One day, I sat quietly at my desk. The bird stood on a perch very near my head, — so near I

could not turn to look at him, when, without a moment's hesitation, without an instant's preliminary practice, he burst out into a glorious, heavenly, perfect song that struck me dumb and breathless. Not daring to move hand or foot, yet wanting some record of the wonderful aria, I jotted down, in the page I was writing, a few of the opening notes; I could re-write my page, but I could not bear to lose the music. Three times, at intervals of perhaps one minute, he uttered the same marvelous song, and then I never heard it again. After all, I had not a record of it, for though it was deliberate and distinct, at every repetition I was spell-bound, and could not separate it into tones.

Though I should live to be a thousand years old, and visit every country under heaven, I am sure I should never hear such a rapturous burst of song again, —

"Low and soft as the soothing fall
Of the fountains of Eden; sweet as the
call
Of angels over the jasper wall
That welcomes a soul to heaven."
Olive Thorne Miller.

PARLEYING.

I HOLD a shadow's cold, soft hand,
I look in eyes you cannot see,
And words you cannot understand
Come back, as from a distant land, —
The far-off land of Memory.

Forgive me that I sit apart,
And hold the shadow's hand in mine.
The past broods darkly in my heart,
And bitter are the tears that start;
I would not mix them with the wine.

The hour will pass; the shade will go
To his dark home, and swift forget,
At rest, the daisied turf below,
The sun-warmed hours we used to know,
And the old paths wherein we met.

I am alive! Why should the dead
 With cold hand hold the quick in thrall?
 To his far place the shade has sped,—
 Now Life with Life may gayly wed! . . .
 My heart misgives me, after all.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF VON MOLTKE.

ABOUT no man of equal eminence has so little been written as of the illustrious chief of the German army. No triumphant general has been so little seen, has so little excited public curiosity, as the victor of Sadowa and Sedan,—the greatest manipulator of legions of his age; the man who holds the unique position of being one of the most eminent and least prominent figures in the world; of being a chieftain who has passed most of his life in his study; of being a conqueror who has always shrunk from the world's applause; of being a man of destiny, whose opportunity depended on his being discovered; of being a humiliator of nations, himself the soul of humility.

"I cannot see how my life can consist of anything but dates" were the words with which the great strategist received the enterprising correspondent of the *Berlin Tagblatt* who was bold enough to seek an interview. He has, in fact, appeared to the public as a cold intelligence, a soulless incarnation of method and routine, rather than a concrete individual, with warmth, and color, and personal interest; an entity not to be isolated from the awful machine of which he is the soul. To some extent this is true. The "silent ruler of battles" is somewhat deficient in color, and indeed does possess less of that human interest than his predecessors, Blücher, or Wellington, or Frederick, the father of his army; less warmth than his compeer, Lord Wolseley; but

he is nevertheless a keenly differentiated figure, sharply defined like a crystal. He is also a representative man, an epoch-maker in war.

Fully to bring out his military lineaments and determine how he should be classified, we must understand that warriors arrange themselves into two broad and generally exclusive types, which we define as that of the grand strategist and that of the battle-field tactician. Few soldiers in all time have completely realized both ideals; those who have done so in modern times might be counted on the fingers. Each seems to involve a different mental machinery. Brilliant tacticians on the battle-field are rarely found at the head of an army. In Napoleon and Cæsar these complementary faculties were realized in the highest degree. Von Moltke's military ancestor, Frederick, was superb on the battle-field, but his grand strategy was all along indifferent, possessing little that is instructive, indicating that the marvelous acuteness which displayed itself in combining and wielding his legions in the moment of conflict partially disappeared in his larger dispositions, as Napoleon's masterly analysis shows. He may be said to have won his campaigns with his legions, but not with his armies. Stonewall Jackson and Murat were exclusively battle-field officers. Napoleon, in characterizing Massena, painted the ideal of an executive genius: "The sound of the guns clears his ideas, and gives him penetration." Von Moltke is

all the commander-in-chief: the battle-field is not his arena; the ladder of his destiny did not rest there; the front of conflict has usually not known him. In long terms of peace, first as dominus of an insubordinate school, then lucid lecturer, plodding map-maker, occasional whisperer of a master's council; dropping here a proposition, there a suggestion; never opening his mouth but on one subject; never letting fall one superfluous word; never speaking but to the point, and to drive home some new bolt of the engine of which he is the soul, gradually the self-concentrated, pensive, bronze-featured man wrought his certificate upon the world in which he moved. He seems from the first to have been one of those men to whom others instinctively appeal; whose very reserve has weight; who irresistibly communicate the consciousness of a vast reserve of stored-up force, of giant possibilities waiting only for the door to open,—men who are felt to keep silence overmuch. But to return to the thread of our subject: Von Moltke never shone on the battle-field. The single great executive officer of the German army was the "Red Prince." The feat of swiftly and completely changing the dispositions of the first army at Gravelotte, in order to meet the extension of the French right, was a very different achievement from organizing the movement which confronted the French army with double its number of Germans, and forged around it an iron band. The greatest conflict of that tremendous struggle was won, therefore, not by the brilliant strategist, but by the brilliant tactician; not at the head of the staff, but at the battle front. The limitations of Moltke's military character may be most decisively displayed by throwing him into comparison with that phenomenon whom Victor Hugo styled "the archangel of war," and so striking the uttermost military contrast which the annals of war pre-

sent. The victor of Jena and the victor of Sedan stand as far apart from one another as the conditions under which they worked and the methods by which they achieved their results. Napoleon was so placed that he could win his battles only by being far more than a soldier. Moltke's situation demands the military man, and nothing more. With the Emperor politics were an extension of war; with the German chief-marshal war is an extension of politics. In Napoleon's case iron-handed conquest went before velvet-gloved diplomacy. Von Moltke stands behind Von Bismarck.

Of a totally different nature, also, are the relations of the two captains to their forces. Moltke sways by no direct personal effluence; he is no electrifying presence in the van of his hosts, moving through the soul of his legions like a thrilling force of nature. He does not win the soldier's heart; does not conjure up ideal forces, and radiate allurements through the imagination, and gain battles by forces outside the armory of the mere warrior. Neither does he possess to any marked degree the magical power of leading, the power of drawing men after him by an electric chain, vivifying the craven heart. The situation does not demand these ideal possessions. He is a man at the rear of an army; Napoleon was a man at the front. Moltke's influence is rather the steady, unobtrusive, impersonal force of method, zeal, and education moving through a system coldly touching the heart, bearing on habit, forming a mould, laying down a groove.

As different are their systems of war. Moltke is solely the scientific warrior. He has carried war as far as cold, deliberative science can take it. But Napoleon fought his campaigns on another and higher plane. More than a scientist, he was an artist; indeed, a military thaumaturgist. His campaigns were all conceived with reference to complex ideal, moral, and political conditions.

The calm German manipulates solely the elements which constitute an armament. Napoleon moved his army from above. Moltke is locked up within his own instrument. It is these circumstances that have led to the conception of his campaigns being laid down in portfolios and arranged ready on shelves. It is a great mistake to suppose great military designs which worked like clockwork to have consistently borne out a cut-and-dried plan. Operations projected in this spirit invariably fail, as did those under the auspices of the military theorist in the first disastrous stage of the Russo-Turkish war. Theory must shake hands with circumstance, or failure is the result. A strategical scheme is somewhat analogous to a mass of molten metal run into a mould. The operator may determine its quantity and quality, but exigency gives it form. Moltke's plans are always simple and flexible; in touch with all conditions; referent to each contingency; offering all necessary scope for modification and individual initiative. His plan of invasion in 1870 contrasted strongly in its simplicity with the bizarre designs of the enemy.

We must not, however, forget that the enlarged scope for individual initiative on the part of divisional commanders was introduced under the auspices of, or rather at the instigation of, Prince Frederick Charles. This reform did not originate in Moltke's brain any more than some of the most important developments in the new tactics. But, as a rule, tactical modifications are not so much invented by design as evolved by circumstances. To recur to our comparison: Napoleon's problem always involved an array of vague, shifting factors falling through each vicissitude into new combinations, incompatible with scientific calipers; Moltke's problem has always been definite, limited, comparatively simple of solution. Never has he had, to use Carlyle's wild image, to bal-

ance himself on a system of vortexes; neither is there anything in his campaigns analogous to the French conqueror's occasional mysterious evolutions confounding a whole world, and bursting suddenly into startling combinations dazzling the imagination. But, on the other hand, the calm Teuton is incapable of being lured to overreach the scope of the immediate plan, to cast away the victory at hand by grasping at the more that lies beyond.

As an epoch-maker and founder of a school in the art of war, Moltke is the author of the system of invasion by divided forces and concentrating them to attack. He accomplished the victory of '66 by marching nine corps through the theatre of war, and concentrating upon Sadowa. In the invasion of France three armies crossed the Rhine. The conduct of Napoleon's campaigns was regulated on the principle of rushing into the enemy's country *en masse*, seizing a decisive victory, and as quickly falling back on his grand base. The exigencies of his reign demanded such a method.

Having brought into comparison the representative of the latest phase of war with the founder of the preceding epoch, we will attempt to indicate the essential differences between the German and French soldier. As an officer, the capacity of the German rests more upon education, method, thoroughness, and familiarity with his part; more on tuition than intuition. He is unquestionably not possessed in any like degree with his neighbor of that vital spark, that spontaneous aptness, which moves to brilliant execution. He is more a made soldier than a born one. Executive instinct is not a German quality. It is in organization, which is another thing, that he is supreme. The French are infinitely more susceptible of military genius, in its true sense, than their enemy. The Frank is a born tactician. Executive cleverness, smart re-

sponse to circumstance, practical aptness, tact, and adroitness are French qualities. These are just those which the German does not possess. His mental movements are slow and indirect, compelling him to lean more fully than his agile neighbor on knowledge and training. He requires to be thoroughly versed. Let us again lay stress on the truth that German genius is for *organization*, the French for *execution*, and that the two are quite distinct. The Teuton will always rise superior in the first, and the Gaul in the second. Unquestionably, what is truly signified by military genius belongs rather to the second than the first, and, other things being equal, the latter is probably a more potent possession than the former. Germany has produced fewer heaven-born soldiers than most countries, fewer executive men of any sort; France, an unusual number. It is by deliberate and gradually developed method that the German army has become the paradigm of the world. It is not there we must look for spontaneous originality and inspired conceptions.

In time of peace the German officer is still campaigning. The members of the grand central staff are perpetually concentrating their attention upon every possible theatre of war, mentally participating in contemporary conflicts, keenly scrutinizing the acts and capacities of their possible future enemies, and critically studying the military institutions of all probable belligerents. Not an article bearing on the subject in any foreign journal of authority is missed.

The following example of Moltke's cold method is possibly known to the reader. In anticipation of the outbreak of war with France, a bevy of officers were dispatched into her peace-wrapped territories, where they surveyed future positions of offense and defense, placed imaginary armies in scenes undyed with gore, made their observations, met and

compared notes, and returned to make their reports.

And when that terrible event occurred, who would have supposed that such results had been obtained within the walls of a study? For several years before the note of war sounded, the pensive scholar and mathematician, with a deep intuition of the coming conflict, was already at his work. Nothing was left out of account, nothing held too trivial, nothing unweighed. Every by-road, every telegraph office, every ford, every appropriate camping-ground, every vulnerable point, every contingency, was brought into the problem. In silence and gloom the gigantic army was mobilized in the mind of its chief long before the pulse of war beat in its veins. If I were to seek to convey him in a phrase, I should call him a practical philosopher.

The intellect which has achieved such stupendous results is of the cold, articulate, mechanical order; constructive, but not creative; centred upon the instinct for method, precision, and definition; furnished with a most acute sense for locality, highly developed powers of observation, an infinite capacity for detail, a perfect memory; a hard, inductual intelligence, with little of the German "idea sense;" an imperturbable routine mind, constituted to move under definite conditions in a fixed groove with a glacial regularity and silence; revolving upon a single axis,—a narrowly specialized mind, devoid of the higher intuitions; irresponsive to the larger sympathies; deficient in imagination; resting also chiefly on the externals of life, and petrified into established forms; incapable of those saltations, those vivid fulgurations, which characterize the highest military genius. This is a *brain* intellect rather than a *heart* intellect; nevertheless, Moltke has given many evidences of the possession of a rare penetration, and a prescience higher and deeper in its derivation than mere calculation. He even acknowledges to presentiments.

But rare as are the intellectual endowments which have ruled such gigantic forces, nobler far are the moral attributes which have ruled the man. It is not the head, but the heart, which makes the man; and the same may be said of Germany's representative warrior as was said of her representative poet, — transferring the name, — "Moltke's heart, which few know, is as great as his head, which all know." After his first grand triumph of '66, with which he so fervently thanked the God of battles for lighting up the evening of his life, he attributes the scientifically prepared results of his own plans solely to the gift of God, and hurries away to hide himself from applause. "This fulsome praise puts me out of tune for a whole day," he is reported to have observed. Still more beautiful in its unique nobility was his reference to his vanquished foe: "A defeated general! People little realize what that means. I cannot, I cannot bear to think of that camp above Königgrätz! Poor Benedek! So cautious, so deserving, too!" It seems strange that such tenderness should pervade the nature of a man whose whole existence has been immersed — and to an unusual extent — in the element of human destruction. But within that hard-featured bronze exterior there beats a heart capable of the deepest and most abiding attachments. Von Moltke is a man of strong domestic affections. He was as remarkable among his early associates for his frank, affectionate nature as for his powers of thought and the encyclopædic knowledge of all appertaining to his profession, which won for him the nickname "the Military Dictionary;" and it is remarked that he never was known to take the slightest advantage of the deference with which, in his probation days, he was regarded by his comrades.

His outward lineaments convey his personality, — a gaunt, shrunken, sinewy figure, all bone and muscle, round-shouldered with study, carrying a high-

crowned, symmetrical, and finely poised head, steadily bowed in concentrated thought; a keenly cut, immobile, impassive, inscrutable face, now wizened with age, Teutonic in its very essence, wearing the constant expression of self-concentration and self-command, sternly conveying in its hard but fine lines German seriousness and rigor, severely exacting, unrelinquishing purpose; a man who stands sentry over the fortress of his own bosom, and keeps up the draw-bridges of the soul, — qualities which have earned for him the title "the Great Taciturn," though known more familiarly as "Vater Moltke." Such is the figure that may be regularly met of an afternoon in the park at Berlin, waving the sentries to dispense, in his instance, with the usual salute.

Having alluded to his influence on the army, I will add a few words on the large and subtle question of the nature and outcome of the influence of the military institutions upon the *morale* of the people. In a memorable speech which made a strong impression throughout Europe, Moltke repudiated the notion of the school being the mould of German manhood. "It is not the schoolmaster who has won the battles of Germany, but the army. Mere knowledge can never bring the mind to that point at which it is ready to sacrifice itself to an idea, — to duty, obedience, patriotism." True in every word, and we must recollect that this is the dictum of a Dane rectifying a German view. But this is one side of the question; there is another, and it is in the limitation of a mind of his order that it cannot perceive that bound up with these wholesome results are others far more momentarily inimical than the first are desirable. The good effects are in their nature outwardly perceivable; the sinister results, lying far deeper and involving far more, will be fully revealed only when, hand in hand with other circumstances, they ultimate themselves in events outside the programme and be-

yond the control of rulers. Unmistakable to the seeing eye, within the iron-bound might of the Germany of to-day, are coiled up forces of disintegration, which means that the present institutions are generating the forces which will eventually sweep them away forever.

It is said of the army that it educates reverence. If so, it is respect for artificial merit, rather than real merit; superiorities resting on arbitrary distinctions, indicated by garb, insignia, title. True reverence is not thus manufactured.

Far more disastrous is its larger effect upon the moral nature of the people. These military institutions are steadily annihilating individual selfhood,—selfhood, the first and last of all things; the spring of all abiding strength, and health, and progress! They have made Germany powerful only by making Germans weak, but it is very evident that strength so founded is merely temporary, and can be maintained only to a certain moment. It is as if the human organism were made strong by the atrophy of its cells. That nation which, measured through long vicissitudes, has wrought the deepest impress on the world will be that in which the individual stood for the most and the institution for the least. Only those institutions confer real strength which make the most of the individual. The present Germany makes the least of the individual, and I believe events will prove that she is merely realizing a *military moment*.

But it is a great mistake to conceive the present state of things as being forced upon the people, except in the sense that the weak side of the German nature has permitted it to be imposed upon its healthy part. Collectivism rests on an inherent weakness of the Germans,—they are inevitably collectivists. Even in Germany's dark ages the tendency which has generated the present fabric was visible. There is a fatal passivity which draws the German to sink

himself in systems; to mortise himself, so to speak, into the wheel of state, and turn on its axis instead of his own,—diametrically opposite to the Anglo-Saxon tendency. The entire social fabric of the fatherland is inverted towards nature, and nature is crushed out; all is utterly artificial, irretrievably false, entirely unwholesome. Hence the profound pessimism and nihilism of the heart, which deepens every day, expressing itself in a hundred different ways. A deep, helpless recoil against the iron incubus which bears down with great weight is every day gathering strength, and steadily the elements of revolution are moving in the soul of the nation. Yet, looking at the outward fact, who dare surmise that that iron fabric is not a fortress which must endure for ages? Surely, if any nation is as a pyramid standing on its base, it is the Germany of to-day. The semblance of strength has been taken for strength before, and will be again. There are vague, subtle, incommensurable elements in the problem, which generals frequently do not take into account, and it is on these that the solution often rests. Within the outward drama of history there unfolds itself a vaster drama, unseen; solving the moral contradictions of the external world, defacing its lineaments, and loosening at their foundation the hard rocks of man's laying down. Men like Moltke do not move with this larger drama; they stand fixed, with face turned towards the past, using its forces and breathing its air.

Moltke's conservatism is not Lord Salisbury's, however. It rests on no supercilious caste feeling. It is the conservatism of a man who, from constitution and education, associates the old system with order and stability, and rests upon it as the basis of the institution in which he has his being. He is steeped in a belief in absolutism as the only true faith. His intense feudalism of mind was conveyed in a sentence written to his wife, in which, referring to the

English aristocracy, he said, "Here a lieutenant-general without extra military rank stands below a viscount, who may be only an ensign or nothing. Where this is not the case there is no aristocracy, in the true sense of the word."

As a parliamentary speaker he is perfect in his kind. His addresses are like machines reduced of every superfluous part; carefully weighed in every detail; terse, incisive, grave; each sentence striking home the nail with one sharp blow; perfectly void of color, or emotion, or adornment. Coming more from the reason than the feeling, his speeches have an eloquence of their own, and they emanate from a mind whose moral platform is elevated; whose sensibilities, though fettered, are generous and lofty.

As an author, he has written some observations on the last Russo-Turkish campaign, — *Observations on the Influence of Arms of Precision on Modern Warfare*, which is a model of inductive reasoning; and also a work modestly styled *A Sketch of Polish History*, be-

sides some volumes of letters. The History is a work of his early manhood, written in the spare hours of an arduous surveying expedition in the northern part of that country. Its origin is characteristic of the author. He saw a state yield to foreign absorption without displaying any great resistance. Such a phenomenon stimulated him to seek for the causes, and trace them down by definite links of sequence. The mental attitude towards the subject is quite identical with that towards the evolution of tactics. Cold, lucid, and close in argument, without comment or personality, the thought is that of a geometrician; nevertheless, it exhibits much penetration and a truly philosophic habit of thought. It is a work from which much may be learned.

This brings my remarks to a conclusion; but let me add finally that he whose character I have attempted to draw possesses private virtues which will never be known, and which, in their environment, have little to call them forth.

Philip Dymond.

RECENT AMERICAN HISTORY.

OF all peoples in the world, Americans have the most right to be interested in historical studies; for, without pressing Mr. Freeman's aphorism too far, a people that constantly is required to express itself in political terms scarcely can fail to feel a lively interest in that deposit of political thought and action which is to be found in history. It was said after the last general election that there were at least twenty-five thousand voters in the city of New York who did not care a rap who was elected President, provided they and their friends could keep their noses in the public crib; but every thoughtful person receives such a statement as an additional

evidence of the need of such moral and political education of the voter as shall lift him out of this degraded condition. Nor is it without meaning that this indifference to great politics belongs to those who are not Americans of the soil. There never has been a time, from the organization of the people in a civil and political order till now, when Americans have not been ardently interested in politics; and if any change has come over them, it is not in the direction of indifference, but of a wider conception of the meaning of the term "politics." Once there was but a loose connection between politics and history; the history of politics itself was scarcely more than

the history of party, but there are many indications that both in the study and in the field the subjects of immediate policy are to be tried more emphatically by the tests applied by history.

Not only so, but the conception of what lies within the scope of historical research is widening. A comparison, for example, of recent school text-books in American history with those of a generation ago will disclose the fact that school-boys and school-girls are taught not only the narrative of history, but the development of society, the meaning of civil polity, and, above all, the evolution of political institutions. Every step is in the direction of a firmer hold upon American ideas, by a clearer perception of the relation which America has held and now holds to Europe, and a more definite knowledge of the genesis and growth of those principles which underlie national life. It is a mark of the earlier text-books that they contented themselves with such a treatment of history as made the United States an isolated community, built upon the false bottom of the Constitution, and under the control of the dominant political party; the more rational text-books of the day seek to give the young student some notion of the organic growth of the nation, its inheritance from other times and peoples, and the conflicting forces which have been involved in the historical development.

A just proportion of all these elements, however, is very hard to secure, and each writer, especially if he be not a school-master, is likely to allow his own taste and interest to govern him in his work. Here, for example, is the latest candidate for favor in Dr. Eggleston's school history, the very title¹ of which intimates the discrimination which lies in the author's mind, and the line on which he has especially departed from conventional text-books. It is rich in textual

and pictorial illustration of the social development of the people who settled on our shores, and of the manners and customs of the aboriginal inhabitants. These are subjects to which Dr. Eggleston had already given close attention, and in making a book for schools he has availed himself of the rich stores which he has gathered more industriously than other historians. The chapters on How the Indians Lived, Traits of War with the Indians, Life in the Colonial Times, Farming and Shipping in the Colonies, Laws and Usages in the Colonies, Home and Society in Washington's Time, The Steamboat, The Railroad and the Telegraph, and similar portions are crowded with interesting matter. No teacher can afford to dispense with a book which brings together so abundant and delightful illustrative material. For, after all, that is what it is; it is not the substance of history, and in the desire to make historical study interesting one may easily exaggerate its importance.

We think Dr. Eggleston has thus exaggerated it, and, while making his book a most serviceable one to teachers, has not succeeded in comprehending within its pages the essentials of American history. The feature which characterizes his work and gives it distinct value has been secured at the expense of more vital matter. It is a little singular that, with his clear perception of the picturesque elements of social life, he should have treated so lightly the more radical questions of society; that he should, for example, have analyzed slavery mainly in its political aspects, and have given the young student very little clue to those social, economical, and ethical considerations which were involved in the struggle between slavery and freedom.

His method, also, of neglecting a strict chronological order, that he may give topics in their entirety, is of questionable

¹ *A History of the United States and its People, for the Use of Schools.* By EDWARD EG-

GLESTON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1888.

utility. An historian who has his subject well in hand will not lightly abandon the close sequence of time, since the very interruptions to special lines of thought sometimes will serve to throw light upon them; and the danger of a partial interpretation of history is in a measure avoided if the writer is compelled, by an adherence to the succession of events, to take into account all contemporaneous movements. Is it not better that the young student, as well as the old, should extricate the special topics from the general order by his own cunning? The opportunities for investigation among school boys and girls are, of course, of the simplest sort only, and is it wise to throw away so convenient a resource as that which a general, careful chronological arrangement of events offers for rearrangement under special heads?

We are less concerned to find fault with what we conceive to be the defects of Dr. Eggleston's interesting book than to congratulate teachers upon the addition to their apparatus of so suggestive and helpful a work. It is one further aid toward the release of teachers and pupils in our schools from the mechanical habits of teaching and studying United States history which have prevailed, and the accession of a scholar and writer like Dr. Eggleston to the ranks of text-book makers is an agreeable indication of a healthier condition of our educational system. It is not a solitary indication, and it must be remembered that the enrichment of text-book literature in American history is a far easier matter to-day than it was when the pioneers in this field were at work. Dr. Eggleston's own work, for instance, in his papers on colonial manners and customs, affords a great amount of illustrative material never before so accessible; and yet that is only

one of many contributions toward an abundant knowledge of cis-Atlantic life, which are at the service of those who would make compendiums for the use of schools. It is beginning to be perceived that the hand-book for the teacher and pupil, when at its best, is not a crowded, indigestible array of names, dates, and incidents, to be amplified by the teacher, but a suggestive, stimulating, fruitful presentation of the great movement of history; and the men who are to make such hand-books are not Dr. Dryasdust and his school, but those prophets of literature who can make the dry bones live.

Now the work for such writers has been enormously economized by the publication of special bibliographies, directing attention to the scattered literature of the subject, but by no single book has the work of text-book makers been rendered at once so formidable and so promising as by the great *Narrative and Critical History of America*, of which the seventh volume, devoted to the history of the United States since the War for Independence has lately appeared.¹ When noticing the first volume published, we called attention to the importance of the work as a treasure-house for historical writers. "It is not from such a work as this," we said, "that popular ideas as to history are directly formed, but from the school-books, the magazine articles, and general histories. The writers of these will use Mr. Winsor's book without any acknowledgment, but it will be for most of them the final authority; and we trust, therefore, that in completing his plan the editor will not allow himself to be swayed by any temporary considerations from making the work as exact as patient scholarship will permit."

The volume before us shows the work near its completion; the eighth is to be

¹ *Narrative and Critical History of America*. Edited by JUSTIN WINSOR. Vol. VII. Part II. The United States of North [sic] America.

Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

devoted to South America, and the first to prehistoric America. It is plain, however, that the sixth and seventh volumes, which cover the century closing at 1850, and are devoted to the thirteen colonies and their successors, will be the most used, and will have the most important influence on American historical studies. That period must remain as the most vitally interesting for a long time to come; only when the expansion of our national life, which began with the new epoch dating from 1861, shall have introduced new historical processes will it be possible to divert the main attention of students from a consideration of the foundations of our organic condition as a nation. Of all the subjects suggested by the period, there is none which so grows in relative importance as that which pertains to the political determination of the United States, the gradual crystallization of the fluent political ideas, the compacting of the Union out of the looser confederation, and as involved in that the confirmation of the independence of the nation through diplomatic dealings with European states.

Mr. Winsor has planned wisely, therefore, in making this great subject control quite half of his volume, and he has done a very great service to students, and to historical writers in especial, by providing the extraordinarily full and discriminating body of notes which constitutes the critical portion of the work. Mr. Edward J. Lowell writes the first chapter, on *The Political Struggles and Relations with Europe, 1775-1782*; but the most important chapter is the masterly one by Mr. John Jay on *The Peace Negotiations of 1782-1783*, a subject which is partly treated, later on, by Dr. Angell in his chapter on *The Diplomacy of the United States*. Mr. Winsor himself sketches the political character of the Confederation, and Mr. G. T. Curtis reviews the work of the convention which formally constructed the Constitu-

tion. Mr. Johnston carries the subject forward in the earlier part of his chapter on *The History of Political Parties*, and the chapters by Mr. Soley on *The Wars of the United States* and by the editor and Dr. Channing on the *Territorial Acquisitions* incidentally bear upon the same general theme.

In other words, the contribution which the young republic was making to political philosophy, both in the abstract and by concrete action, both consciously and unconsciously, was so tremendous that it is only as we draw off from the period and see it in perspective, only as the lines both of American and of European political thought are seen to converge toward it, that we begin to perceive how great this contribution was. The men of that day who were most formative are constantly growing more majestic in proportion; the events in diplomacy and convention become fraught with greater consequence, and we think there can be no question that future historians and philosophers will find this theme overshadowing that of the contest between freedom and slavery. The latter, momentous as it was, has its greatest import in the relation which it bears to the preservation of the Union, and to the enlargement and enrichment of those political ideas which were imbedded in the foundation of the United States. Speaking in a large way, the slavery contest was a local issue, but the establishment of the republic was a world issue.

We have no quarrel, then, with Mr. Winsor for suffering this theme to dominate his volume. It must be remembered that he closes his work with the middle of the century; hence he is excused from the full treatment of some themes upon which a work brought to date, or even to 1861, would necessarily enlarge. The constitutional period draws events toward itself; it is only when the Pacific coast is reached that new subjects, subjects of the future, so to speak, draw history forward. The time

may come, for example, when Perry's expedition to Japan will have more significance in the eyes of historians than the other Perry's victory on Lake Erie; but that time has not yet come, and it is not the business of historians to take up an imaginary base of triangulation.

At the same time, and with all allowance for the limits of space into which Mr. Winsor was forced, we wish he could have sketched, in outline at least, some of those movements other than political which have so marked a bearing upon the course of national development. We should have liked, for instance, to have had such subjects specifically treated as the movement of population westward, the changes in industrial conditions, the rapid expansion of the inventive genius, the growth of religious bodies, the gradual unification of the educational systems. We are aware that these subjects have somewhat vague outlines, and that they lack the organic form which constitutional, political, territorial, and military subjects possess. Nevertheless, there is a growing tendency, as we have already intimated, to enlarge the scope of the conception of history, and to require historical writers, if they essay general treatment, to take into account other forces than those which are represented by political parties, treaties, congresses, and armies and navies. Especially is it demanded of the historian of the modern republic that he shall discover the operations of those mighty forces which have been given a vast accession of power just because of their release from formal identification with the governing body. No history of England can avoid a constant reference to the Church of England; no history of the United States ought to neglect a consideration of the same great religious power, merely because it is no longer part and parcel of political history, viewed in its restricted sense. It is more than ever part and parcel of national life, when it springs out of the

voluntary action of the people of the nation, and represents a spontaneity of growth, not an imposition from without.

Even if such subjects as we have suggested could not have been brought within the compass of the narrative portion of the work, we think they might have been provided for, even if briefly, in the critical portion. We do not know what we should have been willing to spare,—certainly no entire excursus, unless it be the one on *The Portraits of Washington*, which, admirable as it is, and apparently exhaustive, yet strikes us as comparatively unessential; but if this subject and others bearing upon the multifarious conditions of society in the United States, had been formally presented, the very introduction would have been a hint to students and historical writers; and if the bibliographical aid had been anything like as considerable as that given to students in the political history, the whole work would have had a greatly increased value.

For, as we have said before, the enduring worth of this great work rests most largely upon the critical essays. The industry and comprehensive genius of the editor and his co-laborers are beyond praise. They have swept in their material from an extraordinary variety of quarters. It would have been much to register the titles of books and articles dealing directly with the subjects treated, but they have ransacked the publications of societies, they have unearthed single chapters from obscure local histories and limited biographies, they have disclosed resources of manuscript collections; and in doing all this they have indicated with admirable impartiality the relative value of the material thus made serviceable. The work is not merely a necessity to any reader who would go beyond the merest superficial acquaintance with his country's history; it is of singular value to the special student, who will find here the

way cleared for him in a masterly fashion.

As an illustration of this point, it is interesting to observe the references to the volume which Mr. Fiske makes in his own special contribution to our history.¹ He appends a useful bibliographical note, introducing it with the words, "The bibliography of the period covered in this book is most copiously and thoroughly treated in the seventh volume of Winsor's *Narrative and Critical History of America*," and he singles out Mr. Jay's and Dr. Ellis's contributions to the volume as new and valuable monographs on the subjects discussed by them. Mr. Fiske is one of those writers to whom Mr. Winsor's history must be of exceptional value. It is not only the school text-book makers, like Dr. Eggleston, who will have it for their *esto mecum* (it would be a serious matter to take these eight ponderous volumes on a walk), but the class of men of letters who find in our history a fruitful and attractive theme. There are historical scholars who take a broad, philosophical view of their special studies, but there are also historical scholars who are specialists only, and whose admirable work can be regarded only as an unrelated part of some larger whole. There are men of letters with a philosophical bent, who indulge themselves in generalizations from such loose-lying facts as they can easily help themselves to; but there are also men of letters who have the historical sense, who are not special investigators, but know how to avail themselves of the results of such students, who are interpreters of history, and whose first and foremost desire is to possess themselves of the best attested facts, their next to discover the broad relations of these facts, their significance in the general movement of human life. Mr. Fiske belongs to this class, and the

volume in hand is an admirable expression of his genius as an interpreter of history. He does not have a theory to which he fits such facts as he can reach without difficulty, but he collects his particulars with care, and then induces their general meaning. We shall not dwell upon the contents of this volume in detail, for a considerable portion of it has already appeared in the shape of separate articles in this magazine; but we doubt if any will read the book with greater pleasure than those who have already enjoyed the individual papers; for it is in the marshaling of his successive subjects, in his almost dramatic handling of his material, so as to reach a climax, that Mr. Fiske shows his great skill. That is to say, he sees history as a drama of human thought, not merely as affording occasional spectacles of the drama of human action; and his power is in so holding up the selected incidents as to reveal to the reader the real movement that is in progress. The very titles of his chapters disclose these separate acts in the drama: Results of Yorktown, in which he sets forth with great clearness the superb diplomacy of Jay, Adams, and Franklin, and also with an effect of real novelty the result of the peace in English political life; The Thirteen Commonwealths, which emphasizes the individualism of the several parts of the country, and shows the germ of social development; The League of Friendship, which is a happy term by which to characterize the relation of the several States to each other, and under which heading he gives a brief but luminous statement of the real nature of the so-called sovereignty of the States; Drifting Toward Anarchy; Germs of National Sovereignty, with a rapid sketch of the treatment of Western lands, the ordinance of 1787, and the spontaneous political activity of the nascent Union; The Federal Convention; and finally, Crowning the Work, or the slow wheeling into line of all the States

¹ *The Critical Period of American History, 1783-1789.* By JOHN FISKE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

after the new Constitution had been submitted to them for ratification.

Mr. Fiske justifies the title of his work. He is by no means the first to discover the grave importance of the period in question, but by his masterly grouping of events, his projection of the period upon a large scale, and his comprehensive study of the movements which determined the course of affairs, he has set the whole subject in the clearest possible light, and by so doing has made a contribution to our historical literature of no mean value. The charm of his style is seen to great advantage in a work which borrows little from an appeal to the senses. The story of the war for independence permits him to be more graphic, but the great moral and political issues involved in the period following the war afford him a finer opportunity for those clear presentations of questions at issue which are in themselves more than half solutions of the questions.

Mr. Fiske had a great subject to deal with in the making of a nation, when all the elements of that nation were in solution, ready to be precipitated. It is another task, similar in general terms, but very dissimilar in the methods involved, which has been taken up by Mr. Phelan in his *History of Tennessee*.¹ The sub-title of his work denotes the intention with which he gave himself to it; and the process is so fascinating to him that he pursues his subject through all its phases with untiring zeal. The book is, quite unconsciously, we think, an admirable illustration of that conception of the commonwealth which has found its most unalloyed expression in the sentiments of Southern political writers. To Mr. Phelan Tennessee is *all but* a nation. We owe to this sentiment a minuteness of detail in the treatment, which we should greatly regret to have

missed in all those passages which bring before us an isolated community. Thus the chapter on The Founding of the Household is a graphic and altogether admirable picture of life on the frontier. The chapters, also, on the State of Franklin form almost a monograph of one of the most interesting of those phenomena the whole significance of which Mr. Fiske has treated of so well in his chapter on Germs of National Sovereignty. Again, the chapters on Manners, Customs, and Mode of Life, and those which follow the admission of Tennessee to the Union, are models of what a state history should contain. It is when we come to the last fourth of the book that we ask ourselves the question, Who are the readers for whom Mr. Phelan is writing? Are they all who may be interested in United States history, or are they merely those whose fortune it has been to be born and to be living in the great State of Tennessee?

The question is not an idle one, for it relates to the attitude of the historian toward his subject. Take, for example, the detailed history of political party warfare in the State. We can conceive that to a Tennessean this may be one of the most interesting portions of the book. To the reader who regards party politics in a State chiefly in its relation to the history of American politics, the matter will be wholly out of proportion, and his interest will centre mainly upon the glimpses given of characteristic local methods in political warfare. To Mr. Phelan the figures who crowd his canvas here are "large as life and twice as natural;" to the general reader they are, with few exceptions, tiresome non-entities. In a word, we conceive that no history of a State in the American Union does real justice to the State which does not so set it in its relation to the Union at large as to make the story of its development of unflagging interest to members of other States. We can cordially recommend Mr. Phe-

¹ *History of Tennessee; the Making of a State.*
By JAMES PHELAN. Boston and New York:
Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

lan's book as, for the most part, a brilliant picture of Southwestern history and civilization, but he has missed making a great book of it by suffering the inter-

est to die away in the multitudinous details of a history which has no climax, and, viewed apart from federal relations, little importance.

THE DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN.

THE title of a book sometimes is, and always should be, descriptive of its contents. Dr. Agassiz's book¹ has two titles, but both are singularly inadequate; a reader not familiar with the history of the investigations which it records must needs explore the introductions and table of contents to learn the extent of its scope. The principal title scarcely covers the two opening chapters, and the subordinate title is also far too modest, since the author has presented a comprehensive treatise upon the whole science of thalassography, rather than a "contribution" restricted to the consideration of it in its American aspects. This manner of choosing a title is not without precedent. Professor Huxley made his treatise on *The Crayfish* broad enough to cover the whole field of biology. This, however, was a book for elementary students, and its name was not seriously misleading. The standard English works upon the same subject carry such general titles as *The Depths of the Sea* and *Thalassa*, and one cannot help regretting that the broader and more scholarly American treatise should have a name so much less comprehensive.

The *Blake*, it should be explained, is a small steamer belonging to the United States Coast Survey, which has been employed in hydrographic work ever since 1874; it has done much excellent service

in deep-sea sounding, under the direction of such accomplished naval officers as Sigsbee and Bartlett, who have also made most important studies upon the phenomena of the Gulf Stream. On three occasions, between 1877 and 1880, this vessel was especially detailed for the study of the organisms which live in the oceanic abysses, and the peculiarities of their environment.

The Agassizs, father and son, have been closely associated with the scientific work of the Coast Survey for the past forty years; and it was in recognition of this fact, and of the eminence of Mr. Alexander Agassiz as an authority upon ocean physics, that the position of superintendent of the Survey was offered him, not long ago, by the President. As early as 1849, Louis Agassiz, with his son as an assistant, made a cruise of investigation in the *Bibb*, the predecessor of the *Blake*; and later, personally and by his friend and pupil the Count Pourtales, who was an official of the Survey, and who was the pioneer of deep-sea dredging in America, a constant series of, natural-history inquiries was kept up in connection with the work of the Survey.

In 1877 Mr. Alexander Agassiz was requested by Captain Patterson, the superintendent of the Coast Survey, to continue these biological studies, and in the three cruises of the *Blake*, referred

¹ *A Contribution to American Thalassography. Three Cruises of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey Steamer Blake in the Gulf of Mexico, in the Caribbean Sea, and along the*

Atlantic Coast of the United States, from 1877 to 1880. By ALEXANDER AGASSIZ. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

to in the title of his book, he applied himself to the solution of a series of problems, the importance of which has for twenty-five years or more been constantly increasing in the estimation of men of science, — problems which have an essential bearing upon every department of thought, though most directly upon geology and meteorology, and upon philosophic biology, intimately associated as they are with all discussion of the development and geographical distribution of living forms.

The studies of forty years on the part of the Agassizs, Pourtalès, and their associates, as well as those of the Coast Survey officials engaged in the explorations of the Atlantic basin from other points of view, have culminated in this book; for although many thousands of pages have been printed, giving preliminary and detailed reports of exploration, no effort has hitherto been made to combine the results for the purposes of philosophic discussion. Indeed, many of the facts observed in the earlier days have been, until recently, without meaning. The science of "thalassography" was without a name, until, for use in the present treatise, its author constructed this word, which is defined as "the science which treats of oceanic basins."

The problems were fully outlined in the mind of the author before he attempted to study them with the aid of that most complicated and costly of modern scientific instruments, a sea-going steamer equipped for deep-sea research. They are stated in full in the first volume.

The first and most inviting of these problems was, of course, the topography of the eastern coast of the North American continent in relation to its fauna and flora. So thoroughly have the sounding-line and the dredge been plied along our entire coast within the past twenty years that it has been possible to construct a relief map of the continent slope, extending to mid-ocean depths four and five

miles below the surface of the Atlantic, the valleys and mountain tops under the waters being as accurately defined as those of the Appalachians. As the geographer delights to name the highest peaks after distinguished explorers, so does the thalassographer associate the names of his heroes with the deepest valleys under the sea: such monuments are dedicated to the names of Sigsbee, Bartlett, and Pourtalès. All these features of the earth's surface, until lately hidden from the comprehension of man, are described and graphically illustrated in a manner never before even attempted, and in a specially effective way, by an engraving of a relief model of a portion of the western North Atlantic.

In this connection, but rather in the form of an excursus, is presented an essay upon the Florida reefs, in relation to their origin and the general structure of the continent. The subject of atoll formation, for the explanation of which the theories of Darwin and Dana have so long been considered adequate, but which has of late come so prominently into view through the discussions of Semper and Murray and the allusions of the Duke of Argyll, is reviewed impartially. The descriptions of the reefs, and the life upon them and around them, are admirably written and illustrated. This chapter is especially interesting from the fact that the Agassizs have made the geology of this region peculiarly their own, and have accumulated such extensive collections from the reefs in the museum at Cambridge.

The essay on the permanence of continents and ocean basins is a natural outgrowth of those which it follows. It is full of suggestive thought and observation.

Theorizing upon the effect of the grinding action of the Gulf Stream upon the edge of the continent, the author estimates that a period of five millions of years has elapsed since the beginning of the tertiary period, and fifty millions of

years since the first appearance of life upon the globe.

With the contours of the partially submerged region east of the Atlantic coast line in view, the mind naturally passes to the consideration of the relations of the flora and fauna of the West India Islands to those of the adjacent continent. This is a subject specially inviting to any one who has become interested in the essays already referred to, since its study may throw light upon the history of the formation of the continental outlines. In the essay upon this topic, as indeed in the whole work, theory is never confounded with fact, nor is it usually coupled closely with fact. The phenomena observed are stated in such a way that they invite the reader to make his own theories. The suggestiveness of the book is one main source of its interest. In this chapter, for instance, it is hinted that the island of Jamaica may at one time have been the northern spit of a gigantic promontory stretching out from a great island, within whose bounds were embraced Hayti, Porto Rico, and the Virgin Islands, and that the Caribbean Sea was a gulf of the Pacific, while Central America and northern South America were a series of large islands.

The nature of the formations at the bottom of the ocean is considered in the essays on Submarine Deposits and Deep-Sea Formations, and the reader learns how, by the aid of deep-sea apparatus, the modern geologists study in actual working the modes in which were deposited the marine strata of former geological periods, like those of the chalk, the oölite, and the miocene.

The essays on Temperatures of the Caribbean, Gulf of Mexico, and Western Atlantic and on The Gulf Stream are chiefly descriptive, and give a very excellent idea of the thermic conditions of these waters, and the depth and relative position of the temperature strata from surface to abyss. These matters are

made very intelligible by the free use of diagrams, and admirably supplement the other essays. The history of Gulf Stream theory is given from the days of Kircher and Franklin, whose archaic maps are reproduced in fac-simile, to the most recent work, that of Commander Bartlett, who estimates that its delivery of heated water through the Straits of Florida is 872,000,000,000,000,000 pounds, or four hundred and thirty-six millions of millions of tons each day.

The second volume, though essential to the completeness of the work, is less interesting to readers of every class than the first. For the zoölogist it is too brief: he will prefer to consult the reports of the specialists, already published in a long series of the bulletins of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, where thousands of pages are devoted to what is here condensed within the limits of one hundred and fifty. The non-professional reader will find the text too technical, just as he did when he looked over Sir Wyville Thomson's Voyage of the Challenger, ten years ago; but he will derive abundant satisfaction from the engravings, which depict over three hundred of the most characteristic inhabitants of the ocean depths.

The chapter on the West Indian Fauna, in which the relations of the life of the shallow waters of this region to that of the adjacent abysses are discussed, will interest every one, since it renders evident the intimate connection between the animals living along our shores, near the surface, and those which have found their way into the deeper parts of the oceanic basins.

Three chapters in the first volume have especial connection with the contents of the second. That upon The Pelagic Fauna and Flora, which tells of the Sargasso Sea, and the curious animals which live in the floating masses of gulf-weed, and describes the other curious forms which live suspended in a thin stratum of surface-water, miles, it

may be, from the ocean's bottom below, and at practically insuperable distances from the shore, will bring old friends to the memory of every one who has passed many days at sea. The essay upon *The Physiology of Deep Sea Life* is overpowering in its suggestions of how little is really known, after all, of the regions described by the author. That upon *The Deep Sea Fauna*, on the other hand, gives a most impressive idea of the immensity of the work which has been accomplished within the last few years, — an impression which is intensified by reading what is said in the *Historical Sketch of Deep Sea Work*. "We have merely skimmed the surface thus far, and have only traced a few thin lines with the dredge and trawl over the bottom of the oceans," writes Agassiz; and yet many new faunas have been discovered and partially explored, the inhabitants of which differ far more from those of the surface faunæ than the latter do from each other.

The writer of this review well remembers the day, only eleven years ago, when he saw dredged at a depth of one hundred and sixty fathoms, in the Gulf of Maine, two new species of deep-sea fishes, the first ever obtained by an American naturalist from the abyssal fauna along the coast. Since then, from these waters alone, by the efforts of the *Blake*, the *Albatross*, and the *Fish Hawk*, more new fishes have been discovered than were brought back from the three years' cruise of the *Challenger*.

The most striking characteristic of Mr. Agassiz's style is its compactness, and the impression which it gives of great reserves of unwritten knowledge. The reader feels that every chapter might have been readily expanded into a volume; or it may be that the manuscript for a volume has actually been condensed within the limits of a chapter. It is possible that this condensation may interfere with the popularity of the book among general readers.

The tendency to specialization in scientific research is increasing each year, and the inevitable and proper result of this specialization is a marked increase in thoroughness of method and minute scrutiny of detail. The biologist of to-day gives as much time to the study of a single species as his predecessor of thirty years ago gave to an entire fauna.

The language of science shows a tendency to divide into dialects, and a corresponding specialization of habits of thought seems to be arising. The physicist and the naturalist parted company long ago, and it only occasionally happens that the methods of the two schools are united, as in the studies of the experimental physiologist, or in the generalizations of the geologist.

The tendency of the day is toward a similar division of interests among naturalists and biologists. The old scientific societies, in which, fifty years ago, all students of science worked side by side, are languishing, and are either replaced by more limited organizations, or are kept together by dividing their membership into "sections."

The two Agassizs are excellent illustrations of this tendency. Agassiz the elder labored in every field of natural science. He was geologist, palæontologist, botanist, anatomist, physiologist, embryologist, histologist, and bibliographer, an authority upon the geographical distribution of plants and animals, and a specialist in many branches of systematic zoölogy.

His students, though all men of broad sympathies, chose much more limited fields of investigation.

Alexander Agassiz may be taken as a type of this succeeding generation, composed of the men who, since the death of Henry, the Sillimans, the Grays, Baird, and the retirement from active labor of the few of that generation who still survive, are now the seniors in the ranks of science.

The equal of his father, undoubted-

ly, in mental endowments, thoroughly trained in methods of investigation, and equally enthusiastic as a student of nature, his efforts have taken a very different course.

Although one of the best equipped of living zoölogists, Mr. Agassiz has not studied personally any considerable part of the material discussed in the book, but has only attempted the study of the sea-urchins, the coral reefs, and the surface fauna of the Gulf Stream.

No less than twenty-four specialists — Americans, English, Scotch, French, German, Swedish, and Russian — have aided in the preparation of these volumes, and the special reports, in which the collections of the Blake are discussed in greater detail; and to these co-laborers Mr. Agassiz makes full acknowledgment in the preface and in the course of the work.

Many of the specialists whose aid has been thus invoked are the same who participated in the preparation of the magnificent volumes of the final reports of the exploration of the British corvette

Challenger. American zoölogists, notably Lyman and Agassiz, have been prominent members of the Challenger staff, a most interesting instance of the unsectarian and catholic spirit of modern science.

It is pleasant to note a disposition on the part of representative scientific men in America to write books intended, like this, for readers not professional naturalists, for of late years the popular exposition of scientific work has been left too much to compilers and amateurs. Recent publications of Langley, Holden, Shaler, Powell, Morse, and others indicate a tendency toward the better practice of former years. It is a well-known fact that Mr. Alexander Agassiz, besides supporting the great museum at Cambridge from his private resources, pays for the printing of all its publications. It is to be hoped it will appear that Americans are prepared not only to read, but to pay for, the printing of such books as *Three Cruises of the Blake*, and that the author will in due time expand some of its too crowded chapters into volumes.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

OF the Southern careers that were ruined by the war, that of Lieutenant Maury is one of those to be most regretted. He had been a faithful officer, whose service to his profession and his country had been of the highest practical value, when the civil war removed him from his place, and by interrupting the course of his scientific labors virtually wasted the later years of his mature life. He was widely and honorably known North and South; his reputation and work had been national in character; in a peculiar sense he belonged

to the country. He is now forgotten. This biography¹ will be novel to the new generation; but it recalls his services, puts them permanently on record, and adds a portrait of him in private life. The claim that is made for him by his daughter, that he was a benefactor of his race, has a large measure of justice in it. The activity of his mind, the diversity of his practical enterprises, his success in much that he undertook, make him an interesting figure; and, besides, his biography discloses a character in the man which will gain upon all, an

¹ *A Life of Matthew Fontaine Maury, U. S. N. and C. S. N.* Compiled by his daughter,

DIANA FONTAINE MAURY COBIN. New York: Scribner & Welford. 1888.

energy, a sense of duty, a capacity to meet the exigencies of fortune and misfortune alike, that cannot fail to secure respect, and to deepen our regret for the untoward circumstances which have limited his reputation.

Maury was Virginia-born, but reared in Tennessee, upon the ground of the pioneers. The opening chapters of this volume show us the life of the emigrants who went from the South, and none of its rudeness has been smoothed over. The family had already given brilliant officers to the navy, and young Maury's ambition naturally turned to a similar career. He was forbidden to try for West Point, and it was without the knowledge of his father that he secured an appointment to the navy, and without his assistance that he set off, at the age of nineteen, on a borrowed horse and with thirty dollars in money, for Virginia. There his relatives received him hospitably, and he went on to join the cadets with their good-will. He was remarkably industrious, and the story is told that he used to chalk problems in spherical trigonometry upon the shot in the racks, in order not to waste his idle time when on guard. He succeeded, was a favorite with his officers, and rose by the usual steps to be master of a sloop-of-war. His restless mind, however, led him into authorship; he wrote a successful work on navigation, and from that time his pen was always busy. An accident lamed his leg, and in consequence he had to remain on land-service, and was placed in the charge of the Depot of Charts and Instruments at Washington. It was here that he made his mark. Out of this institution he really created our Naval Observatory. The important matter which first made him known was the preparation of his Wind and Current Charts and Sailing Directions. His attention had been drawn to the ignorance in which we were with respect to the best courses for navigation, at the time when he com-

manded the sloop-of-war. He now found in the old log-books stored as rubbish in his office a large number of observations, or data, which he could use; out of these, with such information as he could derive from other sources, he made his first charts. It was soon found that vessels following his directions made quicker voyages, and the later charts were accepted and used as soon as issued. The saving effected to commerce by this shortening of merchant voyages was many million dollars annually. Other nations were interested; our navy department and masters of merchantmen coöperated with him in obtaining the widest data for ocean meteorology; finally an International Congress assembled at Brussels for the furtherance of the new branch of science, and Maury had the honor of uniting the civilized trading world in this enterprise, the immediate material value of which was felt to be so great. It was a natural consequence of these sea observations and their utility that Maury should urge the extension of the system to the land. For this he worked hard, by memorials to Congress, reports, and lectures, but he was not to have the satisfaction of bringing about the desired result; it was not until after the war that the weather bureau and signal service were founded. It should not be forgotten, however, that this important institution originated in Maury's brain, and was the outgrowth of his great work in furtherance of the commerce of all nations. He had thought it out completely, and argued the case with full knowledge of what were the ends to be arrived at in land meteorology. It was the war which deprived him of the fruits of his labors.

This is the best known fact respecting Maury's career. He took part, however, in other large affairs. The character of the sea-bottom had long been an object of special interest to him, and he wrote a popular book on its physical geography. He was led to believe that

there existed a plateau between Newfoundland and the British Islands, on which a cable could be laid. A vessel was placed at his disposal by the government, and on exploring the ground his inference was found to be a true one. In all that concerned the cable, with regard to the sea conditions surrounding it, he held the position of an expert. He was enthusiastic in the enterprise, and his share in it was fully acknowledged by Cyrus Field when he said, at a public dinner celebrating the arrival of the first message, "I am a man of few words. Maury furnished the brains, England gave the money, and I did the work." He also supported the scheme for the Nicaragua Canal, and it was in accordance with his advice that the Darien expedition was sent out. He had already formed a scheme for a naval line of defense, extending from the Lakes to the Mississippi, by means of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, by which the naval forces of the gulf and the river could be transferred rapidly to the Lakes. He had advised the establishment of navy depots at Pensacola and Memphis, and for the latter site he was especially strenuous. It was he, too, who suggested the placing of the water-gauges upon the Mississippi for the benefit of the river commerce. Indeed, the number of subjects of this practical sort which received his attention is remarkable; and whenever he made a suggestion it was usually found that his judgment was wise. He had much at heart the establishment of a line of communication between the West and the capes of Virginia. He urged the building of trans-continental railways, one by way of Texas, and one by way of the Northwest. At the very close of his life he was interested in the project of the direct line of steamers from Norfolk to Flushing. We mention the more important of these enterprises in order to illustrate the range of Maury's interests

and the unwearied versatility of his mind. To stop such a man in full career was the malice of fate.

Yet this was what the war did. He was a Union man, and not a friend to slavery. He made some efforts to stay the course of the stars, which now seem as futile as the resistance of a child's finger. But he was a Virginian, and he went with his State under the call of what he believed to be his duty. He was not in the best of favor with the powers of the Confederacy. At the time when the Naval Retiring Board had exhibited the jealousy of the service at his reputation, and had practically degraded him, using as an excuse his lameness, he had found who were his friends. This action, it should be remarked, had been nullified by a special act of Congress, which restored him to the service, and promoted him to the rank of commander. But Jefferson Davis and his secretary of war were unfavorable to him. He was not of the stuff of which the citizens of the new state were to be made. He was kept for a while in the Confederate service, as the chief of their coast and river defenses, but his advice was little attended to. The most he accomplished was by means of his use of torpedoes, and in this way he was of much use. In 1862, however, excuse was made to send him abroad as an agent to obtain torpedo material in England. It seems to have been a barren undertaking; but there he remained until early in 1865, and he sailed thence only to learn in St. Thomas of the total failure of the Southern cause. He did not come home, but went to Mexico. He was more irreconcilable than his friends, perhaps because he had been living in England those last years. He now formed the plan of a large Southern emigration to Mexico, and obtained from Maximilian, into whose service he had entered, a concession for the proposed colonization. General Lee wrote advising against the plan, and

there is an admirable letter from a relative upon the future of the South, which, with its conciliatory spirit and good hopes for a reunited and loyal nation, shows that even in the moment of their worst defeat there were men at the South who had some sense that this was a blessing in disguise. There could be no finer spirit than this gentleman exhibited. But Maury was not to be persuaded. The colonization scheme failed. The only benefit which he succeeded in leaving as a memorial in Mexico was the febrifuge cinchona-tree which he introduced. He won the friendship of the Emperor and his family, but only to meet with the news of the Emperor's death, which reached him in England. Thrown again upon the world, he now began instruction in the science of sea-mining and torpedo-warfare, which, in its modern form, he had developed. At the time when he left the United States service he had been solicited by the French government to make his home in Paris, and carry on his work there; a similar and most generous offer had at the same time been made to him by the Grand Duke Nicholas, who assured him that in Russia he should have every assistance he desired, if he would accept of Russian hospitality. He had declined both of these flattering proposals; and that he now found himself employed in instructing the French officers in this branch of warfare, instead of being at the head of a great meteorological bureau, marks the injury which time had done to his fortunes. The English gave him a testimonial of substantial guineas, and Cambridge made him a Doctor of Laws. But these, after all, were makeshifts. It was about this time that, when some members of his family joined him, whom he had not seen since early in the war, his little daughter cried out, "That is not my papa; that is an old man with white hair."

In America, meanwhile, the work of peace went on, and at last he made up

his mind to return to his country. He accepted a position in the Virginia Military Institute, near which General Lee was passing his last years; he still continued to lecture and to take interest in business affairs; but four years after his coming home he died, at the age of sixty-six.

His private character was amiable; one of the pleasant characteristics of the volume is the openness with which his life with his family and his affectionate relations with his children are shown. It is sad to read of the mysterious and perhaps cruel death which one of his sons met with in the fighting about Vicksburg. The ruling trait of his nature was conscientiousness. It is hardly enough to say that he was chiefly anxious to do his duty. He made up his mind in youth, he says, to lead a useful life. His industry was unremitting; the amount of work he did must have been prodigious; and the entire devotion of his faculties to the business he was engaged upon perhaps accounts for his success. It must be granted, nevertheless, that his mind was highly original and independent; he had the great power of taking an initiative, and he was continually exercising it. His nature was devout as well as scientific, and in him one may observe again that curious union, of which scientific annals afford more than one example, of antiquated and modern ideas, in which the two exist together, as if in ignorance of each other. His religious and Christian temper, however, is something apart from his remarks on Job's knowledge of the law of gravitation, and adds to the respect one feels for his mental powers. In leaving the service of the nation for the defense of his State, and exchanging science for war, he made a choice which involved the sacrifice of his career. He was but one of those who, being sincerely attached to the Union and morally opposed to slavery, made up the silent South of that time, and were drawn into the war by a contagious patriotic feeling toward

their own State and people. It would seem, nevertheless, that the course of the contest embittered him against his country. Of that there is no occasion to speak further. This biography restores his memory to us as that of a brilliant and acute practical genius, whose name should be associated with real achievements in utilitarian science, with the history of our navy and its enterprises in the middle of the century, and with the honors which our officers have won from foreign governments. It is, furthermore, the

memory of an honorable man, of great sensitiveness to duty, faithful at all points to his convictions, who lived modestly, and was esteemed in all private relations by those with whom he came in contact. That he fell upon evil times for him, and thus achieved less than was his due, is a matter which all must regret; but he accomplished enough to deserve remembrance, and it is to be hoped that this volume will be the occasion of bringing that justice to his character and genius which has been delayed.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Eyes and no
Eyes: A
New Ver-
sion.

My daily walk, for many months of the year, leads me through an old graveyard in the heart of a city, but isolated therefrom by a tall brick wall, whose white-washed surface time has beneficently toned to a mottled dinginess that soothes the eye, while here and there a wandering honeysuckle lends its drapery to break the stiffness of the boundary lines.

These boundary lines inclose a spot of small extent, which the eye easily takes in at a glance. Small though it is, there still is room for many a tenant more, so little space suffices when at last we are at rest. Yet rarely do I come upon a fresh grave in one or another of the little squares, intersected by the narrow walks that divide the ground with the geometrical regularity of a chess-board. For there is a fashion that rules in cemeteries, it would seem, as in boulevards, and far away, without the corporation limits, another city of the dead, vast and populous and growing, invites burial; a place of ambitious monuments and well-kept grounds, but lacking the poetic charm of this little neglected *rus in urbe*, with half its space, an open sunny lawn, free from dust and

crowds and jarring sounds, though the streets are at the very gates, — a place, truly, in which to “loaf and invite one’s soul.”

When the first tenant was laid here, beneath a stone now so weather-worn that its record can no longer be read, this burial-place too was “out of town;” but the drive that led up to its archway of brick, on the side facing the town, long since became a street lined with houses, and at last extended itself beyond the gateway on the opposite side; and the way from gate to gate, between the graves and across the open lawn, has come to be a thoroughfare for pedestrians all day long, and perhaps by night as well, for I do not know that the great, rusty, wrought-iron gates are ever locked, neither is there ever a keeper on parade: the sanctity of the spot is its safeguard.

The whole inclosure lies open to the sunshine, for there are not many trees, and none of them are large enough to cast a gloomy shade. Here sing the birds, with only a brick wall between them and the hostile street; and here Dame Partlet, escaped from a neighboring yard, leads her brood complacently

about the unfenced mounds, guarded only by the mantling turf.

I cannot resist a fancy that these unfenced graves are the happiest. An iron railing is at best an ugly thing, but the tall, stiff, wooden paling, too often seen encompassing a little family of graves, is the most melancholy feature a cemetery has to offer, giving its small inclosure an air of isolation that chills the heart. Against this uncompromising barrier Nature, that takes kindly thought of forgotten graves, protests with mantling vines, and sturdy growth of shrubs, and plentiful rosemary, "for remembrance." But because the growth is so shut in, and circumscribed, and unwinnowed by the winds of heaven, the vines lose their grace in a conglomerate tangle, and the wild rose grows stiffly upright, after the pattern of the sentinel palings. If there be violets or pale narcissi, freighting the air with a fragrant thought of spring, they must bloom unseen amid the jungle.

Not thus does the great mother deal with those unfenced beds of rest where she may work her untrammelled will. Here, in early spring, the flower that children know as "Moses in the bulrushes" sets great clusters of heavenly blue, and the bramble, that poetic vagrant, trails its garlands of "satin-threaded flowers;" here, through the arid summer days, "bouncing Bet" maintains her constant bloom; here golden-rod and purple asters nod in the autumn wind; and when all these are gone, the plummy broomsedge and the ghost-like life-everlasting fill out the measure of the year's watch above the couch that knows no dreaming.

It is my pleasure, sometimes, to carry away with me, as from a friend's garden, a handful of blossoms; for though none of my kindred rest here, nor even any whom I have met in life's pilgrimage, I do not feel myself an alien in this silent company; neither do I feel that I wrong the dead when I pluck a flower

that Nature has planted upon some grass-grown grave or beside some forgotten tomb, for earth's embrace makes us all of one brotherhood.

To enter here, upon my daily round, is to me like stepping aside into a great cathedral, where I may forget for a moment the fret and the hurry of life, and where I seem to realize in some intangible way the expression of the Psalmist, "free among the dead." Yet to most who find it convenient to pass through, this place of graves is, I doubt not, rather a grim *memento mori* than a reminder of the heavenly rest. Few, indeed, have I ever met straying from the direct and beaten path that leads from gate to gate between the ranks of graves and across the stretch of open lawn. There needs no better indication that the cemetery invites no loitering than the singleness of aim that characterizes this pathway through the grass: straight to the gate it goes, and across the green, untrodden lawn there is no other. Whether the cares of this world render them impervious to the sweet and solemn influence of the place, whether "use doth breed a habit" of indifference, or whether a superstitious dread pursues them, the hurrying wayfarers look neither to right nor left, nor pause upon their way, and to stand aside and watch them is like looking on at a procession in an unreal world.

Once as I went along the street leading to the western gate, I was hailed from the opposite side by a woman in black, to me unknown, who besought me eagerly, if I were "going through," to let her accompany me; "for," said she, "I'm so mortal terrified to walk alone among graves."

As it was broad daylight of a sunny April morning, I perceived that it would be superfluous to combat her fears, and I consented to her company, with the remark that the old cemetery was a pleasant place for a walk.

"Not to me, — not to me," she reiter-

ated, shudderingly. "I would not go through upon any account, even with company, if I was n't obliged to take the nearest way. I've just learned that old Miss Blank is dying. Ever heard of her? She's been bedridden for years, and nobody ever did know precisely what was her complaint; mighty queer symptoms. I never met her myself, but she used to live neighbor to my cousin Joe's sister-in-law, and so I thought I might claim admittance to her death-bed. Death-beds are mighty interesting occasions, and I would n't for *anything*, miss this one."

The dandelion was in the grass and the bloom was on the brier, yet this woman, hurrying with a ghoul-like eagerness to witness the agonies of dissolution, shuddered at the sight of graves where spring was renewing the emblems of the resurrection from the dead.

— When Frankenstein, by the aid of his enormous scientific knowledge and by an almost superhuman patience, had formed his monster and evoked the life-principle from its marvelously adjusted parts, he found the limit of his powers. Once endowed with motion and volition, the horrid being went forth into the world, heartless, soulless, conscienceless, to terrify, to destroy, to remorselessly torture its human creator, to whom it was bound by no guiding-strings of a common spirit, and whose will was powerless to restrain the creature which his will had brought forth.

The same in kind, though differing in degree, is the experience of every one who, even on a small scale, has "made up a story out of his own head." To those who have thus suffered I offer the consolation of my sympathy, having suffered likewise; but I know of no remedy for the evil except that contained in the very radical advice, "Write no stories." Once rub the lamp of your imagination, and a genie will arise, — the slave of the lamp, it is true, but to whom

you yourself will at once become subject. The unconscionable way in which a fictitious character of the most namby-pamby description will get the better of you (you being of course of vigorous intellect) is something to draw tears from a paving-stone. Every well-instructed Christian knows that the weak things of this world confound the wise, but the world of the imagination is, or ought to be, a different kind of place, — antipodal, Chinese, where everything stands on its head, and is consequently at your mercy.

I speak from positive experience. I once thought I had a fictitious young woman well in hand. I intended her for a funny girl, and under my plastic touch she grew funnier and funnier; she was rapidly approaching that point past which it is thought dangerous to go, for fear of creating a "corner" in buttons, when, without permission or a word of warning, she turned around and became serious. I could do nothing with her. She moped and was solemn, and I found myself in the position of a circus man of small capital whose fat woman should suddenly become lean, or whose living skeleton should begin to assimilate his food. This funny girl had been as clay in my hands; but your clay is a very worm for turning, and in a moment I, the potter, was upon the wheel, in the clammy grasp of my clay.

But this quality of unexpectedness does not belong exclusively to feminine creatures of the imagination (although there be cynics who will claim that the veritable flesh-and-blood woman has the monopoly thereof). I have been likewise sorely tried by a young man whom I carefully — nay, lovingly — fabricated out of the very best materials, and who disappointed my hopes (young men will do that sort of thing sometimes) in a dastardly manner.

I had looked upon this young man as my *chef-d'œuvre*, my *pièce de résistance*, and many other fine things which only

On a Certain Insubordination in Fictitious Characters.

the French language can express, and I held in reserve for him, to be forthcoming at the right moment, a suitable wife. She was n't made out of any of his superfluous anatomy or cast-off material. I manufactured her fresh out of the airy nothings of my own brain, and expressly for him; and who should know what sort of a wife he needed if not I? Well, that young man, who had barely arrived at years of discretion, took matters into his own hand, and one morning, when I was just giving a little extra curl to his hair, to make him presentable before his predestined affinity, he gave me to understand that he had set his affections on another girl (the *soubrette* of my tale), and that no conceivable number of wild horses could drag said affections away from her.

I gave up at once. What else was there to do? If that young man had been my son, I would have shut him up in a closet, fed him upon bread and water, and brought him to his senses; but as it was, no closet could contain or hold him; he could have gotten out at the key-hole or through the crack under the door. In other words, though I was responsible for his existence, I was utterly powerless to control his actions. He married the *soubrette*, — ran away with her, I might say, speaking strictly; at any rate, something ran away with my pen, which, instead of being, according to the popular fallacy, mightier than the sword, is the weakest thing on the face of the earth.

After this painful experience I gave up match-making for a time, and devoted myself to stories of very young children, always being careful not to let them grow up. If ever they showed the least tendency to outgrow my plans for them, I slew them remorselessly, thus adding at once to the pathos of my tales and their market value.

I found the dear little innocents quite "biddable," on the whole, and feeling that I was at length lord over my own

house of the brain ventured upon a story of an old maid, a very old maid; and by way of making sure of her, I made her the sole character of the sketch, even cruelly excluding her cat, lest he should turn out to be a prince in disguise.

Before I got half-way through, I began to have an uncanny sensation as of an unseen presence, a man under the bed, so to speak; and — would you believe it? — there *was* a man — not under the bed. I don't know to this day whence he came, but he got in, like a thief and a robber, and married the old maid. He represented himself as an ancient flame of hers, who had remained constant in much the same way as Ulysses; that is, by staying away for years, and then turning up, like the bad penny that he was, disturbing the household arrangements and peaceful declining years of that maiden lady.

Of course there was nothing for it but to go to work and make wedding-cake, which I did with no better grace than success, for I never was a cook. But a horrible thought hung over me all the while I was stoning the raisins and chopping the suet (*do* they put suet in wedding-cake?), and it has never left me since; namely, that I not only am not safe in the hands of my own creations, but that I dwell surrounded by a vague and fearful limbo peopled by shadowy, irresponsible beings, who may rush in upon me any moment, and spoil everything.

Such a state of things is obviously subversive of any sustained artistic effort, and the theoretically admirable formula, "Just think out your work, and then work out your thoughts," is the purest nonsense. The best way is to resign yourself wholly, go into a sort of literary trance, and let your "monsters" have things all their own way. The result may possibly be as good as if you were permitted to carry out your own fallible ideas — and possibly better.

The Melodrama of Childhood.

— When I hear my elders referring to the frank enthusiasm and happy unconsciousness of childhood, I find myself doubting the tenacity of their memories, else I suspect them of carelessly adopting one of the many fallacies which have obtained currency rather by common consent than as a deduction from common experience. When I say "my elders" I speak advisedly; for though I am perhaps reckoned by some as among the oldsters, I know that in many respects I stand nearer to childhood than to mature life, and that I still retain much of the child in mental and spiritual phases. Yet it is true that I should not be cited distinctively as a "lover of children." I have no particular aptitude nor decided inclination for drawing out their views. Indeed, in this respect I stand in so great apprehension of their dangerous subtlety as casuists and cross-questioners, especially if the inquiry takes a theological turn, that I am inclined to avoid rather than to encourage polemics in jackets and pinafores. Although, as I have said, I still retain much of the child, I am conscious that from my seventh or eighth year I have been steadily weakening in that quality of astuteness and that gift of dissembling which, I hold, specially distinguish the juvenile mind. Aware of the deterioration, which would put me to a disadvantage, I am always cautious how I enter into discussion with any child of the age specified, still less with one of younger and more formidable years.

It is easy to overrate the happy way in which affairs were carried on in the Golden Age, and the refugees from Eden quite likely exaggerated the perfections of the abandoned garden. So it is with older people descanting upon the joyous simplicity and openness of childhood. They forget that childhood, so frequently and so ruthlessly encroached upon by inquisitive seniors,

must needs devise tactics of defense to cover its own small, tender, private opinions and fancies. Besides, we commonly make no account of childhood's love of melodrama, its graspings at life and experience, shown in its plays and impersonations of all kinds. A fondness for making-believe is seen even in babies, who feign fright, anger, extravagant joy, for no other purpose, it may be, than to relieve the tedium of an existence which has not yet obtained full use either of talking or walking members. Young creatures of the brute creation also are not without a somewhat similar mimetic instinct. Birds have their coy feints and startings, based upon some cunning rôle of their own devising. An intelligent and good-natured puppy will carry out very creditably the part assigned him by his human playfellows.

Lonely children particularly develop the dramatizing faculty, creating companions, as, lacking toys, they are ingenious at inventing playthings. A brotherless and sisterless four-year-old of my acquaintance, taken upon a journey, gave her fond mother some sensation, the little one being overheard reciting to a friendly stranger the outrageous pranks, including theft, assault and battery, and incendiarism, to which her "big brother Peter" was addicted. As an offset to the disgrace of this relationship, she dwelt with sweet enthusiasm upon the winning traits of her "little sister, Sally Pinker." On being questioned by her mother, it appeared that this hypothetical brother and sister were very distinct realities to the solitary child, nor for a long time would she drop them from the lists of kinship.

As a child, my record for truth-telling and ingenuousness of behavior was never impeached; yet I recall instances of mental chicanery, which, had they been made patent, would have sufficed to raise grave doubts in the minds of my natural protectors whether I should

not become a perjurer of the blackest stamp. Well do I recall that dull, rainy afternoon, when, open-air sports being out of the question, I cast about for some novel entertainment in-doors. I had heard of the extraordinary delusions which had seized upon a relative of mine while in the delirium of a fever. I, too, would be delirious, see visions, and talk wildly. I succeeded so well at this kind of feigning that not only was my tender mother alarmed, but I myself became genuinely ill, unnerved by the vividness of my own figments and the blood-chilling character of my own incoherent utterances. Also, I well remember being taken to the photographer's, and the lugubrious result attending the united efforts of the "artist," my parents — and myself. However exhorted to smile, the record of each experiment showed a uniform grimness of pursed lips, saucer eyes, and slightly corrugated brows. The "infant sphinx," as this photograph was afterwards known in the family, was often clandestinely inspected by me with extreme delight. Before and during the operation I had resolved that if I were to have my picture taken I would look *noble* (synonymous in my mind with *severe*). That I had succeeded in my design was the fond impression retained for several years.

Beside this witness to the theatrical impulse in children might be placed another portrait which was lately shown me, — that of a laughing-eyed, dimpling, coquettish Lalage face. The lady whose child-self is thus daintily memorialized tells me that the motive of the sitter was to "look as though my sweetheart had just kissed me"! It was this same elf who, having been corrected by her mother, conceived a plan for lacerating the heart of the injurious parent. Her eyes being at the height of their showery fit, she caught up a precious crimson-bound picture-book, and, bending over it, let fall upon its

admired cover two great tear-drops, with infinite satisfaction watching the spreading circles of stain which in future years should so poignantly reproach the maternal despot. The little red book is still extant, and I have seen it, with its twin hieroglyphs expressive of so much *naïveté* and *finesse*.

Patent Anti-Bore. — How many of us would have to confess to being of that unfortunate class of persons who never know when to stop? If we are making a call, we experience no difficulty until it comes to the final act of bringing our social venture gracefully to a close; and then somehow our resources fail us. We can entertain or be entertained, but lack the firmness or insight to seize that happy moment of departure which to a quicker understanding would have seemed to be providentially pointed out.

Manifestly all men cannot be of that superior order of beings who, like the sun in Hood's poem, "never came an hour too soon," and who never outstay their limit or overrun their time. Cool, precise individuals as they are, with an aptitude of rising to any demand, how one despairs of ever reaching their unerring sense of just the felicitous moment when another word would be too much, and when their prompt acceptance of this fact leaves in the mind of the hearer a blessed hunger for more! Somehow, however, this practical result must come within the possibility of all men, and it is to make a suggestion in the line of some expedient to this end that this bit of confession is offered. Why should not inventive genius come to the relief of long-suffering humanity with some device by means of which the most obtuse caller or the speaker most interminable will be forcibly reminded of the rights of others and the general fitness of things? A small portable indicator would answer the need, especially if it could be carried about the person, and were not observable in its action

by others. It should be capable of being timed to suit any occasion when it is required, and by some decisive blow should leave no doubt in the mind of the unhappy delinquent that the hour has arrived when calling grows into a nuisance and talking becomes a bore. One of more than usual power and perhaps susceptible of almost cruel effects might be constructed for the incorrigible cases, the hardened wretches who now habitually abuse social privilege, and make even the services of religion a travesty. These would probably require something stunning to overcome that density of cuticle which ordinarily prevents yawns, sighs, coughs, cluckings of watches, and general restlessness of person from making any impression. Let the invention, when, in the fullness of a time much hoped for, it shall come, be called *The Patent Anti-Bore Time-Saving Machine*, and let not the inventor doubt that he shall receive the unstinted gratitude of the race. It would certainly seem as if there remained no other equal opportunity for distinguished service and lasting glory.

*The Potency
of Individ-
uality.*

— In the novel of Robert Elsmere, the uncanny old squire is described as having spent a lifetime in the endeavor to discover and formulate the law that governs human evidence, the law which should account for its general untrustworthiness. I believe it is usually considered to be a fact derogatory to the nature of the race that no two members of it can tell a story alike. Whatever be the cause of this frailty, it is pretty certain it must be due to some quality which the sons — and daughters — of men all possess, so common is its manifestation. It has occurred to me, in a moment of more than ordinary daring as to speculation, that possibly this peculiarity is susceptible of an interpretation which so relates it to the deeper problems of the soul's essence and destiny that we may profitably study it with some other feeling

than our accustomed irritation at it as a weakness and a folly. It seems as if it might be very significant as to the meaning and value of individuality as a factor in the universe. All extraneous phenomena are little able to affect the individuality of whosoever would bear witness to them, but his perception and report of them alter them as if they had been subjected to a chemical process. The elements of his nature act upon them, and turn them out in such form as is the inevitable result of that contact and action. As the soul of each man, the ego of each, differs from that of another, so does each perform a different trick upon the phenomenon which it first perceives, then receives into its mind, and then attempts to reproduce in speech. No outward thing has substance enough to withstand this transforming power of the individual. No verity of the senses is true enough to overcome the magic spell wrought by the witnessing personality. If you but raise your hand, you do not raise it in the same manner for me as for my brother. There is something in him which looks through his eyes and sees a gesture unlike the one I see. His tongue is of the same fibre as his brain, and obeys the same thrill of vital force, and it tells a story with other phrase than mine, and which carries another impression, when we both seek to report what we have seen. What then is the significance of this intense emphasis granted to individuality; this essence which, itself unchanged, transmutes all the experiences of life and all the visible wonders of heaven and earth "into something rich and strange," or something poor and vulgar, according to the law of its own being? Not even an earthquake can daunt it, nor the thunders of Jove constrain it to permit sight or report except as it will. It disdains to take its rule of evidence from facts that have to do with earth and matter, and its flightiest rendering of them seems to maintain its right to control them in

virtue of being one with the Spirit which moved the phenomena in the beginning, and offered them to the human mind to consider and bear witness con-

cerning them. Is it then too bold a conclusion that individuality, so curiously and powerfully accentuated force, is indestructible and immortal?

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Books for the Young. Louisa May Alcott, the Children's Friend, by Ednah Dean Cheney. (Prang.) A pleasing little sketch intended for young readers, with a few of Miss Alcott's poems, and some illustrations of her homes by Lizbeth B. Comins. — Great Thoughts for Little Thinkers, by Lucia T. Ames. (Putnams.) The author, in some of her introductory words, says that she shall be very particular never once to call her reader by the objectionable term "a dear little reader." Nevertheless, that is the whole spirit of the style of her book. She has undertaken to talk to children of the deep things of the universe, and she begins with the wholly misleading, unbiblical, and unphilosophical statement that to create is to make something out of nothing. The phrases of her book suppose a very young child. The matter is wholly unsuited to very young children. — Prince Vance, the Story of a Prince with a Court in his Box, by Eleanor Putnam and Arlo Bates. (Roberts.) A lively little fairy-tale, with an unusual amount of invention in it and some very clever strokes of wit. We miss, however, a quality which we must call, for lack of a better term, geniality. — The Long Exile and other Stories for Children, by Count Lyof N. Tolstoi; translated from the Russian by Nathan Haskell Dole. (Crowell.) The book is not likely to interest children, except here and there, but it will have a value for older readers who desire to test Tolstoi by this new experiment. — The Youngest Miss Lorton, and other Stories, by Nora Perry. (Ticknor.) A half score of lively stories, chiefly about lively girls. — It is interesting to see that the author of Miss Toosie's Mission has tried her hand at a full story, as in Pen. (Roberts.) There is something of the same liking for oddity, the slight affectation of manner, and the risky sentiment which made her previous stories half engaging and half repelling. — Otto of the Silver Hand, written and illustrated by Howard Pyle. (Scribners.) Mr. Pyle has struck a signal brave success in his masterly pictures, which are everything that pictures for a child's book should be, — strong, story-

telling, and absolutely free from feeble refinement.

Art and Holiday Books. Mr. Sheridan Ford, of New York, has issued, without any publisher's imprint, a vigorous brochure under the title Art, a Commodity, in which, in half a dozen essays, abundantly illustrated by instances drawn from current movements in the pictorial world, he treats of the commercial side of modern art. Many of his strictures are just, and his comments are always interesting. It is a pleasure to get hold of a piece of writing like this, which "speaks right out in meeting." — Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground, written and composed by Stephen Collins Foster. (Ticknor.) An illustrated book, like its predecessors in the same line, the music also being given. It is odd how the sentimental darkey managed to impress himself on us in the old slavery days. This lament for the good old massa, now, used to bring tears to our eyes through Mr. Foster's sweet melody. — The J. B. Lippincott Co. send us twelve little books in monotyp, all edited by Geo. C. Haité, F. L. S., — Fellow of the Lithographic Society? — and illustrated by various persons; the covers, some of them, in a frosty style, and all the little books suggesting the confectionery of art. — Béranger's Poems in the Versions of the Best Translators, selected by William S. Walsh, with illustrations on steel. (Lippincott.) The versions are well chosen, and the volume is printed in generous type on good paper. We cannot greatly praise the illustrations, which are somewhat conventional in design, and executed in a bank-note style, but the Louis XI. picture is striking. — Goldsmith's The Traveller, with etchings by M. M. Taylor (Lippincott), is a formal piece of work, not very happily conceived, we think, since the poem calls for a lighter touch in book-making. — Infelicia, by Adah Isaacs Menken. (Lippincott.) The pictures, the red rule round the page, and the binding all pronounce this a holiday book. The frontispiece, which is a slice of chaos, excellently symbolizes the poetry, which despairs of the incoherence of verse, and settles into the incoherence

of prose. — Hermann and Dorothea, translated by E. A. Bowring, with etchings by Hermann Faber. (Lippincott.) It is a pity that so solid a page should have been used. The etchings are rather conventional, the figures being stolid and unpoetic.

Travel and Nature. The second volume of *Around the World on a Bicycle*, by Thomas Stevens (Scribners), takes up the route from Teheran to Yokohama. To the adventures of the ordinary traveler Mr. Stevens adds those which spring out of the unceasing marvel of his bicycle. But this is so old a story to him by the time he has gone half round the world that he takes his experience in this regard more as a matter of course in his second volume. He is a shrewd observer and lively narrator; not especially charged with information beforehand respecting the country he is to pass through, and thus not so instructive nor so tedious as he might otherwise be. The illustrations are mere memoranda. — *Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries*, by Rodolfo Lanciani (Houghton), cannot be dismissed in a paragraph, and we shall return to it with a full review; but we mention it now to call attention to a singularly attractive book, attractive both in matter and in manner. It is rare that the general public hears at first-hand of archaeological discoveries, and still rarer that a discoverer has the art to present the results of his search in so fresh and animated a style. That Professor Lanciani should have written his book in English is much, but it is more that he should have written it in a style which is full of light and grace. — *Mexico, Picturesque, Political, Progressive*, by Mary Elizabeth Blake and Margaret F. Sullivan. (Lee & Shepard). A collection of agreeable letters and articles contributed serially to two journals. Both writers have a large charity for the country, and their religious sympathy does not prevent them from being critics, though it makes them cautious critics. — *Only Glimpses*, by M. L. McMurphy. (Racine, Wisconsin.) An unpretending volume of notes of travel along the highways of Europe. — *In Castle and Cabin, or Talks in Ireland in 1887*, by George Pellew. (Putnams.) Mr. Pellew made a tour through Ireland for the purpose of getting at the facts which lie behind the present political controversy. He was well introduced, he used his eyes and ears well, and he came out of the scrimmage with an even head and with a disposition to find the solution of the problem in a *via media*. His book is an interesting and useful contribution to the literature of the Irish question. — *Jottings of Travel in China and Japan*, by Simon Adler Stern. (Porter & Coates.) Passages from unpretentious letters home. They have

the easy carelessness of familiar letters, but are not very rich in matter, nor have they the light charm of a trained writer. — *Western China, a Journey to the Great Buddhist Centre of Mount Omci*, by Rev. Virgil C. Hart. (Ticknor.) Mr. Hart traversed regions rarely visited or described by English-speaking travelers, and his record is interesting, for he keeps close to his text; and though he is not a very engaging writer, and always seems a foreigner, he writes of interesting scenes, and describes what he sees without too great waste of words. — *Ireland Under Coercion*, by William Henry Hurlbert. (Houghton.) The natural history of this book is interesting. Here is an American, trained in journalism, who makes a tour through Ireland with his notebook, talking with persons of every degree, and getting as closely as he can at the facts in those parts of the country which have had the strongest light of passion cast upon them. He prints his notes with a running commentary, and his book sets all the London press talking. Then he republishes his book in a second edition in his own country. Yet all the time he writes as one who is interested chiefly in the effect which Ireland and the Irish question have upon American politics. — *American Weather, a Popular Exposition of the Phenomena of the Weather*, including Chapters on Hot and Cold Waves, Blizzards, Hail-Storms, and Tornadoes, by Gen. A. W. Greely. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A most interesting summary of scientific results, put for the most part in intelligible language. There are good charts and a few cuts. But why did the publishers make a book of less than three hundred pages so needlessly clumsy with heavy paper and thick signatures? — *On Horseback, a Tour in Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee*, with Notes of Travel in Mexico and California, by Charles Dudley Warner. (Houghton.) It makes no difference how Mr. Warner travels, — we are perfectly willing to go afoot with him; nor where he goes, for we will go anywhere he chooses, though we might hesitate to follow him to one of his favorite goals. (We said *goals*, not *goals*.)

Fiction. *The Gallery of a Random Collector*, by Clinton Ross. (Putnams.) A dozen sketches and little romances, written with pains, and not devoid of a certain grace. They are better, certainly, than if they had been more ambitious, for the author does not strain at his task. — *A Bachelor's Wedding-Trip*. (Pen Publishing Co., Philadelphia.) A book of travel veiled under the form of a wedding-trip. The writer means to be airy. — *Our Uncle and Aunt*, by Amarala Martin. (Putnams.) A plea for woman suffrage, couched in a rambling story; at least it looks like a story, with its

fictitious characters, its marriages, its conversations, and the like. We greatly fear that neither side of the cause will be much affected by the book, as certainly no one is going to read it for fun. — *Glorinda*, by Anna Bowman Dodd. (Roberts.) A story of a rustic beauty with her two lovers, — the selfish civilized one, and the generous savage. The scenes are laid in Kentucky, but the story is an old one. — *Would You Have Left Her?* by William F. Kip. (Putnams.) The story of two young men and one young woman. Mr. Kip writes with a certain seriousness of mood which gives his novel the air of reality, and he shows care in his discrimination of character. It is by no means certain that he may not write another and a better novel, for this is good enough to make one wish so. — *Her Great Idea*, and other Stories, by L. B. Walford. (Holt.) The lightness borders on the farcical in these stories, and it seems to us that this clever writer is making an effort to live up to her reputation. — *Odds Against Her*, by Margaret Russell MacFarlane. (Cassell.) There is a first-class villain of a woman in this story. — *Bruton's Bayou*, by John Habberton, and *Miss Defarge*, by Mrs. Burnett, are bound in one volume. (Lippincott.) The former is a clever story, based on the revelation of Southwestern society to a New York gentleman; the latter is more skillful, perhaps, as a short novel, and the two have nothing in common except the same outside cover. — *A Hard-Won Victory*, by Grace Denio Litchfield. (Putnams.) The victory was in the domain of character. Miss Litchfield writes with care and with a respect for her art. — *Young Maids and Old*, by Clara Louise Burnham. (Ticknor.) A lively, agreeable story, with an air of naturalness which compensates for the absence of much incident. — *Fagots for the Fireside*, a collection of more than one hundred entertaining games for evenings at home and social parties, by Lucretia Peabody Hale. (Ticknors.) The form of a story is used, and serves excellently to explain the games, which are capital. We think Miss Hale has made a real hit with this book. — *Eve*, by S. Baring-Gould. (Appleton.) A story of the early part of the century, written with a constant strain after effect. The author has no clearly marked characters in his mind, but by clothing and painting them elaborately he has gotten up quite a show. — *For Fifteen Years*, a sequel to *The Steel Hammer*, by Louis Ulbach; translated from the French by E. W. Latimer. (Appleton.) — *Temple House*, by Elizabeth Stoddard. (Cassell.) — *Ilian*, or the Curse of the Old South Church of Boston, by J. J. Kane. (Lippincott.) Mr. Kane calls his book a psychological tale of the late civil war. The psychology

with which he sets out has the disadvantage of being at odds with what goes by a less formidable name, — human nature. The poor Old South plays a most uncomfortable part in the tale. A curse is pronounced under its shadow, and the business of the book is to make the curse good and to confound it at the same time. — *The Inner House*, by Walter Besant. (Harpers.) A parable of life and death, of an ingenious sort, the fiction used being an imagined state of things, in which science had discovered a power capable of arresting decay and death. — Oddly enough, the next book we take up, *When Age Grows Young*, by Hyland C. Kirk (Dillingham), is a mild contribution to the same general subject, in which the reader pursues a supposed dead man until he catches up with him in life. — *The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane*, by Frank Barrett. (Cassell.) A somewhat spirited story of the early part of the seventeenth century, written as if by one of the figures in the story. — *The Astonishing History of Troy Town*, by Q. (Cassell.) A funny story. — *Under French Skies*, or *Sunny Fields and Shady Woods*, by Madame de Gasparin. (The Baker & Taylor Co., New York.) A series of religious sketches set in gentle reflection. The French idiom of the stories adds a certain grace which relieves the book. — *Amos Kilbright, his Adscititious Experiences*, with other stories, by Frank R. Stockton. (Scribners.) Mr. Stockton has made a small collection of stories not included in his other volumes, and hardly likely to be quoted as much as they, but we never can get too much of his darkey, and there are some capital illustrations here of his humor in this particular. — *The Peckster Professorship*, an Episode in the History of Psychical Research, by J. P. Quincy. (Houghton.) Readers of *The Atlantic* will be entertained at seeing how ingeniously Mr. Quincy has dovetailed the portions of his book printed in the magazine with other matter so as to make a continuous story. — *The Philistines*, by Arlo Bates. (Ticknor.) — *Better Times*, stories by the author of *The Story of Margaret Kent*. (Ticknor.) The author of this book has lately received considerable attention from the public; it is only fair that by this collection she should show her readers how well she served her apprenticeship as a novelist. — *From Moor Isles*, by Jessie Fothergill. (Holt.) The scenes are laid partly on one side the Atlantic, partly on the other. We are pleased to see that this writer gives, incidentally, a little dig at pirated English novels. — *Ruth, the Christian Scientist*, or *The New Hygeia*, by John Chester. (H. H. Carter & Karrick, Boston.) Has it come to this, that Christian Science is also to have its exposition in fiction? This book may help the

cause of Christian Science, but it does nothing for the poor abused cause of Fiction. — *A Gallant Fight*, by Marion Harland. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Although intended to illustrate a large virtue, the book has a very hothouse air. — *Cousin Bette*, one of Balzac's most striking and painful studies, has been added to Miss Wormly's series of translations from that author. (Roberts Bros.) — *The Aspern Papers*, to which no Atlantic reader needs introduction, gives the title to Mr. James's latest collection of short stories. The volume contains *Louisa Pallant* and *The Modern Warning*. (Macmillan.) — Recent numbers of Ticknor's Paper Series are: *Two College Girls*, by Helen Dawes Brown; *John Bodewin's Testimony*, by Mary Hallock Foote; *Rachel Armstrong*, or *Love and Theology*, by Celia Parker Woolley.

Literature and Criticism. *Half-Hours with the Best Foreign Authors*, selected and arranged by Charles Morris. (Lippincott.) This work is included in four volumes, divided into Greek and Roman, German, French, Italian, and Spanish. The editor has prefaced the several selections from authors by convenient head-notes, giving information regarding them and their works. In the classic volume there appears to be no special order of selection; at least the order is not chronological. The names of translators are usually given. The whole set makes a useful chrestomathy. — *La Critique Scientifique*, par Emile Hennequin. (Perrin, Paris.) A study in criticism with reference to what the writer terms *esthopsychologie*, for which he offers in his appendix a scheme of comprehensive method. — *Hamlet ein Genie*, by Hermann Türck. (Max Hoffmann, Leipzig.) A philosophical study of fifty pages. — *Books that have Helped Me*. (Appleton.) A dozen papers from the *Forum* by an interesting variety of persons, including E. E. Hale, A. Lang, W. T. Harris, B. Matthews, E. Eggleston, and others. One is likely to read these entertaining bits of autobiography with the questions in his mind, What had the books to do with this writer's actual product? Did he choose such and such books because his mind was already bent, or did the books bend his mind? — *British Letters*, illustrative of Character and Social Life, edited by Edward T. Mason. In three volumes. (Putnam's.) An interesting and readable collection, arranged topically, an arrangement which serves better when persons are under consideration than when the topics are so general as *The Family* or *Friendship*. The division, besides, makes a certain confusion of time as one slips from one decade to another and back again. Mr. Mason does not go much behind the present century, else he could have found some charming material in the seventeenth and early

part of the eighteenth century; but he has preserved by his method a better unity. — *Master Virgil*; the Author of the *Æneid* as he seemed in the Middle Ages; a *Series of Studies*, by J. S. Tunison. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) A most interesting and valuable monograph upon a subject which has always had a charm for scholars. Mr. Tunison not only has collected his material with care, but he has digested it, and reproduces it for his readers in an attractive and readable form. He will have not only the scholar, but the general reader, in his debt. — *Pen and Ink, Papers on Subjects of More or Less Importance*, by Brander Matthews. (Longmans.) Readers of this book will find favorites in the papers. Mr. Matthews is always interesting, and the secret is that he is himself greatly interested in his subjects. — *Information for Authors, Hints and Suggestions concerning All Kinds of Literary Work*, by Eleanor Kirke. (The Author, 986 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.) If publishers and editors knew their own interest, they would secure a list of all authors under twenty-one, and send a copy of this book to each. The useful information is, to be sure, mixed in with considerable that is of no great importance, but it is never safe to say what is and what is not of importance to the tyro-author.

Education and Text-Books. The *Meisterschaft System* has been applied to the Latin Language, by R. S. Rosenthal. (Meisterschaft Pub. Co., Boston.) The first of fifteen parts has been issued. — *How to Judge of a Picture, Familiar Talks in the Gallery with the Un-critical Lovers of Art*, by John C. Van Dyke. (Chautauqua Press.) A sensible book from a man at home in his subject, and also well acquainted with the limitations of the popular mind. — *Civil Government, Studies of the Federal Constitution*, by R. E. Clement. (Lovell.) The teacher is helped by lists of questions appended to each section. We think the writer, in following the historical method, has made the approach to the practical part of his work needlessly severe. — *The Young Idea, or Common School Culture*, by Caroline B. LeRow (Cassell), is a series of lively yet painful chapters on the ignorance of teachers and pupils in our public schools, as instanced by the ridiculous answers to questions in the several branches of study. It is an old story, and perhaps some will take heed who read this little book, for, after laughing, they may become serious. — *Goethe's Torquato Tasso*, edited for the use of students by Calvin Thomas (Heath), is treated happily as a book of literature, and not an exercise in parsing. — *Preparatory French Reader*, by O. B. Super. (Heath.) We can hardly agree with the editor

in giving space to translations from Andersen's and Grimm's stories. Surely there are many perfectly simple French tales corresponding to the Danish and German ones; and, beside learning to read, the student ought incidentally to learn something of French literature.

Poetry and the Drama. With Sa'di in the Garden; or the Book of Love; being the "Ishk" or Third Chapter of the "Bostan" of the Persian Poet Sa'di, embodied in a Dialogue held in the Garden of the Tas Mahal, at Agra. By Sir Edwin Arnold. (Roberts.) There is something courageous in such an announcement by a poet. Come into the garden, he seems to cry, but come through a prickly hedge! — The Prophet and other Poems, by Isaac R. Baxley. (Putnams.) Underdone piecrust verse. — Through Field and Wood, lyric verses and sonnets, by Lewis Dayton Burdick. (Lippincott.) Verse to the eye, but it does not seem to get behind the eye. — Australian Poets, 1788-1888; being a Selection of Poems upon all Subjects, written in Australia and New Zealand during the first century of the British colonization, with brief notes on their authors, and an Introduction by Patchett Martin. Edited by Douglas B. W. Sladen. (Griffith, Farran, O'Keden & Welsh, London.) Two or three names only strike the reader's eye familiarly: Barron Field, Alfred Dornett, John Boyle O'Reilly, and, to our surprise, Thomas Woolner, who appears to have lived at one time in Australia. The poems are not all suggested by life in a new continent, but there are enough of them to furnish the reader with some new words, at least, if not new images. What is a "buddawong" ?

"The buddawong's trunk they carry away
In a cherished home-garden to grow."

There are some pretty little touches of homesickness in the volume. — In the Woods and Elsewhere, by Thomas Hill. (Cupples & Hurd.) Dr. Hill's feeling for Nature is simple, direct, and healthful, and is reflected in his verse, but he is not always able to please the ear with really melodious verse. The religious poems and hymns have much the same quality of objective freshness.

Theology and Religion. Spirit and Life, Thoughts for To-Day, by Amory H. Bradford. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) A volume of sermons, fresh, spirited, generous in their temper, and abundantly illustrated from life and literature. The gist of the book is, in the Scriptural phrase, that spiritual things are spiritually discerned; but the preacher is not a mystic; he is in close touch with the life about him. — Harvard Vespers; Addresses to Harvard Students by the Preachers to the

University, 1886-1888. (Roberts.) The preachers were Messrs. Brooks, Peabody, Hale, Gordon, and McKenzie, and their discourses were brief, earnest talks, delivered in Appleton Chapel on Thursday afternoons. The place, the audience, the occasion, all conspired to make the preachers direct and swift; and this little book, especially valuable as a souvenir to the young men who heard the discourses, will give any thoughtful reader a fair notion of the force at work in the religious life at Harvard. — Jesus in Modern Life, by Algernon Sydney Logan. (Lippincott.) A singular illustration of the modern reverent temper, which is so possessed with a loyalty to truth that it proceeds to strip all the old idols, in an intense desire to get at the spirit which informed them. This process, applied to the Saviour, has the air of herpism, but often leaves upon the spectator a mournful sense of the fanaticism of the truth-seeker. He too can see but one thing, but the object in the exhausted air-receiver, though unchanged to the eye, is nevertheless dead. Mr. Logan has written a very suggestive book, and one which has much literary as well as speculative merit, but even the reverence of the surgeon with the scalpel may not prevent him from a fatal use of his instrument. — God Knowable and Known, by Maurice Ronayne. (Benziger Bros., New York.) An argument for the existence and knowableness of God, by a Romanist priest, who avails himself of the machinery of discussion between imaginary persons. These men of straw are not worked very hard, and the writer dismisses them altogether when they are in the way, but they serve to lighten the book, which is not unreadable otherwise. — The I Ams of Christ, a contribution to christological thought, by S. H. Giesy. (Randolph.) Dr. Giesy, writing from a strictly orthodox point of view, has struck upon a subject which is unquestionably the profoundest aspect of the personality of Christ. He studies the consciousness as disclosed in certain fundamental expressions. Others are at work upon this theme in its more far-reaching consideration of the growth in consciousness, and this book comes thus as an interesting contribution to a great subject. The writer is forcible and suggestive, and his work ought not to be overlooked by the student. — Laconisms, the wisdom of many in the words of one, by J. M. P. Otts. (Lippincott.) The apothegms in this book are not all upon theological or religious topics, but the most important are. The thoughts are sometimes trenchant and the expression is close, but the test of such writings is a severe one; and they suffer also from the fact that one epigram affects another, and the reader is constantly demanding more stimu-

lant. — The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Romans, with notes, comments, maps, and illustrations, by Rev. Lyman Abbott. (A. S. Barnes & Co.) Mr. Abbott writes with a refreshing freedom from merely traditional exegetical methods. He writes as a person who has an eager desire to read his subject as a living, immediate concern of men, and thus his book is likely to catch many minds that would refuse to attend to ordinary commentators. If he is somewhat diffuse in his earnestness, and treats the Epistle as a text for a discourse, at least his own sermon is not conventional. — Introduction to the Books of the Old Testament, with analyses and illustrative literature, by O. S. Stearns. (Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston.) A succinct outline of each of the books, with copious reference to accessible commentaries and critical studies. The questions of authorship, date, and intention are considered, and the book offers itself for the use rather of the intelligent layman than of the professional student. — Essays on God and Man, or a Philosophical Inquiry into the Principles of Religion, by the Rev. H. T. Bray. (Nixon-Jones Printing Co., St. Louis, Mo.) The work of a learned man who yet hardly has learned to translate his thought into the vernacular, while the form, which is largely that of a mosaic, does not especially commend the book to scholars.

Books of Reference. The second volume of the new edition of Chambers's Encyclopædia (Lippincott) includes the terms from Beaugency to Cataract. The first title intimates one of the characteristics of the work, for it is a gazetteer as well as general cyclopædia. The articles are terse, and also stimulate further research, for they often contain convenient lists of references. American subjects are treated in copyright articles, and, though none of the articles are signed, a list is given of the longer articles, with the names of their respective authors, among whom may be named Andrew Lang, who writes of Burns; Stanley Lane Pool, who treats Cairo; G. Barnett Smith, who gives the facts in the case of Robert Browning; and Calvin, by Principal Tulloch. There are good maps and useful wood-cuts. It is singular how a publishing house like Chambers's manages to impress its personality upon its issues. — The fifth volume of Mr. Stedman's and Miss Hutchinson's Library of American Literature from the Earliest Settlement to the Present Time (C. L. Webster & Co., New York) is the second part of the division Literature of the Republic, and covers the period 1821-1834. The important writers included are Irving, Cooper,

Halleck, Bryant, Prescott, but there are many other names which have an interest both as secondary authors and as men eminent in their professions who dabbled in literature. We suspect that some of the names would not have appeared if the writers had happened to live a generation later. — Proverbs, Maxims, and Phrases of All Ages, compiled by Robert Christy. (Putnam's Sons.) If Mr. Christy has not, in his two interesting volumes, exhausted the wisdom of every age and language, he has at least come nearer doing so than any previous gleaner in his special field. The compiler is to be thanked for presenting his vast material classified and alphabetically arranged.

History and Biography. Indiana, by J. P. Dunn, is the latest volume in American Commonwealths series (Houghton), and is an admirable example of a monograph, for the author has had a clear determination to settle an historical problem. The sub-title of his book, A Redemption from Slavery, intimates the nature of his task, and he has devoted himself to showing how, in the development of the State, slavery did not merely slip out of sight, but was resolutely fought down in politics. The array of foot-notes indicates the thoroughness of the investigation. — Elizabeth Barrett Browning, by John H. Ingram, is a number of the Famous Women series. (Roberts.) Mr. Ingram has brought together the scattered references to Mrs. Browning to be found in many writers; he has pieced out the story of her life; but though he has admiration for his subject, he is not a truly sympathetic nor a very critical biographer. — A History of Charles the Great, by J. I. Mombert. (Appleton.) Dr. Mombert has gathered from a variety of sources the most credible information respecting the life of Charlemagne, and has written a formal biography. The book is rather encyclopædic than stimulating or original in treatment. — Patriotic Addresses in America and England, from 1850 to 1885, on slavery, the civil war, and the development of civil liberty in the United States, by Henry Ward Beecher; edited, with a review of Mr. Beecher's personality and influence in public affairs, by John R. Howard. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) Besides the addresses proper, there are many of Mr. Beecher's glowing editorials from The Independent. The long and interesting introduction is in effect a biography of Mr. Beecher as a public man. The book will do much to hold the great preacher before the public in an attitude most striking and worthy of remembrance.

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A WINTER COURTSHIP.

THE passenger and mail transportation between the towns of North Kilby and Sanscrit Pond was carried on by Mr. Jefferson Briley, whose two-seated covered wagon was usually much too large for the demands of business. Both the Sanscrit Pond and North Kilby people were stayers-at-home, and Mr. Briley often made his seven-mile journey in entire solitude, except for the limp leather mail-bag, which he held firmly to the floor of the carriage with his heavily shod left foot. The mail-bag had almost a personality to him, born of long association. Mr. Briley was a meek and timid-looking body, but he had a warlike soul, and encouraged his fancies by reading awful tales of bloodshed and lawlessness in the far West. Mindful of stage robberies and train thieves, and of express messengers who died at their posts, he was prepared for anything; and although he had trusted to his own strength and bravery these many years, he carried a heavy pistol under his front-seat cushion for better defense. This awful weapon was familiar to all his regular passengers, and was usually shown to strangers by the time two of the seven miles of Mr. Briley's route had been passed. The pistol was not loaded. Nobody (at least not Mr. Briley himself) doubted that the mere sight of such a weapon would turn the boldest adventurer aside.

Protected by such a man and such a piece of armament, one gray Friday

morning in the edge of winter, Mrs. Fanny Tobin was traveling from Sanscrit Pond to North Kilby. She was an elderly and feeble-looking woman, but with a shrewd twinkle in her eyes, and she felt very anxious about her numerous pieces of baggage and her own personal safety. She was enveloped in many shawls and smaller wrappings, but they were not securely fastened, and kept getting undone and flying loose, so that the bitter December cold seemed to be picking a lock now and then, and creeping in to steal away the little warmth she had. Mr. Briley was cold, too, and could only cheer himself by remembering the valor of those pony-express drivers of the pre-railroad days, who had to cross the Rocky Mountains on the great California route. He spoke at length of their perils to the suffering passenger, but she felt none the warmer, and at last gave a groan of weariness.

"How fur did you say 't was now?"

"I do' know's I said, Mis' Tobin," answered the driver, with a frosty laugh. "You see them big pines, and the side of a barn just this way with them yellow circus bills? That's my three-mile mark."

"Be we got four more to make? Oh, my laws!" mourned Mrs. Tobin. "Urge the beast, can't ye, Jeff'son? I ain't used to bein' out in such bleak weather. Seems if I could n't git my breath. I'm all pinched up and wigglin' with shivers now. 'Tain't no use

lettin' the hoss go step-a-ty-step, this fashion."

"Landy me!" exclaimed the affronted driver. "I don't see why folks expects me to race with the cars. Everybody that gits in wants me to run the hoss to death on the road. I make a good everage o' time, and that's all I *can* do. Ef you was to go back an' forth every day but Sabbath fur eighteen years, *you'd* want to ease it all you could, and let those thrash the spokes out o' their wheels that wanted to. North Kilby, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; Sanscrit Pond, Tuesdays, Thursdays, an' Saturdays. Me an' the beast's done it eighteen years together, and the creatur' warn't, so to say, young when we begun it, nor I neither. I re'lly did n't know's she'd hold out till this time. There, git up, will ye, old mar'!" as the beast of burden stopped short in the road.

There was a story that Jefferson gave this faithful creature a rest three times a mile, and took four hours for the journey by himself, and longer whenever he had a passenger. But in pleasant weather the road was delightful, and full of people who drove their own conveyances, and liked to stop and talk. There were not many farms, and the third growth of white pines made a pleasant shade, though Jefferson liked to say that when he began to carry the mail his way lay through an open country of stumps and sparse underbrush, where the white pines nowadays completely arched the road.

They had passed the barn with circus posters, and felt colder than ever when they caught sight of the weather-beaten acrobats in their tights.

"My gorry!" exclaimed Widow Tobin, "them pore creatur's looks as cheerless as little birch-trees in snow-time. I hope they dresses 'em warmer this time o' year. Now, there! look at that one jumpin' through the little hoop, will ye?"

"He could n't git himself through

there with two pair o' pants on," answered Mr. Briley. "I expect they must have to keep limber as eels. I used to think, when I was a boy, that 'twas the only thing I could ever be reconciled to do for a livin'. I set out to run away an' follow a rovin' showman once, but mother needed me to home. There warn't nobody but me an' the little gals."

"You ain't the only one that's be'n disapp'inted o' their heart's desire," said Mrs. Tobin sadly. "'T warn't so that I could be spared from home to learn the dressmaker's trade."

"'T would a come handy later on, I declare," answered the sympathetic driver, "bein' s you went an' had such a passel o' gals to clothe an' feed. There, them that's livin' is all well off now, but it must ha' been some inconvenient for ye when they was small."

"Yes, Mr. Briley, but then I've had my mercies, too," said the widow somewhat grudgingly. "I take it master hard now, though, havin' to give up my own home and live round from place to place, if they be my own child'en. There was Ad'line and Susan Ellen fussin' an' bickerin' yesterday about who'd got to have me next; and, Lord be thanked, they both wanted me right off, but I hated to hear 'em talkin' of it over. I'd rather live to home, and do for myself."

"I've got consider'ble used to boardin'," said Jefferson, "sence marm died, büt it made me ache 'long at the fust on't, I tell ye. Bein' on the road's I be, I could n't do no ways at keepin' house. I should want to keep right there and see to things."

"Course you would," replied Mrs. Tobin, with a sudden inspiration of opportunity which sent a welcome glow all over her. "Course you would, Jefferson," — she leaned toward the front seat; "that is to say, on-less you had jest the right one to do it for ye."

And Jefferson felt a strange glow

also, and a sense of unexpected interest and enjoyment.

"See here, Sister Tobin," he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "Why can't ye take the trouble to shift seats, and come front here 'long o' me? We could put one buff'lo top o' the other, — they 're both wearin' thin, — and set close, and I do' know but we sh'd be more protected ag'inst the weather."

"Well, I could n't be no colder if I was friz to death," answered the widow, with an amiable simper. "Don't ye let me delay you, nor put you out, Mr. Briley. I don't know 's I'd set forth to-day if I'd known 't was so cold; but I had all my bundles done up, and I ain't one that puts my hand to the plough an' looks back, 'cordin' to Scriptur'."

"You would n't wanted me to ride all them seven miles alone?" asked the gallant Briley sentimentally, as he lifted her down, and helped her up again to the front seat. She was a few years older than he, but they had been school-mates, and Mrs. Tobin's youthful freshness was suddenly revived to his mind's eye. She had a little farm; there was nobody left at home now but herself, and so she had broken up housekeeping for the winter. Jefferson himself had savings of no mean amount.

They tucked themselves in, and felt better for the change, but there was a sudden awkwardness between them; they had not had time to prepare for an unexpected crisis.

"They say Elder Bickers, over to East Sanscrit, 's been and got married again to a gal that 's four year younger than his daughter," proclaimed Mrs. Tobin presently. "Seems to me 't was fool's business."

"I view it so," said the stage-driver. "There 's goin' to be a mild open winter for that family."

"What a joking you be for a man that 's had so much responsibility!" smiled Mrs. Tobin, after they had done laughing. "Ain't you never 'fraid, car-

ryin' mail matter and such valuable stuff, that you 'll be set on an' robbed, 'specially by night?"

Jefferson braced his feet against the dasher under the worn buffalo. "It is kind o' scary, or would be for some folks, but I'd like to see anybody get the better o' me. I go armed, and I don't care who knows it. Some o' them drover men that comes from Canady looks as if they did n't care what they did, but I look 'em right in the eye every time."

"Men folks is brave by natur'," said the widow admiringly. "You know how Tobin would let his fist right out at anybody that undertook to sass him. Town-meetin' days, if he got disappointed about the way things went, he lay 'em out in win'rows; and ef he had n't been a church member he'd been a real fightin' character. I was always 'fraid to have him roused, for all he was so willin' and meechin' to home, and set round clever as anybody. My Susan Ellen used to boss him same 's the kitten, when she was four year old."

"I've got a kind of a sideways cant to my nose, that Tobin give me when we was to school. I don't know 's you ever noticed it," said Mr. Briley. "We was scufflin', as lads will. I never bore him no kind of a grudge. I pitied ye, when he was taken away. I re'ly did, now, Fanny. I liked Tobin first-rate, and I liked you. I used to say you was the han'somest girl to school."

"Lemme see your nose. 'T is all straight, for what I know," said the widow gently, and with a trace of coyness she gave a hasty glance. "I don't know but what 't is warped a little, but nothin' to speak of. You've got real nice features, like your marm's folks."

It was becoming a sentimental occasion, and Jefferson Briley felt that he was in for something more than he had bargained. He hurried the faltering sorrel horse, and began to talk of the weather. It certainly did look like

snow, and he was tired bumping over the frozen road.

"I should n't wonder if I hired a hand here another year, and went off out West myself to see the country."

"Why, how you talk!" answered the widow.

"Yes'm," pursued Jefferson. "'T is tamer here than I like, and I was tellin' 'em yesterday I've got to know this road most too well. I'd like to go out an' ride in the mountains with some o' them great clipper coaches, where the driver don't know any minute but he'll be shot dead the next. They carry an awful sight o' gold down from the mines, I expect."

"I should be scairt to death," said Mrs. Tobin. "What creatur's men folks be to like such things! Well, I do declare."

"Yes," explained the mild little man. "There's sights of despradoes makes a han'some livin' out o' followin' them coaches, an' stoppin' an' robbin' 'em clean to the bone. Your money *or* your life!" and he flourished his stub of a whip over the sorrel mare.

"Landy me! you make me run all of a cold creep. Do tell somethin' heartenin', this cold day. I shall dream bad dreams all night."

"They put on black crape over their faces," said the driver mysteriously. "Nobody knows who most on 'em be, and like as not some o' them fellers come o' good families. They've got so they stop the cars, and go right through 'em bold as brass. I could make your hair stand on end, Mis' Tobin, — I could so!"

"I hope none on 'em 'll git round our way, I'm sure," said Fanny Tobin. "I don't want to see none on 'em in their crape bunnits comin' after me."

"I ain't goin' to let nobody touch a hair o' your head," and Mr. Briley moved a little nearer, and tucked in the buffaloes again.

"I feel considerable warm to what I

did," observed the widow by way of reward.

"There, I used to have my fears," Mr. Briley resumed, with an inward feeling that he never would get to North Kilby depot a single man. "But you see I had nobody but myself to think of. I've got cousins, as you know, but nothin' nearer, and what I've laid up would soon be parted out; and — well, I suppose some folks would think o' me if anything was to happen."

Mrs. Tobin was holding her cloud over her face, — the wind was sharp on that bit of open road, — but she gave an encouraging sound, between a groan and a chirp.

"'T would n't be like nothin' to me not to see you drivin' by," she said, after a minute. "I should n't know the days o' the week. I says to Susan Ellen last week I was sure 't was Friday, and she said no, 't was Thursday; but next minute you druv by and headin' toward North Kilby, so we found I was right."

"I've got to be a featur' of the landscape," said Mr. Briley plaintively. "This kind o' weather the old mare and me, we wish we was done with it, and could settle down kind o' comfortable. I've been lookin' this good while, as I drove the road, and I've picked me out a piece o' land two or three times. But I can't abide the thought o' buildin', — 't would plague me to death; and both Sister Peak to North Kilby and Mis' Deacon Ash to the Pond, they vie with one another to do well by me, fear I 'll like the other stoppin'-place best."

"I should n't covet livin' long o' neither one o' them women," responded the passenger with some spirit. "I see some o' Mis' Peak's cookin' to a farmers' supper once, when I was visitin' Susan Ellen's folks, an' I says, 'Deliver me from sech pale-complected baked beans as them! and she give a kind of quack. She was settin' jest at my left hand, and could n't help hearin' me. I would n't

have spoken if I had known, but she need n't have let on they was hers. 'I guess them beans tastes just as well as other folks,' says she, and she would n't never speak to me afterward."

"Do' know's I blame her," ventured Mr. Briley. "Women folks is dreadful pudjicky about their cookin'. I've always heard you was one o' the best o' cooks, Mis' Tobin. I know them dough-nuts an' things you've give me in times past, when I was drivin' by. Wish I had some on 'em now. I never let on, but Mis' Ash's cookin' 's the best by a long chalk. Mis' Peak's handy about some things, and looks after mendin' me up."

"It doos seem as if a man o' your years and your quiet make ought to hev a home you could call your own," suggested the passenger. "I kind of hate to think o' your bangein' here and boardin' there, and one old woman mendin', and the other settin' ye down to meals that like 's not don't agree with ye."

"Lor', now, Mis' Tobin, le's not fuss round no longer," said Mr. Briley impatiently. "You know you covet me same 's I do you."

"I don't nuther. Don't you go an' say fo'lish things you can't stand to."

"I've been tryin' to git a chance to put in a word with you ever sence — Well, I expected you'd want to get your feelin's kind o' calloused after losin' Tobin."

"There's nobody can fill his place," said the widow.

"I do' know but I can fight for ye town-meetin' days, on a pinch," urged Jefferson boldly.

"I never see the beat o' you men fur conceit," and Mrs. Tobin laughed. "I ain't goin' to bother with ye, gone half the time as you be, an' carryin' on with your Mis' Peaks and Mis' Ashes. I dare say you've promised yourself to both on 'em twenty times."

"I hope to gracious if I ever breathed a word to none on 'em!" protested the lover. "'Tain't for lack o' opportuni-

ties set afore me, nuther;" and then Mr. Briley craftily kept silence, as if he had made a fair proposal, and expected a definite reply.

The lady of his choice was, as she might have expressed it, much beat about. As she truly thought, she was getting along in years, and must put up with Jefferson all the rest of the time. It was not likely she would ever have the chance of choosing again, though she was one who liked variety. Jefferson was n't much to look at, but he was pleasant and kind of boyish and young-feeling. "I do' know's I should do better," she said unconsciously and half aloud. "Well, yes, Jefferson, seein' it's you. But we're both on us kind of old to change our situation," and Fanny Tobin gave a gentle sigh.

"Hooray!" said Jefferson. "I was scairt you meant to keep me sufferin' here a half an hour. I declare, I'm more pleased than I calc'lated on. You tell Susan Ellen the news, won't ye? She'll be surprised to hear you've jest come on a visit. How you must ha' tugged to get them bundles ready, an' all for nothin'; but now I'll lend a hand 'bout everythin'. An' I expected till lately to die a single man!"

"'T would re'lly have been a shame; 't ain't natur'," said Mrs. Tobin, with confidence. "I don't see how you held out so long with bein' solitary."

"I'll hire a hand to drive for me, and we'll have a good comfortable winter, me an' you an' the old sorrel. I've been promisin' of her a rest this good while."

"Better keep her a-steppin'," urged thrifty Mrs. Fanny. "She'll stiffen up master, an' disapp'int ye, come spring."

"You'll have me, now, won't ye, sartin?" pleaded Jefferson, to make sure. "You ain't one o' them that plays with a man's feelin's. Say right out you'll have me."

"I s'pose I shall have to," said Mrs. Tobin somewhat mournfully. "I feel

for Mis' Peak an' Mis' Ash, pore creatur's. I expect they'll be hardshipped. They've always been hard-worked, an' may kind o' looked forward to a little ease. But one on 'em would be left lamentin', anyhow," and she gave a girlish laugh. An air of victory animated the frame of Mrs. Tobin. She felt but twenty-five years of age. In that moment she made plans for cutting her Briley's hair, and making him look smartened-up and ambitious. Then she wished that she knew for certain how much money he had in the bank; not that it would make any difference now. "He need n't bluster none before me,"

she thought gayly. "He's harmless as a fly."

"There's the big ellum past, an' we're only a third of a mile from the depot," said Mr. Briley. "Feel warmer, do ye?"

"Who'd have thought we'd done such a piece of engineerin', when we started out?" inquired the dear one of Mr. Briley's heart, as he tenderly helped her to alight at Susan Ellen's door.

"Both on us, jest the least grain," answered the lover. "Gimme a good smack, now, you clever creatur';" and so they parted. Mr. Briley had been taken on the road in spite of his pistol.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

BUTTERFLIES IN DISGUISE.

EVERY observer, even the most casual, has at some time had his attention arrested by the strange resemblance of some creature to the object upon which it rested; to this form of imitation the term "mimicry" was applied as long ago as 1815 by Kirby and Spence, in the introductory letter to their treatise on entomology. "You would declare," say they, "upon beholding some insects, that they had robbed the trees of their leaves to form for themselves artificial wings, so exactly do they resemble them in their form, substance, and vascular structure; some representing green leaves, and others those that are dry and withered. Nay, sometimes this mimicry is so exquisite that you would mistake the whole insect for a portion of the branching spray of a tree."

It is not a little curious that it was on the very eve of the publication of the *Origin of Species*, at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in 1859, that the first attempt was made to collect facts of this nature, and to inquire into the laws

which regulate them. At this meeting the late Mr. Andrew Murray read a paper upon the Disguises of Nature, in which he showed that the most perfect imitation of inanimate objects occurs, not rarely or exceptionally, but in some groups so commonly that the want of it might be regarded as the exception, and that the concealment of the animal was the plain purpose of the disguise. He confesses, however, that he cannot tell what law has set in motion such endless provision of protection, and can only suggest that it may be found in some force analogous to the great law of attraction; that "like draws to like, or like begets like."

The theory of natural selection, immediately afterward proposed by Darwin, was the key to this puzzle. Its use for this purpose by Bates, in 1862, was one of the earliest independent contributions to the theory from new observations. Buried in the depths of a special systematic paper, there were presented by Bates some of the most striking instances that are known of such

protective resemblance, in which the animals imitate, not the objects on or near which they live, nor such other creatures as are in themselves frightful or predaceous, but butterflies quite like themselves, to all external appearance as harmless and as much in need of protection as they. He pointed out, moreover, that there is a special group of butterflies (*Heliconiinae*), of vivid coloring and slow and easy flight, which are the constant subjects of mimicry, while the greater portion of the mimicking butterflies he observed belonged to a very different group (*Pierinae*), normally white and tolerably uniform in color, but which had so changed their livery and even the form of their wings as closely to resemble the objects they mimicked in brilliancy of color and variegation, and even in mode of flight. Some, says he, "show a minute and palpably-intentional likeness which is perfectly staggering." Indeed, the likeness proved so close that even after he became aware of the mimicry his practiced eye was often deceived. Or if he wandered to a new locality, where occurred a new set of *Ithomyia* (the most numerously represented among the mimicked genera), the *Leptalides* (the mimickers) would vary with them so as to preserve the mockery band for band and spot for spot. Now his field observations showed him that the mimicking species belonged to a group of butterflies very subject to attack by birds and other foes, while the group which they mimicked had an offensive odor and apparently a taste obnoxious to insectivorous animals, so as to be exempt practically from their attacks. This was shown partly by their exceptional abundance, which did not seem to accord with slow and easy flight and conspicuous coloring, features that naturally would render them an easy prey to their enemies. That these butterflies were truly distasteful to birds has been shown again and again. Thus Belt says, in his *Naturalist in Nicaragua* :

"I had an opportunity of proving in Brazil that some birds, if not all, reject the *Heliconii* butterflies, which are closely resembled by butterflies of other families and by moths. I observed a pair of birds that were bringing butterflies and dragonflies to their young, and although the *Heliconii* swarmed in the neighborhood, and are of weak flight, so as to be easily caught, the birds never brought one to their nest. I had a still better means of testing both these and other insects that are mimicked in Nicaragua. The tame, white-faced monkey I have already mentioned was extremely fond of insects, and would greedily munch up any beetle or butterfly given to him, and I used to bring him any insects that I found imitated by others, to see whether they were distasteful or not. I found he would never eat the *Heliconii*. He was too polite not to take them when they were offered to him, and would sometimes smell them, but invariably rolled them up in his hand, and dropped them quietly again after a few minutes. A large species of spider (*Nephila*) also used to drop them out of its web when I put them into it. Another spider that frequented flowers seemed to be fond of them, and I have already mentioned a wasp that caught them to store its nest with. There could be no doubt, however, from the monkey's actions, that they were distasteful to him."

Bates very naturally argued that if these offensive properties gave the *Ithomyia* such exemption from attack as enabled them to swarm in spite of lazy habits and brilliant coloring, then other butterflies living in the same places would gain a certain amount of freedom from attack if their flight and coloring so nearly resembled those of the offensive species as actually to deceive insect-eating animals, even though they were themselves in no way distasteful.

The fact of a resemblance so close that it is to all appearances a "palpa-

bly intentional likeness" is impossible to question. But how explain it? How could a butterfly change its appearance to such a degree, its wings from a uniform color to a banded, streaked, and spotted pattern, and at the same time lengthen their form and extend the antennæ? "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?"

The answer, as Bates clearly saw, was to be looked for in the same direction as when accounting for the assumption by animals of the color of their surroundings. Both are produced in the same way, and have the same cause and end. It is only by keeping in view this tolerably obvious truth that we can explain all the freaks of mimicry. "The specific, mimetic analogies," says Bates, "are adaptations, — phenomena of precisely the same nature as those in which insects . . . are assimilated in superficial appearance to the vegetable or inorganic substance on which or amongst which they live."

To gain an idea, then, of the processes by which the "staggering" examples of mimicry are produced, we must look first at the simplest forms of protective resemblance. Go to the sea-shore and observe the grasshoppers among the beach grass. They fly up at your approach, whizz off a rod or so, and alight. Can you see them? They are colored so nearly like the sands they live upon that detection of one at rest is almost impossible. On yonder grassy bluff, a stone's-throw away, you will find none of them, but other kinds equally, or almost equally, lost to sight by their harmony with *their* surroundings. What chance of life for either if they suddenly changed places? They would be so conspicuous that every passing bird or other insectivorous creature would sight them. Of course these protective colors have been gained by slow steps. Every grasshopper that found its preferred food among the sands was liable to be eaten. In the long run just those would

be eaten which were most easily seen. One which varied in coloring in never so small a degree, so as to be less easily seen than his brother, would live to perpetuate his kind, and his brother come to an untimely end; the progeny would show the fortunate variation, and be more likely to be spared to transmit in increased volume the probability of the happy coloring. Given, then, a brood of grasshoppers that find their preferred food in sandy spots, and unless other and more powerful forces act upon them it *must* result, from their liability to be eaten by creatures fond of grasshoppers, that in time they will resemble in coloring the sand on which they live; it is impossible that they should not. Any creature not specially protected by nauseousness, or habit, or special device of some sort, must in the very nature of things, if it is to live at all, have some other protection, and that afforded by color and pattern is by far the most common. The world is made up of eaters and eaten, of devices to catch and devices to avoid being caught.

We may apply the same reasoning to two kinds of butterflies subject naturally to the same class of enemies; that is, living in the same region and flying at the same time. If one has the slightest advantage over the other in the fight for life, by being, for instance, distasteful to one class of common enemies, so that these forbear to attack it after experiment or by instinct (the result of ancestral experiments), and there be among the less favored flock, here and there, an individual which, under circumstances favoring it, such as distance or shadow, may more often than its fellows be mistaken by the enemy for one of its distasteful neighbors through its possession of a little more than usual of a certain tint on a part of the wing, a little larger spot here, or more of the semblance of a band there, — how small soever this difference may be, it must, by the very laws of natural selection,

be cherished, perpetuated, increased, by slow but sure steps. Nor is there any limit to its increase except its absolute deception of the enemy. So long as there is the slightest advantage in variation in a definite possible direction, the struggle for existence will compel that variation. Knowing what we now know of the laws of life, mimicry of favored races might even have been predicted.

It is to be presumed that the actual colors found in a mimicking butterfly are, with rare exceptions, such as existed somewhere in the ancestral form. In the case of our own mimicking *Basilarchia*, for example, whose orange ground tint is so totally at variance with the general color of the other normal members of the group, it will be observed that all the normal species possess some orange. Without this as a precedent fact, such perfect mimicry might perhaps never have arisen. Individuals among the normal species vary somewhat in this particular, so that it is easy to suppose that some of the original *B. archippus*, with more orange than usual, may have escaped capture, on occasion, from this cause. From such a small beginning, such as one may now see every year in *B. astyanax*, sprang doubtless the whole story, and at last we find a butterfly which has for a ground color of both surfaces of the wings an orange which is the exact counterpart of that of *Anosia plexippus*; by reason of which, in all probability, it enjoys a freedom from molestation comparable to that attributed to *plexippus*, so that it ventures more into the open country than its allies, and thus gains a wider pasturage and surer subsistence.

It would seem, then, to be plain that all cases of protective coloring and mimetic form come under one and the same law, and have been produced by the same means (the survival of the best mocker), whether the object imi-

tated be animal, vegetable, or mineral. The actual outcome is, indeed, vastly more surprising in some cases than in others,—in some “perfectly staggering,” as Bates says; yet though there be to all appearances a “palpably intentional likeness,” there is found to be no intention in the case so far as mocker and mocked are concerned, but the result of a natural selection against which neither could even strive, and of which neither was ever conscious.¹ The process has been a long one, so that in the case of parastatic mimicry, as that form which involves the copying of one’s fellows might be termed (or, if one prefers an English term, neighborly mimicry), we may readily presume far less difference between mocker and mocked when the mimicry between them first began than now exists between the mocked and the normal relatives of the mocker. It is argued, indeed, with great show of reason, that as the resemblance grew stronger the birds became more sharp-sighted, which reflected again on the mimicry, and that thus the final departure from the normal type was intensified; but this assumption is not necessary.

So far we have referred only to the first illustrations of mimicry given by Bates, those which present the simplest, though not the least striking forms, involving as they do the widest departure of mimetic butterflies from their normal type. Let us glance briefly at some other points.

A new element enters when we find that neighborly mimicry is sometimes confined to a single sex of a butterfly; that is to say, one sex is of the normal color of its allies, while the opposite sex departs widely therefrom, and is found to resemble closely another and a nauseous butterfly of the same region. Now, as mimicry is clearly only a protective device, or rather outcome, we should naturally inquire whether either sex was

¹ “Imitation” and “mimicry” both imply intention; but the limits of our language com-

pel us to use figurative speech; we have no word to express unconscious mimicry.

more in need than the other of protection from those foes against which mimicry could avail anything. Plainly, it would be the female, since, were she lost before oviposition, just so many eggs would be lost with her; and besides this, her heavier, more sluggish flight — a necessity from her burden of eggs — makes her an easier prey to insectivorous creatures against which mimicry is aimed. Accordingly, we find many instances in which the female is mimetic and the male normal. Probably they are far more numerous than we imagine, and many of the exceedingly common differences between the sexes, which since Darwin's day we have been wont to set down to sexual selection, doubtless are to be attributed to something of this nature. But there is no known case of neighborly mimicry confined to the male sex. On the other hand, some of the most vivid and striking examples of mimicry are to be found confined to the females. There is one example brought forward by Trimen which is the most surprising yet published, where not only have two kinds of African swallow-tail butterflies, one with, the other without, tails, long supposed to be widely distinct species, been proved to be male and female, the female departing from the type to mimic a *Euploid* butterfly, but the male is found to have no less than three distinct wives, each mimicking a different kind of *Euploid* characteristic of the region inhabited by mocker and mocked, and each very different from the husband; while an allied male, formerly thought to be the same as the preceding, keeps a similar harem, similarly mimetic of species of *Euploinae* prevailing in its districts, and, besides, has in one place at least a concubine which is not at all mimetic. Surely the play of mimicry can go little farther.

But in all this arises a new difficulty. How is it that mimetic qualities, which in a given locality breed so true, are inherited by one sex only? Why do the

males escape? Here the question is, not, Why are the females mimetic? but rather, Why are the males not mimetic? To this no satisfactory answer has yet been given. It has been attributed to sexual selection, the females being supposed to be of a conservative frame of mind, and admitting no variation in their consorts; but this it would be difficult to prove, or, it seems to me, to render very probable.

This, however, is the view of it taken by Belt, who remarks that "it is supported by the fact that many of the males of the mimetic *Leptalides* have the upper half of the lower wing of a pure white, whilst all the rest of the wings is barred and spotted with black, red, or yellow, like the species they mimic. The females have not this white patch, and the males usually conceal it by covering it with the upper wing, so that I cannot imagine its being of any other use to them than as an attraction in courtship, when they exhibit it to the females, and thus gratify their deep-seated preference for the normal color of the order [tribe] to which the *Lep-talides* belong."

Still another difficulty besets the subject, — a difficulty in part recognized by Bates. It has been the subject of much discussion, but on the principles supported above is far more easily disposed of. Bates found not only that the distasteful *Heliconoid* butterflies were mimicked by those which were in evident need of protection, from the fact of their being greedily eaten by insectivorous animals, but that there were cases of mimicry quite as close among the *Heliconoid* butterflies themselves. Many instances of the same kind have since been recognized in other parts of the world. Here both mocked and mockers were protected by nauseousness, and it was by no means clear to him how any advantage, the fundamental cause of variation of this kind, was to be gained by such imitation. The resemblance was so close

that, according to his own words, "species belonging to distinct genera have been confounded, owing to their being almost identical in colors and markings; in fact, many of them can scarcely be distinguished except by their generic characters." Bates himself was inclined to look upon these, not as cases of parastatic mimicry, but as due "to the similar adaptation of all to the same local, probably inorganic conditions."

But this vague explanation has not been satisfactory to others, and Wallace and Meldola, and particularly Fritz Müller, have followed the matter, and shown that, if the mimicked species possesses the slightest advantage in the mere point of numbers over the mimicking, this advantage is sufficient to produce the mimicry concerned. It is highly probable, from the experiments of Fritz Müller and the observations of Belt, that the Heliconoid butterflies are simply distasteful, not poisonous, to insectivorous animals. Müller has even figured a considerable number of examples of a single species found by him (in this instance belonging to the *Acræinæ*, a closely allied nauseous group) in which the wings had evidently been seized by insectivorous birds, for they show great gaps in their wings, such as a bill would make upon them. By such seizures many of the distasteful butterflies doubtless perish, and Meldola shows very clearly by mathematical analysis that a resemblance between two species so close that the experimental seizures would be divided between them in the ratio of their numbers gives an advantage decidedly in favor of the scarcer species. Or, as Wallace puts it, "if two species, both equally distasteful, closely resemble each other, then the number of individuals sacrificed is divided between them in the proportion of the squares of their respective numbers." If the rarer species is only one tenth as numerous, it will benefit in the proportion of one hundred to one.

Exactly the same argument can be applied to examples of mimicry between two species where neither is distasteful. These cases, though less conspicuous, are probably more numerous than those of which we have been speaking; for, on the principles that we have laid down, any advantage which one species has over another will be attacked by that other in every possible way; and if there be elements in the structure or markings which admit of a closer resemblance between the two, and this resemblance will lessen the disadvantage under which the weaker species labors, then in the very nature of things that resemblance must follow, unless other opposing elements intervene. For here, at least, the relative abundance of the species concerned is an essential element. It has been thought by some to be also an essential element of all mimicry; but not only is there no sufficient reason for holding such a view, excepting in cases like those last quoted, but it has been asserted by no less keen an observer than Fritz Müller himself, and agreed to by others, that the mimicked species is not always more abundant than its counterfeit; indeed, the mimicking and the mimicked species have been found to vary in their relative numbers in different localities, sometimes the one, sometimes the other, preponderating. But with regard to mimicry of one distasteful butterfly by another, there may also enter another element; for it is hardly to be believed that all distasteful butterflies are equally objectionable to all birds, and it is obvious that the more distasteful the butterfly is to its rapacious foes, by so much more has it the advantage in the struggle for life; so that mimicry of one distasteful butterfly by another less distasteful is scarcely more surprising than the mimicry of a nauseous butterfly by one that has not this quality.

Only one further difficulty remains, and this is that, in a few instances, an

insect has been found differing so peculiarly from its congeners as to leave no doubt in the mind that it differs in the direction of mimicry when no exact prototype can be found. For example, the butterfly of one of the *Nymphaliniæ*, with normal dark colors and a definite pattern, will vary altogether from that pattern and coloring, to take on the livery peculiar to the *Euplœinæ*, a group very extensively imitated, when there is found in the regions inhabited by this supposed mimicking species no *Euplœid* which it in any way specially resembles. In this case but two explanations have been offered: one that the mimicked butterfly has not yet been found, another that it has for some cause become extinct. But with the extinction of the mimicked form we should expect speedy extinction of the mimicking, and it would seem more probable that these were cases of general mimicry in process of formation toward some specific type. At any rate, we need to know more definitely about these instances before we can properly discuss them. They have never been collated.

In support of the general theory of mimicry, it may be said that cases are far more common in the tropics than in temperate regions, even relatively; and so, too, are insectivorous animals. The accounts of travelers in the tropics constantly mention the attacks of birds upon butterflies, while instances of butterflies being seen pursued by birds are vastly more rare in the temperate regions. I have never seen one. In the tropics, moreover, the birds are aided by a great number of other insectivorous animals, such as lizards. In our own country, therefore, we should not look for many instances of mimicry of any decided type. The most striking is unquestionably that of *Basilarchia archippus*, which mimics *Anosia plexippus*, and the closely related case of *Basilarchia eros* and *Tasitia berenice*, the last two butterflies largely supplanting the first two on the

peninsula of Florida. In both these instances the mimicry is enjoyed by both sexes. A third case is found in the less close but still striking mimicry of *Basilarchia astyanax* by the female of *Semnopseche diana*, an instance the more remarkable as the mimicked species belongs to the same genus as our two other mimicking forms.

When we take a general view of mimicry as exhibited by one butterfly for another, how strange it seems; and what an interesting illustration it is of the adaptability and pliancy of natural forces, that for the evident protection of one species in the struggle for existence so exact and beautiful a resemblance should be brought about! Consider for a moment that the subjects of mimicry are at the final stage of life; they have already passed through nearly all the dangers to which the species as a species is subjected,—so rudely subjected that they are indeed but a centesimal, or even less, rarely or never more, of those brought into the world with them. During the early period of their life they were exposed to vastly more dangers than they can now experience. At times they were absolutely helpless, without the power of movement. They are now endowed with powers of flight sufficient to thwart the purpose of many a foe; yet it is in just this period that these special and extraordinary provisions for their safety and for the accomplishment, so far as the species is concerned, of the end of their life are given them. All this has been brought about for the sole purpose of prolonging their aerial life for the exceedingly few days which are necessary for pairing and the deposition of eggs. The more we contemplate so strange and perfect a provision, and the means by which it is accomplished, the more are we impressed with the capabilities of natural selection, and begin to comprehend how powerful an element it has been in the development of the varied world of beauty about us.

Samuel H. Scudder.

PASSE ROSE.

XVII.

It was the harvest month, and the leaves were beginning to strew the windy lanes of the wood. All the day long the hillsides resounded with the baying of hounds, baffled by the water of the marsh where the boar had fled. One could hear the heavy flight of the heron scared from its haunt, and the quick beat of the wild duck's wings skimming the surface of the pond. The quail, listening with head erect, ran through the thick reeds as the tumult drew near. But their fear was vain; it was not these the hunter sought. Twice the long, monotonous bay of the pack changed to the sharp, quick cry whose meaning the hunter knows so well, — when the trail grows fresh, and more than water to the dripping tongue is the sight of its prey to the eager hound. Twice those foremost in the chase found a spot where the trampled grass was matted with blood and torn from the mould by the struggling feet, — where the flags were pressed into the moist earth, and the boar on its haunches had waited its pursuers; and here, — ah, poor Brochart, the leader of the pack, slit from breast to flank by the tusk. What, thou canst still lick the hand? Brave dog! And here another has crawled into the thicket, leaving a red track. Is it thou, Biche, thy mistress's favorite? Seigneur, what a struggle was here! The dog moans pitifully, feeling the hand's caress. But hark! the beast is at bay again. The hand strokes the ears gently once more, then lifts the horn to the lips, and the dog is left alone to die.

At last, for the third time, the boar turned. It was at the very spot where, startled from its sleep, it had first heard the distant cry of the pack, and,

rising on its forefeet from the moss, had crashed through the reeds bordering the swamp. Hound and hunter were scattered now. The race had been hot, and there were dogs in the wood that never would answer cry again. Its bristles erect on its neck, its small eyes twinkling with rage, blood and foam dripping from its yellow tusks, the boar waited on its haunches. A hound, springing out of the thicket, leaped upon one of these tusks, to receive its death-wound before the cry on its tongue was finished. Its fellow, following close behind, stood at a little distance, howling piteously, its flanks smeared with blood. At the sound of its master breaking through the flags, it began to run to and fro, yelping furiously. The boar paid it no heed, watching the place whence came the sound of breaking stems; *there* was the enemy to be feared, — Gui of Tours.

Gui stopped at the edge of the opening to get his breath. His horse had been long since abandoned; his spear was lost; he had a wooden javelin shod with iron in his hand, and a knife in his belt; the broken cord of his horn hung from its ring. For a moment man and beast confronted each other. Cowed by the silence, the dog began to whine. The boar was still unhurt, though lacerated by the dogs' teeth. It was an old one, as could be seen by the curved tusks. Gui drew his knife and looked into its eyes. He would have risked death a thousand times to find Passe Rose, but why should he risk life to slay a boar? When the blood is up one does not think of such things. He wiped the perspiration from his eyes, planted his feet firmly, drew back his arm, and launched his weapon.

A heavy weight had crushed him to the earth. He struck out blindly with his knife: it was in his right hand;

how had he changed it? His hip burned as with fire: was it the tusk or the hoof? he wondered. Ah, he had struck the dog! A warm stream ran down his arm, then a shower of sparks danced before his eyes, and the weight on his chest grew heavier. He made an effort with both hands to cast it off; there was nothing there, yet it grew heavier. Was he bound? He endeavored to cry out. What had he said in that moment of involuntary terror, when the fear, not of death, but of ceasing to think, to feel, to love, seized him? *Passe Rose!*

The sun was already low, a cold fog was beginning to rise from the marshes, and the queen had resolved to return to the hunting-seat of Frankenburg to await the king. The day had not passed as had been planned. Everything had been arranged as for a battle; actor and spectator had each been assigned his post and duty. But the ambuscades had failed; the would-be actor had heard the noise of the pursuit drift away, and the spectator had found himself in the thick of the fray without warning; twice the *cortège* of the queen had been scattered; the battle had become a *mêlée*. Followed by a numerous train, the queen advanced slowly through the wood. Where was the king? God only knew. From far away came the cry of baffled dogs, a solitary shout, the echo of a horn. The queen rode in silence, surrounded by her escort; from time to time she turned her head to listen, or to address some question to those at her side. In advance went the royal equerries, alert, their javelins in their hands. With such a beast it was necessary to be cautious, even though the vine-clad tower of Frankenburg was in sight. The waters of the lake shone through the trees like an amethyst; it was said that these colors were due to the fires of Fastrade's magic ring, hidden in its depths. Behind the queen, among the king's daughters, there were laughter

and whispering. All were there, — Rothrude, Bertrade, and the timid Gisèle, their robes double-dyed with purple and sewn with flowers of gold; and last of all, Rothaïde, the eldest, grave and stately between the young children of Fastrade. In proportion as the distance from the queen increased, the laughter was more merry and the conversation less restrained. They recounted the day's adventures, conjectured its issue, and discussed what should have been done.

"Do they chase the boar with thee?" cried Gesualda to Rothilde, leaning back on her horse.

"If I had had a net, when the beast halted, perceiving us, and the dogs were upon him" — a page was saying.

"Thou wouldst have attacked it single-handed," laughed Heluiz of Hesbaye, patting the blonde head at her stirrup.

"Ho, there!" cried the page to a grayhound, which, leaving the boy's heel, sniffed in the bushes.

"It is a hare," said Rothilde.

"Ho!" cried the page, tugging at the thong and raising his whip. The dog, straining at the collar, tore the strap from the boy's hand. "By the King of Heaven!" exclaimed the latter, disappearing after the hound in the thicket.

"He hath the king's oath by heart," laughed Heluiz of Hesbaye.

A furious barking, succeeded by a shout, came from the copse. At the sound of this cry Heluiz's laughter ceased. Two men-at-arms ran into the bush, followed by Gesualda and Rothilde. "What is it?" cried those in advance. "A dog hath started a hare," said one. But a sort of terror spread through the troop. Some ran back; others waited, listening. Beyond, among the king's daughters, they turned their heads, asking what had happened. Her heart beating, Heluiz urged her horse in the direction whence the cry had come. At a little distance the copse grew thin;

there was an opening, and a crowd about something in its centre. "Water, — run to the lake!" cried a voice from its midst.

Heluiz slipped from her horse, and ran forward. Stretched on the ground were a man and a dog. "Agnes! Agnes!" she cried involuntarily. The man's body was straight, the hands by the side; but the dog, lying on its back, seemed still defending itself, its mouth full of hair and bristles, and a dagger buried to the hilt in its neck.

"Ho, here! the boar! the boar!" cried one from the edge of the opening. Those on the skirts of the group ran to see.

Heluiz pressed forward to where Gui lay. "Is he dead?"

"Nay, a scratch," said the page, unfastening the tunic, and wishing it were he who was thus watched by such eyes and lifted by such hands. For Heluiz had taken Gui's head in her lap.

She tore the wet moss from its roots to lay it on his brow; it was wet indeed, but with blood. "Loosen the belt," she said to the page.

As he obeyed, Rothilde, leaning over the captain, uttered a cry of terror. Between the leather pleatings, next his heart, she saw the sealed packet of papers she had given the monk at Immaburg for the prior. They were those which *Passe Rose* had gotten from Brother Dominic, together with that other she had found in the road by the abbey, the night of her last visit to Friedgis. They had fallen from her bosom when the captain bore her in his arms from the chapel at Immaburg to the wagon, and he had thrust them in his tunic, where they had remained to this day. Rothilde, paler than Gui, reached forth her hand to take them, when a rough arm pushed her aside, and a voice of command said, —

"Away with these women! Here, you fellows, think ye a dead boar will run away? Make a litter of lances and

boughs." And the speaker lifted Gui in his vigorous arms.

On every side they were discussing, questioning. Each related how the affair had taken place. Gui must have closed with the boar knife in hand. There were six thrusts behind the shoulder within the space of two palms, from below upward, — therefore the beast was above; the dog had leaped on its back, and received the knife by hazard.

"I would I had been there," said the page.

Rothilde was not listening. She wished to follow the litter, but dared not. At the sight of the papers, a multitude of pictures, hitherto distinct in her mind, blended into one: *Passe Rose* wearing her collar in the supper-room at Immaburg, with Friedgis' name on her lips; her whisperings with the monk at the chapel porch; and Gui's defense of her on the terrace and at supper. "Cursed girl!" she muttered, following at a little distance her companions.

Heluiz thought only of Agnes, who, vexed with her lover, had refused to join in the chase. "In the morning one pouts, and at night sheds bitter tears," Heluiz said to herself. "My heart bleeds for her," she whispered to Gesualda, as they left the place together.

"Nay," answered Gesualda, knowing well of whom Heluiz spoke, "the wound is not deep; only when blood is lost" —

"I would some one told her gently," interrupted Heluiz.

Rothilde, walking behind the two, stooped suddenly to the page's ear. "Wilt thou ride with me to Aix to-night?"

"Aye, truly, mistress," said the boy wonderingly.

"Run, then, quickly to the queen, and say that I have gone to soften the tidings to Agnes of Solier. Here, take my horse; I will find another."

The night was near when the two left the wood. On reaching the road

Rothilde gave her horse the rein. "Hold firm," she said. The boy laughed scornfully to think a woman should so address him, and drove his horse to her side. But the girl was mounted on a long-limbed mare she had gotten from one of the escort, while he had but her palfrey; and stride by stride, to his rage and mortification, she drew away, till naught but a cloud of dust was before him, and a distant beat of hoofs borne backward by the wind.

Fleet as her own shadow, leaping from stone to hedge, and from hedge to meadow, leaped the girl's thought from conjecture to plan. She was ignorant of the contents of the papers. A clerk from Beneventum — one of those sent by the Pope to teach the plain chant — had given them to her at Imbaburg for the prior, and the latter had bidden her send such by the hand of Brother Dominic. "Cursed monk!" she repeated under her breath, as the lights of Aix came in view. The strings of the net had been in her grasp, the life of the king in her hand, wherewith to buy of his gratitude her heart's desires. A few days more — and now, perhaps, the sword and the cord. She did not fear them, but to lose her soul's desires. And with her rage mingled a fierce indignation, — the indignation of a virtue balked. For was she not purposing to save the king's life? — and this lovesick monk would ruin all. The distance was scarce two thousand paces, but the steed breathed hard and hung its head as the girl drew up before the abbot of Fontenelle's. Sliding from her seat, she patted the warm neck, bidding the mare stand, and went boldly in the gate. Her mind was made up. She would know the contents of the papers; and if it proved as she feared, she would go that very night to Frankenburg and tell the king. By the fountain on the side of the stables men were watering horses, and among them she saw with joy the prior's asses. Raising one hand to her lips, she uttered a low, peculiar

cry. Instantly one of the men turned and ran towards her. It was Friedgis.

"Hush!" she whispered, laying hold of his hand. "Is thy master, the prior, within?"

Seeing her white face, he nodded, speechless.

"Go to him and say, 'To-night, this very hour, at the ford of the Wurm, without fail.' Repeat the words after me." He repeated them. "Aye, without fail. And do thou," — she pressed his hand and drew nearer to him, — "do thou take the horse thou wilt find without, and wait for me at the west gate, the gate by which thou camest." She raised herself on her feet till her lips touched his. "Go," she said.

She stroked the mare's neck again as she passed in the street, hurrying to the palace on foot. The square was crowded with those waiting to see the king's return. She threaded the throng as a young quail threads the rye, slipped between the pillars under the gallery, and ran up the stairs. At the threshold of Agnes' room she hesitated. It was not for this she had come, and words failed her. Agnes was sitting before her toilet-table, preparing for the supper awaiting the king's return. She would not ride that day with her lover to the chase, but she was making ready, nevertheless, for his coming, and was looking at herself in the metal disk when she saw there the face of Rothilde. She turned, penetrated with a sudden fear.

"He is not much hurt," stammered Rothilde.

"Who?" said Agnes, striving to conceal her own wound, but seeing the walls reel.

"A mere scratch," said Rothilde, remembering what some one had said in the wood. Then she saw Agnes put out her hands and totter. She sprang to the table for the cruet, and there beside the flask of rose-water lay her pearls! For a moment she stood aghast; then, grasping them in her hand, ran out, call-

ing aid. "Thy mistress is ill," she said to the women who answered her cry. "Gui of Tours is hurt by the boar. Go to her; and you, Marcent, run for the king's leech," saying which, she disappeared down the stair.

In the court the page was dismounting from her palfrey. She laughed at his rueful face.

"Give me thy knee," she said.

"Where art thou going?" he asked, aiding her to the saddle.

"To meet the queen."

"Another time, mistress," said the boy, clenching his fist, "I will ride with thee" —

She laughed over her shoulder as she went out of the gate, and put the palfrey to a gallop on the road to Immaburg.

XVIII.

On leaping from the wagon at the edge of the ford, *Passe Rose* fell; but, springing quickly to her feet, ran with all her speed, giving no backward glance till she came to the waters. Every eddy and muddy cloud which the wheels had made was gone, and the stars shone placid in the smooth-flowing current; but so deep were they set, and so forbidding was the stream, that for all her haste she turned along the bank, still running, nor stopped for breath till the wood had hidden the distant glare of the torches. The moon was behind the trees, but she saw by the narrow lane of stars overhead that another road branched from the ford, and this she took without debate; now running, now walking, and so pressed by the fear of pursuit that all her thought was fixed on the sounds she could scarce separate from her own flying footsteps. Suddenly the star-track above widened, and a dark mass, distinguishable only by reason of its denser blackness, detached itself from the gloom of the forest. She stopped, spent and terrified, when a low, fami-

liar sound of cooing doves, crowding each other on their perch, came as it were from the tree-tops. Reassured, she advanced step by step till the thatch of a roof stood out against the sky-line; then stopped again, listening. Heated by her long run, the night air made her shiver. As she debated whether to seek shelter in this hut, thinking how those within might receive her, and whether, if any pursued, to tarry here were not certain discovery, a distant shout caused her to start forward again; but being out of the road she stumbled and fell, and on regaining her feet found her passage blocked by a low out-building. Her outstretched hand touched the door-post; an odor of trodden hay and steaming bodies came from within. Stooping to avoid the thatch, she stepped over the threshold, groping in the darkness. It was the sheepfold. "So, so," she said softly, for the sheep, huddled together, began to press toward the opening. "So, so," she repeated. But the flock crowded the more, and knowing well that to argue or threaten were folly, she dropped on the floor among them. The space was small, and they pressed about her, she lying still, as if one of them, till their alarm had subsided. One had its nose against her neck, and the innumerable of its breathing filled her ear. She lifted her head and listened, — without, also, all was still; then she rested her cheek on the soft shoulder next her, her face deep in the fleece, the smell of the wool in her nostrils, the hot breath on her throat. The warmth and shelter of the place filled her with a sense of safety and comfort, and, no longer shivering, she closed her eyes.

It is strange that the mind, having such power to torture us, should be so readily set aside by a little bodily discomfort. The scratch of a pin or an aching nerve is enough to make it loose its hold; the lesser pain routs the greater, and thought and feeling must wait till the body hath ease again. But no

sooner did *Passe Rose* close her eyes in warmth and safety than thick-coming thoughts forced them open; and there they stared in the dark, as if the fold were lighted by a thousand candles, and her mind's pictures painted on its clay walls. Little the sheep knew what splendors and miseries of love and passion God and the Devil there showed her; and it would have puzzled the abbot, or even Alcuin, the king's chief scholar, to separate on the right hand and on the left the motives which kept her to her first resolve. Mixed with the clay and dross as they were, they filled the secret deeps of her heart with a sweet satisfaction, like the calm below a wind-tossed ocean. Often she was ready to rise up and go to claim her own. Was it not hers by right? What if she should possess it for but a moment,—that moment of possession in the eyes of them all, of Agnes? O Mother of God! Was this not hers in justice? Why should she hide like a felon in a sheep-pen while another laughed in the sun? Her blood boiled, and, lying the while motionless among the sheep, she braved, in thought, the guards at the king's gate, and stood before them all. Jewels and dresses were not her quest, but he, her lover. The king would frown, the women stare, and Agnes of Solier,—there she stood, insolent, as in the supper-hall of *Inmaburg*. What mattered it? She would put her hand in her lover's: its grasp was like iron; it was hers, and none other's. If the king smote her—nay, let God himself smite her,—the greater the despoiler, the greater the wrong. He was hers by right. The world might grind her to dust—what mattered it?—and him also—ah, no! And like the river, the rush of whose waters the rock, mid-stream, hurls back and scatters, her thought recoiled, and she began to tremble. Why throw away everything just to lie on his breast? She could wait, oh, for ages; and a vision of some far-

away place rose before her. When? Where? She did not ask, but some time, somewhere,—God would not permit it to be otherwise,—her lover would come. She saw him afar,—at every step she quivered; now he was come, and stood above her; his touch made her cry out; then she lay still in his arms, trembling. Cramped between the sheep, she slid down lower, at full length. Her foot pained her. She must have hurt it when she leaped. What had he thought when he looked in the wagon and found her gone? By this time they must have reached the city. Would he turn back to find her? If he came, she would lie still; and if he found her, that would be a sign that God would have it so. She would arise; they would go forth together; and a sudden childish memory of a blue sea shimmering in the sunlight passed before her eyes. She recollected the Greek jeweler whom she had met when she was with the merchants. He had told her of isles in a sea where no rain fell. Bah, how she loathed him and his jewels! “Oh, my Gui, my Gui!” she whispered. Her thought grew more confused. The murmur of the breathing sheep sounded louder. Now it was the oft-heard roar of the river next the wall at *Maestricht*, of the leaves in the wood of *Hesbaye*, and now the lapping of the blue sea waves on isles where no rain falls. Her eyes struggled to open. It was true! Nightingales were, indeed, singing in the myrtles, and she had thought herself pursued and hiding in a sheep-pen! She opened her eyes wide now. The ugly dream was over. Her lover bent over her; above his head was the sky. “Oh, my Gui, my Gui!” she murmured, and so fell asleep.

It was fortunate for *Passe Rose* that the master of the grange was with *Pepin* in the marshes of the *Theiss*, for his soul was small with the greed of gain; and another mouth to fill, though it were that of the babe that came the last

Easter night, made him cry out against God's injustice. But the wife was tender of every living thing, even to the hare which fled from the kite to her door. The children had found the girl still asleep in the gray of the dawn, and had brought her within, gaping with wonder at her strange dress, the tinkling bells, and the anklets about her feet. "Give me only shelter from the wolves," had said *Passe Rose*, "till my foot is at ease," — for she limped with pain, — "and I will gather thy fagots and grind thy wheat."

"Whence art thou?" asked the woman, astonished at her beauty.

"I am from the south," said *Passe Rose*; and seeing the woman observing her hair, "In my country a girl may braid her hair, if she will."

"Hast thou no kin?"

"Aye," said *Passe Rose*, thinking how *Agnes of Solier* had asked her the same question at *Immaburg*. "I have a mother who loves me well."

"Poor soul," replied the woman, "thy foot is bruised."

"Give me the babe while thou stirrest the stew," said *Passe Rose*. The woman hesitated. Her babe was christened, yet if by chance the girl were a witch — "I will guard the pot myself," laughed *Passe Rose*.

If the mother feared, as well she might, her doubts scarce lived till night. Never in the prime of her strength, before her children taxed her care, had she accomplished what *Passe Rose* did that day; and when they were all together in bed *Passe Rose* had the babe in her arms, while the wife was planning what she should say to her husband that he should grant the girl to stay; for, if by God's grace the Huns had not slain him, he must now be well on his way home.

Within a week's time *Passe Rose* was no more to be spared than the thumb of one's hand. She drew the water from the spring which ran into the *Wurm*,

and made a cape of lamb's wool for the boy who watched the sheep in the meadow below the spring; she ground the corn and gathered the wood, and put such savor into the pot that to smell the steam was to long for what was within. Her foot was wellnigh healed, though she spared it not, and the good-wife feared each day to see her go.

"How happens it," she asked, "that thou leavest thy mother, if she loves thee well?"

"Never fear," replied *Passe Rose*, whose hand was on the mill; "it is as I say."

Then once again: "Is thy father in the expedition with the king's son?"

"I have no father," said *Passe Rose*, winding the yarn.

At another time: "Is thy mother far? Perchance thou returnest where she is?"

"Between them that love there is no space," said *Passe Rose*.

So the woman bridled her tongue, lest her questions should drive the girl away.

Behind the house a path led to the spring, for all the world like the fay's pool in the wood of *Hesbaye*. Overrunning the hollow whence it flowed, it slid between the stones to the river just below the ford, and where it left the stones for the rushes stood a black tower which the Romans had built before the ford shifted its place. Its stones were still firm, and a stairway led to the top, whence one could see the river up and down, and a glint from its surface across the meadow beyond the bend till the wood barred the view. The woman of the grange, indeed, had no desire to climb its stair, for the walls of her hut, or at most the circling forest, bounded her world, and little she cared to see what was beyond. Her husband would come soon enough without spying him out from afar. Moreover, the tower was of heathen construction, and the children were warned against looking even in its door, for fear of some evil

imp that might dwell within. But all the thoughts of Passe Rose were of that beyond the wood horizon, and it eased her heart to stand on the tower's top and follow the river's flow as far as she could see.

Having filled, one evening, her jar at the pool, she followed the rill to the stream, and entered the door, dark as a wolf's mouth; for the arch was low, and, because of the winding stair, no light came from above. The sun was behind the trees, shooting beams of red light, like the fingers of a mighty hand, through the openings, and a thin mist lay on the water beneath. As she looked a company of travelers came to the ford, and halted on the farther side. Presently one pricked his horse forward into the Wurm and passed over, but the second, a monk, following after on his mule, got no farther than mid-stream; for there the beast stopped, and neither blows nor coaxings would prevail upon it to advance or retreat. The robe of its rider trailed in the water, the current foamed about its legs, when a third person strode into the stream, and lifting the monk in his arms bore him safely over. Passe Rose, watching this scene, sprang suddenly to her feet. If the arms which grasped so fat a monk thus easily were not those which had borne her from the press at the exposure of the relics, then her eyes deceived her. Descending the stairs in leaps, she ran along the bank, and reached the ford in time to see Friedgis wading the river with the beasts of burden, the monk of Immburg mounting his mule, and the prior of St. Servais chafing at the delay. Then the three resumed their journey. Passe Rose waited till they had gone, then stole from her hiding-place. There they were, on the road to Aix, already indistinct in the shadows, and now beyond sight and hearing. An overwhelming desire to follow them seized her. She walked slowly along the road, under the mastery of a presentiment she could

not resist. Why try to? What had she to do with those behind, — with the water-jar at the pool? Her business was with these, at the end of that road stretching before her. It were better to go on; nay, she must. The very certainty of it was a satisfaction. She stopped suddenly, and ran back with all her speed. The time was not yet come. Some day she should follow that road to its end. When that time came it would be in vain to resist. "Yes, certainly, it will come," she said, lifting the jar to her shoulder.

After this encounter an uneasy feeling harassed her. Death itself was not so certain as this *something* near at hand. The sense of it made her heart stand still and the spindle drop from her fingers; it struck her like a chill in the middle of the night, in broad day. "Oh, my Gui!" she repeated under her breath, terrified. Yet never once did she imagine that her lover had forgotten her. There were times when she was happier than she had ever been before. The bitterness with which she had thrown down the holy image in her chamber and cursed the altar in the chapel of Immburg had left her; sometimes it seemed as if God were in her heart. She went now often to the ford, to gaze at that road she was one day so sure to follow. She stopped midway in the wood-path, as often, too, she started from her sleep. Did any one call her? No, the time was not yet come.

One day she sat in the doorway combing the washed wool. Behind her the woman of the house was hanging the rovings on a stick suspended at either end from the rafters. The odor of the fleece filled the room, so that Passe Rose had seated herself where the air was fresh. The woman was talking of the approaching *fête* at Aix. "Of what use to us are all these treasures," she was saying, "since they serve only to increase the price of everything? It were better to leave them to the Huns. More

than a thousand horses, they say, were left down there in the marshes. My husband was forced to furnish one, a fine colt that is now doubtless food for vultures, and he will come back empty-handed, for this treasure is not for us. They will make pictures of little stones in the church the king is building. Hast thou seen these pictures? I saw one in the church of St. Marcellus. The mantle of the martyr is of little stones, of gold and silver and red garnet. But what avails it to shed blood for treasures if a silver sou is worth no more than twenty deniers? Let us keep our husbands and our horses, and leave the Huns their gold."

"In my country they have many such pictures," said *Passe Rose*, with an air of superiority.

"And all the young girls in thy country wear collars of gold," rejoined the woman, vexed.

"Nay," said *Passe Rose*, the color mounting to her cheeks. "The collar is not mine own. But if thou wilt, thou mayst have my anklet," unfastening it as she spoke, and offering it to the woman; for in divesting herself of all *Werdric* had given her, she had forgotten her anklets. "It is of beaten gold; my father gave it me."

"If thy father gave it thee," said the latter, ashamed, but weighing it in her hand, "it were certainly dear to thee."

"Thou mayst have it and welcome," replied *Passe Rose*.

"Nay," said the woman, giving it back; "if thou lovest it" —

"I love it not," said *Passe Rose*.

The woman looked at her curiously. The anklet shone in the wool where she had placed it. "If thou wilt not wear it, I will put it in my chest; the daws are such thieves," she said, opening the lid. "The key is at my girdle, and thou mayst have it when thou wilt."

Passe Rose made no reply. The daws peeped from the rabbit-burrows in the

hedge, their gray ear-coverts and black plumage shining in the sun. The comb flashed back and forth in the white wool. Suddenly it fell from *Passe Rose's* hand to the floor, and she rose to her feet with a suppressed cry. Over the hedge, far down the road, the form of a woman appeared. *Passe Rose* stood still, only trembling, the wool about her feet. A fire seemed burning in her breast. She walked slowly down the slope to the hedge; then she began to run, her eyes fixed on the short, thick figure advancing with the uncertain gait she knew so well. As she approached, the woman stopped, gazing at her suspiciously. *Passe Rose* ceased running and began to walk again; then stopped, also. The fire in her breast had become like ice. It was *Jeanne*, — yet it was not *Jeanne*. The latter still eyed her uneasily. *Passe Rose* advanced a step; she endeavored to speak, but could not.

"Hail, little dove," said *Jeanne* timidly.

At the sound of this voice *Passe Rose* trembled again. One would say these two feared each other. "Mother, — little mother," whispered *Passe Rose*.

A momentary gleam of recollection flashed in *Jeanne's* sunken eyes.

"Hush!" she said, glancing nervously about her; "I am no mother. If I were a mother, I should find my child, — my bowels yearn for her; but being no mother, I cannot see where she is. She was of thy height. They say that if a string be stretched before the door at nightfall — I have the string here in my wallet," — her fingers fumbled at the pouch, — "but the door is lost."

"Come," said *Passe Rose*, drawing her by the hand which still held hers. Some stranger soul which knew her not seemed to tenant this body so familiar and so dear to her. She wished to clasp it against her breast, but dared not. "Come," she repeated irresolutely.

"Willingly. Thou hast a good face," said *Jeanne*, looking wistfully into her

eyes. "Is there perchance a little cake in the oven?"

Passe Rose did not reply; the words filled her throat. Her mother was hungry.

They walked together side by side, Passe Rose looking straight before her. Jeanne, who had not withdrawn her hand, stole from time to time a timid glance at the girl's face. It seemed as if the hand lying so passive in that of Passe Rose recognized what the spirit could not; as if the touch of the girl's fingers awakened sense-impressions to which the mind could not respond, yet which soothed it, producing a feeling of contentment and ease.

"It is my mother," said Passe Rose to the woman, who stood in the doorway watching them.

Jeanne's face shone with pleasure. "Foolish little one," she said in a supplicating voice, "let her think so if she will; it can do no harm." She hesitated. "I am no beggar. If ever thou shouldst pass by Maestricht, ask for the goldsmith of St. Servais. I will give thee a little cheese, such as the abbot loves. Four every year I send to the abbot, and six to the king."

"Enter," said Passe Rose. It was more humiliating to her to see Jeanne receiving succor than to have asked for it herself. She drew her to the table, and set before her some wheaten cakes and a cup of goat's milk, of which Jeanne partook eagerly. In the satisfaction of her hunger she lost all sense of the presence of others, bending over the platter, and munching the dry cakes from which she could not take her eyes. When she had finished, she glanced nervously about the room till she found Passe Rose; then she smiled.

"Come," said Passe Rose, "it is time to rest."

Forcing her gently to the bed, she made her lie down, and threw over her a coverlet of wool. Jeanne submitted without remonstrance, but kept her eyes

fixed upon Passe Rose, who sat down beside her.

"To sleep one must close one's eyes," said the latter. Jeanne shut her eyes. Presently she opened them again, and, reaching out her hand, drew Passe Rose's face to hers.

"To-morrow we will search — for her — together," she whispered.

"Aye, to-morrow," replied Passe Rose.

Satisfied, Jeanne closed her eyes again, holding the girl's dress fast in her hand. Gradually the tired body asserted its claims; the mouth opened, the lids parted and ceased to tremble, the smile disappeared from the face. Sleep seemed to increase its age and despair. But Passe Rose saw in it only the work of her own hand: *she* had furrowed those wrinkles and filled them with tears; *she* had blanched those cheeks and driven recollection from those eyes. Releasing herself from the hand which still held her, she crossed the room on tiptoe to the woman, who looked in silent wonder.

"She shall have my place this night in the bed," said Passe Rose, pointing to Jeanne. "To-morrow we will go hence."

"Thy mother is" — The woman tapped her forehead with her finger.

A gleam of anger shone in Passe Rose's eyes. "Nay," she replied, struggling with her tears, "her heart grieves her."

"Be at ease," said the woman assuringly. "She shall rest here till my husband comes."

"Thou shalt keep the anklet, and I will give thee its mate."

"Nay," remonstrated the woman indignantly, "that were" —

"Sh!" said Passe Rose; and she went to the bedside and sat down again. She thought no more of the road to Aix. All those forms which had filled her imagination — Gui, Agnes of Solier, the prior, Friedgis, and the rest — had be-

come as dreams. She saw nothing but Jeanne.

All the afternoon Jeanne slept, and *Passe Rose* sat motionless beside her. Night came, the firelight danced on the smoke-stained rafters, and she had not moved. "I have brewed for thy mother some wine of mulberry," whispered the woman. "Do thou hold my babe while I fetch the water from the spring." *Passe Rose* started. Her thoughts were far away in the garden at *Maestricht*. It seemed to her that once within its walls Jeanne would be well again.

"I will fetch the water, lest the child cry," she replied, taking the jar and lifting it to her shoulder. The night was soft and clear. As she went down the path she calculated the distance to *Maestricht*. "If her strength does not fail her, we will go to-morrow," she said to herself, thinking of Jeanne. She dipped the jar to its brim in the pool. "To-morrow, to-morrow," the gurgling water repeated. Would the day be fine? She set the jar on the moss, ran to the river and up the tower stair. Above the forest the sky glittered with stars. "To-morrow," she said, half aloud.

Passe Rose had scarcely crossed the threshold with her jar when Jeanne opened her eyes. She looked straight upward, vacantly, for a moment, then raised herself on her elbow. The woman, seeing her awake, laid her babe on the bed, and brought the wine. "Drink," she said; "it will refresh thee. Art thou better?"

Jeanne, sitting on the edge of the bed, took the bowl in both hands and drank. The child, alone on the bed, began to cry. At this cry Jeanne seemed to recollect. "Where is she, — thy daughter?" she asked, looking about the room anxiously.

"She hath gone to the spring for water," replied the woman. "In a moment she will come."

Jeanne eyed her suspiciously. The woman took the bowl from her hand;

then, loosening her robe, gave the child her breast. This sight seemed to affect Jeanne profoundly. Her hand wandered over her bosom, and her lips trembled.

"Lie down; she will come presently."

Jeanne obeyed, but, only half closing her eyes, watched through the lashes. The child, satisfied, slept in its mother's arms. The latter rose gently, and laid it on the bed. "She sleeps again," thought she, looking at Jeanne. No sooner was her back turned than Jeanne arose softly, stealing to the door.

"Where art thou going?" exclaimed the woman, hearing her footsteps, and hastening to intercept her.

"Stand aside!" cried Jeanne. Her eyes gleamed, and her hands were hooked like a tiger's claws.

"Saints of God!" gasped the woman, recoiling, terrified. Whether by chance or instinct, Jeanne, spying the path from the door into the wood, followed it without question. "Saints of God!" cried the woman as she disappeared.

Passe Rose was issuing from the tower's arch when she heard the sound of some one coming through the wood, and suddenly Jeanne stood before her. A look so glad greeted her from Jeanne's eyes that she reached out both her hands. "Mother, my mother!" she cried, straining the trembling form to her bosom and searching the eyes passionately. It seemed to her that Jeanne made a mighty effort; she pressed her closer. "O God, a little help for my mother!" No, the task was too great. She felt the body in her arms relax, as one who, straining at a burden he may not lift, gives over exhausted, and, burying her face in Jeanne's neck, she gave way to uncontrollable sobbings.

"Hush," said Jeanne, shaken with their violence. "Hush," she repeated, caressing the girl's hair and striving to lift her face. "I had just now a dream. Listen while I tell it thee." She raised the head from her shoulder, and kissed

the eyes as she spoke. *Passe Rose* experienced a strange sensation in contemplating Jeanne's pale face, its eyes so bright but haggard, its cheeks so sunken; in feeling herself the object of such pity from a creature so pitiful. "I dreamed that I returned to my garden in *Maestricht*. I went in by the little door close to the square, and there, under the plum-trees which hug the wall, was my daughter." *Passe Rose* began to smile; that was her dream also. "She rose up to meet me. Come, let us go back. I will show her to thee. She is like thee. When thou seest her, thou wilt love her, also."

"Yes, let us go," murmured *Passe Rose*.

"I am strong," continued Jeanne eagerly, "if only thou knowest the way" —

"I know it. Is there not a little walk in thy garden between the grass and the shallot?"

"True," said Jeanne, listening intently; "the grass is on the left hand."

"Set with wild-cherry trees, and on the right the plums" —

"It is there she sat," interrupted Jeanne. "Come. But how knowest thou the place so well?"

"Hear me," said *Passe Rose* earnestly. "I will lead thee to the very place. Trust me, for I know it well. But the night is now come, and thou hast need of more rest. See, how thy limbs tremble! To-morrow" —

Jeanne was troubled. "Show me the way, since thou knowest it so well," she said.

"How can I tell it thee? But to-morrow" —

"Nay, if thou knowest it, surely" —

"And if I show it thee, wilt thou wait till the morrow?" cried *Passe Rose*.

"Aye, if thou showest it truly."

"Come," said *Passe Rose*. She took Jeanne by the hand and led her within the arch. "Hold fast to my hand — now — there is a stair — so, I will help

thee; it is not far. There, dost thou see the river where the stones make the ripple? The ford is there. Beyond the ford is the road we shall take. Art thou satisfied?"

"Truly," said Jeanne, following with her eyes *Passe Rose's* outstretched finger, "I believe thee."

Passe Rose threw her arms about her and drew her close. "Thou mayst indeed. I know the way well. We will start with the sun. We shall find her. She will rise to greet thee, for she loves thee."

"Nay, it is I who loved."

"Did not thy daughter love thee?" stammered *Passe Rose*.

"Aye, but a fay bewitched her."

"The spell is broken," said *Passe Rose*. "She will love thee, — I swear to thee, she will love thee. She will hold thee as I do in her arms; she will leave thee no more; the birds will sing in the garden; we will sit there in the sun, and listen to the chant in the church of *St. Sebastian*. Dost thou not remember that she loved thee? Though she said it not, yet she loved thee; when thou findest her again, she will tell thee, — her tongue will be loosed."

Jeanne, feeling the heart beating next her cheek and the arms fast about her, watching now the eyes, now the stars bending above her, listened in silent delight to the words murmured in her ear. Dim recollections came back like the snatches of familiar songs. As a child lulled to slumber, she sighed from time to time, and when *Passe Rose* ceased, and stooped to kiss her, she was asleep.

And when the child sleeps on its mother's breast, does not the mother dream of the stature to which those tiny limbs shall grow, of the deeds they shall do? Oh, of so many things! So *Passe Rose* began to dream, to merge her life in that of the old mother in her arms, returning to all she had cast away, and casting from her all she had yearned to possess.

Look! a flash of light on the edge of the wood. Along the bank, between the trees and the river, it shines, and vanishes, and shines again. Making a pillow of her cloak, *Passe Rose* laid *Jeanne's* head gently upon it, and stood up, shuddering. The light came nearer. She watched it glimmering under the branches, fascinated. Something told her that the hour had come.

XIX.

As she looked, two forms emerged into the starlight, approaching the tower from the ford. One was slender, with a long robe, whose hood concealed the face; the other wore a casque rimmed with metal. It was this casque which flashed in the starbeams.

"This should be the place," said one, as they passed out of sight under the tower wall. *Passe Rose* knew the voice well, — the prior of *St. Servais*. "Look within," she heard him say.

The answer came up the stair: "*Bah!* a rat's hole. But thy maid is not here."

"I would I were as sure of the Greek," rejoined the prior.

"He will come, he will come," replied the other.

"If he left *Pavia* the same day with thee, he should be here now."

"He will not fail, he will not fail," said the soldier confidently.

"What vexes me," pursued the prior, "is that I have no message from the duke. He promised to send me tidings by one of the clerks the Pope sent the king. All is ready. Beyond the *Elbe* a spark will kindle the fire, and once lighted it will spread throughout *Saxony*. At its signal the Emir will cross the *Ebro*. *Pepin* should be here now, and in his absence the Lombards will join the duke. The fleet has set sail for *Tarentum*, if only thy Greek" —

"By Heaven," retorted the other

hotly, "if he fails, I will take his place myself."

"And taste the girl's knife?" sneered the prior.

His companion laughed. "Believest thou she will have the courage to strike?" he asked.

"If she but scratch him, it is enough," said the prior. "I have a poison for the blade. The plan is simple. Bid the Greek not to strike her till after the king is slain, till he is about to leave her. She must have time to use her own weapon. Though she strike not first, she will defend herself. If thy Greek can kill a king, he can stab a girl in the dark; and if she scratch him not before he is done, then a wildcat hath no use for its claws."

"By the gods," said the soldier, laughing, "it is well conceived. They will destroy each other. I laugh whenever I think of it. So she hath claws, thy wildcat. Hath she whiskers also on her chin?"

"One would say an angel of God, a toy to play with, her face hath such sweetness in it," replied the prior. "Wait, thou shalt see." There was a moment of silence, and *Passe Rose* slid softly to her knees, holding her breath. Reinforced by the echoing walls, every word seemed uttered in her ear. "I would I knew the reason of her haste," muttered the prior. "She said the third night. Hist! some one comes. It is she."

Passe Rose raised her head softly above the parapet. Two others were approaching along the bank, a woman and a man. She could hear their footsteps in the dry leaves. At the edge of the wood the woman stopped, whispered something to her companion, then advanced alone from under the trees. *Passe Rose* heard the prior greeting her.

"Who is with thee?" he asked.

"I will tell thee later. Come within; the night grows bright," was the reply.

"Rothilde!" said *Passe Rose*, recognizing the voice of the Saxon who sat beside Agnes of Solier in the supper-room at Immaburg, and whose conversation she had overheard in the wagon at the ford.

At the entrance of the tower, Rothilde, perceiving the soldier, paused, and drew back.

"A friend," said the prior; "enter. What brings thee here? The Greek is not come."

"I thought surely it was he," murmured Rothilde, her eyes fixed upon the prior's companion.

"Truly, the face of a saint," said the soldier to himself.

Impatient, the prior repeated his question. "Thou saidst the third night," he whispered.

Rothilde stepped from the door into the shadow, where she could observe the prior's face. "Listen," she said, watching him. "Gui of Tours was hurt to-day by the boar in the wood of — Hark!" she exclaimed, turning her head.

"A bat's wing," said the prior, listening also.

"I was there," she continued. "His corselet was loosened to give room to breathe, and within were the papers I sent thee by the monk who brought the missal to Immaburg for the queen."

The soldier uttered an oath.

"Peace," said the prior; "what papers?"

"How should I know?" replied the girl, her eyes riveted on the prior's face, over which a pallor was spreading. "A clerk from Beneventum gave them to me, and I sent them by the monk, as thou badst me. Have they to do with the death of the king?" she asked boldly.

The prior sought in vain to find the girl's eyes in the darkness. "Nay," he answered quickly, "they were of other matters."

"Thou liest," thought Rothilde to her-

self. But she gave a sigh of relief. "God be praised!" she exclaimed. "I felt the cord at my throat. When I saw them the seal was unbroken. None gave heed to them, — they were seeking the wound; a moment more and I had them safe in my hand; but they bore him away, thrusting the women aside. I remembered them well because of the seal" —

"Thou gavest them to the monk?" interrupted the prior. She saw that his composure was affected.

"Aye; but after setting out he returned again, — for what purpose I know not. I saw him after supper, with a dancing-girl. Knowest thou one called *Passe Rose*? The captain said she was of Maëstricht. When I saw the papers in his bosom, I said to myself, 'The girl got them of the monk and gave them to her lover.' She might well bewitch a monk, having first bewitched a captain. Ask Agnes of Solier, who trembles now for her morning-gift. But if the papers matter nothing — God! I shall sleep sweetly to-night; I thought to be strangled in bed."

The prior laughed nervously. "Why shouldst thou fear? The papers do not concern thee. Thy time is not come."

"Liar!" thought the girl, watching his face. "I will give thee this night to the king."

"Come, let us go," said Sergius, raising his hood.

"Wait!" whispered Rothilde, laying hold of his arm. "Thou sayest the papers put us in no jeopardy; a stone is lifted from my heart. But I said I would tell thee who is with me."

"Who is he?" asked the prior, with ill-disguised impatience.

"Fool!" thought Rothilde, "thou art in haste." Then aloud: "Dost thou remember the footsteps we heard in the chapel, in the church of St. Marcelus?" The prior, turning back, scrutinized her face. "There was one listening, thy servant, the Saxon serf. I

saw his eyes, like a ferret's. I watched to see whither he would go. He ran before me to the palace, asking for the king. Blessed be God, the king slept last night at Frankenburg. But this morning the Saxon came again, asking for the queen. The guard refused him entrance, for he would not tell his errand" —

"By hell's demons!" exclaimed the soldier; "hast thou him here?"

"For what reason should I bring him?" said the girl significantly.

For a moment the three were silent. The soldier, looking at the prior, drew his sword.

"Go," said the latter gently.

"Be not rash; he is brave," whispered the girl.

"Tut," said the other, hiding his weapon within his cloak, "I will bring thee his tongue on my sword's point."

Peering above the parapet, *Passé Rose* saw him cross the open space and disappear in the wood. Her thoughts whirled in her head like leaves caught in the wind and carried up to vanish no one knows where. The papers, — those she had got from the monk, and the other found on the road by the abbey pond, — she had missed them indeed, but since that night when her love stood revealed she had thought no more of them than of her collar or anklets. They must have fallen from her bosom when she swooned in the chapel at Immaburg, and her lover had taken them. The death of the king! Had she then unwittingly brought her lover into peril? A fear overspread her thought and dulled her power to reason. She remembered no more Jeanne, the garden by the square of St. Sebastian. "Gui of Tours was hurt to-day by the boar in the wood," — these words she repeated to herself over and over, as if not understanding them, seeing all the while Gui stretched before her on the trampled grass, his corselet torn open, and within the papers, more to be feared than the

boar's tusk. Forgetting all else, she rose up, trembling in every limb. Jeanne was still sleeping, her head on the cloak. Below, everything was silent. Rothilde, leaning against the wall, her eyes closed, still held the prior's arm. Then a horse neighed in the wood; there was a cry, an oath — and silence again. At this cry Rothilde drew a quick breath and opened her eyes. A pleasure so fierce shone in them that the prior recoiled.

"What ails thee?" she said. "Thou desirest the life of a king. I wished only for that of a serf. The blood of a slave for that of a king, — that is not much." Her voice was insolent with joy, as of one drunk with wine. "Bring me now thy Greek, and I will show him the way to the king's bed."

"She-devil!" muttered the prior to himself.

The girl laughed and let go his arm. Without, the soldier was wiping his blade on the grass.

"Is it done?" she asked.

He held up his sword in the light. She made no reply, and entered the wood alone. The horses neighed as she approached. Near by, a black bulk lay in the reeds. She stopped and listened, advanced a step, then, hurrying forward, stooped, searching with her hand. Aye, it was done. Her course was free. Now for the king! Rising to her feet, she loosed the rein from the branch. The trembling horse snorted with terror. "Peace, peace," she whispered, laying her cheek to its nostril, and hugging its neck with her arms. "Now, for the king!"

"Said I not the duke had messages for thee?" the soldier was saying to Sergius. "Ask her where this captain is to be found."

"Nay, it will alarm her," replied the prior. "She said at Frankenburg." Notwithstanding Rothilde had come to tell him of the miscarriage of the papers, an involuntary mistrust tormented

him. Had Friedgis indeed followed him to the church of St. Marcellus? It was not probable. Some other motive had prompted a vengeance so swift. How her eyes shone when he cried from the wood! "She has tricked me," thought the prior. Like the Roman emperor, he feared his own legionaries. As for the papers, doubtless she was right; the captain had got them from *Passe Rose*. He recollected the captain's inquiry for the goldsmith's daughter at the abbey, and the presence of the latter with Brother Dominic at Imamburg explained everything. "Cursed monk!" he muttered, half aloud.

"Waste no words on him," said his companion; "let us seek the captain. There is yet time. She said the seal was unbroken. A wounded man hath always need of a priest. If he knows the content of the letters, which is not probable, and the boar's work is not well done—a wound often reopens. If he knows nothing, we will have them by fair means. If he hath given them to others, it is already too late to fly. Come, let us go."

"Where is she?" asked the prior. His natural energy seemed paralyzed.

"To the devil with her; time presses."

"Hush! she comes."

Leading her horse by the bridle-rein, Rothilde advanced from the wood. Above, *Passe Rose*, standing erect in the full starlight, dared not move.

"Wilt thou go with us?" said Sergius. He appeared unwilling to lose sight of her for an instant, and she read his disquietude in his face.

"With thee! Where is thy wit?" she exclaimed. "What! a priest and a girl to be seen entering the gate alone at midnight? Moreover, I rode from Frankenburg at the queen's command, to tell Agnes of Solier of her lover's hurt. I had a page for company," she laughed, "and left him on the way. Perchance I shall find him again, for I must join the queen."

"Come," whispered the soldier impatiently.

"Thou dost not fear to ride alone?" said the prior, reluctant to leave her, and eying her suspiciously. She shrugged her shoulders disdainfully. "Have a care, then, to thy face," he said. "Farewell."

When they were gone, Rothilde led the horse to the tower, sitting down on a stone near the door, while the horse browsed beside her among the reeds. She could scarce wait to hear the hoofs on the distant road. She proposed to take the other, the one skirting the city through the wood. "Robert of Tours returns from Hungary to-morrow with Pepin. In an hour I will tell the king." This was all her thought. She stroked the horse's ears, and smiled.

Suddenly, above her head, something stirred. It was Jeanne turning in her dreams. "Aye, I believe thee," said a voice; "only show me first the way." *Passe Rose*, dumb with terror, knelt down and pressed Jeanne's hand. She heard a noise below, then on the stair, but before she could get from her knees, or even think what she would do, Rothilde stood before her.

Afterwards she could remember nothing, only that she heard a cry as of a wild beast, and saw the flash of a knife in the girl's hand. Now she was alone, on the edge of the parapet, panting, and below in the river something struggled. She had grappled with the girl; the knife was now in her own hand, and her fingers were cut. *Seigneur!* what had she done?

"Mother, little mother," she whispered, stooping to Jeanne's ear. Jeanne opened her eyes. "The time is come, — the time is come."

Jeanne, sitting up, smiled. "The sun is not yet up," she said.

"It is time," urged *Passe Rose*, pulling her by the hand to her feet. Her mouth was set and her eyes were fixed, like those of the statue in the porch of

St. Sebastian indeed. Down the stair, along the river, dragging Jeanne after her, she hurried. "Oh, my Gui!" she murmured.

"Thou art in haste," said Jeanne, half awake. "But it is well to start before the sun, the way is so long."

"Aye, long," murmured Passe Rose.

At the ford Jeanne paused. "Thou saidst this way."

"Nay, I swear to thee, this is best."

"I believe thee," Jeanne answered calmly. "Thou hast a good face,—lead on." And the two, close together, disappeared between the tall trees hemming, like a giant hedge, the road to Aix.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

EURYLOCHUS TRANSFORMED.

[According to Homer, Ulysses, coming to the Island of Circe, divided his band: one half remained at the ship; the other, led by Eurylochus, entered the palace of Circe, where all, save their leader, partaking of the feast, were transformed to swine. In the following modification of the legend, Eurylochus himself is supposed to have undergone the transformation, and to have spoken these words before and in the course of it.]

DIVINE or human, by whatever name
Mortals or gods have named thee, I salute,—
With reverence I salute thee, I alone.
They that be with me stay without the porch,—
Half of their number; but the other half
Are sitting with Ulysses at the oars.
For, following still that much-enduring man,
By many oarless waters we have come,
Dim coasts, and islands with far-shadowing peaks,
And moving floods from the dark wilderness,
And one Infernal gulf in thundering seas;
And we have met with monsters, men like beasts,
Centaurs that, issuing from the caverned hills,
Eyed us unmovingly, Lotophagi,
And Cyclops who devoured us day by day:
And some have met us on the brink with blows,
And some with smiles, and after that betrayed,
Not knowing how Zeus is the stranger's friend;
And some have paid us honors like the gods,
Wine, and the sacrifice, and song of bards,
And gifts at parting. For this cause I stand
Alone to learn what welcome waits us here.

(Circe having answered and offered him the cup, he proceeds.)

Thy words were gracious, had thy looks not made
All words superfluous. But keep thy cup!
It were not fitting that my lips should wear
The wine-stain, goddess, while Ulysses' ears
Thirst for these tidings. Give me leave! . . .

No more ;

I yield : and, first of all, I spill to thee
The bright libation, — never one so bright
Since that old morn when, in the sacred bowl
At Aulis, peering, I beheld a face
New-bearded and with wide, forth-looking eyes,
While near at hand the smitten oxen moaned,
Greece waited, breathless, for the oracle,
Far off the seamen called, and on my cheek
I felt the breezes, favoring for Troy.

(*He drinks.*)

Bacchus ! What vine hath bled into thy cup ?
I see the things that have been and shall be, —
The gods, the earth-born race, the brood of Hell.
Ah me ! the pain ! the quest without an end !
For, doubtless, one in after-time will say :
Eurylochus came once to Circe's house,
Seeking the day of his return from Troy ;
Then all the rest watched through the stormy night,
But these reclined at the ambrosial feast.
He told her all the travail they had borne ;
She gave him of the cup that loosens care.
So one will speak, weaving a winter's tale.
Thou wilt be gladdening others with thy smiles
But I shall lie in earth in alien land.

Sweet are the lips of music, ever sweet, —
Sweetest to ears weary of wind and wave.
Soft hands ! white arms ! Why should we rise at all ?
The gods rise not ; prone at perpetual feasts,
On sloping elbows they survey the world.
Why do we work, knowing no work remains
Nothing abides ; our very sorrows fade,
Lest life should be made noble by despair.
No new fire-stealer will high Zeus endure,
Beak-tortured, on the lone Caucasian crag,
To mock him with the never-changing eye.
O failing heart ! how all dimensions, all,
Have shriveled to the measure of thy hope !
This life, which erst seemed larger than all worlds,
Now looks less huge than the marsh-gendered fly's,
Whose Lethean past and limitless to come
Are rounded in one little, sunny hour.
The gods are bless'd, knowing they endure ;
The beasts are blest, not knowing but they last ;
But man is curs'd, knowing that he dies, —
Unhappy beast, striving to be a god !

Oh for the life dreamed under drowsy boughs
 By old Silenus and his careless crew!
 With happy satyrs clamoring his approach
 To happier fauns, who, hearing, off will flee
 To prop the tipsy god, what time he nods
 Upon his dripping, purple-stained ear,
 Half holding, in one lazy-dropping hand,
 The leash of long-stemmed flowers wherewith he guides,
 At slumber-footed pace, the flexible, sleek,
 Indolent leopards, happiest of all!

Nearer the kind earth better, nearest best!
 To snuff the savory steam of upturned soil;
 To sally with the low-browed drove at dawn,
 Gurgling or jubilantly trumpeting,
 To where the sweet night-fallen acorns hide
 Under the lush, cool grasses, drenched with dew!
 I know the down-faced posture; now I feel
 The low, four-footed firmness. Let me go!
 The glaring lights are lost in grateful gloom!
 And now I scent the rain-washed herbage; now
 The welcome shine of slumberous pools appears —
 Ah! . . .

Wendell P. Stafford.

A PLEA FOR HUMOR.

SOME half dozen years have passed since Mr. Andrew Lang, startled for once out of his customary light-heartedness, asked himself, and his readers, and the ghost of Charles Dickens — all three powerless to answer — whether the dismal seriousness of the present day was going to last forever; or whether, when the great wave of earnestness had rippled over our heads, we would pluck up heart to be merry and, if needs be, foolish once again. Not that mirth and folly are in any degree synonymous, as of old; for the merry fool, too scarce, alas, even in the times when Jacke of Dover hunted for him in the highways, has since then grown to be rarer than a phoenix. He has carried his cap and bells, and jests and laughter, elsewhere, and has left us to the mercies of the

serious fool, who is by no means so seductive a companion. If the Cocquecigrues are in possession of the land, and if they are tenants exceedingly hard to evict, it is because of the connivance and encouragement they receive from those to whom we innocently turn for help: from the poets, and novelists, and men of letters, whose plain duty it is to brighten and make glad our days.

"It is obvious," sighs Mr. Birrell dejectedly, "that many people appear to like a drab-colored world, hung around with dusky shreds of philosophy;" but it is more obvious still that, whether they like it or not, the drapings grow a trifle dingier every year, and that no one seems to have the courage to tack up something gay. What is much worse, even those bits of wanton color which have

rested generations of weary eyes are being rapidly obscured by sombre and intricate scroll-work, warranted only to fatigue. The great masterpieces of humor, which have kept men young by laughter, are being tried in the courts of an orthodox morality, and found lamentably wanting; or else, by way of giving them another chance, they are being subjected to the *peine forte et dure* of modern analysis, and are revealing hideous and melancholy meanings in the process. I have always believed that Hudibras owes its chilly treatment at the hands of critics—with the single and most genial exception of Sainte-Beuve—to the absolute impossibility of twisting it into something serious. Strive as we may, we cannot put a new construction on those vigorous old jokes, and to be simply and barefacedly amusing is no longer considered a sufficient *raison d'être*. It is the most significant token of our ever-increasing "sense of moral responsibility in literature" that we should be always trying to graft our own conscientious purposes upon those authors who, happily for themselves, lived and died before virtue, colliding desperately with cakes and ale, had imposed such depressing obligations.

"Don Quixote," says Mr. Shorthouse with unctuous gravity, "will come in time to be recognized as one of the saddest books ever written;" and, if the critics keep on expounding it much longer, I truly fear it will. It may be urged that Cervantes himself was low enough to think it exceedingly funny; but then one advantage of our new and keener insight into literature is to prove to us how indifferently great authors understood their own masterpieces. Shakespeare, we are told, knew comparatively little about Hamlet, and he is to be congratulated on his limitations. Defoe would hardly recognize Robinson Crusoe as "a picture of civilization," having innocently supposed it to be quite the reverse; and he would be as amazed as

we are to learn from Mr. Frederick Harrison that his book contains "more psychology, more political economy, and more anthropology than are to be found in many elaborate treatises on these especial subjects,"—blighting words which I would not even venture to quote if I thought that any boy would chance to read them, and so have one of the pleasures of his young life destroyed. As for Don Quixote, which its author persisted in regarding with such misplaced levity, it has passed through many bewildering vicissitudes. It has figured bravely as a satire on the Duke of Lerma, on Charles V., on Philip II., on Ignatius Loyola,—Cervantes was the most devout of Catholics,—and on the Inquisition, which, fortunately, did not think so. In fact, there is little or nothing which it has not meant in its time; and now, having attained that deep spiritual inwardness which we have been recently told is lacking in poor Goldsmith, we are requested by Mr. Shorthouse to refrain from all brutal laughter, but with a shadowy smile and a profound seriousness to attune ourselves to the proper state of receptivity. Old-fashioned, coarse-minded people may perhaps ask, "But if we are not to laugh at Don Quixote, at whom are we, please, to laugh?"—a question which I, for one, would hardly dare to answer. Only, after reading the following curious sentence, extracted from a lately published volume of criticism, I confess to finding myself in a state of mental perplexity, utterly alien to mirth. "How much happier," its author sternly reminds us, "was poor Don Quixote in his energetic career, in his earnest redress of wrong, and in his ultimate triumph over self than he could have been in the gnawing reproach and spiritual stigma which a yielding to weakness never failingly entails!" Beyond this point it would be hard to go. Were these things really spoken of the "ingenious gentleman" of La Mancha, or

of John Howard, or George Peabody, or perhaps Elizabeth Fry, — or is there no longer such a thing as a recognized absurdity in the world?

Another gloomy indication of the departure of humor from our midst is the tendency of philosophical writers to prove by analysis that, if they are not familiar with the thing itself, they at least know of what it should consist. Mr. Shorthouse's depressing views about Don Quixote are merely introduced as illustrating a very scholarly and comfortable paper on the subtle qualities of mirth. No one could deal more gracefully and less humorously with his topic than does Mr. Shorthouse, and we are compelled to pause every now and then and reassure ourselves as to the subject matter of his eloquence. Professor Everett has more recently and more cheerfully defined for us the Philosophy of the Comic, in a way which, if it does not add to our gayety, cannot be accused of plunging us deliberately into gloom. He thinks, indeed, — and small wonder, — that there is "a genuine difficulty in distinguishing between the comic and the tragic," and that what we need is some formula which shall accurately interpret the precise qualities of each; and he is disposed to illustrate his theory by dwelling on the tragic side of Falstaff, which is, of all injuries, the grimmest and hardest to forgive. Falstaff is now the forlorn hope of those who love to laugh, and when he is taken away from us, as soon, alas! he will be, and sleeps with Don Quixote in the "dull cold marble" of an orthodox sobriety, how shall we make merry our souls? Mr. George Radford, who enriched the first volume of *Obiter Dicta* with such a loving study of the fat-witted old knight, tells us reassuringly that by laughter man is distinguished from the beasts, though the cares and sorrows of life have all but deprived him of this elevating grace, and degraded him into a brutal solemnity. Then comes along a rare genius

like Falstaff, who restores the power of laughter, and transforms the stolid brute once more into a man, and who accordingly has the highest claim to our grateful and affectionate regard. That there are those who persist in looking upon him as a selfish and worthless fellow is, from Mr. Radford's point of view, a sorrowful instance of human thanklessness and perversity. But this I take to be the enamored and exaggerated language of a too faithful partisan. Morally speaking, Falstaff has not a leg to stand upon, and there *is* a tragic element lurking always amid the fun. But, seen in the broad sunlight of his transcendent humor, this shadow is as the half-pennyworth of bread to his own noble ocean of sack, and why should we be forever trying to force it into prominence? When Charlotte Brontë advised her friend, Ellen Nussey, to read none of Shakespeare's comedies, she was not beguiled for a moment into regarding them as serious and melancholy lessons of life; but with uncompromising directness put them down as mere improper plays, the amusing qualities of which were insufficient to excuse their coarseness, and which were manifestly unfit for the "gentle Ellen's" eyes.

In fact, humor would at all times have been the poorest excuse to offer to Miss Brontë for any form of moral dereliction, for it was the one quality she lacked herself, and failed to tolerate in others. Sam Weller was apparently as obnoxious to her as was Falstaff, for she would not even consent to meet Dickens, when she was being lionized in London society, — a degree of abstemiousness on her part which it is disheartening to contemplate. It does not seem too much to say that every shortcoming in Charlotte Brontë's admirable work, every limitation of her splendid genius, arose primarily from her want of humor. Her severities of judgment — and who more severe than she? — were due to the same melancholy cause; for

humor is the kindest thing alive. Compare the harshness with which she handles her hapless curates, and the comparative crudity of her treatment, with the surpassing lightness of Miss Austen's touch as she rounds and completes her immortal clerical portraits. Miss Brontë tells us, in one of her letters, that she regarded *all* curates as "highly uninteresting, narrow, and unattractive specimens of the coarser sex," just as she found *all* the Belgian school-girls "cold, selfish, animal, and inferior." But to Miss Austen's keen and friendly eye the narrowest of clergymen was not wholly uninteresting, the most inferior of school-girls not without some claim to our consideration; even the coarseness of the male sex was far from vexing her maidenly serenity, probably because she was unacquainted with the Rochester type. Mr. Elton is certainly narrow, Mary Bennet extremely inferior; but their authoress only laughs at them softly, with a quiet tolerance and a good-natured sense of amusement at their follies. It was little wonder that Charlotte Brontë, who had at all times the courage of her convictions, could not and would not read Jane Austen's novels. "They have not got story enough for me," she boldly affirmed. "I don't want my blood curdled, but I like to have it stirred. Miss Austen strikes me as milk-and-watery, and, to say truth, as dull." Of course she did! How was a woman, whose ideas of after-dinner conversation are embodied in the amazing language of Baroness Ingram and her titled friends, to appreciate the delicious, sleepy small talk, in *Sense and Sensibility*, about the respective heights of the respective grandchildren? It is to Miss Brontë's abiding lack of humor that we owe such stately caricatures as Blanche Ingram, and all the high-born, ill-bred company who gather in Thornfield Hall, like a group fresh from Madame Tussaud's ingenious workshop, and against whose waxen unreality Jane

Eyre and Rochester, alive to their very finger-tips, contrast like twin sparks of fire. It was her lack of humor, too, which beguiled her into asserting that the forty "wicked, sophistical, and immoral French novels" which found their way down to lonely Haworth gave her "a thorough idea of France and Paris," — alas, poor misjudged France! — and which made her think Thackeray very nearly as wicked, sophistical, and immoral as the French novels. Even her dislike for children was probably due to the same irremediable misfortune; for the humors of children are the only redeeming points amid their general naughtiness and vexing misbehavior. Mr. Swinburne, guiltless himself of any jocose tendencies, has made the unique discovery that Charlotte Brontë strongly resembles Cervantes, and that Paul Emanuel is a modern counterpart of Don Quixote; and well it is for our poet that the irascible little professor never heard him hint at such a similarity. Surely, to use one of Mr. Swinburne's own incomparable expressions, the parallel is no better than a "sub-simious absurdity."

On the other hand, we are told that Miss Austen owed her lively sense of humor to her habit of dissociating the follies of mankind from any rigid standard of right and wrong; which means, I suppose, that she never dreamed she had a mission. Nowadays, indeed, no writer is without one. We cannot even read a paper upon gypsies and not become aware that its author is deeply imbued with a sense of his personal responsibility for these agreeable rascals, whom he insists upon our taking seriously, — as if we wanted to have anything to do with them on such terms! "Since the time of Carlyle," says Mr. Bagehot, "earnestness has been a favorite virtue in literature;" but Carlyle, though sharing largely in that profound melancholy which he declared to be the basis of every English soul, and though he was

unfortunate enough to think *Pickwick* sad trash, had nevertheless a grim and eloquent humor of his own. With him, at least, earnestness never degenerated into dullness; and while dullness may be, as he unhesitatingly affirmed, the first requisite for a great and free people, yet a too heavy percentage of this valuable quality is fatal to the sprightly grace of literature. "In our times," said an old Scotchwoman, "there's fully mony modern principles," and the first of these seems to be the substitution of a serious and critical discernment for the light-hearted sympathy of former days. Our grandfathers cried a little and laughed a good deal over their books, without the smallest sense of anxiety or responsibility in the matter; but we are called on repeatedly to face problems which we would rather let alone, to dive dismally into motives, to trace subtle connections, to analyze uncomfortable sensations, and to exercise in all cases a discreet and conscientious severity, when what we really want and need is half an hour's amusement. There is no stronger proof of the great change that has swept over mankind than the sight of a nation which used to chuckle over *Tom Jones* now absorbing countless editions of *Robert Elsmere*. What is droller still is that the people who read *Robert Elsmere* would think it wrong to enjoy *Tom Jones*, and that the people who enjoyed *Tom Jones* would have thought it wrong to read *Robert Elsmere*; and that the people who, wishing to be on the safe side of virtue, think it wrong to read either, are scorned greatly as lacking true moral discrimination.

Now he would be a brave man who would undertake to defend the utterly indefensible literature of the past. Where it was most humorous it was also most coarse, wanton, and cruel; but, in banishing these objectionable qualities, we have effectually contrived to rid ourselves of the humor as well, and with it

we have lost one of the safest instincts of our souls. Any book which serves to lower the sum of human gayety is a moral delinquent; and instead of coddling it into universal notice, and growing owlsh in its gloom, we should put it briskly aside in favor of brighter and pleasanter things. When Father Faber said that there was no greater help to a religious life than a keen sense of the ridiculous, he startled a number of pious people, yet what a luminous and cordial message it was to help us on our way! Mr. Birrell has recorded the extraordinary delight with which he came across some after-dinner sally of the Rev. Henry Martyn's; for the very thought of that ardent and fiery spirit relaxing into pleasantries over the nuts and wine made him appear like an actual fellow-being of our own. It is with the same feeling intensified, as I have already noted, that we read some of the letters of the early fathers, — those grave and hallowed figures seen through a mist of centuries, — and find them jesting at one another in the gayest and least sacerdotal manner imaginable. "Who could tell a story with more wit, who could joke so pleasantly?" sighs St. Gregory of Nazienzen of his friend St. Basil, remembering doubtless with a heavy heart the shafts of good-humored raillery that had brightened their lifelong intercourse. With what kindly and loving zest does Gregory, himself the most austere of men, mock at Basil's asceticism, — at those "sad and hungry banquets" of which he was invited to partake, those "ungardenlike gardens, void of pot-herbs," in which he was expected to dig! With what delightful alacrity does Basil vindicate his reputation for humor by making a most excellent joke in court, for the benefit of a brutal magistrate who fiercely threatened to tear out his liver. "Your intention is a benevolent one," said the saint, who had been for years a confirmed invalid. "Where it

is now located it has given me nothing but trouble." Surely, as we read such an anecdote as this, we share in the curious sensation experienced by little Tom Tulliver, when, by dint of Maggie's repeated questions, he began slowly to understand that the Romans had once been real men, who were happy enough to speak their own language without any previous introduction to the Eton grammar. In like manner, when we come to realize that the fathers of the primitive Church enjoyed their quips and cranks and jests as much as do Mr. Trollope's jolly deans or vicars, we feel we have at last grasped the secret of their identity, and we appreciate the force of Father Faber's appeal to the frank spirit of a wholesome mirth.

Perhaps one reason for the scanty tolerance that humor receives at the hands of the disaffected is because of the rather selfish way in which the initiated enjoy their fun; for there is always a secret irritation about a laugh in which we cannot join. Mr. George Saintsbury is plainly of this way of thinking, and, being blessed beyond his fellows with a love for all that is jovial, he speaks from out of the richness of his experience. "Those who have a sense of humor," he says, "instead of being quietly and humbly thankful, are perhaps a little too apt to celebrate their joy in the face of the afflicted ones who have it not; and the afflicted ones only follow a general law in protesting that it is a very worthless thing, if not a complete humbug." This spirit of exclusiveness on the one side and of irascibility on the other may be greatly deplored, but who is there among us, I wonder, wholly innocent of blame? Mr. Saintsbury himself confesses to a silent chuckle of delight when he thinks of the dimly veiled censoriousness with which Peacock's inimitable humor has been received by one half of the reading world. In other words, his enjoyment of the Rev. Drs. Folliott and Opimian

is sensibly increased by the reflection that a great many worthy people, even among his own acquaintances, are by some mysterious law of their being debarred from any share in his pleasure. Yet surely we need not be so niggardly in this matter. There is wit enough in those two reverend gentlemen to go all around the living earth, and leave plenty for generations now unborn. Each might say with Juliet, —

"The more I give to thee,
The more I have; "

for wit is as infinite as love, and a deal more lasting in its qualities. When Peacock describes a country gentleman's range of ideas as "nearly commensurate with that of the great King Nebuchadnezzar when he was turned out to grass," he affords us a happy illustration of the eternal fitness of humor, for there can hardly come a time when such an apt comparison will fail to point its meaning.

Mr. Birrell is quite as selfish in his felicity as Mr. Saintsbury, and perfectly frank in acknowledging it. He dwells rapturously over certain well-loved pages of *Pride and Prejudice* and *Mansfield Park*, and then deliberately adds, "When an admirer of Miss Austen reads these familiar passages, the smile of satisfaction, betraying the deep inward peace they never fail to beget, widens, like 'a circle in the water,' as he remembers (and he is always careful to remember) how his dearest friend, who has been so successful in life, can no more read Miss Austen than he can read the *Moabitish Stone*." The same peculiarity is noticeable in the more ardent lovers of Charles Lamb. They seem to want him all to themselves, look askance upon any fellow-being who ventures to assert a modest preference for their idol, and brighten visibly when some ponderous critic declares the Letters to be sad stuff, and not worth half the exasperating nonsense talked about them. Yet Lamb flung his good things to the winds

with characteristic prodigality, little recking by whom or in what spirit they were received. How many witticisms, I wonder, were roared into the deaf ears of old Thomas Westwood, who heard them not, alas, but who laughed all the same, out of pure sociability, and with a pleasant sense that something funny had been said! And what of that ill-fated pun which Lamb, in a moment of deplorable abstraction, let fall at a funeral, to the surprise and consternation of the mourners? Surely a man who could joke at a funeral never meant his pleasantries to be hoarded up for the benefit of an initiated few, but would gladly see them the property of all living men; ay, and of all dead men, too, were such a distribution possible. "Damn the age! I will write for antiquity!" he exclaimed, with not unnatural heat, when The Gypsy's Malison was rejected by the ingenious editors of the Gem, on the ground that it would "shock all mothers;" and even this expression, uttered with pardonable irritation, manifests no solicitude for a narrow and esoteric audience.

"Wit is useful for everything, but sufficient for nothing," says Amiel, who probably felt he needed some excuse for burying so much of his Gallic sprightliness in Teutonic gloom; and dullness, it must be admitted, has the distinct advantage of being useful for everybody, and sufficient for nearly everybody as well. Nothing, we are told, is more rational than *ennui*; and Mr. Bagehot, contemplating the "grave files of speechless men" who have always represented the English land, exults more openly and energetically even than Carlyle in the saving dullness, the superb impenetrability, which stamps the Englishman, as it stamped the Roman, with the sign-manual of patient strength. Stupidity, he reminds us, is not folly, and moreover it often insures a valuable consistency. "'What I says is this here, as I was a-saying yesterday,' is the aver-

age Englishman's notion of historical eloquence and habitual discretion." But Mr. Bagehot could well afford to trifle thus coyly with dullness, because he knew it only theoretically and as a dispassionate observer. His own roof-tree is free from the blighting presence; his own pages are guiltless of the leaden touch. It has been well said that an ordinary mortal might live for a twelve-month like a gentleman on Hazlitt's ideas; but he might, if he were clever, shine all his life long with the reflected splendor of Mr. Bagehot's wit, and be thought to give forth a very respectable illumination. There is a telling quality in every stroke; a pitiless dexterity that drives the weapon, like a fairy's arrow, straight to some vital point. When we read that "of all pursuits ever invented by man for separating the faculty of argument from the capacity of belief, the art of debating is probably the most effective," we feel that an unwelcome statement has been expressed with Mephistophelian coolness; and remembering that these words were uttered before Mr. Gladstone had attained his parliamentary preëminence, we have but another proof of the imperishable accuracy of wit. Only say a clever thing, and mankind will go on forever furnishing living illustrations of its truth. It was Thurlow who originally remarked that "companies have neither bodies to kick nor souls to lose," and the jest fits in so aptly with our every-day humors and experiences that I have heard men attribute it casually to their friends, thinking perhaps that it must have been born in these times of giant corporations, of city railroads, and of trusts. What a gap between Queen Victoria and Queen Bess, what a thorough and far-reaching change in everything that goes to make up the life and habits of men; and yet Shakespeare's fine strokes of humor have become so fitted to our common speech that the very unconsciousness with which we apply them proves how they tally

with our modern emotions and opportunities. Lesser lights burn quite as steadily. Pope and Goldsmith reappear on the lips of people whose knowledge of the *Essay on Man* is of the very haziest character, and whose acquaintance with *She Stoops to Conquer* is confined exclusively to Mr. Abbey's graceful illustrations. Not very long ago I heard a bright school-girl, when reproached for wet feet or some such youthful indiscretion, excuse herself gayly on the plea that she was "bullying Nature;" and, knowing that the child was but modestly addicted to her books, I wondered how many of Dr. Holmes's trenchant sayings have become a heritage in our households, detached often from their original kinship, and seeming like the rightful property of every one who utters them. It is an amusing, barefaced, witless sort of robbery, yet surely not without its compensations; for it must be a pleasant thing to reflect in old age that the general murkiness of life has been lit up here and there by sparks struck from one's youthful fire, and that these sparks, though they wander occasionally masterless as will-o'-the-wisps, are destined never to go out.

Are destined never to go out! In its vitality lies the supreme excellence of humor. Whatever has "wit enough to keep it sweet" defies corruption and outlasts all time; but the wit must be of that outward and visible order which needs no introduction or demonstration at our hands. It is an old trick with dull novelists to describe their characters as being exceptionally brilliant people, and to trust that we will take their word for it, and ask no further proof. Every one remembers how Lord Beaconsfield would tell us that a cardinal could "sparkle with anecdote and blaze with repartee;" and how utterly destitute of sparkle or blaze were the specimens of his eminence's conversation with which we were subsequently favored. Those "lively dinners" in En-

dymion and Lothair, at which we were assured the brightest minds in England loved to gather, became mere Barmecide feasts when reported to us without a single amusing remark; such waifs and strays of conversation as reached our ears being of the dreariest and most fatuous description. It is not so with the real masters of their craft. Mr. Peacock does not stop to explain to us that Dr. Folliott is witty. The reverend gentleman opens his mouth and acquaints us with the fact himself. There is no need for George Eliot to expatiate on Mrs. Poyser's humor. Five minutes of that lady's society is amply sufficient for the revelation. We do not even hear Mr. Poyser and the rest of the family enlarging delightedly on the subject, as do all of Lawyer Putney's friends, in Mr. Howells's recent story, *Annie Kilburn*; and yet even the united testimony of Hatboro' fails to clear up our lingering doubts concerning Mr. Putney's wit. The dull people of that delightful town are really and truly and realistically dull. There is no mistaking them. The stamp of veracity is upon every brow. They pay morning calls, and we listen to their conversation with a dreamy impression that we have heard it all many times before, and that the ghosts of our own morning calls are revisiting us, not in the glimpses of the moon, but in Mr. Howells's airy and well-lit pages. That curious conviction that we have formerly passed through a precisely similar experience is strong upon us as we read, and it is the most emphatic testimony to the novelist's peculiar skill. But there is none of this instantaneous acquiescence in Mr. Putney's wit; for although he does make one very nice little joke, it is hardly enough to flavor all his conversation, which is for the most part rather unwholesome than humorous. The only way to elucidate him is to suppose that Mr. Howells, in sardonic mood, wishes to show us that if a man be discreet

enough to take to hard drinking in his youth, before his general emptiness is ascertained, his friends invariably credit him with a host of shining qualities, which we are given to understand lie balked and frustrated by his one unfortunate weakness. How many of us know these exceptionally brilliant lawyers, doctors, politicians, and journalists, who bear a charmed reputation, based exclusively upon their inebriety, and who take good care not to imperil it by too long a relapse into the mortifying self-revelations of soberness! And what wrong has been done to the honored name of humor by these pretentious rascals! We do not love Falstaff because he is drunk; we do not admire Becky Sharp because she is wicked. Drunkenness and wickedness are things easy of imitation; yet all the sack in Christendom could not beget us another Falstaff, — though *Seithenyn ap Seithyn* comes very near to the incomparable model, — and all the wickedness in the world could not fashion us a second Becky Sharp. There are too many dull toppers and stupid sinners among mankind to admit of any uncertainty on these points.

Bishop Burnet, in describing Lord Halifax, tells us, with thinly veiled disapprobation, that he was "a man of fine and ready wit, full of life, and very pleasant, but much turned to satire. His imagination was too hard for his judgment, and a severe jest took more with him than all arguments whatever." Yet this was the first statesman of his age, and one whose clear and tranquil vision penetrated so far beyond the turbulent, troubled times he lived in that men looked askance upon a power they but dimly understood. The sturdy "Trimmer," who would be bullied neither by king nor commons, who would "speak his mind and not be hanged as

long as there was law in England," must have turned with infinite relief from the horrible medley of plots and counterplots, from the ugly images of Oates and Dangerfield, from the scaffolds of Stafford and Russell and Sidney, from the Bloody Circuit and the massacre of Glencoe, from the false smiles of princes and the howling arrogance of the mob, to any jest, however "severe," which would restore to him his cold and fastidious serenity, and keep his judgment and his good temper unimpaired. "Ridicule is the test of truth," said Hazlitt, and it is a test which Halifax remorselessly applied, and which would not be without its uses to the Trimmer of to-day, in whom this adjusting sense is lamentably lacking. For humor distorts nothing, and only false gods are laughed off their earthly pedestals. What monstrous absurdities and paradoxes have resisted whole batteries of serious arguments, and then crumbled swiftly into dust before the ringing death-knell of a laugh! What healthy exultation, what genial warmth, what loyal brotherhood of mirth, attends the friendly sound! Yet in labeling our life and literature, as the Danes labeled their Royal Theatre in Copenhagen, "Not for amusement merely," we have pushed one step further, and the legend too often stands, "Not for amusement at all." Life is no laughing matter, we are told, which is true; and, what is still more dismal to contemplate, books are no laughing matters, either. Only now and then some gay, defiant rebel, like Mr. Saintsbury, flaunts the old flag, hums a bar of Blue Bonnets over the Border, and ruffles the quiet waters of our souls by hinting that this age of Apollinaris and of lectures is at fault, and that it has produced nothing which can vie as literature with the products of the ages of wine and song.

Agnes Repplier.

THE TRAGIC MUSE.

IV.

PETER's meeting with Nick was of the friendliest on both sides, involving a great many "dear fellows" and "old boys," and his salutation to the younger of the Miss Dormers consisted of the frankest "Delighted to see you, my dear Bid!" There was no kissing, but there was cousinship in the air, of a conscious, living kind, as Gabriel Nash no doubt quickly perceived, hovering for a moment outside the group. Biddy said nothing to Peter Sherringham, but there was no flatness in a silence which afforded such opportunities for a pretty smile. Nick introduced Gabriel Nash to his mother and to the other two as "a delightful old friend," whom he had just come across, and Sherringham acknowledged the act by saying to Mr. Nash, but as if rather less for his sake than for that of the presenter, "I have seen you very often before."

"Ah, recurrence — recurrence : we have n't yet, in the study of how to live, abolished that grossness, have we?" Mr. Nash genially inquired. "It's a poverty in the supernumeraries that we don't pass once for all, but come round and cross again, like a procession at the theatre. It's a shabby economy that ought to have been managed better. The right thing would be just *one* appearance, and the procession, regardless of expense, forever and forever different."

The company was occupied in placing itself at table, so that the only disengaged attention, for the moment, was Grace's, to whom, as her eyes rested on him, the young man addressed these last words with a smile. "Alas, it's a very shabby idea, is n't it? The world is n't got up regardless of expense!"

Grace looked quickly away from him,

and said to her brother, "Nick, Mr. Pinks is dead."

"Mr. Pinks?" asked Gabriel Nash, appearing to wonder where he should sit.

"The member for Harsh; and Julia wants you to stand," the girl went on.

"Mr. Pinks, the member for Harsh? What names, to be sure!" Gabriel mused, cheerfully, still unseated.

"Julia wants me? I'm much obliged to her!" observed Nicholas Dormer. "Nash, please sit by my mother, with Peter on her other side."

"My dear, it is n't Julia," Lady Agnes remarked, earnestly, to her son. "Every one wants you. Have n't you heard from your people? Did n't you know the seat was vacant?"

Nick was looking round the table, to see what was on it. "Upon my word, I don't remember. What else have you ordered, mother?"

"There's some *bœuf braisé*, my dear, and afterwards some galantine. Here is a dish of eggs with asparagus-tips."

"I advise you to go in for it, Nick," said Peter Sherringham, to whom the preparation in question was presented.

"Into the eggs with asparagns-tips? *Donnez m'en, s'il vous plaît*. My dear fellow, how can I stand? how can I sit? Where's the money to come from?"

"The money? Why, from Jul—" Grace began, but immediately caught her mother's eye.

"Poor Julia, how you do work her!" Nick exclaimed. "Nash, I recommend you the asparagus-tips. Mother, he's my best friend; do look after him."

"I have an impression I have breakfasted — I am not sure," Nash observed.

"With those beautiful ladies? Try again; you'll find out."

"The money can be managed; the

expenses are very small, and the seat is certain," Lady Agnes declared, not, apparently, heeding her son's injunction in respect to Nash.

"Rather — if Julia goes down!" her elder daughter exclaimed.

"Perhaps Julia won't go down!" Nick answered, humorously.

Biddy was seated next to Mr. Nash, so that she could take occasion to ask, "Who are the beautiful ladies?" as if she failed to recognize her brother's allusion. In reality this was an innocent trick: she was more curious than she could have given a suitable reason for about the odd women from whom her neighbor had separated.

"Deluded, misguided persons!" Gabriel Nash replied, understanding that she had asked for a description. "Strange, eccentric, almost romantic types. Predestined victims, infatuated lambs of sacrifice."

This was copious, yet it was vague, so that Biddy could only respond, "Oh!" But meanwhile Peter Sherringham said to Nick —

"Julia's here, you know. You must go and see her."

Nick looked at him for an instant rather hard, as if to say, "You too?" But Peter's eyes appeared to answer, "No, no, not I;" upon which his cousin rejoined, "Of course I'll go and see her. I'll go immediately. Please to thank her for thinking of me."

"Thinking of you? There are plenty to think of you!" Lady Agnes said. "There are sure to be telegrams at home. We must go back — we must go back!"

"We must go back to England?" Nick Dormer asked; and as his mother made no answer he continued, "Do you mean I must go to Harsh?"

Her ladyship evaded this question, inquiring of Mr. Nash if he would have a morsel of fish; but her gain was small, for this gentleman, struck again by the unhappy name of the bereaved constit-

uency, only broke out, "Ah, what a place to represent! How can you — how can you?"

"It's an excellent place," said Lady Agnes, coldly. "I imagine you have never been there. It's a very good place indeed. It belongs very largely to my cousin, Mrs. Dallow."

Gabriel partook of the fish, listening with interest. "But I thought we had no more pocket-boroughs."

"It's pockets we rather lack, so many of us. There are plenty of Harshes," Nick Dormer observed.

"I don't know what you mean," Lady Agnes said to Gabriel, with considerable majesty.

Peter Sherringham also addressed him with an "Oh, it's all right; they come down on you like a shot!" and the young man continued, ingenuously —

"Do you mean to say you have to pay to get into that place — that it's not *you* that are paid?"

"Into that place?" Lady Agnes repeated, blankly.

"Into the House of Commons. That you don't get a high salary?"

"My dear Nash, you're delightful: don't leave me — don't leave me!" Nick cried; while his mother looked at him with an eye that demanded, "Who is this extraordinary person?"

"What then did you think pocket-boroughs were?" Peter Sherringham asked.

Mr. Nash's facial radiance rested on him. "Why, boroughs that filled your pocket. To do that sort of thing without a bribe — *c'est trop fort!*"

"He lives at Samarcand," Nick Dormer explained to his mother, who colored perceptibly. "What do you advise me? I'll do whatever you say," he went on to his old acquaintance.

"My dear — my dear!" Lady Agnes pleaded.

"See Julia first, with all respect to Mr. Nash. She's of excellent counsel," said Peter Sherringham.

Gabriel Nash smiled across the table at Dormer. "The lady first — the lady first! I have not a word to suggest as against any idea of hers."

"We must not sit here too long, there will be so much to do," said Lady Agnes, anxiously, perceiving a certain slowness in the service of the *bœuf braisé*.

Biddy had been up to this moment mainly occupied in looking covertly and at intervals, at Peter Sherringham; as was perfectly lawful in a young lady with a handsome cousin whom she had not seen for more than a year. But her sweet voice now took license to throw in the words, "We know what Mr. Nash thinks of politics: he told us just now he thinks they are dreadful."

"No, not dreadful — only inferior," the personage impugned protested. "Everything is relative."

"Inferior to what?" Lady Agnes demanded.

Mr. Nash appeared to consider a moment. "To anything else that may be in question."

"Nothing else *is* in question!" said her ladyship, in a tone that would have been triumphant if it had not been dry.

"Ah, then!" And her neighbor shook his head sadly. He turned, after this, to Biddy, and said to her, "The ladies whom I was with just now, and in whom you were so good as to express an interest?" Biddy gave a sign of assent, and he went on: "They are persons theatrical; the younger one is trying to go upon the stage."

"And are you assisting her?" Biddy asked, pleased that she had guessed so nearly right.

"Not in the least — I'm rather head-ling her off. I consider it the lowest of the arts."

"Lower than politics?" asked Peter Sherringham, who was listening to this.

"Dear, no, I won't say that. I think the *Théâtre Français* a greater institution than the House of Commons."

"I agree with you there!" laughed Sherringham; "all the more that I don't consider the dramatic art a low one. On the contrary, it seems to me to include all the others."

"Yes — that's a view. I think it's the view of my friends."

"Of your friends?"

"Two ladies — old acquaintances — whom I met in Paris a week ago, and whom I have just been spending an hour with in this place."

"You should have seen them; they struck me very much," Biddy said to her cousin.

"I should like to see them, if they have really anything to say to the theatre."

"It can easily be managed. Do you believe in the theatre?" asked Gabriel Nash.

"Passionately," Sherringham confessed. "Don't you?"

Before Mr. Nash had had time to answer Biddy had interposed with a sigh: "How I wish I could go — but in Paris I can't!"

"I'll take you, Biddy — I vow I'll take you."

"But the plays, Peter," the girl objected. "Mamma says they're worse than the pictures."

"Oh, we'll arrange that: they shall do one at the *Français* on purpose for a delightful little English girl."

"Can you make them?"

"I can make them do anything I choose."

"Ah, then, it's the theatre that believes in you," said Gabriel Nash.

"It would be ungrateful if it did n't!" Peter Sherringham laughed.

Lady Agnes had withdrawn herself from between him and Mr. Nash, and, to signify that she, at least, had finished eating, had gone to sit by her son, whom she held, with some importunity, in conversation. But hearing the theatre talked of, she threw across an impersonal challenge to the paradoxical young

man. "Pray, should you think it better for a gentleman to be an actor?"

"Better than being a politician? Ah, comedian for comedian, is n't the actor more honest?"

Lady Agnes turned to her son and exclaimed with spirit, "Think of your great father, Nicholas!"

"He was an honest man; that perhaps is why he could n't stand it."

Peter Sherringham judged the colloquy to have taken an uncomfortable twist, though not wholly, as it seemed to him, by the act of Nick's queer comrade. To draw it back to safer ground he said to this personage: "May I ask if the ladies you just spoke of are English — Mrs. and Miss Rooth: is n't that the rather odd name?"

"The very same. Only the daughter, according to her kind, desires to be known by some *nom de guerre* before she has even been able to enlist."

"And what does she call herself?" Bridget Dormer asked.

"Maud Vavasour, or Edith Temple, or Gladys Vane — some rubbish of that sort."

"What, then, is her own name?"

"Miriam — Miriam Rooth. It would do very well and would give her the benefit of the prepossessing fact that (to the best of my belief, at least) she is more than half a Jewess."

"It is as good as Rachel Félix," Sherringham said.

"The name's as good, but not the talent. The girl is magnificently stupid."

"And more than half a Jewess? Don't you believe it!" Sherringham exclaimed.

"Don't believe she's a Jewess?" Biddy asked, still more interested in Miriam Rooth.

"No, no — that she's stupid, really. If she is, she'll be the first."

"Ah, you may judge for yourself," Nash rejoined, "if you'll come to-morrow afternoon to Madame Carré, Rue de Constantinople, *au quatrième*."

"Madame Carré? Why, I've already a note from her — I found it this morning on my return to Paris — asking me to look in at five o'clock and listen to a *jeune Anglaise*."

"That's my arrangement — I obtained the favor. The ladies want an opinion, and the good Carré has consented to see them and to give one. Gladys will recite something and the venerable artist will pass judgment."

Sherringham remembered that he had his note in his pocket, and he took it out and looked it over. "She wishes to make her a little audience — she says she'll do better with that — and she asks me because I'm English. I shall make a point of going."

"And bring Dormer if you can: the audience will be better. Will you come, Dormer?" Mr. Nash continued, appealing to his friend, — "will you come with me to see an old French actress and to hear an English amateur recite?"

Nick looked round from his talk with his mother and Grace. "I'll go anywhere with you, so that, as I've told you, I may not lose sight of you, may keep hold of you."

"Poor Mr. Nash, why is he so useful?" Lady Agnes demanded with a laugh.

"He steadies me, mother."

"Oh, I wish you'd take me, Peter," Biddy broke out, wistfully, to her cousin.

"To spend an hour with an old French actress? Do you want to go upon the stage?" the young man inquired.

"No, but I want to see something, to know something."

"Madame Carré is wonderful in her way, but she is hardly company for a little English girl."

"I'm not little, I'm only too big; and *she* goes, the person you speak of."

"For a professional purpose, and with

her good mother," smiled Gabriel Nash. "I think Lady Agnes would hardly venture" —

"Oh, I've seen her good mother!" said Biddy, as if she had an impression of what the worth of that protection might be.

"Yes, but you have n't heard her. It's then that you measure her."

Biddy was wistful still. "Is it the famous Honorine Carré, the great celebrity?"

"Honorine in person: the incomparable, the perfect!" said Peter Sherringham. "The first artist of our time, taking her altogether. She and I are old pals; she has been so good as to come and 'say' things, as she does sometimes still *dans le monde*, as no one else does, in my rooms."

"Make her come, then; we can go there!"

"One of these days!"

"And the young lady — Miriam, Edith, Gladys — make her come too."

Sherringham looked at Nash and the latter exclaimed, "Oh, you'll have no difficulty; she'll jump at it!"

"Very good; I'll give a little artistic tea, with Julia, too, of course. And you must come, Mr. Nash." This gentleman promised, with an inclination, and Peter continued: "But if, as you say you're not for helping the young lady, how came you to arrange this interview with the great model?"

"Precisely to stop her. The great model will find her very bad. Her judgments, as you probably know, are Rhadamanthine."

"Poor girl!" said Biddy. "I think you're cruel."

"Never mind; I'll look after them," said Sherringham.

"And how can Madame Carré judge, if the girl recites English?"

"She's so intelligent that she could judge if she recited Chinese," Peter declared.

"That's true, but the jeune Anglaise

recites also in French," said Gabriel Nash.

"Then she is n't stupid."

"And in Italian, and in several more tongues, for aught I know."

Sherringham was visibly interested. "Very good; we'll put her through them all."

"She must be *most* clever," Biddy went on, yearningly.

"She has spent her life on the continent; she has wandered about with her mother; she has picked up things."

"And is she a lady?" Biddy asked.

"Oh, tremendous! The great ones of the earth on the mother's side. On the father's, on the other hand, I imagine, only a Jew stockbroker in the city."

"Then they're rich — or ought to be," Sherringham suggested.

"Ought to be — ah, there's the bitterness! The stockbroker had too short a go — he was carried off in his flower. However, he left his wife a certain property, which she appears to have muddled away, not having the safeguard of being herself a Hebrew. This is what she lived upon till to-day — this and another resource. Her husband, as she has often told me, had the artistic temperament; that's common, as you know, among *ces messieurs*. He made the most of his little opportunities and collected various pictures, tapestries, enamels, porcelains, and similar gewgaws. He parted with them also, I gather, at a profit; in short, he carried on a neat little business as a *brocanteur*. It was nipped in the bud, but Mrs. Rooth was left with a certain number of these articles in her hands; indeed they must have constituted the most palpable part of her heritage. She was not a woman of business; she turned them, no doubt, to indifferent account; but she sold them piece by piece, and they kept her going while her daughter grew up. It was to this precarious traffic, conducted with extraordinary mystery and delicacy, that, five years ago, in Florence,

I was indebted for my acquaintance with her. In those days I used to collect — Heaven help me! — I used to pick up rubbish which I could ill afford. It was a little phase — we have our little phases, have n't we?" asked Gabriel Nash, — "and I have come out on the other side. Mrs. Rooth had an old green pot, and I heard of her old green pot. To hear of it was to long for it, so that I went to see it, under cover of night. I bought it, and a couple of years ago I overturned it and smashed it. It was the last of the little phase. It was not, however, as you have seen, the last of Mrs. Rooth. I saw her afterwards in London, and I met her a year or two ago in Venice. She appears to be a great wanderer. She had other old pots, of other colors, red, yellow, black, or blue — she could produce them of any complexion you liked. I don't know whether she carried them about with her or whether she had little secret stores in the principal cities of Europe. To-day, at any rate, they seem all gone. On the other hand, she has her daughter, who has grown up and who is a precious vase of another kind — less fragile, I hope, than the rest. May she not be overturned and smashed!"

Peter Sherringham and Biddy Dormer listened with attention to this history, and the girl testified to the interest with which she had followed it by saying, when Mr. Nash had ceased speaking, "A Jewish stockbroker, a dealer in curiosities: what an odd person to marry — for a person who was well born! I dare say he was a German."

"His name must have been simply Roth, and the poor lady, to smarten it up, has put in another *o*," Sherringham ingeniously suggested.

"You are both very clever," said Gabriel Nash, "and Rudolf Roth, as I happen to know, was indeed the designation of Maud Vavasour's papa. But, as far as the question of derogation goes,

one might as well drown as starve, for what connection is *not* a misalliance when one happens to have the cumbersome, the unaccommodating honor of being a Neville-Nugent of Castle Nugent? Such was the high lineage of Maud's mamma. I seem to have heard it mentioned that Rudolf Roth was very versatile and, like most of his species, not unacquainted with the practice of music. He had been employed to teach the harmonium to Miss Neville-Nugent and she had profited by his lessons. If his daughter is like him — and she is not like her mother — he was darkly and dangerously handsome. So I venture rapidly to reconstruct the situation."

A silence, for the moment, had fallen upon Lady Agnes and her other two children, so that Mr. Nash, with his universal urbanity, practically addressed these last remarks to them as well as to his other auditors. Lady Agnes looked as if she wondered whom he was talking about, and having caught the name of a noble residence she inquired —

"Castle Nugent — where is that?"

"It's a domain of immeasurable extent and almost inconceivable splendor, but I fear it isn't to be found in any meagre earthly geography!" Lady Agnes rested her eyes on the tablecloth, as if she were not sure a liberty had not been taken with her, and while Mr. Nash continued to abound in descriptive suppositions — "It must be on the banks of the Manzanares or the Guadalquivir" — Peter Sherringham, whose imagination appeared to have been strongly kindled by the sketch of Miriam Rooth, challenging him sociably, reminded him that he had, a short time before, assigned a low place to the dramatic art, and that he had not yet answered his question as to whether he believed in the theatre. This gave Nash an opportunity to go on —

"I don't know that I understand your question; there are different ways of taking it. Do I think it's important?"

Is that what you mean? Important, certainly, to managers and stage-carpenters who want to make money, to ladies and gentlemen who want to produce themselves in public by lime-light, and to other ladies and gentlemen who are bored and stupid and don't know what to do with their evening. It's a commercial and social convenience which may be infinitely worked. But important artistically, intellectually? How *can* it be — so poor, so limited a form?"

"Dear me, it strikes me as so rich, so various! Do you think it's poor and limited, Nick?" Sherringham added, appealing to his kinsman.

"I think whatever Nash thinks. I have no opinion to-day but his."

This answer of Nick Dormer's drew the eyes of his mother and sisters to him and caused his friend to exclaim that he was not used to such responsibilities, so few people had ever tested his presence of mind by agreeing with him.

"Oh, I used to be of your way of feeling," Nash said to Sherringham. "I understand you perfectly. 'It's a phase like another. I've been through it — *j'ai été comme ça*.'"

"And you went, then, very often to the Théâtre Français, and it was there I saw you. I place you now."

"I am afraid I noticed none of the other spectators," Nash explained. "I had no attention but for the great Carré — she was still on the stage. Judge of my infatuation, and how I can allow for yours, when I tell you that I sought her acquaintance, that I could n't rest till I had told her that I hung upon her lips."

"That's just what I told her," returned Sherringham.

"She was very kind to me. She said, '*Vous me rendez des forces*.'"

"That's just what she said to me!"

"And we have remained very good friends."

"So have we!" laughed Sherring-

ham. "And such perfect art as hers: do you mean to say you don't consider *that* important — such a rare dramatic intelligence?"

"I'm afraid you read the *feuilletons*. You catch their phrases," Gabriel Nash blandly rejoined. "Dramatic intelligence is never rare; nothing is more common."

"Then why have we so many bad actors?"

"Have we? I thought they were mostly good; succeeding more easily and more completely in that business than in anything else. What could they do — those people, generally — if they did n't do that? And reflect that *that* enables them to succeed! Of course, always, there are numbers of people on the stage who are no actors at all, for it's even easier to our poor humanity to be ineffectively stupid and vulgar than to bring down the house."

"It's not easy, by what I can see, to produce, completely, any artistic effect," Sherringham declared; "and those that the actor produces are among the most moving that we know. You'll not persuade me that to watch such an actress as Madame Carré was not an education of the taste, an enlargement of one's knowledge."

"She did what she could, poor woman, but in what belittling, coarsening conditions! She had to interpret a character in a play, and a character in a play (not to say the whole piece — I speak more particularly of modern pieces) is such a wretchedly small peg to hang anything on! The dramatist shows us so little, is so hampered by his audience, is restricted to so poor an analysis."

"I know the complaint. It's all the fashion now. The *raffinés* despise the theatre," said Peter Sherringham, in the manner of a man abreast with the culture of his age and not to be captured by a surprise. "*Connu, connu!*"

"It will be known better yet, won't it, when the essentially brutal nature of

the modern audience is still more perceived; when it has been properly analyzed? the *omnium gatherum* of the population of a big commercial city, at the hour of the day when their taste is at its lowest, flocking out of hideous hotels and restaurants, gorged with food, stultified with buying and selling and with all the other sordid preoccupations of the day, squeezed together in a sweltering mass, disappointed in their seats, timing the author, timing the actor, wishing to get their money back on the spot, before eleven o'clock. Fancy putting the exquisite before such a tribunal as that! There's not even a question of it. The dramatist would n't if he could, and in nine cases out of ten he could n't if he would. He has to make the basest concessions. One of his principal canons is that he must enable his spectators to catch the suburban trains, which stop at 11:30. What would you think of any other artist — the painter or the novelist — whose governing forces should be the dinner and the suburban trains? The old dramatists did n't defer to them (not so much, at least), and that's why they are less and less actable. If they are touched — the large fellows — it's only to be mutilated and trivialized. Besides, they had a simpler civilization to represent — societies in which the life of man was in action, in passion, in immediate and violent expression. Those things could be put upon the playhouse boards with comparatively little sacrifice of their completeness and their truth. To-day we are so infinitely more reflective and complicated and diffuse that it makes all the difference. What can you do with a character, with an idea, with a feeling, between dinner and the suburban trains? You can give a gross, rough sketch of them, but how little you touch them, how bald you leave them! What crudity compared with what the novelist does!"

"Do you write novels, Mr. Nash?" Peter demanded.

"No, but I read them when they are extraordinarily good, and I don't go to plays. I read Balzac, for instance — I encounter the magnificent portrait of Valérie Marneffe, in *La Cousine Bette*."

"And you contrast it with the poverty of Emile Augier's *Séraphine* in *Les Lionnes Pauvres*? I was awaiting you there. That's the *cheval de bataille* of you fellows."

"What an extraordinary discussion! What dreadful authors!" Lady Agnes murmured to her son. But he was listening so attentively to the other young men that he made no response, and Peter Sherringham went on:

"I have seen Madame Carré in parts, in the modern repertory, which she has made as vivid to me, caused to abide as ineffaceably in my memory, as Valérie Marneffe. She is the Balzac, as one may say, of actresses."

"The miniaturist, as it were, of white-washers!" Nash rejoined, laughing.

It might have been guessed that Sherringham was irritated, but the other disputant was so good-humored that he abundantly recognized his own obligation to appear so.

"You would be magnanimous if you thought the young lady you have introduced to our old friend would be important."

"She might be much more so than she ever will be."

Lady Agnes got up, to terminate the scene, and even to signify that enough had been said about people and questions she had never heard of. Every one else rose, the waiter brought Nicholas the receipt of the bill, and Sherringham went on, to his interlocutor —

"Perhaps she will be more so than you think."

"Perhaps — if *you* take an interest in her!"

"A mystic voice seems to exhort me to do so, to whisper that, though I have never seen her, I shall find something

in her. What do you say, Biddy, shall I take an interest in her?"

Biddy hesitated a moment, colored a little, felt a certain embarrassment in being publicly treated as an oracle.

"If she's not nice I don't advise it."

"And if she is nice?"

"You advise it still less!" her brother exclaimed, laughing and putting his arm round her.

Lady Agnes looked sombre — she might have been saying to herself: "Dear me, what chance has a girl of mine with a man who's so agog about actresses?" She was disconcerted and distressed; a multitude of incongruous things, all the morning, had been forced upon her attention — displeasing pictures and still more displeasing theories about them, vague portents of perversity on the part of Nicholas, and a strange eagerness on Peter's, learned apparently in Paris, to discuss, with a person who had a tone she never had been exposed to, topics irrelevant and uninteresting, the practical effect of which was to make light of her presence. "Let us leave this — let us leave this!" she almost moaned. The party moved together toward the door of departure, and her ruffled spirit was not soothed by hearing her son remark to his terrible friend: "You know you don't leave us — I stick to you!"

At this Lady Agnes broke out and interposed, "Excuse me for reminding you that you are going to call on Julia."

"Well, can't Nash also come to call on Julia? That's just what I want — that she should see him."

Peter Sherringham came humanely to her ladyship's assistance. "A better way, perhaps, will be for them to meet under my auspices, at my 'dramatic tea.' This will enable me to return one favor for another. If Mr. Nash is so good as to introduce me to this aspirant for honors we estimate so differently, I will introduce him to my sister, a much more positive quantity."

"It is easy to see who'll have the best of it!" Grace Dormer exclaimed; and Gabriel Nash stood there serenely, impartially, in a graceful, detached way which seemed characteristic of him, assenting to any decision that relieved him of the grossness of choice and generally confident that things would turn out well for him.

He was cheerfully helpless and sociably indifferent; ready to preside, with a smile, even at a discussion of his own admissibility. "Nick will bring you. I have a little corner at the embassy."

"You are very kind. You must bring him, then, to-morrow — Rue de Constantinople."

"At five o'clock — don't be afraid."

"Oh, dear!" said Biddy, as they went on again; and Lady Agnes, seizing his arm, marched off more quickly with her son. When they came out into the Champs Elysées Nick Dormer, looking round, saw that his friend had disappeared. Biddy had attached herself to Peter, and Grace, apparently, had not encouraged Mr. Nash.

V.

Lady Agnes's idea had been that her son should go straight from the Palais de l'Industrie to the Hôtel de Hollande, with or without his mother and his sisters, as his humor should seem to recommend. Much as she desired to see their brilliant kinswoman, and as she knew that her daughters desired it, she was quite ready to postpone their visit, if this renunciation should contribute to a speedy interview for Nick. She was eager that he should talk with Mrs. Dallow, and eager that he should be eager himself; but it presently appeared that he was really not anything that could impartially be called so. His view was that she and the girls should go to the Hôtel de Hollande without delay, and should spend the rest of

the day with Julia, if they liked. He would go later; he would go in the evening. There were lots of things he wanted to do meanwhile.

This question was discussed with some intensity, though not at length, while the little party stood on the edge of the Place de la Concorde, to which they had proceeded on foot; and Lady Agnes noticed that the "lots of things" to which he proposed to give precedence over an urgent duty, a conference with a person who held out full hands to him, were implied somehow in the friendly glance with which he covered the great square, the opposite bank of the Seine, the steep blue roofs of the quay, the bright immensity of Paris. What in the world could be more important than making sure of his seat? — so quickly did the good lady's imagination travel. And now that idea appealed to him less than a ramble in search of old books and prints, for she was sure this was what he had in his head. Julia would be flattered if she knew it, but of course she must not know it. Lady Agnes was already thinking of the most honorable explanations she could give of the young man's want of *empressement*. She would have liked to represent him as tremendously occupied, in his room at their own hotel, in getting off political letters to every one it should concern, and particularly in drawing up his address to the electors of Harsh. Fortunately she was a woman of innumerable discretions, and a part of the worn look that sat in her face came from her having schooled herself for years, in her relations with her husband and her sons, not to insist unduly. She would have liked to insist, nature had formed her to insist, and the self-control had told in more ways than one. Even now it was powerless to prevent her suggesting that before doing anything else Nick should at least repair to the inn and see if there were not some telegrams.

He freely consented to do so much as
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this, and having called a cab, that she might go her way with the girls, he kissed her again, as he had done at the exhibition. This was an attention that could never displease her, but somehow when he kissed her often her anxiety was apt to increase; she had come to recognize it as a sign that he was slipping away from her. She drove off with a vague sense that at any rate she and the girls might do something toward keeping the place warm for him. She had been a little vexed that Peter had not administered more of a push toward the Hôtel de Hollande, clear as it had become to her now that there was a foreignness in Peter which was not to be counted on, and which made him speak of English affairs and even of English domestic politics as local. Of course they were local, and was not that the human comfort of them? As she left the two young men standing together in the middle of the Place de la Concorde, the grand composition of which Nick, as she looked back, appeared to have paused to admire (as if he had not seen it a thousand times!), she wished she might have thought of Peter's influence with her son as exerted a little more in favor of localism. She had a sense that he would not abbreviate the boy's ill-timed *flânerie*. However, he had been very nice. He had invited them all to dine with him that evening at a convenient restaurant, promising to bring Julia and one of his colleagues. So much as this he had been willing to do to make sure that Nick and his sister should meet. His want of localism, moreover, was not so great as that if it should turn out that there *was* anything beneath his manner toward Biddy — The conclusion of this reflection is, perhaps, best indicated by the circumstance of her ladyship's remarking, after a minute, to her younger daughter, who sat opposite to her in the *voiture de place*, that it would do no harm if she should get a new hat, and

that the article might be purchased that afternoon.

"A French hat, mamma?" said Grace. "Oh, do wait till she gets home!"

"I think they are prettier here, you know," Biddy rejoined; and Lady Agnes said, simply, "I dare say they're cheaper." What was in her mind, in fact, was, "I dare say Peter thinks them becoming." It will be seen that she had plenty of spiritual occupation, the sum of which was not diminished by her learning, when she reached the top of the Rue de la Paix, that Mrs. Dallow had gone out half an hour before and had left no message. She was more disconcerted by this incident than she could have explained or than she thought was right, for she had taken for granted that Julia would be in a manner waiting for them. How did she know that Nick was not coming? When people were in Paris for a few days they did n't mope in the house; but Julia might have waited a little longer or might have left an explanation. Was she then not so much in earnest about Nick's standing? Did n't she recognize the importance of being there to see him about it? Lady Agnes wondered whether Julia's behavior were a sign that she was already tired of the way this young gentleman treated her. Perhaps she had gone out because an instinct told her that its being important he should see her early would make no difference with him—told her that he would n't come. Her heart sank as she glanced at this possibility that Julia was already tired, for she, on her side, had an instinct there were still more tiresome things in store. She had disliked having to tell Mrs. Dallow that Nick would n't see her till the evening, but now she disliked still more her not being there to hear it. She even resented a little her kinswoman's not having reasoned that she and the girls would come in any event, and not thought them worth staying in for. It

occurred to her that she would, perhaps, have gone to their hotel, which was a good way up the Rue de Rivoli, near the Palais Royal, and she directed the cabman to drive to that establishment.

As he joggled along, she took in some degree the measure of what that might mean, Julia's seeking a little to avoid them. Was she growing to dislike them? Did she think they kept too sharp an eye on her, so that the idea of their standing in a still closer relation to her would not be enticing? Her behavior up to this time had not worn such an appearance, unless, perhaps, a little, just a very little, in the matter of poor Grace. Lady Agnes knew that she was not particularly fond of poor Grace, and was even able to guess the reason—the manner in which Grace betrayed the most that they wanted to make sure of her. She remembered how long the girl had stayed the last time she had gone to Harsh. She had gone for an acceptable week, and she had been in the house a month. She took a private, heroic vow that Grace should not go near the place again for a year; that is, not unless Nick and Julia were married before this. If that were to happen, she should n't care. She recognized that it was not absolutely everything that Julia should be in love with Nick; it was also better she should dislike his mother and sisters after than before. Lady Agnes did justice to the natural rule in virtue of which it usually comes to pass that a woman does n't get on with her husband's female belongings, and was even willing to be sacrificed to it in her disciplined degree. But she desired not to be sacrificed for nothing; if she was to be objected to as a mother-in-law, she wished to be the mother-in-law first.

At the hotel in the Rue de Rivoli she had the disappointment of finding that Mrs. Dallow had not called, and also that no telegrams had come. She went

in with the girls for half an hour, and then she straggled out with them again. She was undetermined and dissatisfied, and the afternoon was rather a problem; of the kind, moreover, that she disliked most and was least accustomed to; not a choice between different things to do (her life had been full of that), but a want of anything to do at all. Nicholas had said to her before they separated, "You can knock about with the girls, you know; everything is amusing here." That was easily said, while he sauntered and gossiped with Peter Sherringham, and perhaps went to see more pictures like those in the Salon. He was usually, on such occasions, very good-natured about spending his time with them; but this episode had taken altogether a perverse, profane form. She had no desire whatever to knock about, and she was far from finding everything in Paris amusing. She had no aptitude for aimlessness, and, moreover, she thought it vulgar. If she had found Julia's card at the hotel (the sign of a hope of catching them just as they came back from the Salon), she would have made a second attempt to see her before the evening; but now certainly they would leave her alone. Lady Agnes wandered joylessly with the girls in the Palais Royal and the Rue de Richelieu, and emerged upon the Boulevard, where they continued their frugal prowling, as Biddy rather irritatingly called it. They went into five shops to buy a hat for Biddy, and her ladyship's presuppositions of cheapness were wofully belied.

"Who in the world is your funny friend?" Peter Sherringham asked of his kinsman, without loss of time, as they walked together.

"Ah, there's something else you lost by going to Cambridge — you lost Gabriel Nash!"

"He sounds like an Elizabethan dramatist," Sherringham said. "But I have n't lost him, since it appears now

that I shall not be able to have you without him."

"Oh, as for that, wait a little. I'm going to try him again, but I don't know how he wears. What I mean is that you have probably lost his freshness. I have an idea he has become conventional, or at any rate serious."

"Bless me, do you call that serious?"

"He used to be so gay. He had a real genius for suggestive paradox. He was a wonderful talker."

"It seems to me he will do very well now," said Peter Sherringham.

"Oh, this is nothing. He had great flights of old, very great flights; one saw him rise and rise, and turn somersaults in the blue, and wondered how far he could go. He's very intelligent, and I should think it might be interesting to find out what it is that prevents the whole man from being as good as his parts. I mean in case he is n't so good."

"I see you more than suspect that. May it not simply be that he's an ass?"

"That would be the whole — I shall see in time — but it certainly is n't one of the parts. It may be the effect, but it is n't the cause, and it's for the cause that I claim an interest. I imagine you think he's an ass on account of what he said about the theatre, his pronouncing it a coarse art."

"To differ about him that reason will do," said Sherringham. "The only bad one would be one that should n't preserve our difference. You need n't tell me you agree with him, for, frankly, I don't care."

"Then your passion still burns?" Nick Dormer asked.

"My passion?"

"I don't mean for any individual exponent of the contestable art: mark the guilty conscience, mark the rising blush, mark the confusion of mind! I mean the old sign one knew you best by: your

permanent stall at the Français, your inveterate attendance at *premières*, the way you 'follow' the young talents and the old."

"Yes, it's still my little hobby; my little folly, if you like. I don't see that I get tired of it. What will you have? Strong predilections are rather a blessing; they are simplifying. I am fond of representation—the representation of life: I like it better, I think, than the real thing. You like it, too, so you have no right to cast the stone. You like it best done one way and I another; and our preference, on either side, has a deep root in us. There is a fascination to me in the way the actor does it, when his talent (ah, he must have that!) has been highly trained (ah, it must *be* that!). The things he can do, in this effort at representation (with the dramatist to give him his push) seem to me innumerable—he can carry it to a delicacy!—and I take great pleasure in observing them, in recognizing them and comparing them. It's an amusement like another: I don't pretend to call it by any exalted name; but in this vale of friction it will serve. One can lose one's self in it, and it has this recommendation (in common, I suppose, with the study of the other arts), that the further you go in it the more you find. So I go rather far, if you will. But is it the principal sign one knows me by?" Sherringham abruptly asked.

"Don't be ashamed of it, or it will be ashamed of you. I ought to discriminate. You are distinguished among my friends and relations by being a rising young diplomatist; but you know I always want the further distinction, the last analysis. Therefore I surmise that you are conspicuous among rising young diplomatists for the infatuation that you describe in such pretty terms."

"You evidently believe that it will prevent me from rising very high. But pastime for pastime, is it any idler than yours?"

"Than mine?"

"Why, you have half a dozen, while I only allow myself the luxury of one. For the theatre is my sole vice, really. Is this more wanton, say, than to devote weeks to ascertaining in what particular way your friend Mr. Nash may be a twaddler? That's not my ideal of a choice *délassement*, but I would undertake to do it sooner. You're a young statesman (who happens to be *en disponibilité* for the moment), but you spend not a little of your time in besmearing canvas with bright-colored pigments. The idea of representation fascinates you, but in your case it's representation in oils—or do you practice water-colors, too? You even go much further than I, for I study my art of predilection only in the works of others. I don't aspire to leave works of my own. You're a painter, possibly a great one; but I'm not an actor." Nick Dormer declared that he would certainly become one—he was on the way to it; and Sherringham, without heeding this charge, went on: "Let me add that, considering you *are* a painter, your portrait of the complicated Nash is lamentably dim."

"He's not at all complicated; he's only too simple to give an account of. Most people have a lot of attributes and appendages that dress them up and superscribe them, and what I like him for is that he has n't any at all. It makes him so cool."

"By Jove, you match him there! It's an attribute to keep alive. How does he do it?"

"I have n't the least idea. I don't think any one has ever detected the process. His means, his profession, his belongings, have never anything to do with the question. He does n't shade off into other people; he's as neat as an outline cut out of paper with scissors. I like him, therefore, because in intercourse with him you know what you've got hold of. With most men

you don't: to pick the flower you must break off the whole dusty, thorny, worldly branch; you find you are taking up in your grasp all sorts of other people and things, dangling accidents and conditions. Poor Nash has none of those ramifications; he's the solitary blossom."

"My dear fellow, you would be better for a little of the same pruning!" Sherringham exclaimed; and the young men continued their walk and their gossip, jerking each other this way and that with a sociable roughness consequent on their having been boys together. Intimacy had reigned, of old, between the little Sherringshams and the little Dormers, united by country contiguity and by the circumstance that there was first-cousinship, not neglected, among the parents, Lady Agnes standing in this convertible relation to Lady Windrush, the mother of Peter and Julia, as well as of other daughters and of a maturer youth who was to inherit, and who since then had inherited, the ancient barony. Since then many things had altered, but not the deep foundation of sociability. One of our young men had gone to Eton and the other to Harrow (the battered old school on the hill was the tradition of the Dormers), and the divergence had taken its course later, in university years. Bricket, however, had remained accessible to Windrush, and Windrush to Bricket, to which Percival Dormer had now succeeded, terminating the interchange a trifle rudely by letting out that pleasant white house in the midlands (its expropriated inhabitants, Lady Agnes and her daughters, adored it) to an American reputed rich, who, in the first flush of international comparison, considered that for twelve hundred a year he got it at a bargain. Bricket had come to the late Sir Nicholas from his elder brother, who died wifeless and childless. The new baronet, so different from his father (though he recalled at some points the uncle after whom he had been named) that Nick had to

make it up by aspirations of resemblance, roamed about the world, taking shots which excited the enthusiasm of society, when society heard of them, at the few legitimate creatures of the chase which the British rifle had spared. Lady Agnes, meanwhile, settled with her girls in a gabled, latticed house in a creditable quarter, though it was still a little raw, of the temperate zone of London. It was not into her lap, poor woman, that the revenues of Bricket were poured. There was no dower-house attached to that moderate property, and the allowance with which the estate was charged on her ladyship's behalf was not an incitement to grandeur.

Nick had a room under his mother's roof, which he mainly used to dress for dinner when he dined in Calcutta Gardens, and he had "kept on" his chambers in the Temple; for to a young man in public life an independent address was indispensable. Moreover, he was suspected of having a studio in an out-of-the-way quarter of the town, the indistinguishable parts of South Kensington, incongruous as such a retreat might seem in the case of a member of Parliament. It was an absurd place to see his constituents, unless he wanted to paint their portraits, a kind of representation with which they scarcely would have been satisfied; and in fact the only question of portraiture had been when the wives and daughters of several of them expressed a wish for the picture of their handsome young member. Nick had not offered to paint it himself, and the studio was taken for granted rather than much looked into by the ladies in Calcutta Gardens. Too express a disposition to regard whims of this sort as a pure extravagance was known by them to be open to correction; for they were not oblivious that Mr. Carteret had humors which weighed against them, in the shape of convenient checks nestling between the inside pages of legible letters of advice. Mr. Carteret was Nick's

providence, as Nick was looked to, in a general way, to be that of his mother and sisters, especially since it had become so plain that Percy, who was ungracefully selfish, would operate, mainly with a "six-bore," quite out of that sphere. It was not for studios, certainly, that Mr. Carteret sent checks; but they were an expression of general confidence in Nick, and a little expansion was natural to a young man enjoying such a luxury as that. It was sufficiently felt, in Calcutta Gardens, that Nick could be looked to not to betray such a confidence; for Mr. Carteret's behavior could have no name at all unless one were prepared to call it encouraging. He had never promised anything, but he was one of the delightful persons with whom the redemption precedes or dispenses with the vow. He had been an early and lifelong friend of the late right honorable gentleman, a political follower, a devoted admirer, a staunch supporter in difficult hours. He had never married, espousing nothing more reproductive than Sir Nicholas's views (he used to write letters to the *Times* in favor of them), and had, so far as was known, neither chick nor child; nothing but an amiable little family of eccentricities, the flower of which was his odd taste for living in a small, steep, clean country town, all green gardens and red walls, with a girdle of hedge-rows, clustering about an immense brown old abbey. When Lady Agnes's imagination rested upon the future of her second son, she liked to remember that Mr. Carteret had nothing to "keep up:" the inference seemed so direct that he would keep up Nick.

The most important event in the life of this young man had been incomparably his victory, under his father's eyes, more than two years before, in the sharp contest for Crackhurst—a victory which his consecrated name, his extreme youth, his ardor in the fray, the general personal sympathy of the party, and the at-

tention excited by the fresh cleverness of his speeches, tinted with young idealism and yet sticking sufficiently to the question (the burning question, it has since burnt out), had rendered almost brilliant. There had been leaders in the newspapers about it, half in compliment to her husband, who was known to be failing so prematurely (he was almost as young to die, and to die famous—Lady Agnes regarded it as famous—as his son had been to stand), which the boy's mother religiously preserved, cut out and tied together with a ribbon, in the innermost drawer of a favorite cabinet. But it had been a barren, or almost a barren triumph, for in the order of importance in Nick's history another incident had run it, as the phrase is, very close: nothing less than the quick dissolution of the Parliament in which he was so manifestly destined to give symptoms of a future. He had not recovered his seat at the general election, for the second contest was even sharper than the first, and the Tories had put forward a loud, vulgar, rattling, almost bullying man. It was to a certain extent a comfort that poor Sir Nicholas, who had been witness of the bright hour, passed away before the darkness. He died, with all his hopes on his second son's head, unconscious of near disaster, handing on the torch and the tradition, after a long, supreme interview with Nick, at which Lady Agnes had not been present but which she knew to have been a sort of paternal dedication, a solemn communication of ideas on the highest national questions (she had reason to believe he had touched on those of external as well as of domestic and of colonial policy), leaving on the boy's nature and manner from that moment the most unmistakable traces. If his tendency to reverie increased, it was because he had so much to think over in what his pale father had said to him in the hushed, dim chamber, laying upon him the great mission of carrying out the

unachieved and reviving a silent voice. It was work cut out for a lifetime, and that "coördinating power in relation to detail," which was one of the great characteristics of Sir Nicholas's high distinction (the most analytic of the weekly papers was always talking about it), had enabled him to rescue the prospect from any shade of vagueness or of ambiguity.

Five years before Nick Dormer went up to be questioned by the electors of Crackhurst, Peter Sherringham appeared before a board of examiners who let him off much less easily, though there were also some flattering prejudices in his favor; such influences being a part of the copious, light, unembarrassing baggage with which each of the young men began life. Peter passed, however, passed high, and had his reward in prompt assignment to a small diplomatic post in Germany. Since then he had had his professional adventures, which need not arrest us, inasmuch as they had all paled in the light of his appointment, nearly three years previous to the moment of our making his acquaintance, to a secretaryship of embassy in Paris. He had done well and had gone fast, and for the present he was willing enough to rest. It pleased him better to remain in Paris as a subordinate than to go to Honduras as a principal, and Nick Dormer had not put a false color on the matter in speaking of his stall at the Théâtre Français as a sedative to his ambition. Nick's inferiority in age to his cousin sat on him more lightly than when they had been in their teens; and indeed no one can very well be much older than a young man who has figured for a year, however imperceptibly, in the House of Commons. Separation and diversity had made them strange enough to each other to give a taste to what they shared; they were friends without being particular friends; that further degree could always hang before them as a suitable but not oppressive contingency, and they

were both conscious that it was in their interest to keep certain differences to "chaff" each other about — so possible was it that they might have quarreled if they had only agreed. Peter, as being wide-minded, was a little irritated to find his cousin always so intensely British, while Nick Dormer made him the object of the same compassionate criticism, recognized that he had a rare knack with foreign tongues, but reflected, and even, with extravagance, declared, that intellectually one might have become as good a cosmopolite as that without stepping beyond the park gates at Windrush. Moreover, Nick had his ideas about the diplomatic mind; it was the moral type of which, on the whole, he thought least favorably. Dry, narrow, barren, poor, he pronounced it in familiar conversation with the clever secretary; wanting in imagination, in generosity, in the finest perceptions and the highest courage. This served as well as anything else to keep the peace between them; it was a necessity of their friendly intercourse that they should scuffle a little, and it scarcely mattered what they scuffled about. Nick Dormer's express enjoyment of Paris, the shop-windows on the quays, the old books on the parapet, the gayety of the river, the grandeur of the Louvre, all the amusing tints and tones, struck his companion as a sign of insularity; the appreciation of such things having become with Sherringham an unconscious habit, a contented assimilation. If poor Nick, for the hour, was demonstrative and lyrical, it was because he had no other way of sounding the note of farewell to the independent life of which the term seemed now definitely in sight; the sense pressed upon him that these were the last moments of his freedom. He would waste time till half past seven, because half past seven meant dinner, and dinner meant his mother, solemnly attended by the strenuous shade of his father and reinforced by Julia.

VI.

WHEN Nick arrived with the three members of his family, Peter Sherringham was seated in the restaurant at which the tryst had been taken at a small but immaculate table; but Mrs. Dallow was not yet on the scene, and they had time for a sociable settlement — time to take their places and unfold their napkins, crunch their rolls, breathe the savory air, and watch the door, before the usual raising of heads and suspension of forks, the sort of stir that accompanied most of this lady's movements, announced her entrance. The *dame de comptoir* ducked and re-ducked, the people looked round, Peter and Nick got up, there was a shuffling of chairs, and Julia was there. Peter had related how he had stopped at her hotel to bring her with him, and had found her, according to her custom, by no means ready; on which, fearing that his guests would come first to the rendezvous and find no proper welcome, he had come off without her, leaving her to follow. He had not brought a friend, as he intended, having divined that Julia would prefer a pure family party, if she wanted to talk about her candidate. Now she stood there, looking down at the table and her expectant kinsfolk, drawing off her gloves, letting her brother draw off her jacket, lifting her hands for some rearrangement of her bonnet. She looked at Nick last, smiling, but only for a moment. She said to Peter, "Are we going to dine here? Oh dear, why did n't you have a private room?"

Nick had not seen her at all for several weeks, and had seen her but little for a year, but her off-hand, cursory manner had not altered in the interval. She spoke remarkably fast, as if speech were not in itself a pleasure — to have it over as soon as possible; and her *brusquerie* was of the kind that friendly critics account for by pleading shyness.

Shyness had never appeared to him an ultimate quality or a real explanation of anything; it only explained an effect by another effect, and gave a bad fault another name. What he suspected in Julia was that her mind was less graceful than her person; an ugly, a really damnable idea, which as yet he had only half accepted. It was a case in which she was entitled to the benefit of every doubt, and ought not to be judged without a complete trial. Dormer, meanwhile, was afraid of the trial (this was partly why, of late, he had been to see her so little), because he was afraid of the sentence, afraid of anything happening which should lessen the pleasure it was actually in the power of her beauty to give. There were people who thought her rude, and he hated rude women. If he should fasten on that view, or rather if that view should fasten on him, what could still please and what he admired in her would lose too much of its sweetness. If it be thought odd that he had not yet been able to read the character of a woman he had known since childhood, the answer is that that character had grown faster than Nick Dormer's observation. The growth was constant, whereas the observation was but occasional, though it had begun early. If he had attempted to phrase the matter to himself, as he probably had not, he might have said that the effect she produced upon him was too much a compulsion; not the coercion of design, of importunity, nor the vulgar pressure of family expectation, a suspected desire that he should like her enough to marry her, but something that was a mixture of diverse things, of the sense that she was imperious and generous — but probably more the former than the latter — and of a certain prevision of doom, the influence of the idea that he should come to it, that he was predestined.

This had made him shrink from knowing the worst about her; the de-

sire, not to get used to it in time, but what was more characteristic of him, to interpose a temporary illusion. Illusions and realities and hopes and fears, however, fell into confusion whenever he met her after a separation. The separation, so far as seeing her alone or as continuous talk was concerned, had now been tolerably long; had lasted really ever since his failure to regain his seat. An impression had come to him that she judged that failure rather harshly, had thought he ought to have done better. This was a part of her imperious strain, and a part to which it was not easy to accommodate one's self on a present basis. If he were to marry her, he should come to an understanding with her; he should give her his own measure as well as take hers. But the understanding, in the actual case, might suggest too much that he *was* to marry her. You could quarrel with your wife, because there were compensations — for her; but you might not be prepared to offer these compensations as prepayment for the luxury of quarreling.

It was not that such a luxury would not be considerable, Nick Dormer thought, as Julia Dallow's fine head poised itself before him again; a high spirit was a better thing than a poor one to be mismatched with, any day in the year. She had much the same coloring as her brother, but as nothing else in her face was the same, the resemblance was not striking. Her hair was of so dark a brown that it was commonly regarded as black, and so abundant that a plain arrangement was required to keep it in discreet relation to the rest of her person. Her eyes were of a gray tint, that was sometimes pronounced too light; and they were not sunken in her face, but placed well on the surface. Her nose was perfect, but her mouth was too small; and Nick Dormer, and doubtless other persons as well, had sometimes wondered how, with such a mouth, her face could have expressed decision. Her

figure helped it, for she looked tall (being extremely slender), though she was not; and her head took turns and positions which, though they were a matter of but half an inch out of the common, this way or that, somehow contributed to the air of resolution and temper. If it had not been for her extreme delicacy of line and surface, she might have been called bold; but as it was she looked refined and quiet — refined by tradition, and quiet for a purpose. And altogether she was beautiful, with the pure style of her intelligent head, her hair like darkness, her eyes like early twilight, her mouth like a rare pink flower.

Peter said that he had not taken a private room because he knew Biddy's tastes; she liked to see the world (she had told him so), the curious people, the coming and going of Paris. "Oh, anything for Biddy!" Julia replied, smiling at the girl and taking her place. Lady Agnes and her elder daughter exchanged one of their looks, and Nick exclaimed jocosely that he didn't see why the whole party should be sacrificed to a presumptuous child. The presumptuous child blushing protested she had never expressed any such wish to Peter, upon which Nick, with broader humor, revealed that Peter had served them so out of stinginess; he had pitchforked them together in the public room because he would n't go to the expense of a *cabinet*. He had brought no guest, no foreigner of distinction nor diplomatic swell, to honor them, and now they would see what a paltry dinner he would give them. Peter stabbed him indignantly with a long roll, and Lady Agnes, who seemed to be waiting for some manifestation on Mrs. Dallow's part, which didn't come, concluded, with a certain coldness, that they quite sufficed to themselves for privacy as well as for distraction. Nick called attention to this fine phrase of his mother's, said it was awfully neat, while

Grace and Biddy looked harmoniously at Julia's clothes. Nick felt nervous, and joked a good deal to carry it off — a levity that did n't prevent Julia's saying to him, after a moment, "You might have come to see me to-day, you know. Did n't you get my message from Peter?"

"Scold him, Julia — scold him well. I begged him to go," said Lady Agnes; and to this Grace added her voice with an "Oh, Julia, do give it to him!" These words, however, had not the effect they suggested, for Mrs. Dallow only murmured, with an ejaculation, in her quick, curt way, that that would be making far too much of him. It was one of the things in her which Nick Dormer mentally pronounced ungraceful, that a perversity of pride or shyness always made her disappoint you a little, if she saw you expected a thing. She was certain to snub effusiveness. This vice, however, was the last thing of which Lady Agnes would have consented to being accused; and Nick, while he replied to Julia that he was certain he should n't have found her, was not unable to perceive the operation, on his mother, of that shade of manner. "He ought to have gone; he owed you that," she went on; "but it's very true he would have had the same luck as we. I went with the girls directly after luncheon. I suppose you got our card."

"He might have come after I came in," said Mrs. Dallow.

"Dear Julia, I'm going to see you to-night. I've been waiting for that," Nick rejoined.

"Of course *we* had no idea when you would come in," said Lady Agnes.

"I'm so sorry. You must come to-morrow. I hate calls at night," Julia remarked.

"Well, then, will you roam with me? Will you wander through Paris on my arm?" Nick asked, smiling. "Will you take a drive with me?"

"Oh, that would be perfection!" cried Grace.

"I thought we were all going somewhere — to the Hippodrome, Peter," said Biddy.

"Oh, not all; just you and me!" laughed Peter.

"I am going home to my bed. I've earned my rest," Lady Agnes sighed.

"Can't Peter take *us*?" asked Grace. "Nick can take you home, mamma, if Julia won't receive him, and I can look perfectly after Peter and Biddy."

"Take them to something amusing; please take them," Mrs. Dallow said to her brother. Her voice was kind, but had the expectation of assent in it, and Nick observed both the indulgence and the pressure. "You're tired, poor dear," she continued to Lady Agnes. "Fancy your being dragged about so! What did you come over for?"

"My mother came because I brought her," Nick said. "It's I who have dragged her about. I brought her for a little change. I thought it would do her good. I wanted to see the Salon."

"It is n't a bad time. I have a carriage, and you must use it; you must use nothing else. It shall take you everywhere. I will drive you about to-morrow." Julia dropped these words in the same perfunctory, casual way as any others; but Nick had already noted, and he noted now afresh, with pleasure, that her abruptness was perfectly capable of conveying a benevolence. It was quite sufficiently manifest to him that for the rest of the time she might be near his mother she would do her numberless good turns. She would give things to the girls — he had a private adumbration of that; expensive Parisian, perhaps not perfectly useful things.

Lady Agnes was a woman who measured reciprocities and distances; but she was both too subtle and too just not to recognize the smallest manifestation that might count, either technically or essentially, as a service. "Dear Julia!"

she exclaimed, responsively; and her tone made this brevity of acknowledgment sufficient. What Julia had said was all she wanted. "It's so interesting about Harsh," she added. "We're immensely excited."

"Yes, Nick looks it. *Merci, pas de vin.* It's just the thing for you, you know."

"To be sure he knows it. He's immensely grateful. It's really very kind of you."

"You do me a very great honor, Julia," said Nick.

"Don't be tiresome!" exclaimed Mrs. Dallow.

"We'll talk about it later. Of course there are lots of points," Nick pursued. "At present let us be purely convivial. Somehow Harsh is such a false note here. *A tout à l'heure!*"

"My dear fellow, you've caught exactly the tone of Mr. Gabriel Nash," Peter Sherringham observed.

"Who is Mr. Gabriel Nash?" Mrs. Dallow asked.

"Nick, is he a gentleman? Biddy says so," Grace Dormer interposed before this inquiry was answered.

"It is to be supposed that any one Nick brings to lunch with us" — Lady Agnes murmured.

"Ah, Grace, with your tremendous standard!" her brother said; while Peter Sherringham replied to Julia that Mr. Nash was Nick's new Mentor or oracle; whom, moreover, she should see, if she would come and have tea with him.

"I haven't the least desire to see him," Julia declared, "any more than I have to talk about Harsh and bore poor Peter."

"Oh, certainly, dear, you would bore me," said Sherringham.

"One thing at a time, then. Let us by all means be convivial. Only you must show me how," Mrs. Dallow went on to Nick. "What does he mean, cousin Agnes? Does he want us to

drain the wine-cup, to flash with reparation?"

"You'll do very well," said Nick. "You are charming, this evening."

"Do go to Peter's, Julia, if you want something exciting. You'll see a marvelous girl," Biddy broke in, with her smile on Peter.

"Marvelous for what?"

"For thinking she can act, when she can't," said the roguish Biddy.

"Dear me, what people you all know! I hate Peter's theatrical people."

"And are n't you going home, Julia?" Lady Agnes inquired.

"Home to the hotel?"

"Dear, no, to Harsh, to see about everything."

"I'm in the midst of telegrams. I don't know yet."

"I suppose there's no doubt they'll have him," Lady Agnes decided to pursue.

"Who will have whom?"

"Why, the local people; those who invite a gentleman to stand. I'm speaking of my son."

"They'll have the person I want them to have, I dare say. There are so many people in it, in one way or another, it's dreadful. I like the way you sit there," Mrs. Dallow added to Nick Dormer.

"So do I," he smiled back at her; and he thought she *was* charming now, because she was gay and easy, and willing really, though she might plead incompetence, to understand how jocose a dinner in a pothouse in a foreign town might be. She was in good-humor, or she was going to be, and not grand, nor stiff, nor indifferent, nor haughty, nor any of the things that people who disliked her usually found her, and sometimes even, a little, made him believe her. The spirit of mirth, in some cold natures, manifests itself not altogether happily; their effort of recreation resembles too much the bath of the hippopotamus; but when Mrs. Dallow put

her elbows on the table, one felt she could be trusted to get them safely off again.

For a family in mourning, the dinner was lively; the more so that before it was half over Julia had arranged that her brother, eschewing the inferior spectacle, should take the girls to the Théâtre Français. It was her idea, and Nick had a chance to observe how an idea was apt to be not successfully controverted when it was Julia's. Even the programme appeared to have been prearranged to suit it, just the thing for the cheek of the young person — *Il ne Faut Jurer de Rien* and *Mademoiselle de la Seiglière*. Peter was all willingness, but it was Julia who settled it, even to sending for the newspaper (her brother, by a rare accident, was unconscious of the evening's bill), and to reassuring Biddy, who was happy but anxious, on the article of their not getting places, their being too late. Peter could always get places; a word from him, and the best box was at his disposal. She made him write the word on a card, and saw that a messenger was dispatched with it to the Rue de Richelieu; and all this was done without loudness or insistence, parenthetically and authoritatively. The box was bespoken; the carriage, as soon as they had had their coffee, was found to be there; Peter drove off in it with the girls, with the understanding that he was to send it back; Nick sat waiting for it, over the finished repast, with the two ladies, and then his mother was relegated to it and conveyed to her apartments; and all the while it was Julia who governed the succession of events. "Do be nice to her," Lady Agnes murmured to him, as he placed her in the vehicle at the door of the restaurant; and he guessed that it gave her a comfort to have left him sitting there with Mrs. Dallow.

Nick had every disposition to be nice to her; if things went as she liked them,

it was an acknowledgment of a certain force that was in her — the force of assuming that they would. Julia had her differences — some of them were much for the better; and when she was in a mood like this evening's, liberally dominant, he was ready to encourage her assumptions. While they waited for the return of the carriage, which had rolled away with his mother, she sat opposite to him, with her elbows on the table, playing first with one and then with another of the objects that encumbered it; after five minutes of which she exclaimed, "Oh, I say, we'll go!" and got up abruptly, asking for her jacket. He said something about the carriage having had orders to come back for them, and she replied, "Well, it can go away again!" She added, "I don't want a carriage; I want to walk;" and in a moment she was out of the place, with the people at the tables turning round again, and the *caissière* swaying in her high seat. On the pavement of the boulevard she looked up and down: there were people at little tables, at the door; there were people all over the broad expanse of the asphalt; there was a profusion of light and a pervasion of sound; and everywhere, though the establishment at which they had been dining was not in the thick of the fray, the tokens of a great traffic of pleasure, that night aspect of Paris which represents it as a huge market for sensations. Beyond the Boulevard des Capucines it flared through the warm evening like a vast bazaar; and opposite the Café Durand the Madeleine rose, theatrical, a high, clever *décor*, before the footlights of the Rue Royale. "Where shall we go, what shall we do?" Mrs. Dallow asked, looking at her companion and somewhat to his surprise, as he had supposed that she only wanted to go home.

"Anywhere you like. It's so warm we might drive, instead of going indoors. We might go to the Bois. That would be agreeable."

"Yes, but it wouldn't be walking. However, that does n't matter. It's mild enough for anything—for sitting out, like all these people. And I've never walked in Paris at night: it would amuse me."

Nick hesitated. "So it might, but it is n't particularly recommended to ladies."

"I don't care, if it happens to suit me."

"Very well, then, we'll walk to the Bastille, if you like."

Julia hesitated, on her side, still looking round her.

"It's too far; I'm tired; we'll sit here." And she dropped beside an empty table, on the "terrace" of M. Durand. "This will do; it's amusing enough, and we can look at the Made-

leine; that's respectable. If we must have something, we'll have a *madère*; is that respectable? Not particularly? So much the better. What are those people having? *Bocks*? Couldn't we have bocks? Are they very low? Then I shall have one. I've been so wonderfully good—I've been staying at Versailles: *je me dois bien cela*."

She insisted, but pronounced the thin liquid in the tall glass very disgusting when it was brought. Nick was amazed, reflecting that it was not for such a discussion as this that his mother had left him with such complacency; and indeed he too had, as she would have had, his share of perplexity, observing that nearly half an hour passed without his cousin saying anything about Harsh.

Henry James.

UNDER WHICH KING?

WE resume our gleanings from the correspondence of Cicero in the spring of 703 (B. C. 51), about a year after Milo's banishment to Marseilles. In the course of this year, the ex-consul had received at the hands of his fellow-citizens one honor which he had long coveted, and one which he had done his best to avoid. The reader will remember his once having said laughingly to Atticus that he would scorn any bribe, except the augurship. Cicero was made augur now, in place of the younger Crassus, killed in the Parthian war. Pompey proposed his name, and Hortensius consecrated him; but he did not get much good out of the highly aristocratic distinction of a seat in the augural college and a vote in the ecclesiastical courts. Like so many of our mundane wishes, this of Cicero's was gratified just a trifle too late.

In the same winter, that of 702-3,

the Senate passed a law requiring an interval of five years after the close of each consulate before the ex-consul could assume in person the government of a province; and providing also that the provinces should be administered for the next five years by consulars who had not yet acted as governors. Cicero came under the latter head, and received the province of Cilicia, in Asia Minor, to which had been added certain districts in Phrygia and Pamphylia, together with the island of Cyprus. He had also the command of two legions, which constituted none too large an army, by the way, wherewith to hold in check the restless, adroit, and never thoroughly subdued Parthians. He succeeded Appius Claudius, the brother of his old foe, whose management of the province had been rather more than commonly unscrupulous; and Quintus Cicero, already detached, as we observe, from

the service of Cæsar, was one of his four legates or lieutenants. The two young Ciceros, with their tutor, were taken along, that they might have a glimpse, under these fine auspices, of Athens and the more famous Greek islands, while Tullia, already at twenty-five divorced from her spendthrift second husband, Crassipes, remained in Italy with her mother; and Terentia herself, in connection with her sharp freedman, Philotimus, — whom Cicero had somewhat heedlessly made the agent of a portion of his Roman property, — was left free to pursue those pecuniary speculations to which, as the years advanced, she became more and more addicted.

The only money matter which appears to have weighed on the mind of the departing proconsul, prone by nature, as we know, to carry burdens of that sort lightly, was a debt to Cæsar of 800,000 sesterces, or about \$35,000. The sum was considerable, but Cicero's preoccupation about it seems to have arisen chiefly from an honorable unwillingness to remain under pecuniary obligation to a man of whose political designs he felt a growing distrust.

"It is of the last importance to me," he writes to Atticus, when on his journey, "that the matter of the 800,000 sesterces, as well as the other small debt, should be arranged before you leave Rome. It was you who first aroused my anxiety on this head, and I rely on you to help me out." This means, of course, "You must raise the money to pay Cæsar," which Atticus had every facility for doing.

The five years for which Cæsar had had his *imperium* in Gaul extended would not expire until 704, but that country was virtually subdued, and Marcus Marcellus, one of the new consuls, member of a staunch old optimate family, was for recalling the victorious general to Rome, on the ground that the work for which his extraordinary powers had been granted him was done. But nei-

ther his colleague, Sulpicius, nor Pompey, who was nominal proconsul and commander of the forces in Spain, and had been sole consul at Rome up to August of the preceding year, dared venture on so decisive a step. Cæsar remained in North Italy with his magnificently disciplined and enthusiastically devoted legions, and had already intimated his intention of assuming the privilege which both Pompey and he had already enjoyed, and standing, though absent from Rome, for the consulate of the ensuing year. Everything goes to show that the plan of his grand *coup d'état* was rapidly maturing in the luminous mind of the usurper; nor can we wonder, in view of the issues about to be decided, that Cicero should have chafed as he did at the notion of vegetating for a year in Asia Minor. More than a year — more than the precise number of 355¹ days from the time of assuming office — he vowed by all the gods he would not stay; and if we did not know beforehand the tragic sequel of the story, we should be amused by the vehement iteration of the commands laid, in every missive, upon every correspondent, to prevent, by all means, fair or foul, the possible extension of his term of office.

Cicero's first letter to Atticus, after he had started for his province, is dated at Minturnæ, in the beginning of May, 703. It is eminently private and confidential, but how the actors in the unpleasant little domestic scene which it describes come to life under the writer's graphic pen! "And now for the postscript concerning your sister," — Quintus's wife, — "written crosswise on your last letter. The case was this: My brother met me at Arpinum, and we had, in the first place, a good deal of conversation about you; after which I alluded to the talk which you and I had had at the Tusculanum concerning your sister. Never was man more amenable than he then seemed with regard to her. I

¹ The calendar was not yet reformed.

could not detect the slightest symptom of ill-feeling. So much for that day. On the next we left Arpinum; circumstances obliging Quintus to remain at his Arcanum, while I proceeded to Aquinum. However, we arranged to lunch at the Arcanum (you know that farm of his); and when we arrived, Quintus said in the most courteous manner, 'Now, Pomponia, do you invite the ladies, and I will fetch the boys.' Nothing, so far as I saw, could have been kinder than his words, his looks, and his whole intention. But her answer, given in my hearing, was, 'I am only a guest here myself.' I suppose she alluded to the fact that Statius had preceded us to see about the lunch. 'Hear that,' says Quintus. 'But 't is only a specimen of what I have to bear every day.' A trifle, do you say? I do not think so. It struck me very disagreeably, she looked and spoke with such absurd asperity. However, I did not betray any offense. She declined to take her place at table with the rest of us, and when Quintus sent her something she refused to touch it. To cut a long story short, he was as mild as possible, and she as cantankerous. Certain things occurred beside, which angered me, I think, more than they did Quintus. . . . What would you have? In my opinion, her behavior that day was outrageous, and you may tell her so, if you like."

The next letter, dated at Pompeii, May 10th, is interesting because it records Cicero's last glimpse in life of one of his most distinguished contemporaries, a man whom he had admired, emulated, surpassed, suspected, but in the main always liked; from whom he parted in the fullest amity, with no presentiment that the end was so near. "While I was in the villa at Cumæ" (the same in one corner of which he had studied while the workmen were still busy), "I had the very great pleasure of a visit from Hortensius. He begged for my commands" (at Rome), "and I laid

all sorts of injunctions upon him, but especially that he should do everything in his power to prevent my term of office from being extended. I want you to jog his memory about this, and also to tell him how gratified I was that he came to see me. . . . We had a sort of little Rome at Cumæ, there were so many people there."

Cicero gratefully recurs, later on in the same letter, to the effort it must have cost Hortensius to come to Cumæ, in his delicate state of health; yet when he got a letter from Cælius, in June of the next year, which closed with the words, "Hortensius is dying while I write this," he received a very sorrowful shock. "I know you will grieve for Hortensius," he writes to Atticus. "To me his death was a sharp blow. I had looked forward to enjoying his friendship as never before." At fifty-six, Cicero could still look forward, but he did not long retain his relish for the future. He had himself barely eight more years to live, and almost all the eminent actors in the great piece where his part had been cast were destined to disappear before him.

Cicero passed three days—from the 18th to the 21st of May—at Tarentum as the guest of Pompey, who was out of civil office in Rome just now, and residing in the far south for his health. We observe a striking *rapprochement* between the two old optimates on this occasion. Pompey had, indeed, done all that in him lay, during his third and last consulate, to secure a clean administration. Private differences faded before the presentiment of a common danger, and not for years had Cicero felt himself so heartily in sympathy with "the Emir." "I left that great statesman," he writes to Atticus, "prepared to resist to the uttermost the aggressions which we all are dreading." And to the gay and cynical Cælius he wrote later from Athens, in allusion to the same visit: "There is no reason why you should

be able to foresee the future any more than the rest of us, — any more than I can myself, who passed several days with Pompey, during which we talked of nothing but public affairs. I cannot tell you all we said, — I must not; but rest assured of one thing: Pompey is a noble citizen, who will give himself heart and soul to the defense of the republic.” I think that Cælius was the man to have whistled softly — if the Romans ever whistled — when he read of the surprising unanimity of these sessions at Tarentum.

From Athens, where he had had an enthusiastic reception, he writes to Atticus on the 27th of June: “You are always in my thoughts here; and though I do not need the associations of these scenes to remind me of you, every memory is quickened as I retrace your footsteps, and in fact we talk of nobody else. But you, I suppose, would prefer to hear something about my doings. Very well, then. Up to this time, I and my suite have cost nothing whatever, either to the city or to private individuals. I have not even taken of my host what the Julian law¹ allows me. My people all understand that this is a matter which touches my honor, and so far they have behaved very well. The Greeks cannot say enough in praise of my scrupulousness. For the rest, I have done what I thought you would approve, but I’ll not praise myself until this business is finished. . . . It is a great delight to be in Athens, — I mean for the sake of the city itself, and its monuments, and your popularity here, and the general good-will toward me. We have some lively philosophical discussions, — if Aristo, with whom I am lodged, can be called a philosopher. Your Zeno, or rather our Zeno, I yielded to Quintus; but the two houses are so near that we are together all day long.”

¹ The Julian law virtually permitted a traveling governor to live off the country. He might claim, if he would, not only food and

Cicero rendered a graceful service, while at Athens, to the Epicurean sect, from whose philosophy — we have his own word for it — he vehemently dissented. The site of their founder’s house, of which some vestiges yet remained, had been granted by the Areopagus to a certain Memmius, a creature of Cæsar’s, banished from Rome, as the reader may recall, for his connection with the great bribery cases of the year 700. Memmius was preparing to build there, to the extreme disgust of the disciples of Epicurus, and Cicero wrote him a most tactful and charming letter, entreating him to respect their feelings, and abandon the site.

But this interval of æsthetic dalliance in Athens was necessarily short. There is a note from Tralles, July 25th, announcing Cicero’s excellent first reception in Asia, — “a letter all dust and hurry; my next shall be nicer;” and finally, on the 3d of August, he writes from Laodicea, which was within his province: “Here I arrived on the last day of July; so put a mark against that day in your calendar, to show when my year begins. My coming had been eagerly anticipated. I was warmly welcomed; but you never would believe how the duties of my office bore me. You know my turn of mind; there is no sufficient field for my energies here, — no opportunity for real distinction. Fancy me delivering judgment in Laodicea while Plotius is pleading at Rome! But after all, what I long for is the splendor of the city, the Forum, my own home, and yourself. However, I will do my best, provided it last only a year. The slightest extension would be the death of me; but that can easily be prevented if you are at Rome. You ask what I am about. Well, I am spending a deal of money, for one thing, living as I do. I am perfectly satisfied with my re-

lodging for himself and suite, but fodder for his horses and wood for his fires.

solve" (to make no requisitions of the people). "The disinterestedness which you recommend is a marvelous fine thing; so much so that I expect to have to borrow to pay my debt to you. I do nothing to aggravate the wounds which Appius" (his predecessor) "inflicted on the province, but there they are; they cannot be covered up."

The distress which he encountered on all hands was indeed extreme. Taxes had been so crushing as everywhere to compel the sale of land to rapacious speculators, like those who were, alas! the agents of Brutus the honorable in Cyprus, in a certain affair of which we shall hear more anon. Now Cicero, in the prospectus of his administration which he had published before leaving Rome, had announced, among other honest intentions, his purpose of limiting the rates of interest and usury to the legal twelve per cent.,—Brutus got forty-eight!—so that the harassed Laodiceans naturally flocked to him as a deliverer, and overwhelmed him with their complaints. All he could do for the moment was to hear the most pressing of these, and make some provisional arrangement for the relief of the sufferers. In his double proconsular capacity of chief justice and military commander, he conceived it his duty first to see after the defenses of the territory, and then to right the wrongs of the people. He therefore made straight for the camp of the legions at Iconium, in Lycaonia, halting only for a day or two in each of the chief towns, where he purposed to return and hold court during the winter months, when military operations, especially among the mountains of the interior, would be out of the question.

The misery which he beheld, however, and which he felt in every nerve of his sensitive being, caused him to issue yet more stringent and in fact almost fanatical regulations for economy on the part of his suite. The quæstor and the lieutenants were allowed only four beds among

them, and had often to camp out for the night. The self-indulgent Quintus grumbled in private, we may be sure: he was capable, as he afterward proved, of graver treachery than this, but he had fought with Cæsar in Gaul, and fought well, and was thoroughly used to the makeshifts of a soldier's life. There is, indeed, something very striking about the instinctive military ability, the hereditary taste and universal aptitude for the business of war, among the heirs of the *victorifique arma Quirini*, evinced by the fact that even so preëminently literary and citified a Roman as Marcus Cicero should have addressed himself to it quite naturally when the occasion required, and conducted it admirably well.

He had frankly owned, before setting out for Cilicia, that he hoped the Parthians would keep quiet. They were not so obliging, and he got news at Iconium, through a messenger from Antiochus, a friendly native king, that they were meditating a combined attack upon the Roman forces. There is no occasion here to describe the series of manœuvres by which their raid was repelled. The whole course of events is fully set forth in the letters, not to Atticus only, but to Cælius and to Cato, and set forth with no little self-complacency by the novice in war. Cicero was efficiently helped in his campaign by Caius Cassius, quæstor to Bibulus, the new proconsul in the neighboring province of Syria, the same who was afterward to become notorious in connection with the plot against Cæsar, and whose name now begins to figure, along with that of Marcus Brutus, in this vivid correspondence.

The Parthian rising having been virtually quelled by the first of October, 703, Cicero determined to put a handsome finish upon his military record by taking the aggressive against certain fierce and troublesome hill-tribes who infested the mountain district known as "Free Cilicia," and were a standing

menace to the more peaceable inhabitants. Quintus and the other legates entered into the project with enthusiasm. The principal camp of the mountaineers was surprised on the dark night of the 12th of October, their force cut to pieces, and three towns and six castles of theirs afterwards taken and demolished. The spot at the foot of the mountain, beside the river Issus, where the Roman troops encamped after their victory, and where Cicero had the gratification of being hailed as Imperator by his men, was already famous in history. The altars were yet standing there which commemorated the victory over Darius of the immortal Alexander. "A somewhat greater general," Cicero observes dryly to Atticus, "than either you or I." One stronghold the mountaineers yet held, — a certain town upon a crag, bearing the barbaric and slightly absurd name of Pindenessus. To this our Imperator proceeded to lay regular siege, according to the most approved fashion of the day, and on the 19th of December was able to write in high good humor: "Early Saturday morning, the Pindenessians gave themselves up on the fifty-seventh day¹ after we had invested the place. 'Who the deuce are the Pindenessians?' methinks you say. 'I never so much as heard of them.' Is that my fault? Can I turn Cilicia into Macedonia or Ætolia?"

But though he made light of his military exploits in private, Cicero was well resolved to have a *supplicatio*, or public thanksgiving, at Rome for his victories, and he saw no reason, the more he thought of it, why he should not have a triumph also. Others had been granted this keenly coveted honor for achievements no more important than this. The *supplicatio* was voted without much difficulty, although Cato opposed even that, as we gather from a stiff, pompous,

¹ He says elsewhere that it was on the forty-seventh day.

and at the same time exceedingly wily note of his, dated at Rome some time in the succeeding May, and replying to one of Cicero's, in which he had formally laid claim to the honor in question. After saying that he believed he had done Cicero full justice during the debate in the Senate, the stubborn old optimate proceeded in the following involved and exasperating manner: "I am glad your thanksgiving was voted; that is to say, if it suits you to have the immortal gods congratulated on a matter which was in no wise fortuitous, and where the national safety was maintained by your own ability and resolution, rather than that we should refer this boon to yourself. Perhaps, however, you regard a thanksgiving merely as preliminary to a triumph, and so would rather we attributed our good fortune to chance than to you. In that case, it may be observed, first, that a triumph does not always follow a thanksgiving; and second, that it might be thought more honorable than any triumph to have the Senate decide that a province had been defended and preserved in its allegiance rather by the mild and blameless character of its governor's administration than by military prowess or special divine favor. And such is, in fact, my own opinion." Cicero thought he saw through this, and he resented it. He makes the somewhat bitter observation to Atticus, later on, that Cato had seen no moral objection to a *supplicatio* of twenty days in the case of his own son-in-law, Bibulus, who had not once been in action; nevertheless, he returned Cato his full measure of ceremonious compliments. But before the time for a triumph came, that had happened which had killed the desire for it, even in his own ardent mind.

From the first of January onward, Cicero was principally occupied, as he had foreseen he should be, in holding assizes, — a miserably harassing and

ungrateful business. Take the case, before mentioned, of the city of Salamis in Cyprus *versus* Scaptius and Matinius, who presently turned out to be only the agents of a much greater personage. The litigants appeared before Cicero in Tarsus, and there was plain proof of the most flagrant extortion, accompanied by circumstances of peculiar barbarity. The Salaminians had borrowed a certain sum, — nominally of Scaptius and Matinius, — and had given their bond for the payment of interest at forty-eight per cent. Under the previous proconsul, Scaptius had held a small military command, and so had been able to collect this monstrous interest at the point of the sword. From this command Cicero had removed him, and when he petitioned to be reinstated had simply referred him to his own decree, which provided that no man engaged in business of any description should have troops at his disposal. He was, moreover, inflexible in his ruling that no more than twelve per cent. compound interest could legally be collected of the Salaminians. There had lately been an attempt to get an exception made of the Salaminian case by special legislation at Rome, but the motion, which had passed the Senate, — it is greatly to be feared, under pressure from Brutus himself, — had been neutralized by a counter-motion, and in any case no mere decree of the Senate had the force of a law like the Gabinian,¹ which had received the sanction both of Senate and people; so that Cicero, who understood Roman law if anybody did, knew that his ground was impregnable. The men of Salamis were only too happy to pay twelve per cent. compound interest. Indeed, they informed Cicero that, fully expecting the usual tribute to be levied by the new governor, they had raised money for this purpose, and deposited it in their treasury, subject to his own call; but

¹ Fixing interest at twelve per cent.

that since he had refused to accept this money, they would, if he pleased, apply it to the payment of their debt. Scaptius then contrived privately to inform the proconsul that there was a good deal of uncertainty as to the amount of the original debt; that in fact it was not as large as the Salaminians now fancied; and that if the interest were to be thus ruthlessly cut down, he, Scaptius, would have to insist on a principal sum of two hundred talents, instead of a hundred and six. Cicero replied to this piece of effrontery by ordering the accounts to be produced in his presence, from examination of which it plainly appeared that the sum lent the Salaminians had been one hundred and six talents, and no more. The Salaminians offered their money in open court, but Scaptius refused to take it; and it was at this point that Cicero learned, to his intense disgust, that Marcus Brutus was the real creditor.

Atticus, who may possibly not have understood all the circumstances, had evidently written in the sense of urging Brutus's claim, and Cicero replies with natural irritation, dating from Laodicea early in May, 704: "Now, then, for your Brutus, — well, *our* Brutus, if you prefer. I tell you I have done everything in my power to forward his interests, both in my province and in the kingdom." (Cappadocia, which was under Cicero's protection, and whose king, Ariobarzanes, was also in debt to Brutus, and much more heavily yet to Pompey.) "As for the Salaminians, . . . the money was actually counted out, and Scaptius would not take it. And what do you mean by saying that Brutus is not avaricious? Why, there was the forty-eight per cent. nominated in the bond! It never could have been paid, and if it could I would not have suffered it. . . . I think I could convince Brutus himself that I acted properly. Cato, I am sure I could. As for you, I don't know. I recur to your

letter. Is it you, Atticus, the eulogist of my integrity and refinement, whom I hear, 'with your own lips,' as Ennius says, requesting me to assign Scaptius a troop of horse for purposes of extortion? Would you, if you were here with me, as you sometimes say you pine to be, permit me to do such a thing, even were I inclined? 'He need have had no more than fifty men,' do you say? Spartacus had considerably less than fifty in the beginning. What harm might not that number of ruffians have done in a defenseless island? Nay, what harm had they not already done?"

"If Brutus," he writes on another occasion, for the case tormented him much, — "if Brutus thinks I ought to have allowed him forty-eight per cent., when I had fixed the rate in the entire province at twelve, and the sharpest usurers had acquiesced; if he objects to the exclusion of tradesmen from the prefecture, which I enforced in the case of my own friend Torquatus, and your friend Lænius, and of Pompey himself in the person of Sextus Statius; if he resents the recall of that cavalry troop, why then I shall be sorry to have angered him, but I shall be much more sorry that he is not the man I took him for."

Cicero, however, refused the seemingly reasonable request of the Salaminians that they might be allowed to deposit their money in a temple, and thus prevent further interest from accruing, and in the end the final adjudication of the case was relegated to his successor in the province. That his conscience was not altogether at ease about so leaving it is evident from his own words: "I entreated the Salaminians to withdraw their claim," — to be allowed to deposit the money, — "and they consented; but what is going to become of them if a man like Paulus is sent here? So much I did for Brutus." From our point of view he did more than enough, but the sense of *officia*, which included

social and party obligations, was almost stronger among the Romans than it is among ourselves.¹

At no time of his life were Cicero's letters, as a whole, more animated and amusing than during this dignified captivity of his in Cilicia. Beside the regular dispatches to Atticus there are sparkling notes to sundry of the wits of Rome, as, for instance, one, in February, to a certain Pætus, — a name which always implies distinction, — who had evidently written congratulating Cicero on his victories: "You speak as though I were a general of the first order! Really I never suspected you of such an acquaintance with military affairs. It is evident that you know by heart your Pyrrhus and Cineas. I intend to follow your advice to the extent of always having a bit of a navy on the coast, which they do say is the best of all defenses against the Parthian cavalry. If you think I am jesting, you don't know the sort of commander with whom you have to deal. Why, I have illustrated in this campaign of mine the whole of that Cyropædia which I wore to tatters when I read it. My hope is, however, that we shall soon be making better jokes than these, face to face." And there is a word to one Volumnius, making comical complaint that all sorts of bad puns and the like were basely attributed to him, Cicero, in his absence, and begging this friend, who knew what good things he could say, to look after his "salt-works" a little; that is to say, the estate in *bon mots* which he had actually left in Rome.

But more interesting, in some respects, than all the rest is the correspondence of this year with M. Cælius Rufus, many of whose own letters, by a rare chance, have also been preserved, and constitute one of the chief authorities for the course of events at Rome

¹ See Forsyth's *Life of Cicero* for a very lucid statement of the legal aspects of this case.

during that memorable period. Cælius was, perhaps, the least estimable character among Cicero's intimate friends, but he was none the less an agreeable fellow, and an exceedingly piquant correspondent. He was a thorough man of the world, — knew everybody, and possessed a power of two-edged irony hardly less fine than Cicero's own. "Domitius hates me as if I were his best friend," he remarks of our old acquaintance Ahenobarbus.

The record of Cælius was already a miscellaneous one. Twelve years before, when little more than a boy, he had been "out" with Catiline, but he afterwards became a conspicuous member of that following of Cicero's among the young men of fashion, which included also Curio and Publius Crassus. The *cause célèbre* in which Cicero defended him so brilliantly had made notorious the fact that though Cælius might never have attempted to poison the too famous Clodia, he had at one time enjoyed her most distinguished favor. Now, however, both he and Curio had thrown themselves into practical politics. Curio stood successfully for the tribunate, and Cælius, having been elected curule ædile for the ensuing year, was very anxious that Cicero should procure him, in Cilicia, some panthers for the shows he was proposing to give. "I have laid my commands on the panther-hunters," is the reply of the proconsul; "but the beasts are said to be very scarce, and what there are complain that they are the only individuals for whom snares are laid in my province, and announce their intention of emigrating to Caria."

Cælius tells all the Roman news, — who dies, who is married, above all who is divorced. In the latter category he presently mentions that dashing nobleman and kindred spirit of his own, Dolabella, — a special favorite with Terentia, too, — who was destined to win Tullia's hand in her father's absence,

to the great disquiet of the latter, and her own future anguish. But there are many shrewd comments on public affairs as well. Early in October, 703, Cælius writes from Rome, "I have political news for you to-day, though nothing very agreeable." And he proceeds to give the text of a decree passed by the Senate, sitting in the Temple of Apollo, on the last day of September, which provided that no action should be taken with regard to Cæsar's command before the 1st of March ensuing, but that on that day the then consuls should bring forward a measure for the recall of the veterans from Gaul, and any attempt to impede legislation was formally prohibited. "People take much encouragement," Cælius continues, "from the fact that Pompey is known to have said that he could not, in justice, have taken any action about Cæsar's provinces before March, but should not hesitate to do so after that date. When somebody asked him what would happen supposing a protest [*intercessio*] were entered even then, he replied that if Cæsar instructed any of his agents to oppose the decree, it would be quite the same thing as if he defied it in person. 'But suppose,' remarked another, 'that he should wish to be consul and keep his army too!' 'Suppose,' replied Pompey, blandly, 'that my own son should threaten me with a stick!' From all this it is gathered that Pompey and Cæsar are now quite at odds; so I do not see but Cæsar is reduced to the alternative either of staying where he is and abandoning his canvass, or of coming home if he wants to be consul. Curio will oppose him resolutely." Six weeks later, however, Cælius writes that Curio's course appears to him a little ambiguous; and then follows a gap in the correspondence, extending over all the winter months; but there must have been letters from Cælius during this period which have not been preserved, for we find Cicero writing to him from

Laodicea in the first days of May, 704: "The last page of your letter was written so vilely that I could hardly make it out. Do you really mean to say that Curio is defending Cæsar? Great heavens! Who would ever have expected it, *except myself*? — for as I live the thought had occurred to me. I wish we were where we could have a good laugh over this together."

It was true enough, and no laughing matter either, as events presently proved. Cæsar had bought Curio — at a high price, to be sure — by paying his debts, to the tune of several millions,¹ out of the spoils of Gaul; and the clever young tribune played his new part with consummate ability, and proved himself capable of disconcerting at all points the feeble tactics of his former party. The line he took was the plausible and popular one of insisting that the two great generals and former triumvirs should be placed exactly on a par; and that, if Cæsar were recalled from the north, Pompey should likewise be deprived of his legions in the south. Pompey had fancied himself sure of the consuls for 704, one of whom, Marcellus, was cousin to the Marcellus of the previous year, and a man of like principles and traditions. But the other consul, though an Æmilius Paulus, was already Cæsar's man, won over by the same unanswerable argument which had been employed with Curio; and one of the two censors of that year, the last chosen by the people, was Calpurnius Piso, Cæsar's father-in-law. The result was a dead-lock in the Senate, which lasted throughout the summer and autumn. Only when the tentative measure was finally carried that one legion should be withdrawn from either general to serve in the perpetual Parthian war, Pompey's mode of complying was to demand back a legion which he had previously lent to Cæsar, while the latter not only

surrendered cheerfully both Pompey's legion and another, but sent them away laden with presents, and singing their leader's praises all along their march. In the end, neither of these legions ever went to Parthia. The consul Marcellus ordered them into camp at Capua, and they were about all the troops that Pompey found at his disposal in the south of Italy, when the crisis of the next winter came.

All this appears from Cicero's correspondence of 704, beside many matters of more intimate interest to himself. It could not greatly have reassured him, concerning Tullia's third marriage, to get a note of congratulation from Cælius on her betrothal with Dolabella, couched in these off-hand terms: "I make you my compliments on the alliance of a most eligible gentleman; for such, upon my honor, I consider him. There are certain respects, indeed, in which he has hitherto been his own worst enemy; but he is older now than he was, and his habits are already improved, through the influence of your example and authority and the chastity of Tullia. Very soon, I make no doubt, he will be all that he should be. He is neither pertinacious in his vices, nor incapable of appreciating better things. In a word, I like him immensely, which is of course the principal point!" Later on in the same letter, Cælius makes an equally airy allusion, his first, to the possibility of civil war: "Whether we fight for the republic, or let things take their course, concerns *you*, ye rich old men!" The cynical reference is plain. Men who had lived as Curio, Dolabella, and Cælius himself were in no position to furnish the sinews of war, and had nothing to lose in any case.

This letter was written in June, and must have crossed one from Cicero, dated in the first days of the same month, and containing the famous burst

¹ The amount of Curio's liabilities is variously stated by different authors, at from

10,000,000 to 60,000,000 sesterces; that is to say, from \$400,000 to about \$2,500,000.

of sentiment with regard to Rome, "Urbem, urbem, mi Rufe, cole," etc. "O my Rufus, adore the city, and live in the sunshine thereof. All my life long I have held it base and contemptible for a man ever to leave it who had it in his power to win distinction there. I knew this well, and I wish I had stuck to my conviction. I have got nothing out of my province, by Heaven! fit to compare with the pleasure of one little walk and talk with you." Even his triumph, if he gets it, he says later on, will never console him for this last period of absence. But what if Cicero had known that, save for one flying visit to the suburbs in the ensuing January, he would not see his beloved capital for three more years, nor ever live there again until her ancient polity was dead and cold, and the sway of a dictator definitely accepted?

The letters to Atticus of this period are fuller even than usual of domestic details. Cicero sends greeting to Atticus' little daughters, Cæcilia and Pomponia, the latter of whom he has never seen. He is glad that Pilia, Atticus' wife, approves of Dolabella. God grant that matter may end well! He himself had had other views for Tullia, and cannot help regretting Tiberius Nero, the father of the future emperor, who had made proposals to himself in Cilicia. But it is plain, he thinks, that the ladies had been conquered by the charm of Dolabella's polished manner. He must, if possible, manage on the home journey to show the two young Ciceros Rhodes, where he had studied rhetoric. He compares the characters of the boys. They get on well together, precisely because their temperaments are so unlike. One, his own Cicero, requires the spur, the other the rein. Both, as is natural, find their tutor, Dionysius, unnecessarily severe. The son of Quintus, who was the elder by about two years, had received the *toga virilis* at his uncle's hands in Laodicea, but he turned against

his illustrious relative afterward in the most violent manner. There is also, in almost every one of these last letters from Cilicia, some word of tender solicitude concerning the precarious health of Cicero's accomplished and well-beloved freedman Tiro, whose loyalty and devotion present so striking a contrast to the fickleness of some of his master's own kith and kin, — the reflection of whose exquisite character sheds a softening light on every page where his name occurs. *Per contra*, there is an explosion of righteous wrath, in one letter, against the freedman Philotimus, who, in rendering an account of his stewardship, had presented bills to an amount that left Cicero his debtor. "That's an astounding thief! I intend to get rid of him!" But the stinging discovery was yet to be made that Philotimus and Terentia were in partnership.

Meanwhile the moment Cicero touched the shores of Greece, he began to encounter the most alarming rumors about Cæsar's progress: that he had flatly refused to quit his province, that he had already advanced with four legions as far as Piacenza. The last report was premature, but common talk foreshadowed with sufficient accuracy the resistless course of events. Finally, on the 16th of October, Cicero indited at Athens a long and entirely unreserved letter to Atticus, in which he reviewed the whole situation, and faced with the whimsical candor which belonged to him at such times the ugly dilemma which awaited himself: —

"I anticipate such a struggle as we have never yet seen, unless indeed the god who got me out of the Parthian war better than I had any reason to expect should show some regard for the republic. In this respect, however, I shall be no worse off than everybody else; so pray let that pass, and give your attention to my own particular problem. Don't you know how anxious I have always been to be guided by your

friendly advice, and that it was yourself who admonished me to keep well with both leaders? Not," adds the writer, quoting a Greek verse, "that you could ever have persuaded me to be false to my country. Still, somehow or other, you did manage to convince me that I ought to adhere to the one because of the favors he had done me, and to the other on account of his intrinsic worth, and I accordingly proceeded to make myself so pleasant that I became a prime favorite with both. We reasoned in this way: it never could harm the state for me to adhere to Pompey's side, nor could I embroil myself with Pompey through sympathy with Cæsar, while the two men were fast allies. But now, as you hint, and as I see, there is going to be a terrible break between them, and they both count on me. Or it may be that one" (Cæsar) "only affects to do so, but Pompey, at least, feels perfectly sure of me, and with reason; he knows that I approve his present policy. I got letters from each of them, along with your own, from which it would appear that they both value my support above everything else. Now what am I to do? I don't mean in the last extremity, for if there is to be war, I would rather lose with Pompey than win with Cæsar; but with regard to the questions which will be coming up about the time of my arrival, — whether Cæsar's claim of absence is to be allowed, or whether he shall be required to dismiss his army. 'Marcus Tullius has the floor.' How can I say, 'Be kind enough to wait until I have consulted with Atticus'? There will be no room for shuffling. Shall I oppose Cæsar? What then becomes of all our pledges of friendship?

¹ He goes on to say that he had got no thanks, after all, for his scrupulous determination not to rob the province. There was a great uproar among his troops, when he made known his intention of deducting from his own salary that of the quæstor whom he left in charge, and of depositing in the treasury a million sesterces, which was the surplus re-

For I supported a similar claim, at his own request, at Ravenna. At his own request, say I? Yes, and at that of our Gnæus too, in that divine third consulate of his! On the other hand, if I defend Cæsar's claim, I shall have Pompey to deal with; and not Pompey only," and Cicero takes refuge once more in his favorite Homeric quotation about the men and women of Troy and the reproaches of Polydamus. "Whom do I mean this time? Why, you yourself, the eulogist of my actions and my writings. Whenever the matter of Cæsar's provinces was broached, during the late consulates of the Marcelli, I was able to evade the difficulty, but now I am brought squarely to the point. The best way will be for me to adduce, as an unanswerable reason for remaining outside the city, the necessity of arranging for my triumph, and so give the fools an opportunity to speak first! But even so, they will have my opinion out of me at all costs. You will jeer, no doubt, if I say that I wish I had stayed in my province; but with such a crisis as this impending, it would have been much better, detestable as it was there."¹

"*If there is to be war, I would rather lose with Pompey than win with Cæsar.*" We have no right to question the sincerity of Cicero in this declaration, since, after a thousand fluctuations of feeling, he eventually acted upon it; but civil strife was to him the most frightful of all evils, and he did not yet seriously believe that it would come to that. He had a strong and, as the event proved, quite exaggerated confidence in his own power of mediation between the rivals. Counsels of peace,

maining from his allowance by the government after all his bills were paid. His men thought that this sum ought to have been divided among themselves. "Virtue itself is not easy," he remarks, in quaint apology for his outburst, "but to be always putting on airs of virtue is more intolerable still."

if backed by his eloquence, must, he still fancied, prevail. Cœlius, indeed, had reiterated, in the last letter which Cicero received from him before his return, that if one or other of the chiefs did not go to the Parthian war, hostilities would inevitably break out at home. "Both are fully equipped and ready for the fray; and Fortune is preparing a monstrous fine show, — barring the danger of it for your return." But who knew whether Cœlius meant all that he said?

Cicero heard nothing to reassure him on his arrival in Italy, but he hoped against hope until Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, three months later. His state of mind was like that of many a good conservative — both North and South — in America, during the months that preceded the fall of Sumter.

Terentia met him at Brindisi, as Tullia had done on the more hopeful occasion of his return from exile. He mentions the fact rather coldly to Atticus. He had requested his wife to come, and she had entered the gates of the city just as he arrived in port, so that they met in the Forum. But there is no lack of feeling when he speaks, immediately afterward, of the grief it was to him to leave Tiro behind at Patreæ, too ill to travel; and to the same Tiro we find him writing most affectionately on the 27th of November, only three days after his arrival in Italy. He writes on his boy's behalf as well as his own, and gives a very gracious message from Terentia; for Tiro seems to have been equally beloved by every member of the Cicero family. "I need not tell you to get well as fast as possible: I know how prudent you are, how temperate, how fond of me. I know you will do your uttermost to be with me as soon as may be; yet do not make too great haste. . . . I have ordered Curio to pay the doctor's bills, and to see that you have all that you require. I gave him *carte-blanche*, in

fact, and have left a horse and mule for you at Brindisi. I fear there will be great disturbances in Rome at the new year, but I mean to act with extreme circumspection." On the 9th of December, Cicero had advanced as far as the villa of a friend near Herculaneum; and there would seem to have been a large party of Cicero's in the house, for the postscript of a long letter written to Atticus on that day contains these significant words about Dolabella: "My new son-in-law makes himself very agreeable to me, as well as to Tullia and Terentia. He is clever and cultivated, and we must be content with that, making the best of other things." On the next day, December 10th, Cicero had an interview of two hours with Pompey, who was making a *giro* in Southern Italy, and was rather sharply criticised by some of the more earnest optimates for absenting himself from Rome at so critical a moment. He was very complimentary to the returned pro-consul on this occasion, spoke of his coveted triumph as a matter of course, advised him to keep out of Rome to avoid offending the tribunes, and alluded rather negligently to the possibility that there would be fighting. It is plain that Pompey's airs of majestic security were as distasteful to Cicero as ever, and especially disquieting now. "But still," he says to Atticus, "as matters now stand, it is not open to me to inquire, as you say in Greek, 'Which is the boat of the sons of Atreus?' for my boat is unquestionably the one of which Pompey is captain. 'Ditto to Pompey,' is all I can say, if I have to opine; but privately I shall entreat him to come to an arrangement."

Cicero had had a certain sentiment about reaching Rome on his birthday, January 3d, but he had promised Pompey to halt with him at the Alban villa of the latter, the scene, as we may remember, of a particularly unpleasant interview between these two, before Cicero

went into exile. He found it somewhat difficult to arrange his plans, however, because he did not wish to visit Pompey on the day of the feast of the Compitalia, for fear of incommoding the family; and in the end Pompey forestalled his purpose, and met him at Lavernium, below Formiæ. Once more they had a *tête-à-tête* discussion, which lasted from two o'clock in the afternoon until dark, but they came to no very satisfactory conclusion. Pompey's chief concern for the moment appeared to be about a ferocious attack which the tribune Mark Antony — already a prominent Cæsarite — had made upon him and his whole character and policy on the 21st of December. "What," says Pompey, "are we to expect from him" (Cæsar), "if he gets possession of the government, when a poor miserable fellow like this quæstor of his ventures to say such things?" "I am in torment night and day" is the ominous last word to Atticus for the year 704.

The fourth day of January, the first of his own fifty-eighth year, found Cicero once more at the gates of the city of his love. Inside the walls it was not etiquette for him to go, so long as there remained any question of his triumph. But everybody of importance waited on him, and nothing, he says to Tiro, could have been handsomer than his reception. "Yet have I fallen into the very flames of civil discord, and only too probably of war." One of the new consuls was the Marcellus of the previous year, reelected; but his colleague, Lentulus, like so many more of the aristocrats at Rome, had a lurking hope that war, if it came, would afford him some irregular means of restoring his desperate fortunes. It was the worst feature of Cæsar's policy that he played upon the necessities of these men as unscrupulously as Catiline himself could have done, even tempting them by the promise of *tabulæ novæ*, — that is to say, of

legalizing a general repudiation of their debts, — were he successful.

Only two days after Cicero's arrival before the gates of Rome, the crisis came. By the united exertions of Cato and Metellus Scipio, — whose beautiful daughter Cornelia, widow of the younger Crassus, Pompey had married after Julia's death, — the great question was finally put to the vote, and a decree passed the Senate by a small majority providing that Cæsar should immediately lay down his arms, or be declared a public enemy; that Domitius Ahenobarbus should take command in Cisalpine Gaul; and that the consuls, prætors, tribunes, and consulars should *see that the republic received no detriment*. That very night, the tribunes, Antony and Cassius, went off in disgust to join Cæsar at Ravenna; and with them went Curio, and who but Cælius Rufus himself, now as ever the political *farceur*, who changed his party as lightly as he changed his toga, with none of the searchings of heart and sense of mortal disruption which assailed our friend in hours like these. Cicero writes fully of it all to Tiro on the 12th of January, in a sorrowful but loving epistle, signed by the whole family, Tully, Cicero, Terentia, and Tullia. Cæsar's attitude, he said, had been most insolent; "his letters to the Senate were harsh and menacing, and my own Curio urged him on." This, though he had jested at the first rumor of it, was, after all, the defection which cut Cicero most deeply, for Curio's was the mind which he himself had delighted to form. After speaking of the proclamation of martial law, "Never," he says, "was the state in greater danger, and never had the baser sort an abler leader. Pompey, too, is now pushing forward his preparations with much diligence, but it is late for him to begin to fear Cæsar."¹ . . . South-

¹ The year before, when asked how he proposed to meet Cæsar's legions, if it came to war, Pompey had replied, with constitutional

ern Italy is already divided into military districts" (for purposes both of recruiting and defense), "and I take command at Capua." The cherished vision of his own triumph melted silently away, as the sky grew lurid with the light of the imminent struggle. The next letter to Tiro is dated Capua, January 27th, and contains in the statement that Cæsar had successively occupied Rimini, Pesaro, Ancona, and Arezzo Cicero's first allusion to the far-famed passage of the Rubicon. The latter was one of three small streams — the critics have never fully decided which one — that meander through the territory between Ravenna and Rimini, but at all events it formed the boundary of Cisalpine Gaul; and one is confidently shown, in the market-place at Rimini, the stone from which the great conqueror first harangued his legions after the decisive step. Later on in the same letter, Cicero is glad to be able to inform Tiro that Labienus, one of Cæsar's ablest generals, has broken with his command-in-chief, and repaired to Pompey; but he has also to tell him — and he kindly entreats him not to take the news too much to heart — that Dolabella is with Cæsar. "You must needs know this, but do not let it vex you so as to put back your recovery." Tullia was but a few months married, and Dolabella was amiable still, and full of protestations of personal regard for his new relatives; but the first installment of her dowry was already spent, and her father's house, when he had one, appears to have been her home henceforth, during the short remnant of her troubled life.

Just at present, however, while Cicero turned his back on Rome, and proceeded to the unhopeful business of attempting to levy troops for the defense of the republic against Cæsar, among those Cam-

panian colonies who owed their lands to him, Terentia and Tullia were left at Rome, in the charge of Atticus, who was himself protected, as ever, by the broad ægis of his consistent neutrality.

A facile and brilliant correspondent is always in danger of writing too many letters. There is no doubt whatever that Cicero's fame as a partisan, if not a patriot, would have stood fairer before the world could he have controlled the impulse to pour himself out, and stayed the stylus a little during the distracting four months that followed. But as a matter of fact this is precisely the period of his life of which we possess the minutest record. Every mental debate is fully reported, every revulsion of feeling chronicled, as it occurs. Literary expression of some sort was the breath of his nostrils, and there was no room, alas! during that miserable spring of 49 B. C., whether for forensic or philosophical composition, still less for dreaming under the Formian pines, as he had done in happier days, or counting the breaking waves upon the silver sands of Astura.

There are sixty-nine letters to Atticus alone, written between January 25th, when Cicero reached his recruiting station at Capua, and June 7th, when he finally embarked at Gaeta, to follow Pompey into Greece. Of these, twenty-two were written in the month of February, and twenty-four in March. During this time he had the mortification of seeing deplorably compromised, by the folly of its management, the cause which, on the whole, he considered the good one, — to which, at all events, he felt bound to adhere. When the news of Cæsar's advance was confirmed, the consuls left Rome in such a panic that they neglected to take the public treasure with them. Pompey recommended them to go back for it, and they retorted by advising him

magniloquence, that wherever he stamped his foot a soldier would spring up. Favonius, whom Cicero had nicknamed Cato's ape, re-

marked, facetiously, that he thought the time had now come for Pompey to stamp.

to go and seek Cæsar at Picenum. Nobody understood Pompey's tactics at the time, and it is no easier to account for them now. He was extremely popular still in the far south, where little more than a year before the entire population had offered up vows to Heaven for his recovery from an illness of which, for his own fame's sake, it now seems to us that he would better have died. He appeared to be executing a series of mysterious manœuvres with his two legions in Apuleia. In reality he was falling back steadily upon Brindisi, and had already abandoned all thought of meeting Cæsar upon Italian soil.

Meanwhile, his rival advanced from victory to victory, showing everywhere the same sagacity and moderation, granting always the most liberal terms to the vanquished. Cæsar could be cruel, too, when occasion required, but he was never cruel for cruelty's sake, and now he showed himself as merciful as a victorious warrior may be. Domitius, the general recently appointed by the Senate, was at Corfinium, a strong city in the Abruzzi. He had vainly entreated Pompey to reinforce him there, and now, about the middle of February, Cæsar laid siege to the place, and it fell. The cohorts of Domitius went over in a body to Cæsar, giving up their commander, who was treated very generously. "I know," writes the insinuating Spaniard, Balbus, in a letter to Cicero, which the latter incloses to Atticus, "that you must approve of Cæsar's course at Corfinium. Surely the best thing that can happen, in a case like this, is to have the affair concluded without bloodshed." Cicero did approve; Cæsar's was a policy entirely after his own humane heart, and he had all the time to struggle against that instinctive sympathy, that profound personal predilection for the man, to which he had so gladly yielded during the first triumvirate. "Do you not see," he writes to Atticus from Formiæ, on the 1st of March, "what sort of a man it

is into whose hands the republic has fallen, — how keen, how vigilant, how competent? And by Heaven, if he goes on in this way, taking neither life nor property, he is going to be adored by those who dreaded him most. I have talked a great deal with the men of my district, both the townspeople and the farmers. All they really care about is the safety of their fields and their cottages, and their little misery of money. And, look you, everything is so turned topsy-turvy that they fear where they formerly trusted, and love where they used to fear."

On the other hand, Cicero saw only too much reason to apprehend that if Pompey were to regain the ascendancy, it would be a case of Sylla's proscriptions over again. "It is not the cause to which I adhere," he writes, a fortnight after the last date, "but my own sense of obligation, just as in Milo's case and in" — The next name is illegible. "Is not the cause a good one, then? Oh, yes, it is the best of causes, but, mark my words, it will be atrociously conducted. The first step will be to starve out Rome and the country generally; then will follow burning, devastation, and the robbery of the rich. . . . 'If only he' (Pompey) 'will be firm!' you say. Oh, make yourself easy. He is firmer than we used to think. I give you my word that if he wins there will not be a tile left in Italy." Whatever the news may be from Brindisi, — whether Cæsar had followed Pompey immediately after the surrender of Corfinium, — Cicero thinks he would like to get out of the country: to support Pompey, if the latter is forced to retreat; to avoid the horrible scenes which would certainly accompany his advance. This letter, more vivaciously written, for all the seriousness of its purport, than most of those belonging to this anxious time, closes quite in the bantering strain of other days: "Why did you not invite me to go with you to Epirus? I am

not a bad sort of companion. I am rather angry with you, but farewell. Go and anoint yourself and take your constitutional, while I must to bed. Your letters make one drowsy."

All this while, over and above the wear and tear of his internal conflict, Cicero had to brace himself against the ingenious arguments and affectionate, almost impassioned entreaties of those of his own old friends who had gone over to the winning side. Trebatius, the lawyer, whom he himself had placed with Cæsar, conveyed by letter the earnest request of the conqueror that Cicero would at least remain neutral. Cicero replied, by the same channel, — "For I would not write to Cæsar himself," he says, "since he had not written me," — that such a course would be rather difficult; but still, that he was residing quietly on his estates, and would continue to do so while any hope of peace remained. This was early in February, before the attack on Corfinium. Then came the letter of the banker Balbus, already cited; and Dolabella wrote pressingly in the same strain, and Cælius Rufus, with more feeling than might have been expected of him. "Did you ever see a man more fatuous than your Pompey, more absurd and ineffectual in his strategy? And on the other hand, have you ever heard or read of a general at once more brilliant in action and more temperate in victory than our Cæsar?" And later, "Oh, Cicero, I pray and beseech you, for your children's sake and that of your own fortune, do nothing further to compromise your interests and safety. I call gods and men and our friendship to witness that I have always warned you what the event would be." He says he has been urging Cæsar himself to write; and Cæsar did write more than once, brief, soldierly notes, dignified but very friendly, and worded with marvelous tact; never hinting at coercion, but dwelling on his own need of Cicero's counsels. Even we

can feel the commanding charm of the writer as we read, and what must not their recipient have felt? Cæsar found time for one of these masterly little mis-sives even on the rapid march from Corfinium to Brindisi. The news from the latter place, which Cicero had been awaiting so impatiently, was not long delayed. Cæsar arrived at the Adriatic port on the 18th of March, to find that Pompey had embarked for Greece the day before. Italy was virtually surrendered, and for the shadowy remnant of the optimate party, also, *alea jacta erat*. Through Trebatius the indefatigable and Dolabella, Cicero gets the earliest information about Cæsar's probable movements. His plan of campaign for the spring does not, it appears, include the immediate pursuit of Pompey. He will pay a flying visit to Rome, and then proceed rapidly to Spain, to surprise, and if possible overpower, the forces there under command of Pompey's lieutenants, Afranius and Varro. Three legions are also to be sent with Curio into Sicily, where Cato, as proconsul of the island, is at the head of the loyal force. All this, as we know, was punctually accomplished, but Cato retreated before Curio's advance, and the latter passed on into Egypt, to fall in the desert only a few months later, — his age being barely thirty, — fighting Pompey's ally, the Numidian king. The least of Cæsar's care was plainly for the two legions and the motley crowd of camp followers who had gone with Pompey to Greece. Of these last were sundry senators with their wives and their suites, among whom there is vouchsafed us one more fleeting glimpse of the celebrated Clodia.

Cicero knew, in the depths of his heart, that he too would have to cross the Adriatic. On the very day of the flight from Brindisi, possessed by a mournful presentiment, he had written to Atticus from the Formian villa, where he had once more gathered his family

about him: "It seems to me that I have been mad from the beginning, and the most poignant thought of all is that I did not go with Pompey to his ruin simply and doggedly, like any private soldier. . . . I feel my old affection for the man revive, and with it an intolerable sense of yearning. Books, letters, philosophy, have lost their charm. Day and night, like the bird of Plato, I sit staring seaward, longing to take wing and depart."

Nevertheless, with the certainty that there would be no fighting in Greece for the present, a breathing space was afforded him. He would have time to go, as he had greatly desired, up to the old family place at Arpinum, and give his boy the gown of manhood there, among his own townspeople. Atticus, whose counsels to his friend at this critical period had been slightly vague and contradictory, if we may judge from a rather ironical review and collation of the same given in the remainder of the letter last quoted, had greatly favored the removal to Arpinum. Once in that secluded spot, among the hills, he hoped that Cicero would keep quiet, and in due time make his peace with Cæsar. Cicero himself had probably an undefined hope that some honorable mode of reconciling his own conflicting sympathies might yet be afforded him. At all events, these two did meet at or near Formiæ, and this is the account of the interview which Cicero sends to Atticus from Arpinum about April 1st:—

"In both particulars your counsels were implicitly followed: the tenor of my talk was such as rather to compel his respect than to conciliate his favor, and I obstinately refused to go to Rome. I made a mistake in expecting to find him in a facile temper. Quite the contrary. He said that he stood condemned by my actions, and that my staying away would deter other senators from Rome. I told him that their case was very different from mine; and after

a good deal had passed between us, 'Come, then,' says he, 'and negotiate for a peace.' 'On my own terms?' I inquired. 'Is it for me,' he replied, 'to dictate to you?' 'Well, then,' said I, 'I shall take the ground that the Senate disapproves both of the expedition to Spain and of sending troops into Greece, and I shall strongly deprecate the position in which Pompey has been placed.' 'I could not suffer anything of the sort,' said he. 'So I supposed,' was my answer, 'and therefore I will not go; for if I did, I should have no choice but to say this and more to the same purpose.' Finally, as a last resource, he requested me to take a little more time for deliberation, which I could not refuse to do, and so we parted. He cannot have been very well pleased with me, but I was better pleased with myself" (what a touch of nature is here!) "than I had been for a long time. For the rest, ye gods, what a following he had! What a *νεκρία*" (troop of shadows), "to use your favorite expression, an abandoned lot, a desperate cause; . . . but there are six legions of them, and he so alert, so intrepid! I see no end to our troubles."

From Arpinum Cicero went for a few days to the Laterium of Quintus, hard by, that ivy-draped villa whose atmosphere of drowsy rusticity must have been strangely disturbed by the vehement debate of the brothers. Quintus was, for the moment, bitterly anti-Cæsarian, and insisted on an instant departure for Pompey's camp. Marcus, on the other hand, had just then a passing purpose of withdrawing to Malta, and there awaiting the issue of the Spanish campaign. His wife and daughter were urging this, though the latter would have him do nothing against his honor. From Cumæ, whither he repaired before the end of April, after making all possible provision for the comfort of his family at Arpinum, Cicero wrote to Atticus

concerning the darling of his heart, now close upon the time of her confinement: "I commend my interests to you, knowing all the while that you love me too well to need any such recommendation. God knows I have nothing to say; I am simply sitting and whistling for a wind: and yet I have everything to say concerning your infinite kindnesses to me in the past, and that greatest of them all, your tender and unremitting devotion to my Tullia. Believe me, she feels it no less than I do, and hers is a glorious nature. How she bears up alike against public calamity and private trouble! How bravely she parted from me! Ours is the warmest affection, the most perfect sympathy, yet her one care is for my integrity and my good fame. But no more of this, or my own self-command will give way." And again, a week or two later, Cicero writes from the same place: "You will ask what has become of all the spirit which I displayed in my last letter. Oh, it is all there, the same as ever, if only there were nothing at stake but my life."

Previous to the departure of Curio for Sicily, which Cato had not force enough to hold, and evacuated at the news of the young general's approach, the latter paid Cicero a farewell visit at the Cumanum. A good deal of their talk is reported by Cicero to Atticus. The junior's tone was always courteous, if now a trifle patronizing; and after it became quite evident that agreement between them on the burning question of the day was impossible, they still discussed the situation freely and without heat, like the finished men of the world they both were. They did not meet again.

Cæsar was already on his rapid way to Spain, and had left Antony his vice-gent in Italy, with the title of pro-prætor, so that Cicero, to his disgust, now came under the jurisdiction of the latter. Cicero enters into particulars to Atticus about Antony's style of travel-

ing, which it is not necessary to repeat, and sums up the degrading story by the significant remark, "To think what a vile death we are dying!" On one occasion, Atticus receives an oily note of Antony's, qualified by Cicero as "odious," in which the passage occurs, "I really cannot suppose that you are meaning to cross the sea, fond as you are of Dolabella, and of that extremely distinguished woman, his wife, highly as we all think of you; for, upon my word, it would seem as though your dignity and fortune were dearer to your friends than to yourself." Under the same cover goes the last appeal of Cæsar himself to Cicero: "Nothing could happen more painful to me than for you to condemn my course. I ask you, by our old friendship, not to do so. And what, in fine, can better become a quiet and honorable citizen than to hold himself aloof from civil broils? Dated April 16, 705. On the march." Observe the immeasurable difference in tone between the two letters! Antony even went so far, later, as to intimate that Cicero might not be allowed to leave the country, but the threat was an empty one. The vice-governor had plainly exceeded his master's orders.

On the 20th of May Cicero writes that Tullia has given birth to a seven months' child, and that he is thankful to have her confinement over before he goes, though the infant is a poor, puny boy. "I am now delayed," he adds, "only by the unprecedented calms." Finally, June 7th, from the port of Gaeta, he writes to his wife in a resolutely matter-of-fact and cheerful tone: "I have cast off all the carking care which has beset me about you, poor soul, and especially about our daughter, who is dearer to us than life. . . . The ship is apparently a good one, and I am writing this on board. You will hear constantly of me through the friends to whose kindness I have earnestly commended both Tullia and yourself. I

should counsel you to be brave, if I did not already know that you are braver than any man. . . . My advice to you would be to keep to those of our villas which are farthest from the military encampments. Your best way would be to establish yourself at the farm at Arpinum with the city servants, if corn becomes dearer. Our jewel of a Cicero sends you his best love. *Etiam et etiam, vale.*"

One of the sharpest annoyances of that wretched winter had come from a passing rumor that the other young Cicero, Quintus's son, had sought to curry favor with Cæsar, during the few days which the conqueror had spent in Rome, by shamelessly reporting the conversations of his father and uncle during their conferences at the Laterium. The story was afterward denied. Curio made light of it when he was at Cumæ, and Cicero put it out of his mind, but it was destined to be revived in a more tangible form.

There is a letter of Cicero's written from Rome more than three years later, and addressed to that Marius who was his highly prized neighbor at Pompeii, which begins with a vivid reminiscence of a certain day which these two had passed together; it was May 12th, by the then reckoning,¹ in the spring of 705. Their grave and intimate conversation is recalled, and the anxiety of Marius at that time that Cicero, while as far as possible consulting his personal safety, should do nothing unworthy of his hitherto spotless fame as a patriot. From these recollections he passes naturally to a review of his own course at that critical juncture, endeavoring to show — and showing, apparently, to his own satisfaction — the thread of consistency which ran through all his obvious vacillations. The letter, though very interesting, is too long to be quoted entire. The story is told, of course, as well as

it can be told for Cicero, and the narrative seems dispassionate and ingenuous; but such is the fallibility of human nature, and especially of the artistic nature, that elaborate pieces of self-examination, long after the fact, are always a little *suspect*. "I have bored you with this lengthy review," he says in conclusion, "because I know your deep devotion both to the republic and to me, and I wanted you perfectly to understand the motives of my conduct. My first and dearest desire was that the state should be stronger than any individual. But after it had come to pass, by whosoever fault, that one man had acquired a power which it was impossible successfully to resist, then I wanted peace. When the one general on whom we could rely was dead, and his army annihilated, I would fain, since I could not bring the others to my way of thinking, have put an end to the war on my own responsibility. And now, if we still have a state, I am still a citizen; and if not, my exile is more supportable here than it would be in Rhodes or Mytilene."

If Cicero kept his promise of writing frequently from Greece, his letters have not been preserved. There are no more than half a dozen in all from the seat of war, and these are comparatively brief. His reception was not a pleasant one. Cato told him bluntly that he was out of place in such a scene, and would have done much better to stay behind, and make the best terms possible with Cæsar; while the generalissimo, the titular leader, the "noble citizen," appears to have relished even less the presence of so keen a critic in his disorderly camp.

The course of events during that fatal year is familiar to all the world. Three months sufficed Cæsar for the reduction of Spain. In the autumn he was back in Rome, crowned with fresh

¹ Cæsar's reform of the calendar did not take place till 707, so that the dates of 705

represent a season two months earlier than they appear to do.

laurels, and leading troops flushed with unparalleled victory. He had been created dictator in his absence by whatever shadow of a Senate still sat in Rome, but, mindful of Sylla, he resigned the name after bearing it eleven days, and caused himself to be elected sole consul, with some semblance of legal form. The 1st of January, 706, saw him *en route* for Epirus, where Pompey, gathering himself for a supreme effort, successfully resisted his first onset at Dyrrachium. There was a moment after that when the issue of the struggle between the two great captains appeared doubtful, but the advantage thus won by the Pompeians was frittered away with the fatuity which had attended all the latter moves of the foredoomed general. "From that hour," says Cicero in the letter last quoted, "the greatest of men became a nonentity in the field." And Plutarch observes, with the touch of mysticism that he loves, "The soldiers of Pompey routed and defeated the enemy, but the *dæmon* of *Cæsar* prevented the completion of the victory by taking advantage of the caution of Pompey and his want of confidence in his own success."

The fight raged with varying fortunes through the spring and until the 9th of August, the memorable day of Pharsalia. Cicero at that time lay ill of a fever at Dyrrachium, but his seventeen-year-old boy was present at the decisive engagement, serving in the cavalry. Plutarch is responsible for the story that when the news of the disaster and of Pompey's headlong flight reached the seaboard, Cato, who was also at Dyrrachium, with ships and men to the number of fifteen cohorts, offered the command of this force to Cicero, on the ground that he, as a consular, would properly take precedence of himself, Cato, who was only a prætorian. But Cicero declined the offer, whereupon Sextus, the son of Pompey, who was also present, called him a traitor,

and would have drawn his sword upon him had not Cato interfered. Immediately afterward Cicero returned to Brindisi, while Cato embarked his troops and set out to follow Pompey into Egypt. Cato's defense of Cicero — supposing this tale to be true — was doubtless touched with the same grain of disrespect which had been latent in the remark that the latter had better never have quitted Italy. Cato was always letting appear his own unflattering impression that counsels of perfection in the matter of patriotism were not for Cicero. The latter was more generous in his judgment of him, and wrote to Atticus, two years later, when invited to prepare a few words¹ concerning the suicide at Utica for a banquet to be given at the Athenian's house: "I do not see how I am to write about Cato anything which those guests of yours will care, or yet endure, to read. Even were I content to slur over his well-known opinions, the counsels he gave, the hopes he cherished for the republic, I must needs give the warmest praise to his dignity and firmness, and that in itself would be a bad hearing for them. If I praise the man at all, I must praise him especially for this: that he foresaw the present state of things, did what he could to prevent it, and died rather than behold it."

That there was, however, some sort of a violent scene at Dyrrachium which precipitated Cicero's return may, I think, be inferred from his own later letters, in more than one of which he reproaches himself bitterly for having too hastily abandoned Greece and the remnant of the republican army. Yet we know now that his instinct was right; that the cause of so-called freedom was indeed irrevocably lost at Pharsalia, and all the waste and bloodshed worse than vain of the subsequent lingering hostility.

¹ The same discourse was afterwards published in book form, and Cæsar condescended to reply to it in his *Anti-Cato*.

ities. When Pompey had fallen, a few weeks later, not in the field, alas! but by the hand of a treacherous assassin, Cicero wrote from Brindisi, November 27, 706: "I have never doubted how it would end with Pompey; there was such a profound persuasion everywhere, on the part both of kings and peoples, of the utter hopelessness of his cause, that wherever he had betaken himself it would have been the same. Yet I cannot choose but mourn the catastrophe, knowing him as I did for a pure, honorable, and high-minded man."

If this tribute seems a little languid and perfunctory, a chilling *finis* to a lifelong alliance, we may remember that Cicero's adhesion to Pompey had ever been the indorsement of a party leader rather than any spontaneous devotion to the man. And then the last year in Greece must have been terribly disenchanting. But there was one person, at least, by whom the "great one" was mourned with a passion proportionate to the adulation he had commanded in the hour of his most majestic ascendancy. It was that daughter of the Metelli whom he had so lately married, and of whom Plutarch has left us a singularly attractive picture: —

"This young woman possessed many charms beside her youthful beauty, for she was well instructed in letters, in playing on the lyre, and in geometry, and she had been accustomed to listen to philosophical discourses with profit. She had also a disposition free from all affectation and pedantic display, faults which such acquirements generally breed in women." Pompey had been reproached for his absorption in this girl-

ish bride, for "wearing chaplets" when his country was in peril, just as he had before been accused of neglecting the public service to bask in the smiles of Cæsar's brilliant daughter. But Julia almost died of the fright she received at seeing blood on Pompey's toga, which she fancied was his own, and Cornelia repaid his fondness by unstinted devotion. She had followed him to Greece, and could in no wise be dissuaded from going with him to Egypt. From the deck of the trading-vessel on which they had escaped, she was an agonized witness of his murder. She obtained his ashes from the weird pyre which one of his bolder followers reared upon the Libyan sands, took them with her to the Alban villa, and interred them there, and went mourning all the remnant of her days for that husband who was not even her first, and might almost have been her grandfather. There was another woman, also, we are told, one Flora, — not Pompey's wife nor the wife of any man, but fair enough to have been modeled for the goddess in a temple shrine, — who, when he had put an end to their brief *liaison*, "did not take it as such women usually do, but shut herself up, and was ill for a long time through grief at the loss of her lover."

Whatever we may think of Pompey, — and for a man so conspicuously placed and so long remembered, his is a character which baffles the student strangely and eludes his analysis, — one quality must be freely conceded him: the power, undiminished apparently up to the day of his grievous end, of securing a species of adoration from the women with whom he lived.

Harriet Waters Preston.

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN POLITICS AS SHOWN IN THE LATE ELECTION.

THE object of this paper is to show that in the late election the two great parties antagonized each other along those lines which have divided the people from the foundation of our government, while, notwithstanding, the influences deciding choice of party were, for the masses, purely provincial in character, resulting in a blind partisanship.

The issue which for the hundred years of our national history has divided the Democratic party from the opposition is the proper extent and limitation of the national authority. The Democratic party has stood for restriction of this authority within narrow limits; the opposition, as Federalist, Whig, and Republican in succession, has favored its extension. For the forty years from 1820 to 1860 this issue was presented in two forms: (1) the right of each State to decide for itself the question of slavery; (2) the right of the general government to levy protective as well as revenue duties, regardless of the will of particular States. On the first question, state rights won a complete victory, but against violent opposition; on the second, government authority triumphed, and was exercised moderately and with tacit consent. It is worth noting, too, that the doctrine of state rights secured the indorsement of the Supreme Court where protection feared to face the issue. Nevertheless, the Democratic theory was supporting a burden which caused its downfall, and the war which ended slavery brought with it also a clear and universally accepted limitation to state rights. The Union is indissoluble. The cause of national authority, on the other hand, following the tremendous blow to its adversary, for the past twenty-five years has grown and extended itself as never before. In the maintenance for

protection of the war tariff laid for revenue, in the increased scale and the widened field of national expenditure, in all which its opponents stigmatize as paternalism and its advocates applaud as nationalism, this is seen. This growth is the natural expansion of an idea which finds itself without opposition.

But though the old doctrine of state rights has its bounds set, and, as a sectional issue, is dead, in its place has been gradually crystallizing a new theory of state duties and individual responsibilities, opposed to the "national" policy of the Republican party. This idea was most clearly emphasized by President Cleveland's opposition to bills giving government aid to local improvements, to soldiers as soldiers merely, or to local industries, as silver-mining and wool-growing. It is true that by no means all Democrats were squarely on their side of the line, for where money is to be obtained for his district or any one in it, the average congressman sees unusual merits in an appropriation bill. Still, whatever the inconsistency between individual action and public professions, in the last election the lines were clearly drawn by party leaders and the party press between the Democratic idea of limitation, and the Republican idea of extension, of national authority. This was the issue. What was the spirit in which the American people approached it?

This spirit was purely provincial. The question was not considered by the mass of voters from a national point of view. It was not the general welfare that was sought, but the sectional, class, or race welfare. It was not to patriotism that orators and press appealed, but to selfishness and prejudice. National feeling showed itself alone in a ridicu-

lous provincialism, the most intense sensitiveness to English opinion. "What is good for England is bad for us!" shouted our orators, and the two parties vied with each other in maintaining that England was hostile to their respective policies. But the citizen who was convinced that England's weal was his woe, transferring his thoughts to his own land, became at once so broad-minded as to believe that his personal profit was identical with the prosperity of the republic. He did not, however, study the general welfare, ready to accept that as best for him, but, in the true spirit of provincialism, determined his vote according to his own supposed interests, or those of his class or locality; perhaps more often still in unreasoning prejudice.

Is this indictment unfair? If so, what was the meaning of meetings of colored or of German voters, or of Irish-American clubs, except that those who supported them imagined that their race had more to gain from one party than from the other? It matters not that this gain was imaginary. The expectation of it determined votes, and both parties played upon it. Why did we so often read of some body of workmen, "They know on which side their bread is buttered"? They had been made to believe that the success of one party meant higher wages for them, had decided to vote for it accordingly, and the party editor was congratulating them on the intelligent patriotism of their choice. Men whose pension bills had been vetoed were assumed to be on one side, those whose claims had been expeditiously granted on the other, as a matter of course. The idea that such an assumption was an insult occurred to no one. An appropriation for a breakwater or for a new post-office was claimed to win votes about in proportion to the expenditure; and if the appropriation was vetoed, the outraged citizens were urged by that public enlightener, the local

paper, to take vengeance at the polls. That "the South wants it" was urged as a conclusive argument against a proposition in some localities, and that "it will enrich New England" in others. "The importance of the interests of this great State demands recognition," was heard from thirty-eight different points, and the party that was believed to give the recognition secured the votes. Bribery of bodies of men with the nation's funds is by no means the same thing as bribery of individuals with one's own money.

In short, it is only too evident that the appeals to the intelligence of the masses, of which we have lately heard so much, were really appeals to supposed selfish interest. But, after all, the masses are moved not so much by selfishness as by prejudice. This prejudice is of two kinds, traditional and local. Its traditional force is shown by the fact that communities side by side and identical in character and interest remain for decade after decade politically opposed. The sons are expected to follow in the footsteps of the fathers. The permanence of party names undoubtedly helps to prevent the natural division of voters on the line of principle. Principles are forgotten in devotion to the party which once represented them. Loyalty to party becomes a passion, and not so long as an excuse can be found for remaining where he is will the average partisan desert to the other side. Party distinctions that stood the shock of the civil war yield to no mere practical question. The principle at the root is not clearly seen. It is the old name, "the party of Jefferson," "the party of the Union," not the new cause, that holds. "The multitude," says Macaulay, "is more easily interested for the most unmeaning badge or the most insignificant name than for the most important principle."

Side by side with this traditional prejudice is the local prejudice; by which

I do not mean local interest, but an apparent inability in the people to see national, state, and municipal affairs in their true proportions. It is, of course, the spirit of provincialism again. The fact that parties in each State and town are the same as in the nation at large is sufficient evidence of it. This prejudice has a double action. Aided alike by the tyranny and the convenience of party organization, it causes men to divide into parties on the same lines in the local as in the national election. So the second effect follows inevitably from the first: namely, local questions are subordinated to national, or else national questions to local. Common sense occasionally ventures so far as to declare that it matters not whether the mayor of Bigville be a Republican or a Democrat, but no one yet dares maintain the rash truth that the qualifications of a candidate for the governorship are not affected by his opinions of protection and free-trade. As a rule, too, in spite of common sense, Jones is elected mayor of Bigville because he is a free-trader, just as Smith is elected governor of the State because he is a protectionist. This state of things is as mischievous as it is absurd. It is impossible to bring local questions to decision at the polls. And again, with reverse action, national questions are obscured. Men join a given national party because they approve of the position of its local representatives on some comparatively unimportant question of city or State. Green votes for protection because he agrees with the Republicans of Grand County in favoring high license, and Gray votes for free-trade because the Bigville Democrats oppose an increase of the municipal debt. Personal arguments abound. "How can you be a Democrat, when the only saloon in town is kept by a Democrat?" "How can you be a Republican, when the Republican city treasurer has just defaulted?" This is not nonsense. Facts like these influence votes, and

must be considered in studying the spirit of our politics.

If we had taken a representative group of Americans, evenly divided as to party, in the late election, we might have found something like this: A is a protectionist because he helped found the party of freedom, and B because he admires the candidate. C is a Democrat because he believes in tariff reform, and D because he always has been one. A Junior is a Republican because his father is, and B Junior is a Democrat because the political economies teach free-trade. E is a protectionist because a Democratic ring controls City Hall, and F because the campaign orator has convinced him that Democratic success means low wages. His brother G, again, is a Democrat because the campaign orator has failed to convince him, and his cousin H because most of the respectable people he knows are. Y is a protectionist because the government did not buy his land for the new post-office, and because Congress has voted to deepen the ditch that drains his cellar Z is a tariff reformer. Scattered here and there are those who have earnestly tried to solve the problems presented,—have thought, and studied, and prayed; and more numerous than any single class are those who swear by the one newspaper they read.

Partisanship follows as a natural result of provincialism. All the unlike elements range themselves on two sides, diversity of motive lost in community of aim. The masses on either side support the same leaders, use the same catchwords, read the same newspapers, and learn from them all that is good of their own party, and all that is bad of the other, and much that is not true of both. They hear the same arguments, and, as the campaign advances, they use them, and by the day of election believe, and think they understand them. Enthusiasm shows itself in speech-making, torchlight processions, and denunci-

ation of opponents, — denunciation, however, *en masse* as a rule, not as individuals, save only, of course, when the individual has the misfortune to be a candidate. The partisan marches through the mud with a torch on his shoulder, and imagines that he is supporting a principle. Ask him what it is, and he will answer something like this: "Our party comprises the intelligence and character of the nation. It is the party of progress, of humanity. It maintains the national honor, and promotes the industrial welfare. It 'stands ready to utilize all the forces of earth, and air, and sea.'¹ The future greatness and prosperity of the nation are bound up in our success. The opposition is a 'wicked sectional conspiracy';¹ the riff-raff of the community; a combination of the ignorance, wickedness, and cupidity of the nation." This spirit of exaggeration is the natural child of partisan heat and provincialism. The old deacon asks his pastor whether any Democrat can be saved, and the young lady, who is in politics what her father is, and knows no more, declares that no Republican can be a gentleman. A most striking instance of the folly of partisanship has been seen for four years past in Dakota. There, with no voice in national politics, the people have persisted in declaring such sympathy for the Republican party that the Democrats have kept them out of the Union, and powerless to give their true-love help. The partisanship which has denied them statehood is no more contemptible than that which provokes it is suicidal and unreasoning.

This combination of partisanship and provincialism, this worship of names and traditions, with eyes fixed on petty practical advantage rather than broad principles of national government, is the most prominent feature in American politics at the present time, but it is not the dominant force. It affects tempo-

rarily, but does not shape permanently, the national development. In the last election, in fact, it was less prominent than before, for the lines were drawn more sharply than for years between two opposing theories. Still, the issue was presented in a purely practical form, and party ties formed on the burning moral issue of 1860 have been slow to yield to what seemed to many merely an uncertain question of dollars and cents. Again, though the question was recognized, its difficulty transcended its importance. Multitudes, who honestly attacked the question, gave up, bewildered by a few months' study and the contradictions of debate, and sought a safe retreat in the bosom of the old party. Those who felt sure on the subject generally knew nothing, and those who knew something did not feel sure. But the fact that so much serious effort was made to understand the issue shows that there is a more earnest spirit in our political life than appears on the surface of a campaign. Where there is no important question clearly grasped, selfishness may be pitted against selfishness, and prejudice against prejudice. But give a question worth the while, above all place a moral principle at stake, and selfishness will yield to patriotism, and prejudice to duty. The mere fact that petty things are prominent is in some sense a good sign, for it shows that in great things we are agreed. The spirit of provincialism reaches its greatest expression at times like the present, when the balance between the two great theories of nationalism and individualism is nearly evenly maintained. When there is no great principle to win devotion, we become for a time enthusiastic for trifles and names. When the nation does not call for our support, we limit our view to a narrower horizon. In the late election, the people divided, though almost unconsciously and in no broad spirit, on the old question of the true relation of

¹ Actual quotation from campaign writer.

national power and local rights. Should the balance between these ideas, however, shift far either way, should the issue be vital and clearly understood, the

masses will rise above provincialism, old prejudices will be forgotten, and parties will become only the means of supporting principles.

Charles Worcester Clark.

THE GIFT OF FERNSEED.

I, ARTHUR SAYCE, am now thirty-seven years of age. I was born in New York State, was educated at Utica, New York, and at Columbia College. Having taken my medical degree, I spent two years in New York hospitals, after which my next five years were passed in Europe: one year studying medicine in Berlin; two walking the hospitals of London, — St. Thomas's and "Bart's;" and two in Paris, — the first in private study, and the second as an *interne des hôpitaux* of the French capital. For the last eight years I have been a practicing physician in New York city, until three months ago, when I started for the North Pacific coast on a prolonged hunting trip. I give these details to show the reader that I am not ignorant of the world, no recluse, nor one likely to be easily mystified or juggled with. In no sense can I be called visionary.

In my life I have known but little sickness, and have never been subject to fits, faintings, trances, delirium, or hallucinations of any kind. It is impossible that I can have been deceived in any of the sensations which I experienced in the events that I am about to describe. However incredible the following narrative may seem, it is the simple, sober truth.

With this introduction (in writing which, I believe the reader will, after he has read what follows, readily acquit me of all egoism), I will proceed to the narrative itself.

It was on the 10th of May, late in the afternoon, that I arrived at the Cœur

d'Alène Mission, in one of the five log cabins attached to which this story is written. I was alone, my traveling companion of the last two months, Lester Hemsley, having been recalled to New York by a message which reached him at Fort Cœur d'Alène, forwarded from Portland, Oregon. As I rode up, the sun was already low enough in the west to be shining full in the face of the Mission. The higher slopes of the mountains beyond, now all dark with the level stretch of pines, were then snow-covered (for the snow lies late on the Bitter Roots), showing in the evening sun alternations of intense black and white. On the right wound the Cœur d'Alène River, fringed with scattered pines, on which the ospreys had built their nests, and patches of undergrowth of black-thorn and hazel.

In addition to the five cabins and the Mission itself, there was a seventh building, if such it could be called, a little nearer to me, on the lower ground, an Indian *teepee*. On the slope to the left grazed a bunch of ponies, at sight of which my own little "buckskin" pricked up his ragged ears, and seemed to take an interest in the proceedings for the first time since we left the fort.

We had advanced to within one hundred and fifty paces of the teepee before any human life appeared. Then a party of four Indian bucks, muffled in United States military blankets, came suddenly scrambling out from behind their hut. Presumably the action of their own ponies on the hill had told

them that something unusual was in sight. For half a minute they stood looking at me, and I could hear their voices raised in babbling astonishment. Then they all started together towards me, on a kind of running trot. At a distance of some thirty paces from me they relapsed into a walk, — or rather into the shambling, half-sliding, go-as-you-please gait which serves the Indian of the prairies for a walk. When about a dozen yards away, one of them, the oldest (and judging from the superior brilliancy of the red ochre with which the roots of his long black hair were dyed, and from the osprey feathers twisted into his locks, one holding some authority among them), darted quickly forward, and, grasping my bridle in his left hand, raised his right with a long-bladed knife gleaming in it, as if to stab me. In a moment the muzzle of my Winchester rifle, which lay across the saddle in front of me, was at his chest and my finger on the trigger. For fully two or three seconds we remained so; his arm upraised, and my rifle almost touching the blanket where it overlapped on his chest. Neither moved his eyes from the other, and what wicked-looking orbs they were that I gazed at!

Suddenly the Indian dropped his arm and broke into a laugh, in which the other three joined. Then he loosed his hold of my bridle, and the whole party shambled off up the hill in front of me, chattering and cackling with laughter, all of us heading for the Mission building.

It was probably the noise which the Indians made that brought a white man (I confess that I was glad to see him) to the door of the cabin next to the Mission, while we were still some fifty yards away. As he stepped out the sun fell full upon his face, and I could see him plainly; much better, evidently, than he could see me, riding as I was with my back to the light. Dressed in the long black robe of a priest, he looked

something above medium height, spare of figure, but active-seeming and hardy. His feet were cased in moccasins. The strong sunlight in his face made him droop his head forward, so that his chin rested on the heavy black cross on his breast, his eyes looking out at me from under his prominent brows. His head was partially bald, what hair he had being of a dark iron-gray. He suffered me to approach within a dozen paces, when as I dismounted, the Indians standing silently on one side, he came towards me with outstretched hands. Taking one of my hands in each of his, he kissed me on the forehead.

"Peace be with you, my son! You are welcome," he said.

This was Father Francis, of whom I had heard at the fort.

Father Francis was very cordial at our first meeting, with a quiet courtesy of manner, and we had not long been seated on the little stools in his cabin before I had given him a fairly detailed history of myself and of the reasons of my arrival at the Mission. He, in turn, told me of himself and the Mission: how he had lived for a quarter of a century among the Indians; how he had been almost alone for the last eleven months, since the Mission was deserted in the preceding June; and how the four Indians who had welcomed me so curiously had been there but a few days, having come down from the reservation ostensibly to see if the trout were beginning to run up from the lake yet, but really, as he said, more for the pure love of wandering than anything else. The eldest of the party (my friend with the osprey feathers and wicked-looking eyes) was one Tsin-shil-zaska, one of the oldest members of the Cœur d'Alène tribe, and a medicine man of no small repute. Two of the others he called respectively Good Bear and Laughing Brave. The third was named Timothy.¹

¹ Though all the Indians are given Christian names, on conversion, by the father, it is only

All, he told me, spoke English fairly well; Tsin-shil-zaska in particular as well as the ordinary cultivated white man, and considerably better than the average of frontiersmen or of the private soldiers of the fort. These facts I subsequently verified by my own experience; and it is often the case that Indians who have learned their English from the priests, and not from trappers and miners, speak purely, and frequently after a somewhat biblical fashion.

Father Francis talked at length of Tsin-shil-zaska, and always in praise of his intelligence. But it was not long before I had a better opportunity of judging the medicine man for myself than our first brief meeting had afforded.

When we had been sitting talking for perhaps an hour, and just as Father Francis was rising to make preparations for his evening meal, the Indian walked boldly, and, as it seemed to me, with rather an insolent air of importance, into the cabin. His three companions stood outside, peering in at the door. The father was already standing, so I arose, too, greeting the medicine man with the ordinary Western salute to Indians, "How! How!"

His reply was given with an air of rather lofty rebuke, in good if guttural English: "How do you do, my friend? You are welcome."

I smiled, partly at his implied rebuke, and partly at the statement that I was welcome, after his manner of receiving me outside.

"You did not tell me so before?" I said interrogatively.

"No. Tsin-shil-zaska tried you, whether you were a coward or not."

"And am I?"

"He cannot tell yet. A man is brave the first time, and a coward the next.

in a minority of cases that these cling to them. Usually the English translation of the old name is used, as in the case of Good Bear and Laughing Brave, or, when not too im-

A man who is a coward the first time is always a coward."

Father Francis then asked him how the fish were coming up. I forget his answer, and after a few more desultory remarks the conversation dropped.

It had not been my intention to stay at the Mission more than one day. I have now been here for three months. The causes of this change of programme, and the circumstances through which my first instinctive dislike of Tsin-shil-zaska ripened into an open quarrel with him, I will tell as briefly as possible.

The morning after my arrival, Timothy met with an accident. He was cutting a branch from one of the thorn bushes by the river, when his knife slipped, and, with the whole strength of his arm behind it, cut a terrible gash in the poor fellow's thigh. His companions carried him into the father's cabin, where the good priest dressed the wound with a simple poultice of wild parsnip as deftly and effectively as it could have been done by the best of surgeons; declining my proffered aid on the grounds that the Indians had full confidence in him as a physician, and that his own knowledge was in fact ample for so simple a hurt.

During the operation, Tsin-shil-zaska had stood looking on with an air of supercilious contempt which exasperated me. Later in the day, when Timothy was lying on the grass by the side of the teepee, I happened to pass close by at the moment when Tsin-shil-zaska was operating upon him in his capacity of medicine man. He had removed the father's carefully placed bandages, and was going through some incantation accompanied with extravagant gesticulations. These mummeries completed, he spat upon the wound, and replaced the bandages with at least as much clumsi-

practicable for a civilized month, the old one itself. Tsin-shil-zaska is the Kalispel word (the Cœur d'Alènes speak a *patois* of Kalispel) for "horse."

ness as the father had used dexterity. The sight made me inwardly furious, and it was with difficulty that I restrained myself from rudely interfering then and there.

It was the custom of Father Francis to hold prayer twice daily, morning and evening, in the Mission House. These services any stranger who was at the Mission attended, as a matter of course. That evening, upon issuing from the building after service, Tsin-shil-zaska, who had preceded me, was standing close by the door, looking westward at the setting sun. My resentment was still strong within me as I stopped to ask him, rather sneeringly, how his patient prospered.

"The treatment of the good father is always successful," said he, without removing his eyes from the horizon.

"But you have taken this case out of the good father's hands. Did I not see you doctoring Timothy yourself?"

"Huh!" (The Indian never loses his guttural ejaculations.) "Tsin-shil-zaska does what he can to help the good father."

The idea of his professing to be able, with his fooleries, to give any assistance to Father Francis provoked me further. I do not know now quite how the conversation that followed ran, but it resulted, and that quickly, in my telling Tsin-shil-zaska plainly what I thought of him and his skill as a practitioner, and winding up with my calling him a "quack," which he probably did not understand, and a "hypocrite," which he evidently did. Then for the first time he shifted his eyes from the far-off landscape, and they gleamed more wickedly than ever as he fixed them on mine.

"Huh! Tsin-shil-zaska does not speak so to the Man-with-the-little-rifle." (So, as I had already learned from Father

Francis, the Indians had, in reference to a 44-calibre Colt's which I carried, named me.) "He has not said that you are a hypocrite and that you know nothing. The medicine man cannot cure? Huh! The wild goat on the mountain, when shot with an arrow, knows what plant to eat to make the wounds close and the arrow fall.¹ The hurt beaver medicines himself. The wolf, when hunted, if given time to eat what leaves he chooses, makes himself invisible. The dog, there, has learned when to eat the grass to make him vomit. The birds of the air know what food will hurt them and what will do them good. Has the Indian, being wiser, learned nothing of all these? The Man-with-the-little-rifle will know better."

With which he huddled his blanket closer around his chin, gave one more guttural grunt, and shambling noiselessly away; his retreating figure black between me and the red sunset sky.

The next day saw me in better temper. Tsin-shil-zaska did not appear, and the statement of Good Bear that he had gone into the mountains "to find medicines" only made me laugh.

The day following I went out for a long excursion, on foot, up the river, taking my rifle in the hopes of a shot at a bear. Deer there were in plenty, but, though no lack of "bear signs," no bear; and I returned in the middle of the afternoon, hot and tired. The whole day had been spent in climbing up hills and over crags, and scrambling through brush skirting the snow. The sun was hot (as the Pacific sun can be in May), and my shoulder was fatigued by the weight of the rifle. On my return, I determined to undress and take a sponge bath in my cabin; so, having drawn a pail of water from the well and carried it inside, I moved the table

¹ It is curious, that this same story was told centuries ago by Ælian. "The Cretans," he says, "are skillful archers. With their darts they wound the wild goats that feed upon the

mountains. The goats, when struck, immediately go to eating the herb *dictamnus*. As soon as they have tasted it, the dart falls from the wound."

into a corner, and proceeded to strip off my clothes. As I was standing "mother naked," sponge in hand, looking at the water, and wondering whether the first *douche* would be too abominably cold, the door was suddenly pushed open, and Tsin-shil-zaska walked unceremoniously in. I was indignant at the intrusion and the high-handed manner of it, and at first was disposed to order the intruder out. Then, feeling a natural bashfulness, I cast about for something wherewith to cover my nakedness. In my hand was nothing but the small sponge, and no garment lay within easy reach. But, on reflection, it occurred to me that my visitor was, underneath his one blanket, but little more dressed than myself.

The Indian has, in the matter of nudity, no sense of what we are pleased to call the proprieties, and I doubt whether the medicine man had any idea of the awkwardness which, however illogically, I could not help feeling. But subsequent events convinced me that he had been watching me through some cranny in the log wall, — which contained plenty, — and had chosen the moment of his entrance with deliberate intent. His back was, of course, to the light, as he entered, and even when he had shuffled close up to me I could not see his face. When within a few feet of where I was standing, he thrust out one arm from under the blanket.

"Tsin-shil-zaska has brought the Man-with-the-little-rifle some medicine," he said, "that he may know the Indian has learned something."

In the hand which he extended to me was a small vial, — given him, presumably, at some time by one of the fathers, — corked with a knot of grass. The vial was almost full of a brownish liquor, of the color of tincture of arnica, — perhaps a tablespoonful or more. I looked at him and then at the vial.

"And what am I to do with it? Drink it?"

"Huh!" with an accent of assent. "The Man-with-the-little-rifle will see whether Tsin-shil-zaska knows anything."

"And does Tsin-shil-zaska take me for a fool?"

The only response was a decidedly non-committal grunt. The question of my foolishness was an open one. The hand with the vial was still extended to me.

"How do I know that it is not poison, and will kill me?"

"Tsin-shil-zaska does not kill. He cures people."

"But I am not sick, and need no curing."

And then silence, the Indian's strongest and favorite argument. At last he spoke: "Will not the Man-with-the-little-rifle-drink? Will the man who was brave the first time be a coward the next?"

The wily old savage! Still I hesitated. "So this is only to test my courage? And if it kills me?"

"Tsin-shil-zaska would not hurt a friend of the good father's. If the Man-with-the-little-rifle had come to Tsin-shil-zaska, and said, 'Drink,' he would have done so."

Again, as in the wrangle of the preceding evening, I felt that he had distinctly the advantage of me in argument. I was discomfited.

"What is it?" I asked, reaching out my hand for the vial. He let me take it readily. Holding the liquor against the light, I saw that it was semi-opaque, with small particles of fibrous matter floating in it, and slightly gummy, — about as fluid as glycerine.

I took out the grass stopper, and smelled the liquor. The odor was new to me, — pungent, but not strong, and very herby.

"What is it?" I asked again.

"It is precious, and Tsin-shil-zaska knows no name for it."

"But what is it going to do to me?"

"Will the Man-with-the-little-rifle drink it and learn?"

If I could only see his face! But the strong light of the door behind me made it impossible. However, I reasoned, if it had been really a dangerous drug, he would never have come to me so openly with it. At all events, it is a physician's duty to experiment with new medicines on himself, if no more convenient subject offers. I remembered Emerson's advice: "Always do what you are afraid to do!" So I walked across the cabin, laid the sponge, which I was still holding in my left hand, on the table, and returned with a tin cup. As I was about to pour the liquid into the cup, Tsin-shil-zaska reached forward and took both from me. Dipping up perhaps a wineglassful of water from the pail which was to serve as my bathtub, he emptied the mysterious liquid into it, finally rinsing the vial out in the mixture, which he handed to me. I hesitated a moment, smelled it, sipped it, and then swallowed it in a couple of mouthfuls, and threw the cup on the bunk. It had no particular taste; or rather it tasted faintly, as it smelled.

"Well, what now?" I asked.

"Huh! The Man-with-the-little-rifle will soon know." And with that he gathered his blanket closer around the neck, and shuffled off.

I laughed rather angrily at myself for the ridiculousness of the whole affair, and (for I was beginning to feel chilled) ran briskly across to fetch the sponge, and returned to resume my interrupted bath. Stooping to plunge the sponge into the water, I became aware that the drug was beginning to have some effect upon me, and straightened myself up again. Yes, there was no doubt of it. I felt a distinct sensation as of incipient intoxication. I was exhilarated and slightly dizzy. I braced myself, and, planting my feet firmly, threw my shoulders back, to try to shake the feelings off. No; they only increased

with great rapidity. The blood was bounding through my veins, and my spirits rose higher (for I am a sober, matter-of-fact person ordinarily) than I ever knew them to in my life. I laughed aloud at myself, and jumped into the air from very joyfulness. Then the absurdity of my conduct struck me, and I proceeded gravely to remonstrate with myself, aloud. The next moment I had kicked the sponge up to the ceiling, and upset the pail of water over the floor, — a joke which struck me as so irresistibly humorous that I was obliged to sit down on a stool and laugh, till the cabin rang again with my hysterical guffaws.

There followed a series of sensations which I will do my best to describe accurately, for they were sensations such as no man, as I firmly believe, who has ever walked the hospitals of New York, London, or Paris, has felt, either before or since.

I have spoken of dizziness. That increased in intensity with every second, and I seemed to be passing in rapid succession through all the stages of intoxication. Stories of various drinks of savage people came into my head, and I distinctly remember that the account of a native Burmese drink of which I have read somewhere, which will dissolve a Martini Henry rifle-ball in thirty seconds, flashed into my mind.

"And now," I maudlinly commented, "it is dissolving the Man-with-the-little-rifle himself;" and again I laughed uproariously.

But the hilarity was of short duration. As the dizziness continued to increase, the cabin began to sway and the floor to heave, until I had to rock myself backwards and forwards, my head sunk on my bosom, to keep from falling off the stool. Nausea succeeded, and I made two or three ineffectual attempts to vomit, like a man in the extremity of seasickness.

So far, however, the sensations had

not differed from those of ordinary intoxication. But now a new one mingled with the nausea and dizziness. In my time I have experimented upon myself with, I think, every narcotic and anodyne known to the pharmacopeia, and have described the sensations of each experiment in my diary. The one which I now experienced differed from anything that I had ever described myself or seen described by others. In fact, it almost baffled analysis or description. Even now, I am not entirely sure that my memory of it is not largely tinged by the subsequent knowledge of its results.

As I remember it, it commenced first in my extremities, but had soon distributed itself over my whole frame. There is only one word by which I can describe the process which then seemed to be going on in me, — the process of *disintegration*! Every part of my body, solids and fluids, bone, blood, and tissue, was in independent and multitudinous motion, as if each tissue were resolving itself into its component cells, and each cell into its primordial atoms. It was not painful. But for the accompanying nausea and dizziness, it might have been positively pleasurable. The sensation, though intense in each member, was not to be located anywhere, but was evenly distributed from the marrow of my spine to the cuticle of my finger-tips. The motion of the particles seemed to grow wilder and more rapid. My whole being seethed and boiled. It was as the ultimate dissolution of my very fabric.

Almost blind in my dizziness, I rose from the stool, and staggered to the bunk. I fell on my knees as I reached it, and then dragged myself laboriously up and on to it. The cabin rocked and swayed; the motion in me appeared to grow into — not to produce, but to *grow into* — sound, horrid, tumultuous, muffled but overwhelming; a surging of chaotic but rhythmical murmurs.

Things grew indistinct before my

eyes. The motion in me communicated itself to surrounding objects. Everywhere was wreck, chaos, dissolution. Just before final blackness closed in on me, I remember seeing the form of Tsin-shil-zaska, almost filling the doorway. That was my last definite impression. Then came deathly nausea, retching that racked my very life, external blackness and unutterable tumult,— and I lost consciousness.

When I emerged from the state of coma which ensued, it was early morning, dull and misty and gray, as I saw through the cabin door, which stood wide open. There was no difficulty in picking up the thread of memory. As soon as my consciousness returned, I found myself lying, still “mother naked,” on my back. I recollected perfectly where I was, how I came there, and all the incidents of Tsin-shil-zaska’s visit and the drinking of the drug.

My first serious thought was about the drug itself. What was it? Evidently a powerful narcotic. Violent in its operations, certainly; but the medicine man had given me a pretty strong dose, as my long lethargy (which must have extended over some fifteen hours) sufficiently testified. In skillful hands, and after careful experimenting to ascertain its strength, it might prove to be of considerable value. I must make Tsin-shil-zaska show me the plant.

Having arrived at which conclusion, I proceeded to raise myself on my elbow and sit up. Somehow I did not feel quite myself yet. I was perfectly conscious and had all my senses, except, apparently, one. My hearing was good, for the monotonous “see-se-se—saw-aw-aw” of a myrtle robin came at regular intervals from some tree behind the cabin, accompanied now and again by the hurried tap-tapping of a woodpecker somewhere in the further distance. I could certainly see, though there was not much to look at, the interior of the cabin, dim and dark, the door being

merely a parallelogram of pearl-gray mist in the surrounding obscurity. For my sense of smell, — that was excellent, as the pungent scent of moist earth which came in on the morning air, telling of rain during the night, assured me.

But I had no sense of touch! Since first consciousness returned I had been aware of a curious sensation of — what shall I say? — unsubstantiality. You know how, in the moments between sleep and waking, you lie insensible of the contact between yourself and the bedclothes, yourself imponderable, the bed beneath and the covers above you without substance. That same sensation had been present with me since my awakening, but with an infinitely greater sense of reality, for I was not now anything but wide awake. When I put my hand on the wooden side of the bunk and raised myself to a sitting posture, there had been no sensation of contact as my palm touched the wood. I reached out my fingers to the rough logs which composed the wall. It was the same. I could feel nothing. I tried my foot. Again the same.

Yet my members were not dead. The circulation appeared to be normal, for I had perfect control over all my limbs. When I raised my leg and let it fall on the bunk again, it fell quite naturally; not at all heavily or lifelessly, as in a case of ordinary perverted sensation. Still, I could not feel it strike the bed. The more I became assured that this senselessness was a fact, the more convinced I was that the drug which had caused it would be of considerable value to surgeons as an anæsthetic. I must learn its nature at once.

With this resolve, I flung my legs over the edge of the bunk, and dropped to the floor. Strange! I was certainly standing, but without sense of anything under my feet. I walked. My limbs obeyed me. My feet rested normally on the floor. There was no tendency to lose my balance; my muscles supported

me perfectly; but I could feel nothing. I jumped into the air, stamped, ran a step or two, — the result was the same. So I sat down (having to look behind me to be sure that my person was actually in contact with the stool) to think it all over.

As I sat, it occurred to me that the room had been changed since I last saw it; and — where were my clothes?

Then it became plain to me. That miserable Tsin-shil-zaska had drugged me with deliberate intention of robbery. I remembered his coming into the cabin just before I became insensible, and doubtless he had then carried off my wardrobe. Yes, my rifle was gone, too, and my revolver. He had made a clean sweep while he was about it.

No, my saddle, with an India-rubber saddle-bag attached, was left, and I could dress myself in the shirt and pair of socks which were all the change of wardrobe that I carried, and so make my way to the cabin of Father Francis, and lodge complaint against the medicine man. The table stood in the corner made by one of the side walls and the projecting end of the bunk. The bag was beneath the foot of the bunk, and therefore partly under the table. It would be easier for me to move the table than to creep under it on my hands and knees to reach the bag. So I took hold of the table to move it. I grasped it, as far as a man with no feeling in his finger-ends could grasp anything, and pulled. Not an inch did it stir. I pulled, and pushed, and shook (or tried to shake), and pulled, and pushed, and shook again. It would have done as much good to have pulled, and pushed, and shaken at the Rocky Mountains. If I could only have had the satisfaction of feeling that I *was* really grasping it, that would have soothed me somewhat. But this utter numbness was maddening, and my wrath against Tsin-shil-zaska grew strong.

However, there was nothing for it

now but to get into the limited costume at my disposal as quickly as possible, and make my way to headquarters and make my complaint. So I dropped on all fours, without feeling when my hands rested on the floor, and, crawling under the table, endeavored to grasp the bag. I say "endeavored," because I really could not say whether I did grasp it or not. I thought that I caught hold of it, and so far as my eyes could teach me my fingers were actually inclosing a part of it. But it was rooted as firmly as the table. If I pulled at it, my fingers simply came away from it, no matter how firm a grip I thought I had taken. They did not slip off, they simply *came away*, — ceased any longer to be in contact with it. My hand was as nerveless as it was senseless. I was still tugging and gripping with what seemed a preposterous waste of energy, considering the smallness of the object that I was tugging at, but without the smallest result, when I became aware that some one had entered the cabin. My position was not dignified, — my head and shoulders under the table, and the rest of my naked person protruding into the light towards the new-comer, whoever he was. So I scrambled out backwards as fast as I could, and rose to my feet. It was the father. His back was to the light, but as I arose I saw by the motion of his head that he was looking around the room in search of something or some one; then he deliberately turned around and walked out again.

"Father! Oh! Good-morning, father!"

But he evidently did not hear me. It was very curious. If his face had not at one time been directed full towards me, I could have declared that he had not seen me. It was true that the light was dim, but a naked man, six feet and one inch in height, suddenly springing from all fours to his feet, is a fairly conspicuous object at the distance of some three paces, — calculated at

least to catch the eye of a man of ordinary clearness of vision.

I ran to the door, and, resting a hand on the post on either side, thrust my head out. The father's retreating form was some ten yards from me. I called him, and called again. He kept on his way, turned into the door of his cabin, and disappeared. Certainly he did not hear me. Was he deaf as well as blind? But my voice, I was obliged to confess to myself, was weak. I called again, as an experiment. Yes, it was very weak, — thin and bodiless. It was not the fault of my hearing, because the distant scream of an osprey came plainly to my ears, and a flight of Alpine grosbeaks (birds which are very plentiful about Lake Cœur d'Alène), which flew jerkily over the cabin at that moment, filled the air with twittered music.

For fully a minute I stood there wondering what I was to do. I could not feel that my hands were resting on the posts of the door, though they were visibly doing so, or I should have fallen forward on my face; nor could I feel that my feet touched the ground. Then I commenced feeling all over the door and the rough ends of the jutting logs, where they had been chopped off to leave the doorway space. How solid, and hard, and unsympathetic it all was to my numb touch and nerveless fingers!

In pure exasperation, I slapped the door-post with my open hand, and a new horror dawned upon me. There was no noise when the hand came in contact with the wood. I tried again, and again, and again, harder and louder; not a sound. I clapped my two hands together, but neither sound nor sense of touch told me when they met. It was very ghostly. I searched for anything that was resonant to strike. I smote the flat surface of the door. It neither trembled nor emitted any sound. I went back to the table, and struck that, — slapped both palms down on it simultaneously with all my force. It was

useless. When my hands reached the wooden surface on their downward course, they stopped, ceased to go any further, but the impact had not the smallest effect either on the table or on my hands.

And an unutterable terror crept into me; a hideous, indescribable feeling of unreality, as if I were out of all relation to the world around. Was it, after all, a dream? I reached out my hand to the walls, and could feel nothing. I struck the table again, and not a sound came from it. Was I in a world of shadows, or — and my heart sank as the thought came to me — was I a shadow in a world of realities? How utterly nerveless, powerless, unsubstantial, I was beside these great, black, rugged, unresponsive log walls! I called aloud, and my voice came to me thinly, as if from a distance. An ineffable hopelessness came over me, and I sank on my knees by the table, and buried my numb face on my senseless arms.

All the horrors that followed have failed to weaken the memory of that moment of overwhelming and nameless terror. As I sit now writing at that same table, and look around at these same rough walls, an echo of that feeling of hopelessness comes back to me, and I smite my clenched knuckles on the resounding board, to make sure that it rings at the stroke, and that things are realities once more.

How long that supreme sense of terror lasted I do not know; probably some ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. But slowly a feeling which had from the first been combating, and to some extent mitigating, the miseries of the situation began to possess me, and to restore me to my normal self, — the feeling of professional curiosity as to the nature of the drug under the influence of which I then was. A very devil's potion it seemed. Certainly its action on me had been violent and crippling. But the stronger its properties proved,

the more important its addition to the pharmacopœia would ultimately be. As I rose to my feet from my kneeling posture, a blue jay fluttered down with a dissonant "charr-rr-rr," and perched itself, head inside the cabin, in the doorway, looking dull and bedraggled in the damp air. I raised my arm and cursed the bird in stern Anglo-Saxon, whereat it tumbled precipitately backwards, and flew clamorously headlong into the mist. Come! It was a comfort to find some external thing that would still recognize and respect my existence. I yet had some relation to the things of the world.

Walking to the door, I leaned against one of the posts and looked out. Four figures were approaching from the direction of the father's cabin; and it was with something which was almost joy that I counted them, and knew that Tsin-shil-zaska was still at the Mission, and that I might hope to recover my properties and revenge myself.

They advanced slowly: the father with bowed head and downcast eyes; the Indians with heads erect and eyes gazing into the mist, as if they rested on the distant landscape beyond. They were evidently coming straight to my door, so I drew a pace or so inside, and awaited them with a deprecatory smile, apologetic for my nudity, on my face.

The father, after a moment's hesitation in the doorway, stepped in first, and his lips moved in murmured blessing. Tsin-shil-zaska followed. The others remained outside. I stood a yard and a half, perhaps, back from the entrance, waiting awkwardly for the good priest's salutation. But —

Even now, sitting writing this on almost the very spot on which I stood then, and with every detail of what passed imprinted — ah, how clearly — on my memory, I cannot accurately describe the utter horror of the minutes which followed.

In the first place, no salutation came. The eyes of the Indian, as he entered,

shifted in one rapid glance around the cabin, and then fixed themselves, not on the wall, but on the distance beyond it. Father Francis began, with an expression of deepest anxiety on his face, to search the cabin in detail with his eyes. I was standing in front of him, slightly to his left hand (what a sailor would call on his port bow), directly between him and the table where it stood pushed into the corner. His scrutiny began at the corner to his and the doorway's left, to my right, and, after resting there a moment, passed along the wall, shifting from the floor upwards to the table — and me. For fully a minute again his eyes rested on me, — on my chest, dropping to my knee, passing from right shoulder to left, and from left elbow back to right. But I knew that it was not I that he was looking at, — not my chest, nor knee, nor shoulder, nor elbow.

He was looking *through me* at the table, under it, up to the bunk, from one side to the other; then, following the corner post, up to the ceiling.

It is useless for me to attempt to describe the sensation of that moment of terror. People have been buried alive, conscious the whole time, and have lived to tell of it. Men have kneeled on the scaffold, awaiting the fall of the axe which never fell, and have recalled afterwards the sensations of those last moments before the joyful shout announced the reprieve. But never, as I believe now, has such mental agony been allotted to mortal man as in those moments seemed to arrest my very being. I strove to speak, but my tongue refused its office. I reached out my hand, and let it feebly fall again. Again I tried to articulate, and at last the word came: —

“Father!”

But how thin, and weak, and how far away! Obviously he heard it not. Even I could hardly say whether I heard it, whether it had actually come in external words to my ear, or whether

it had simply passed to my brain over the internal currents of my nerves.

It was Father Francis who spoke: —

“You have not heard the report of his rifle, my son, since he left?”

“Huh!” with negative accent.

“Yet one of you, with your keen hearing, would surely have heard it had he fired?”

“Huh!” This time in the affirmative.

And it was I of whom they were speaking as of one absent; I, who stood here so close to the father that we could have clasped hands without either of us moving; I, who heard their every syllable, but could not make my voice heard in reply; I, present here before their very eyes, in daylight, unseen and — invisible! And the memory of Tsin-shil-zaska's words came back to me: —

“The wolf, when hunted, if given time to eat what leaves he chooses, makes himself invisible. Has the Indian, being wiser, learned nothing of all this?”

Of the events which followed, when the first agony of the discovery of my condition had passed, my memory is vague and confused. I remember them only as a man may recall some stray shreds of the tangled visions which came to him in delirium.

Father Francis and the Indian stayed some time in the cabin, I know, the father at intervals advancing suggestions as to my whereabouts. I know too that in those moments I called and prayed to them to see me. I brandished my hands in their faces; fell at their feet, and clutched the skirts of the father's robe, which moved not as my nerveless fingers touched it. I struck Tsin-shil-zaska in the face with my clenched fist, and not so much as an eyelid trembled. I raved and wept, and shouted in their ears, and they stood unconscious of my presence. I flung myself before their feet as they turned to go, and their feet brushed me aside, without my feeling the contact or having strength to resist.

They did not so much as check in their gait. I might have been "thin as air;" apparently, to them, I was. Once, when they had traversed half the distance to the father's cabin, I still following, and clinging, or trying to cling, to them as they went, the good priest stopped, and turning abruptly to his companion said:—

"And thou, my son, knowest nothing of him?"

Gravely, sternly, searchingly, he looked the Indian in the eyes. But the other,—the red scoundrel!—how firmly he bore the scrutiny! Not a muscle of his face moved. He assumed no look of injured innocence. There was no over-acting. Unconcerned, imperturbable, he gazed back into and through the father's eyes.

"Of the Man-with-the-little-rifle? Tsin-shil-zaska knows nothing of him."

"But you quarreled with him, my son?"

"Huh!"

For an instant longer the father looked him in the face; then turned and walked on. It was impossible to guess whether his suspicions were entirely overcome or not. I longed to tell him to go on questioning,—to thrust home and spare not, and probe till he had forced the truth from the Indian's heart. But I could not. I was powerless, hopeless, substanceless.

As the day wore on and the white mist began to lift from the mountain slopes, lingering in thick flakes and scarves about the pine boughs, Father Francis organized a search expedition for me. The Indians started in a body up the river-bank, while the father himself struck into the hills behind the Mission. I stayed behind, desolate and hopeless.

Soon after noon,—a dull, sodden day it was,—the Indians returned; and an hour or so later, the father too came back. The father spent most of the evening on his knees, coming out occa-

sionally into the air to look and listen for any signs of me, while I would stand hopeless by his cabin door, and try again and again to make him understand that I was by his side. Late into the night his candle burned, reddening the rough inside of the cabin, and just showing the outline of the black figure that kneeled before the crucifix in prayer.

Another day came and went. The forenoon was again spent in search for me,—though the Indians only started off in a perfunctory, listless way, and returned again within an hour,—and all the evening and night the good priest remained on his knees, praying, as I knew, for me.

For myself, I needed neither sleep nor nourishment. At night I wandered about the moonlit slope, wondering whether ghosts felt as miserable as I; or sat in the doorway of my cabin, occasionally, but rarely, throwing myself on my bunk, and lying there, longing to know how long this would last, and cursing Tsin-shil-zaska in my heart. Whatever change had come over my being, however thin and substanceless I might be (I had soon discovered that I threw no shadow), it was evident that my specific gravity was still appreciably greater than that of the atmosphere. I walked, and sat, and moved,—the law of gravitation affected me,—as though I were still solid and of ordinary fleshly weight. Only in relation to other substances and beings did I feel inferiority; and there were moments of solitude when I would actually forget my condition. Nor, in those first days, did it ever occur to me that my disembodiment, or etherealization, could be anything more than a temporary affection, which would last only so long as the operation of the drug continued active.

But one day I made a discovery,—curious at first, horrible afterwards. It was on the afternoon of the third day—a variable afternoon of alternate cloud and sunshine—that I was standing in

front of the Mission, in the centre of the crescent of cabins, when the five ponies, which wandered at will on the foot-hills, unhobbled, came walking in single file towards the river.

I was directly in their line of march, and as the first one approached me — a small dapple-gray, rat-like animal, with pink nose and ropy tail — I reached out my hand to its forelock. The animal at once flung its head aside and avoided my touch. Could it have been only an accident? I hurried after it, and placed myself again in its path. Again it swerved aside, and deliberately walked around me. I laid my hand on its flank. It winced, shambled on a step or two, changed feet, and broke into a lope. The second pony had reached me by this time. The same series of experiments had a like effect, and all five were soon going at a canter towards the river.

There could be no question of it. The ponies recognized my presence. Here, as I have said, was a discovery (and now I remembered the blue jay) which might prove useful to me. At any rate, it was infinitely consoling to know that I still had some appreciable properties. It detracted something from the unutterable feeling of isolation which oppressed me, afforded me some shadow of a semblance of companionship in my solitariness, and I proceeded to make the most of it.

I have once referred indirectly to the presence of a dog at the Mission, — one of the hungry, half-coyote, pariah curs which are attached to every Indian camp or caravan. When the ponies had left me, I turned my attention to this dog, which was lying on the grass beside the teepee. As I drew near, his eyes opened and his ears went back, and when I reached out my hand to pat him he drew his head away, sat up on his haunches, — still keeping out of my reach, — and at last got up and slunk off. He trotted a few paces around me in a half circle, and then lay

down again, but evidently uneasily. I approached once more; and again he evaded me. So, for some minutes, I kept him shifting his ground, until he refused to lie down at all, but stood, tail down, waiting wearily for me to go and leave him alone. That I refused to do. Presently he grew tired of being hunted, and commenced to whimper, — a low, whistling whimper at first, and then growing louder and louder. Finally, as I made a pounce at him, he fairly turned tail and fled, howling dolorously, into the teepee.

“The dogs howl with icy breath
When Azrael, Angel of Death,
Takes his flight through the town.”

The quotation from the Koran came into my mind, and then a sudden horror seized me.

“Angel of Death!” The time since my first awakening from the coma had been divided into three stages, or periods, by three moments of supreme terror. The first was the terror of unreality, when the feeling of my lack of relationship to the substances around me had first come over me. The second was the terror of invisibility, when I first knew that Father Francis and the Indian did not see me. Last came the terror of death.

Could this be death? *Was I dead?*

Again and again, at night-time chiefly, I had thought of myself as ghost-like. But was I really a ghost? How could I deny it? What knowledge had I of the state beyond the grave, to be sure that this was not the common form of departed spirits? I thought of all the men of whom I knew, from Socrates downwards, who have believed in the presence of demons, or angels, or genii, or the spirits of dead fellow-men, invisible, on earth. What assurance had I that my condition was exceptional, — that I was not sharing the common lot that comes to all men after death? I needed no food to support me. Perhaps it was only an ordinary, though to me

unknown, poison that had been given me, and no drug of mysterious potency. But no, I thought, with sudden relief, that cannot be. Where, if so, is my body, — my (how I shuddered at the thought!) corpse? The relief, however, was short-lived. Why could not Tsin-shil-zaska have hidden my body as easily as he had hidden my clothes and rifle? And I found myself actually sweeping the horizon with my eyes, to see if anywhere over the tree-tops I could see hovering the tell-tale buzzards or carrion crows, to show me where my own corpse lay.

For the first time it occurred to me with any force that perhaps my state was something more than a temporary affection, dependent upon the continued action of a drug. For the first time I thought that an eternity of this wretchedness might lie before me. How could I tell that there were not other spirits around me, invisible to me as I was invisible to living men; or, if not here on the lonely hill slope, how did I know that in the cities and haunts of men there might not be walking millions such as I? The thought was horrid in its possibility, utterly overwhelming in its bewildering immensity.

Then I fell upon my knees on the sunlit grass, and prayed as only a man in the supremest agonies can pray. From that moment I have never ceased to be devoutly thankful for the sustaining hope which was always with me. I arose from my knees full of confidence. It was easy for me to prove by irrefutable logic that the probabilities were enormously in favor of my being dead, — that I must be dead. But I never in my heart convinced myself, logic to the contrary notwithstanding. I knew inwardly that I lived still as mortals live, — that the life which enabled me to move, and think, and pray, was yet, in spite of the awful change that I had suffered, the same life as had always animated me, and as now animated other

men. An instinct which I could not justify to reason bore me up against my own arguments, and that instinct, implanted, or at least first developed, in those moments of prayer, alone, I believe, prevented my reason from being dethroned.

Henceforward, however, the pleasure of the mute companionship of beasts was gone. Occasionally I would stop to pat the dog or make a pony move from its path, to assure myself that I still had some hold upon the world of external things. But such experiments were ever accompanied with a chilling return of the thought of death and an echo of those agonies of doubt. I did not often try them.

So day followed day, and I still wandered about the Mission, naked in my own eyes, invisible to others, voiceless to all human ears but my own, insensible to the changes of temperature, needing neither sleep nor nourishment, and senseless and numb of touch. The father had given up the search for me, though his eyes would wander mournfully from my cabin to the distant hills, and from there to heaven, when his lips would move in silent prayer.

How, in those days, I learned to love and honor Father Francis! And for Tsin-shil-zaska my hatred increased. He and his three companions still hung around the Mission, ostensibly to wait till they could take back the news that the trout had run up stream. They divided their time between sitting on the ground about the teepee and sitting on the ground by the river's bank. Occasionally, they mounted their ponies and went off, aimlessly as it seemed, for half a day's ride over the plains and foothills. Timothy was still an invalid.

I had lived thus for a week, — what a week! — when I made another discovery, of more importance than the last.

It was mid-afternoon, — still and hot as a Pacific coast spring day can be, — the air shimmering with heat, and the

last year's butterflies, which fluttered round the walls of the Mission and sat fanning their wings in the warm rays, seeming the only things moving.

I was sitting listlessly in the door of my cabin. Opposite me, the flap of canvas which made the door of the teepee was caught back with a two-pronged peg of bone, and in the shadow within, I knew, lay Timothy, alone. Drawn by idle curiosity, I crossed the intervening space and entered the tent. In spite of the open door and central hole at the apex of the roof, the air within was thick and heavy with that oppressive smell — part grease, part dirt, and part humanity — which clings to the Indian wherever he goes. In the gloom I could just distinguish the form of Timothy, stretching almost from side to side of the narrow tent. The only other contents of the place were a heap of skins and furs, scraps of dried meat, tin cups, saddles, rope, and innumerable other miscellaneous but indistinguishable things, such as the Indian loves to accumulate, which covered probably one third of the entire floor space.

Timothy was evidently asleep. There was no other seat there, so, conscious of my imponderability, but with no particular intent, I seated myself on him. As I rested on him he moved, muttered uneasily in his sleep, and then rolled round from his right side to his left, throwing me off. As soon as he was quiet, I resumed my seat. No sooner had I done so, however, than he commenced to toss again, this time suddenly, and heaving me, staggering, against the further side of the tent.

Could it be possible that he was conscious of my presence? I did not believe it, but determined to see. So, dropping on my knees by his side, I passed my hand once or twice over his face. Yes, he felt it. Drowsily he shook his head, as if to free himself from my hand, and, when I removed it, lay still again. By this time I had be-

come excited and keenly hopeful. Again I touched his face, weighed against his side, and passed my hand over his frowzy, tangled hair. Yes, he stirred as before.

"Timothy!" I called. "Timothy! Wake up! I am here! Do you hear me? Timothy!"

Slowly his head rolled from side to side, and his lips began to move. Eagerly I bent my head to catch his words, but he made only an indistinguishable murmuring. Again I called and shook, or tried to shake him. Once more his lips moved, and brokenly among the mutterings I caught my name, — "Man-with-the-little-rifle."

"Yes! Yes! Timothy," — how I was thrilling with excitement! — "the Man-with-the-little-rifle is here! He is speaking to you now! Do you hear him? Timothy!"

But the response was inaudible. Excited almost to frenzy, I called and called again, shook him, and threw myself upon him. Suddenly he reached out his arms, and, with a cry of pain, awoke. There was a startled look in his eyes, I could see in the gloom, as though he expected to find somebody there. I waited, hardly daring to breathe in my suspense. But the look died away. Evidently I was as invisible to him as ever. He pulled himself up to a half-sitting posture, and, leaning against one of the poles of the teepee, remained wide awake, with his eyes staring out through the open door into the sunlight.

Awake he was utterly unconscious of my presence, but asleep he was sensible of my touch and heard my voice. Was it possible that between human beings, when asleep, and myself there existed some such affinity as was evident between myself and brutes? Altogether incapable of making my presence felt by people when awake, was it possible that I could place myself *en rapport* with them when asleep? So it must be;

and I sat and watched Timothy, hungrily waiting for the first signs of returning somnolence, like a vulture waiting the approach of death to a wounded man. But Timothy was incorrigibly wide awake, as he reclined there, gazing with unfathomable eyes at the distant landscape. Presently the sound of cantering hoofs told that the others were returning, and I left the teepee to wait impatiently for nightfall.

Never, it seemed to me, did the sun sink so deliberately behind the horizon. When night did come, I thought the good old priest would never go to bed. How late he read! At last the volume was placed carefully aside. Then the light was extinguished, and I knew that a prolonged interval of prayer would elapse before he went to bed. I drew near, and sat in the doorway, from whence, in the gloom within, I could vaguely distinguish the outline of the dark-robed figure kneeling beneath the crucifix. Sometimes the murmur of his voice reached me, fervent but low, and more than once my heart was stirred deeply as the cadence of my name caught my ear. At length he rose, and was soon lying on his bed of cedar boughs, a rough and unaccommodating couch for so aged and good a head. I approached, and stood by the bunk side, waiting till the regular breathing told me that he slept. Then, with intense if suppressed excitement, I commenced my experiments.

First, I leaned over him, and whispered his name several times in his ear. Next, lightly and reverently, I passed my hand over his face and hair. After two or three such passes a certain irregularity in the breathing told me that his slumber was disturbed.

"Father! Father Francis! It is I, Arthur Sayce, your son, who speaks!"

Wearily he rolled his head from side to side; a faint murmur broke from his lips, and then — he awoke! The disappointment, when his sudden movement

and the change in respiration told me that he had awaked, was intense. But there was nothing for it but to wait till sleep again asserted itself. This did not take many minutes, but to me, in my impatience, every moment of delay was irksome. At length he slept; but, as he had awaked so easily before, I knew that it would be better to allow him to become more deeply immersed in slumber before recommencing my experiments. So I left the cabin, and sentenced myself to walk twenty times from the door to the Mission and back, before returning.

This time I was more cautious, and touched his face more carefully (for, though without any sense of touch, I could regulate my muscles perfectly) and breathed his name more lightly in his ear. Whenever he moved, I ceased, — waiting breathless with fear lest he should wake; then I commenced again to touch and whisper to him as soon as the regularity of his breathing was resumed. It was a stealthy and seemed an unholy work, and more than once I started guiltily at the hoot of an owl or the cry of a distant wolf.

"This," I thought to myself, "is how the midnight murderer feels."

Many a time he murmured indistinctly in his sleep, but it was not till the night was far advanced, after hours of striving in alternate hope and despair, that I caught the sound of my name from his lips.

"Arthur Sayce!" he murmured brokenly. "He has not returned. My son! My son! He will not come to me, but I may go to him!"

"Yes! Yes! Father, he is here; he has returned; he has come to you! It is I, father, speaking to you now!" But he was awake again.

Once more, when he fell asleep, I exiled myself from the cabin, and resumed my old task, increased this time, by sentence of the court, to thirty turns outside. Returning, the same slow work

of establishing communication with the slumbering mind commenced. By many repetitions, alternately insisting and desisting, I brought him once more to speak my name. By slow degrees, going again and again over every step of ground, and always fearful that he was on the brink of wakefulness, I told him all the story, — I told him how Tsin-shil-zaska had given me a drug; and at the twentieth repetition of the fact, perhaps, the sleeper gulped, and the muscles of his throat went through the motions of swallowing in his slumbers. I told him of my sickness and of my coma, and in the responsive, uneasy tossings of his head and gripings of his hand I saw that the idea of sickness and pain was with him in his sleep. I told him of my waking and of his coming to my cabin, of the discovery of my powerlessness; and as I did so, repeating each phrase many times, the name of the medicine man fell from his lips, and in the mutterings that followed the word “unrepentant” caught my ear.

The excitement of the narration and of the eager waiting for signs that he understood was intense. Merely as a psychical experiment, the operation was keenly fascinating; but added to that was the fact that, as I trusted, my life itself hung dependent on the experiment’s success.

Again he awoke, and again, with unflagging eagerness, I went through all the story, repeating and again repeating every detail of it. The final fact that I had to force upon his mind was that Tsin-shil-zaska, and he alone, as far as I knew, had possession of the secret, and from him, if from anybody, must the method of counteracting or reversing the operation of the drug be learned. How often and in how many forms I repeated that fact I do not know. But the gray light of morning came, and found me still struggling with him. Then I left him, that he might have some space of peaceful slumber, and went out into

the open air to wait for day as impatiently as I had waited for the preceding night.

At the first movement inside the cabin, I returned. Father Francis was just rising. I was beside him as he stepped from his bunk, crossed the floor, and fell on his knees before the crucifix. His first sentences of prayer were audible words of thanksgiving, — “In that Thou, O Lord, hast esteemed my service worthy of continuance for yet another day of earth,” — and of supplication for the welfare during the day of “Thy servant and those whom Thou hast allotted him to labor with, as well as for all Thy children upon earth.” Then his words became unintelligible even to my strained ears, but it was with eager joy that I caught them rising again: “Strange visions, O Lord, Thou knowest have come to me in my sleep in this the past night, but I know not whether they were of Thee, and sent as of old when Thou spakest to Thy servants in dreams and symbols, as also not seldom in later times. If in truth Thy laws have been broken, and one of Thy children has had the life which Thou gavest him taken from him contrary to Thy will, and if thou hast appointed me as a minister to rebuke the offender, Thou knowest, O Lord, that Thy servant is waiting to do what Thou dost command.”

Again his voice became almost inaudible. Breathless with eagerness, I endeavored to catch the murmured syllables, but it was useless. How I longed for the power, only for one moment, to tell the father that what he had heard in his sleep was true, to urge him to follow the clue thus given to him! But it was futile wishing, and, weary and desperate, I turned into the open air again, as the father rose from his knees.

I waited anxiously for the first meeting of the father and the medicine man. It came after the morning prayer, when the sun was a-glitter on the mountain peaks, though the Mission lay yet in

shadow. On issuing from the building, the father called Tsin-shil-zaska to him, and with him reëntered the cabin. For some moments both stood silent: the father keeping his eyes fixed on the ground; the Indian, with frowzy hair and blanket muffled round his chin, gazing into vacancy. At length the father raised his eyes and looked at the Indian, while I stood trembling by.

"Tsin-shil-zaska, my son, I have had strange dreams during the night."

"Huh!" And there was a whole monograph of skepticism condensed into the monosyllable.

"Once more I must ask thee: thou knowest naught of him who is lost?"

"Of the Man-with-the-little-rifle? Huh!" This time in the negative and with one slow shake of his head.

"In my dreams, I thought thou knewest of the manner of his death; nay, that thou hadst the power to produce him again."

"Tsin-shil-zaska has no power to bring the dead to life. The good father is a greater medicine man than he."

"When didst thou last see him?"

"The good father was with the Man-with-the-little-rifle last before he went away. Tsin-shil-zaska might ask the good father whether he knows anything of him."

"My son," said Father Francis, "thou knowest that I have never unjustly accused any one, — that I have quarreled with none and done no man wrong. Thou knowest that I would rather love thee than hate, and if thou canst show me that my suspicions are unjust it will be gladness and joy to me."

The Indian's face remained utterly without expression during this appeal.

"The good father has no cause for his suspicions. Tsin-shil-zaska has done no wrong."

Again there was silence. The father looked anxiously at him for some seconds; then, —

"I trust it is so, my son. If thou

hast done any wrong, be sure that the Lord will convict and punish thee."

With that he moved away to the farther end of the cabin. Then for the first time a gleam of expression came into the Indian's eyes, — only one flash, but a flash of such malignity and hatred as I have never seen in human eyes before or since. A moment later he shuffled out of the cabin.

That day formed another epoch in my period of exile from the world. Then arose the fourth terror, which held a longer sway than any of its predecessors. This was the terror of murder.

After the events of the preceding night, the intense strain and mental agonies of those hours of darkness, I was possessed with a strange restlessness all day. It was a curious feeling, — feverishness, perhaps, if a man without blood could be obnoxious to fever; intense nervousness, if nervousness could attach to a being that is nerveless.

The Indians had shambled off afoot in the morning, and the place was lonely even to me, accustomed as I was now to the supreme isolation of my condition. About midday, I, for the first time since the drinking of the drug, left the Mission, and wandered aimlessly towards the river. The stream was running brimful, and muddy with the melted snow from the mountains. Most unlike a trout stream it looked, as it hurried past in thick eddies and rapids, flecked with bubbles. Reaching the bank, I turned down stream, following the winding water through patches of woodland, and beds of purple iris, and round smooth lawns of grass. Arriving at one unusually dense patch of woodland and brush, it became necessary to leave the stream, and skirt the edges of the thicket. When I was half-way round, the sound of voices from the other side of the intervening brush caught my ear. These, as I approached, resolved themselves into the rhythmic cadence of an Indian

chant, — the rising and falling of that simple song without words which is common to all the Northwestern Indians: “Hi-yi-yi-yi-ya-ha-ha-ha-hi-yi!” and so on in endless strophes of “Hi-yi-yi!” and antistrophes of “Ha-ya-ya!” On rounding the end of the woodland, I came upon the party from which the song proceeded, — my friend and enemy, Tsin-shil-zaska, and his two satellites. Just now all three were revolving in a common orbit round the same centre. From a distance I could not see what that centre was; but on approaching I found it to be a simple stake, some four feet high, driven into the ground, on the top of which a dead scarlet-crested woodpecker was impaled. Whether the woodpecker was an accidental victim, or whether the old bird of augury still has for the red man of the Northwest any supernatural properties, I do not know. However, there *Picus* lay, or hung, evidently the central figure in a solemn ceremonial.

It was a dance which was new to me, and I have a suspicion that it was invented for the occasion by Tsin-shil-zaska. Their blankets were thrown aside, and all were, except for a waist-cloth, from the sides of which depended the straps by which the leggings, which reached a little above the knees, were supported, entirely naked. They were revolving in a circle, some ten feet in diameter, each equidistant from the other, of which the impaled woodpecker was the centre. Their attitudes and gestures were the same, and those which are adopted by, I believe, all Indians in their solemn dances: the knees slightly bent; the bronze body leaned a little forward, as if in eager, stealthy march upon some enemy; the head erect, and turning stiffly and in jerks from side to side; the left hand pressed upon the groin; the right upraised, as if about to stab with the large knife which each held in his fingers. “Hi-yi-yi-yi! Hi-ya-a-a! Ya-ha-ha-ha!” and so on, and

so on, — *da capo* and *ad libitum*. Each sang without reference to the time of the others, and moved his feet, raising them at each step very high, and planting them flat and firmly, only to the cadence of his own voice. At intervals, Tsin-shil-zaska, who was evidently coryphæus, would, in addition to his regular revolution in the common orbit, make a quick secondary revolution on his own axis, — turning round on his heels as if suspecting some enemy behind, and quickly resuming his place in the circle, to recommence hi-yi-ing with renewed vigor.

For fully a quarter of an hour I watched them treading their weary round; then Tsin-shil-zaska quickened his step. The others followed suit. Quicker and quicker they revolved, till all were fairly on the run. Meanwhile their voices were rising, and the chant grew faster and wilder, till at length it culminated in that strange yelping noise into which all Indian chantings resolve themselves in the crisis of a dance. They brandished their right arms around their heads. The heads themselves turned rapidly from side to side. Keenest excitement was on every face. The yelpings rose higher and higher yet; faster and more furious grew the dance, till suddenly, with one demoniacal howl in unison, all three sprang on the poor woodpecker with uplifted knives. A sudden stab from Tsin-shil-zaska’s hand loosened the bird from the stake, and it dropped to the ground. In an instant all were on their knees beside it, and in rapid succession the three knives were plunging into the mangled body, — so rapid that it seemed a wonder that none stabbed a comrade by mistake. For half a minute, perhaps, they were on their knees, each stabbing as fast as his muscles would work, and throwing into every stroke the strength of a death-thrust.

It was unutterably horrible and savage to watch. I felt my own being

thrill with excitement, and the muscles of my hands twitched responsively as the Indians stabbed. When they rose from the ground, a few small shreds of bloody flesh and a litter of feathers — red and green and gray — were all that remained of the sacred bird.

It was a very Dance of Death. Whether or not anything as to the meaning of what I had witnessed had yet formed itself in my mind, I cannot say. I knew that it made me shudder; that it was horrid, — the condensed expression of all the bloodthirstiness of savage nature; and, vaguely, that it had somehow a terrible significance. It was not long before I knew what that significance was.

After a moment's rest, Tsin-shil-zaska proceeded to gather up the feathers and fragments of flesh in his hands. Advancing to the edge of the swollen river, which was not ten paces away, he scattered them over the water, to be swirled away into eddies as soon as they touched the stream. This action he accompanied with the low chanting of what I knew must be a curse. Most of it was unintelligible to me, being in his native tongue, but twice the words "good father" caught my ear, and made me shudder. Ceasing, he turned round, took half a pace towards the Mission, and stood, the knife clasped in his right hand at the level of the thigh, the left foot forward as if about to make a spring, and every muscle in his body strained and rigid. The other two at once caught the spirit of the pose, and, similarly grasping their knives, threw themselves into the same attitude, facing in the same direction. A yell broke from Tsin-shil-zaska's lips. He raised his knife as if to strike, and all three started to run abreast towards the Mission. At first I thought they were really about to "run amuck" to the father's cabin, and murder him in their present frenzy. But after some ten paces they halted, brandished their knives, with a ferocity

that was indescribable, in the air, in the direction of the invisible buildings, gave one yell, and suddenly relapsed into perfect Indian apathy.

It was awful to see the completeness with which they controlled themselves. A moment before, fierce as wolves savage with the lust of blood; and now, with their bronze skins still flashing in the sun from the perspiration which the excitement and exercise had forced from their pores, unconcerned and listless as if after a day of idleness.

I did not wait by the river, but started at once for the Mission. There was no longer the shadow of a doubt in my mind as to the significance of what I had witnessed. The ferocity of the final feint in the direction of the Mission could not be misunderstood, even if the repetition of the father's name in Tsin-shil-zaska's curse had not already given the cue. That a murder, and a murder of the most revolting kind, was about to be committed I knew, without any argument or the necessity of putting my knowledge into words. The medicine man was, of course, the instigator of the horrible conspiracy, with no possible motive for his crime but malice and jealousy, with perhaps a touch of fear, awakened by the father's reference to his vision, lest his disposition of myself should be discovered. The dance, with its bloody symbolism, — whether improvised or of traditional observance on such occasions, I could not guess, — was undoubtedly intended to give to the crime some semblance of religious sacrifice in the minds of the other two. All this I realized without formulating my apprehensions into words, as I ran, in dazed, staggering haste, back to the Mission.

Arrived at the father's cabin, I found him seated on a stool, lost in meditation, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, his hands folded in his lap. I threw myself kneeling at his feet, rested my elbows on his knees, and gazed in an agony of

supplication and despair into his eyes. If I could but tell him! If by the lightest sign I could only make known my presence to him, then it might be that in some way I could put him on his guard! If it were only night-time, when I could speak to him in his sleep! But I thought with terror that before another night came it might be too late, and I would only be able, having witnessed his murder, to implore, in the perhaps more perfect communication of invisible with invisible spirit, his forgiveness. Was it quite impossible to establish a means of correspondence with his waking mind? All my life I have had the supremest contempt for what I have considered the charlatanism of spiritualism, and mind-reading, and "Christian science;" but in those moments of agony, how I wished that I had given even the smallest study to the methods which I had been so quick to despise!

Kneeling before him, I gazed with all my soul into the great grave eyes which, at a distance of scarcely a foot, looked through mine, and struggled to project some impulse of my mind into his. If ever man was enabled to influence and inform the mind of another, surely I, I thought, in the intensity of my endeavor, can influence him. Striving my utmost, contracting my brows to concentrate my gaze the more perfectly, drawing my eyes closer and closer to his, I watched with tingling anxiety every light and shade that flitted across his face. Sometimes serene in quiet meditation, then ruffling under the passing shadow of troubled thought, then again placid and smooth as if sunlit with the light of piety, I watched his eyes, as one may watch the surface of the lake on a day of fickle cloud and sunshine. More earnestly still I attempted to compress my whole being — heart and thought — into my gaze, and to force my mind into communion with his, trying to cut my attention from wan-

dering even so far as to recognize the changes of expression on his sad, sweet face.

Whether or not I influenced him, certainly he was influencing me. I felt myself drawn more near and yet more near to him; my very life seemed to merge and lose itself in the soft light of his eyes; a sense of dependence came over me, — of oblivion. I ceased to realize my own corporeal individuality, and felt drawn by those eyes into a clearer, purer atmosphere than I was used to move in. My mind was wrapped, engulfed, in his. A sense of quiet and of holy awe to which I was a stranger came over me. I knew that his temper was absorbing mine, or rather infusing itself into me. With an effort I strove to undazzle my sense, and with my heart as much as with my lips I murmured, "Murder!" And it seemed to me as if it were he who murmured it, not I, — or at least that our two beings murmured it as one.

Suddenly his brow contracted. His eye darkened, as if some thunder-cloud obscured the light. His lips moved. The charm was broken, and my mind freed itself from his. Hastily he rose and paced to the door; then returned, and gazing for a moment, with clasped hands, at the crucifix where it hung against the rough log wall, in the further shadow of the little cabin, dropped on his knees beneath it in prayer.

"O Lord! I know not whether these presentiments, so often recurring, are sent of Thee, or whether they are but the unworthy forebodings of a fearful heart. Thy will be done, O Lord! In the days past, Thine arm has upheld me in the presence of death, when the knives were already lifted against me, and Thy goodness has softened the savage hearts. Lord, Thou knowest that Thy servant awaits Thy bidding, and that if it be Thy pleasure that I should now die by the hand of violence I am willing to suffer. But I pray Thee,

O Lord, that this act be not laid to the charge of him who does it. Of Thy infinite mercy, I beseech Thee to pardon him" —

And here his voice became inaudible. I *had* influenced him! At least I had been able, however dimly, to warn him of the danger which impended; but I knew, and sickened at the knowledge, that he would take no steps to avoid what was coming, but would meet it resignedly as a manifestation of His will.

The rest of that day was terrible to me, as one long waking nightmare. But at last the time for the evening service arrived. The father, who had been on his knees in prayer since mid-afternoon, entered the Mission building. The Indians came up the hill, with their long shadows in front, and followed him into the sacred edifice. Then they sat silent, expressionless, indifferent, while the man whom they were about to murder prayed for them. Perhaps they did not hear him, or surely his gentle words must have softened their hearts. His prayers were short. Doubtless he felt the mockery of it all. His words were chiefly a supplication in behalf of the three visible members of his congregation; a hope that they might be blessed and purified, and made to live in the way of peace and gentleness, forgetting more and more the untaught manners of their fathers, and leading with every day a life of greater humanity and mercy. They submitted passively to be prayed for, never changing countenance, and, when he ceased, rose and shuffled down the aisle, shutting the sunlight out of the door as they stepped into the open air. The father remained, as usual, a few minutes on his knees, and then passed out with bowed head. The Indians were waiting outside for his customary evening greeting, which was given with greater earnestness than usual, and which they acknowledged doggedly, and with a brief, ungracious-sounding murmur of response. Their

faces did not change, — the same stolid, expressionless features, and the eyes fixed on the further dusk of the evening.

It was all, to me, inexpressibly pathetic and very terrible.

The father lingered in his cabin doorway for one last look at the now half-hidden sun, and I thought that I saw; "in his eyes the foreknowledge of death." Very deep and sad the eyes were, while the whole cabin, his face, his very robe, and the hillside beyond were flushed with rose-color. Turning, he went into the cabin. The Indians shuffled off, their three figures black and large against the sky.

The father was soon again upon his knees, and I sat crushed and weary in the doorway. The last tinge of rose almost faded from the western sky. The song of the meadow-lark and the osprey's shrill scream ceased, and the night-hawks wheeled overhead. The mist hanging over the river shut out all the landscape. Once the father rose, and paced up and down his cabin; and when he stopped in the doorway I rose, and laid my hands on his shoulders, endeavoring to bring my mind once more into communication with his, to piece out the imperfect warning of the afternoon. But it was useless. His eyes were looking up to heaven, "filled with the sacred imagination of things which are not," and I knew that his mind was on a plane to which I could not climb, — holy and unapproachable in its serenity. It awed me, and I soon desisted. As I sat down again a strange dizziness came over me, causing sudden hope to thrill through me. But it passed, though I sat with head thrown back and muscles relaxed, inviting it to return.

Darkness fell. The father prayed on. Hours passed, — nine o'clock — ten — eleven. My strained ears had as yet heard no sound from the direction of the teepee. At last the father rose, and lit a small remnant of candle, which was placed on a shelf just below the crucifix,

so that that only caught any light, the kneeling figure below and the bunk being in complete darkness. Looking out into the night, I gave a sudden start. Something moved there in the further, faint candlelight. Yes, there were figures approaching, — one — two — three; and I knew that the supreme hour had come.

But once more the dizziness was on me. This time the fit did not pass away so quickly; and what followed is all indistinct in my memory. I can remember Tsin-shil-zaska entering the cabin. I rose, and followed him in. I saw the father standing and facing the Indian. Then sinking on my knees behind and almost touching the latter, as he stood beside the table, I swooned.

When I recovered consciousness, it was to suffer again all the internal rackings, the nausea, and the dizziness that had beset me after the drinking of the drug. Through them I was dimly conscious of a certain hopefulness, — hope that this second agony might mean that the potion had exhausted itself. But hope was soon blotted out again by physical pain.

Brokenly, as if from a distance, voices reached me. A movement in the blanket just before my face suddenly attracted my attention. The Indian's right arm had dropped stealthily down, and the long blade of the knife that I had seen twice before protruded from under the folds to within a few inches of my cheek. Again the fit came over me, and I sank lower to the ground, resting with my knuckles on the sawdust floor; and as the paroxysm passed, a new fact came dimly to me: I became aware that I could feel a sensation of weight upon my hands, — a sensation to which I had long been a stranger.

Hope? Oh, I was hopeful in a vague, weary way. Everything was strange and unreal. I knew that I was becoming myself again; that my flesh gained substance once more. I knew that my

horrid trance was ending; but I knew also that murder was about to be committed before me, and above all was the sense of intense sickness and great physical pain. I knew what was going on, — knew it acutely; but I did not seem to care.

The Indian fumbled the handle of the knife in his fingers; and I heard his voice:—

“Tsin-shil-zaska has not the power to bring the dead to life, but he can make the living dead.”

The crisis had arrived. I saw the fingers moving nervously on the knife handle, as if preparing for the final grip. A few seconds more and all would be too late. Clearly, as in a burst of light, it all came to me. Had I strength? I knew not, but with a sudden spring I had clutched the murderer's hand in both of mine. The left grasped his wrist. The right wrenched the knife from his unsuspecting fingers. I jumped to my feet. He turned quickly to confront me. The candle, long apparently dead, shot up into sudden brilliancy, and a gleam of terror came into his eyes, as he saw who it was that faced him. In a quick movement of fear he raised his left arm, and with it the blanket from his breast, and I drove the knife with all my strength into his heart.

We fell together to the ground. Neither had uttered a sound. Then, as I lay, came the nausea again, — deathly retching; everything swam around me; my head seemed bursting; then blackness, and once more I was unconscious.

When I awoke it was afternoon, as was evident from the sunlight which shone aslant in at the open door, throwing a long, pointed patch of yellow across the floor. I was in the father's cabin, lying on the bunk, with a blanket thrown over me. I knew at once that I was again as other men are. Father Francis kneeled by my side.

“Father!”

"My son!"

"Can you see me?"

"Assuredly, my son!"

With a long sigh of relief, I turned on my side, and gazed out of the open door at the sunlit landscape, my whole being filled with a sense of dreamy pleasure, such as one feels between sleep and waking,—an inexpressible contentment. There was no alloy whatever in the pure enjoyment of the sensation of new-found life.

And now for my object in writing this. It is in no wise to be regarded as a confession of crime; though indeed, if at any time, through the information of any of the other Indians, accusation should be made against Father Francis of the murder of the medicine man, herein lies his exculpation. Nor is it simply written to catch the public ear by the narration of experiences which I believe to be unprecedented. It is chiefly for the benefit of my brothers of the medical profession, many hundreds of whom will know my name. To them I speak.

Somewhere on these western slopes of the Bitter Roots, not far from the Cœur d'Alène River, and so near to the Mission that the Indian could procure it within a day's journey, is to be found a drug of properties entirely new to science. A physician will not need to be told that the action of the potion was not that of any ordinary acid or alkali. Its operation on me was something more than one of mere chemical dissolution,—no simple resolving of matter into its elements. With some subtler action than chemist has ever been called upon to analyze,—by means of properties the very genus of which cannot be guessed at,—it works upon the vital forces themselves. It is the fable of Gyges' ring translated into the language of prescriptions: "the gift of fernseed" in the hands of every qualified pharmacist in the United States! And during

the two months in which I have been searching for the herb with the pungent, well-remembered smell, there is not a fern on the mountain side that I have not examined and experimented with again and again, with some vague, half-superstitious hope that the old myth may somehow help me to the truth.

I have visited the reservation, and cross-questioned the only medicine man now holding any authority, but am convinced that he knows nothing of the secret. Perhaps, had I considered that I was destroying the only clue within my reach, I might have stayed my hand from the death-thrust. But I doubt it. Terror and hatred were strong within me.

I do not purpose leaving this section until the secret is in my hands. Once only have I had any hint of the presence of the plant that I am seeking. It was in a patch of dense forest that clothes a steep hill slope, where it rises abruptly from the river's edge. I was forcing my way through the tangled brush, when suddenly there was a movement a few feet ahead, and a great she cinnamon bear rose in the dim light from behind a rotting log, where she had been lying with her pair of cubs. I knew that I should have to fight, and at once brought my Winchester to my shoulder. The brute scrambled over the log towards me, and as she rose on her haunches on the nearer side, scarcely fifteen feet away, I fired. She dropped, but rose again and charged. The flash from the muzzle must almost have scorched her face, as my second bullet crashed through her skull. So close to me was she that, in falling, one of her fore-paws struck me just above the ankle, and sent me rolling backwards into the brush. In that moment when I was falling the well-remembered scent came clearly to my nostrils. Forgetting all about the cubs, I began plucking the leaves and crushing the stems of every plant around; snapping twigs from the

branches and peeling the bark from the trees, testing every substance with my nose. For a time I even thought that perhaps I was mistaken, and the drug was not an herb at all, but was expressed from some portion of the bear. A series of experiments with the carcass, however, have convinced me that there was no truth in that, and I am to-day as far from the discovery as ever.

But I will not abandon my hope. The chances of mishap in the life that I am leading are many, and it is possible that

I may never live to achieve the great triumph. But I am hopeful, and do not believe that the object of my search can much longer evade me. If anything should happen to me, however, I implore some brother physician who has known me and can rely on what I say, by the love that he bears to his profession, to take up the task that I leave uncompleted. There is a reward worth striving for, worth risking all for. No man who has gone through the experiences that I have known here would relinquish the quest in life.

Harry Perry Robinson.

ADDRESS TO THE ASSEMBLY AT THE OPENING OF THE PLAYERS' CLUB IN NEW YORK.

[*The speaker advances with a chaplet bearing a label on which is written the name of BOOTH.*]

LET us crown Edwin. Though he wear
The crown already of his Art,
Grateful Manhattan's mighty mart
May well a civic garland spare
For one who hath deserved so well
Of his whole country, carrying far
And wide the great Enchanter's spell
Under whose thralldom we all are.
Yet not alone his laurel twine
With civil oak. The poet's bays
And critic's ivy should combine
Besides, to speak our actor's praise.
For he hath educated men,
(Who knew none other lore but this,)
Making past history live again, —
A lofty mark which many miss!
Through him those rough lads of the West
That never slept beneath a roof,
Men from the mountains, tempest-proof,
Gold-hunters, rugged and untaught,
Feel Romeo's passion heave their breast,
Or Hamlet's wisdom swell their thought.
Even the great Marlborough, we are told,
More history learned from Shakespeare's page
Than Holinshed's; nor seems it bold
To guess that many a sapient sage,

As well as soldier, may have known
 More of mankind from gifted bards
 Than chroniclers, though he had grown
 Gray o'er the schoolroom's history-cards.

[*To the Players.*]

Players! I ask your benison for this wreath:
 Oh, read the name that here is writ beneath
 Approvingly, as of all words the one
 Most fit to glorify the sire and son!
 Perchance the coming centuries will say,
 There was a home by Massachusetts Bay,
 Whence children came to keep that flame alive
 Which Edwin kindled, and may long survive
 Till each America, both North and South,
 Shall speak him honor with a single mouth,
 And England's language from the Arctic main
 To San Rosario's watch-tower hold one reign.

[*To Mr. Booth.*]

Tragedian, teacher, take the crown
 Where Love her myrtle with our laurel blends:
 These portals open to large troops of friends,
 But I behold, to cherish thy renown,
 A line, aye stretching, as in Banquo's glass,
 'Of thousands following after these do pass.

T. W. Parsons.

THE NEW TALKING-MACHINES.

THE first idea of a genuine talking-machine appears to belong to Thomas A. Edison, who, in 1875, took out patents upon a device intended to reproduce complex sounds, such as those of the human voice. Of the thousands of persons who in that year visited the small room in the Tribune building, in New York, where the first phonograph was for months on exhibition, very few were found to hope much for the invention. It was apparently a toy of no practical value; its talking was more or less of a caricature upon the human voice, and only when one knew what had been said to the phonograph could its version be understood. Edison's

early phonograph nevertheless contained every essential feature of the new instruments which he and other inventors are about to introduce. It was founded upon the discovery that if a delicate diaphragm or sounding-board is provided with a sharp point of steel, its vibrations under the sound of the human voice will cause the sharp point or stylus to make a series of impressions or indentations upon a sheet of wax or other material passed beneath it. Such indentations, though microscopic, are sufficiently defined to cause similar vibrations in the diaphragm, if the stylus is again passed over the furrow of indentations, and this reproduction is loud enough to

bé heard. Thus the phonograph in its rudest form consists of a little sounding-board, carrying on its under side a needle-point, and a sheet of wax so held as just to touch the needle. The sound waves of the voice cause the sounding-board with its needle-point to vibrate with a rapidity varying with the pitch of the note. If the wax sheet is moved slowly along while talk is going on, the result is a line of minute indentations. So far there is nothing surprising about the apparatus. But at the end of a line across the wax sheet raise the diaphragm, and put it back to the beginning of the line, causing the point to travel again over the same line of indentations. Listen carefully, and a repetition of the original sounds spoken or sung into the apparatus will be heard, strong or weak, distinct or indistinct, according to the perfection of the instrument. Tin-foil sheets were first used to receive the impression; they were placed on a cylinder, which was turned slowly by hand, in front of the vibrating diaphragm. While the cylinder carrying the foil had a rotary motion, it also moved from right to left, so that the line of dots or indentations made by the stylus formed a spiral running around the cylinder.

The defects of the early phonograph were so great that Edison found it impossible to interest capitalists in perfecting it. It reproduced singing and whistling with wonderful accuracy, but as a talker it was merely a curiosity. As such it was exhibited throughout the country, and the few hundreds then made soon found their way into college laboratories and museums. Edison went to work at his electric light. At the same time there were not wanting eminent men in Europe who predicted great things for the phonograph of the future. What it accomplished was so wonderful that inventors would certainly be tempted to work over it. The perfect and practical phonograph might be due to a

dozen men, each of whom should contribute something. One day it would be found a useful and most wonderful help to man. Edison himself has always stoutly maintained this view. More than a score of times, during the last ten years, he has said to me, "I wish I had leisure to work at my phonograph. When I get rich I will astonish the world with it." He tells me that whenever disheartened for the moment over difficulties connected with his electric-light system, his mind would revert to the phonograph. For years he kept a special note-book in his pocket in which to jot down ideas concerning the invention, suggestions as to future experiments, etc. Two years ago he found himself in a position to take it up again. In the mean time several other inventors and workers had done something to simplify the problem. Mr. Graham Bell, of telephone fame, has made phonographs of far greater delicacy than any of the original instruments, while in England some noted experimenters have succeeded in doing wonders in the way of delicate apparatus. Mr. Edison took up the work where these had left off. In place of a sheet of tin-foil a sheet of prepared wax was adopted. The steel needle-point was retained for indenting the sheet, but for reproducing the sound it was found that an elastic splinter of bamboo, as fine as a hair, answered the purpose better, and made so little impression upon the wax as not to wear off its record. In place of a hand-crank to turn the cylinder an electric motor was introduced. Finally all parts of the machine were made with a delicacy and care not thought of ten years ago. In the old phonograph the attempt was to make a loud noise, and this was accomplished at the expense of distinctness of articulation. If the voice of the perfected phonograph is as loud as that of a telephone, the result will be satisfactory, provided it is perfectly distinct.

Edison has devoted nearly two years to the task of making the phonograph of commercial use. He believes that he has succeeded. Whether or not the instrument shall enter into every-day life, as the telephone has done, is a question for the future. Certainly it is now a far greater wonder than it was in 1875, and it has reached a point where it cannot again be dropped by the scientific world. Whether Mr. Edison, or Mr. Bell, or some one else puts the final touches which will take the apparatus out of the laboratory and make it practical for common use does not much matter. Some one will certainly do it. Those persons who smile incredulously when it is said that the perfected phonograph will do away with letter-writing, will read to us, will sing and play for us, will give us books, music, plays, speeches, at almost no cost, and become a constant source of instruction and amusement, must have forgotten the ridicule they heaped upon the rumor that an American inventor proposed to talk from New York to Chicago. The achievements of the phonograph will at best be less wonderful than those of the telephone.

It has been my privilege to follow pretty closely the evolution of the phonograph under Mr. Edison's hands, and also to study the graphophone of Mr. Bell. A brief account of one apparatus will answer for both, as they are identical in essentials. The new phonograph takes up, with its table, about the space occupied by a sewing-machine, and might at first be taken for one. Underneath the table is an electric battery or a treadle, according to the power used in moving the cylinder. The wax cylinders, or phonograms, as they are called, are two inches in diameter, and vary in length from one to ten inches, according to the amount of talking which is to be engraved upon them. The smallest size is about that of a napkin ring, and will be sufficient for an

ordinary business letter of two or three hundred words. The wax surface is highly polished; when it has been through the apparatus, the marks or engraving upon it can be seen only with a glass. When a message is to be recorded, one of these phonograms is slipped over the permanent steel cylinder, which is set in motion, and the diaphragm, carrying its stylus on the under side, is lowered toward the wax surface until a slight grating sound announces that it touches. Then the talking may begin. It is not necessary to talk louder than in an ordinary conversation, but distinct articulation is required. For reproduction, the stylus is raised, and the "follower" or sounding-spring is brought into contact with the wax. The amount of talking upon a cylinder depends, of course, upon the speed of the talker; one page of this magazine might easily be recorded upon a cylinder ten inches long. The exact value of the reproduction, both in the phonograph and the graphophone, is still, according to my own experience in a score of tests, something of a lottery. With a phone at my ear, I have heard Mr. Edison's phonograph read off a page of Nicholas Nickleby so clearly that not one word in twenty was lost; the phonograph's voice was as distinct and as loud as that of a telephone in good working order. At other times the results have been anything but satisfactory. When the apparatus is in the hands of experts, who can adjust a screw here and there, they are likely to be surprisingly good. As to trusting its manipulation to the office boy or the typewriter girl, that is out of the question for the present. It is far too delicate an instrument. When it comes to music, the present achievements are wonderful. The phonograph will reproduce any kind of music — singing, the piano, violin, cornet, oboe, etc. — with a beauty of tone and accuracy which will astonish the musician. It is

possible, also, to magnify musical sounds without distorting them, as often happens where speech is concerned. Thus, I have repeatedly heard music given out by the phonograph so loudly as to be heard one hundred feet away from the instrument. Should the phonograph never reach greater perfection than its present stage, — something which, as I have already said, seems scarcely credible, — it will be of the greatest use to musicians.

If we admit that the inventors or manufacturers of the phonograph can turn out in quantities instruments as perfect as the best of the present experimental machines, and make them so automatic in action and so easily adjusted that every one who uses a sewing-machine, a typewriter, or a telephone can use the phonograph, we concede at once that a wonderful field is before them. The phonograph itself cannot cost more than fifty dollars, and the wax cylinders used upon them scarcely more than writing-paper. Once a cylinder has been "engraved," or has had a message recorded upon it, it can be passed through the phonograph any number of times, apparently without deterioration. Mr. Edison has some phonograms, containing pages of Nicholas Nickleby, which have been read out thousands of times by the phonograph, and no indications of wear are audible. Finally, bear in mind that having once obtained a good phonogram, it can be multiplied *ad infinitum* at nominal cost, and what a wonderful prospect opens before us! The duplication of a phonogram is as simple as it is perfect. The wax phonogram is placed in a bath, and coated with nickel by electric deposition. When the nickel plate is sufficiently thick, it is stripped off, giving an exact mould, a die representing every minute indentation of the original wax. In order to make a second or a thousandth wax fac-simile, wax sheets can be pressed against the nickel die. Edison estimates

that novels of the length of Nicholas Nickleby could be sold in phonogram shape for a few cents. A good reader would first have to read the whole book to the phonograph, and the multiplication of the resulting phonograms would then be simply a matter of detail. So also with music, — songs, piano pieces, symphonies, operas. There seems to be no reason why a play cannot be reproduced so as to give infinite pleasure. The length of the phonograph's message is limited only by the size of the phonograms. Edison estimates that Nicholas Nickleby can be transcribed upon six cylinders, six inches in diameter by twelve inches in length. But some one will soon discover a method of recording the phonographic message upon an endless roll, so that the man who cannot sleep at night will be able to have the machine read to him hour after hour without the trouble of changing cylinders. As compared with the field of the telephone, that of the phonograph is limitless. The telephone must always remain somewhat of an expensive luxury, owing to the cost of maintaining wires, connecting stations, etc. The whole expense of the phonograph will be the first cost. Even its motive power may be supplied by weights or other costless means. Imagine what the phonograph will do for the man on the borders of civilization! It will supply him with books in a far more welcome shape than print, for they will read themselves; the mail will bring him the latest play of London, or opera of Vienna. If he cares for political speeches, he can have the Congressional Record in the shape of phonograms. It is even possible to imagine that many books and stories may not see the light of print at all; they will go into the hands of their readers, or hearers rather, as phonograms.

As a saving in the time given up to writing, the phonograph promises to far outstrip the typewriter. The business

man can dictate to the phonograph as fast as he can talk, and the wax cylinder, inclosed in a suitable box, can be sent off by mail to read out its message perhaps thousands of miles away. Or else, as is now done in Mr. Edison's laboratory in Orange, N. J., the typewriter girl can print out upon paper what her employer has dictated to the phonograph. For the reporter, the editor, and the author who can dictate, a device has been adapted to the phonograph which causes it to stop its message at every tenth word, and to continue only when a spring is touched. Thus, the editor can dictate his article to the phonograph as he does now to his stenographer, and when the printer at the case gets the resulting phonogram the instrument will dictate to him in short sentences. If he cannot set up the sentence at one hearing, it will repeat its ten words. If he is satisfied, it reads out ten words more. I really see no reason why the newspaper of the future should not come to the subscriber in the shape of a phonogram. It would have to begin, however, with a table of contents, in order that one might not have to listen to a two hours' speech upon the tariff question in order to get at ten lines of a musical notice. But think what a musical critic might be able to do for his public! He might give them whole arias from an opera or movements from a symphony, by way of proof or illustration. The very tones of an actor's or singer's voice might be reproduced in the morning notice of last night's important dramatic or musical event. It has been remarked, by the way, that business letters and orders by phonograph would not be so binding as when put in black and white upon paper. A little wax cylinder covered with microscopic dots would not be considered as good evidence in court. But if the speaker's voice, inflection, accent, were so reproduced that witnesses could swear to the personality, would it not suffice? How could there be any dispute over a man's

will, when the voice of the dead man was heard?

In music, as I have already said, the value of the phonograph even in its present condition is indisputable. Musicians are divided, and probably always will be, as to the manner in which certain famous symphonies ought to be conducted. The metronome marks used by Beethoven are but uncertain guides at best, while no written directions as to dynamic values, expression, etc., are worth much. The phonograph will at least make it possible for the musician of the future to know exactly how our composers wished their music given, for it will repeat that music as played to-day, with every shade of expression, with all its infinite changes of time. Moreover, the phonograph will offer to the composer that long-sought instrument, an automatic recorder of improvisation upon the piano or other instrument. In the far-off future, when our descendants wish to compare our simple little Wagner operas with the complex productions of their own days, requiring, perhaps, a dozen orchestras, playing in half a dozen different keys at once, they will have an accurate phonographic record of our harmonic simplicity.

At present but few of the new phonographs have been finished, and those only for exhibition purposes. When they will be offered for sale seems to be doubtful; probably within a few months. Mr. Edison says that by the beginning of 1890 the phonograph will be far less of a curiosity than the telephone is now, and that he could begin selling the instruments at once if he were fully satisfied with them. There is always something which needs improving. Just at present there is needed a funnel for so magnifying the sound that if the instrument is placed in the centre of a table all the persons sitting around can hear its reading or its music. For the last year it has been the same story, — the

phonographs would be ready for sale next month. It was so a year ago, and it may be so a year from now. But these many delays, which have made people rather skeptical as to the doings

of the phonograph, do not make the wonders already achieved less wonderful, or warrant any doubts as to the vast possibilities which the little device contains.

Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

BRIANDA DE BARDAXI.

THE name of Brianda de Bardaxi is unknown to history. She was only one of the multitude of obscure sufferers whose wrongs and agonies were a matter of course in the evil days in which she lived, and are forgotten save in the records of the dread tribunal which sat in judgment on them. Her story is a commonplace one, and precisely on that account it possesses interest as an illustration of the methods by which the Spanish Inquisition secured the supreme blessing of uniformity of faith, and finally reduced to impotence a people who, under Charles V. and Philip II., seemed destined to universal monarchy.

To render it intelligible, we must remember that the motive for establishing the Inquisition in Spain was the Judaizing tendency popularly ascribed to the *conversos*, or converts from Judaism, and their immediate descendants. The general massacres of 1391, the partial ones which followed, and the cruelly repressive laws of the fifteenth century had compelled or induced vast numbers of Jews to submit to baptism. The sincerity of conversions effected after this fashion might well be doubted, and the impression was general that a large proportion, if not all, the *conversos* were secretly inclined to their old faith. Rabbinical Judaism had so completely surrounded the believer with observances, which through generations had become part of his daily existence, that it was impossible for them to be abruptly cast aside. As the zeal of fanaticism grew

intense, everything which savored of Jewish custom was regarded as proof of heresy and apostasy, and the inquisitor sought not so much to ascertain directly the belief of those accused as to find whether they were guilty of following any of the abhorred customs. This led to a minuteness of definition of criminal acts unparalleled in the history of jurisprudence. In the sentences which condemned to the stake, to confiscation, or to penances which were punishments of the severest description, we find enumerated such offenses as avoiding the use of fat, and especially of lard, eating *amin*, a kind of broth esteemed by Jews, eating Passover bread, reading and even possessing a Hebrew Bible, ignorance of the Paternoster and Creed, saying that a good Jew could be saved, blessing a child and passing the hands over his face, resting on Saturdays and working on Sundays, neglecting to make the sign of the cross and to kneel at the elevation of the Host, eating raw eggs on the day a brother died, eating often with a father who had remained a Jew, giving alms to Jews, casting small pieces of dough into the fire while employed in kneading it, putting on a clean tablecloth on Friday afternoon, changing the body linen on Saturday. In one case, the only crime asserted in the sentence of a woman was that she had been present at the wedding of a Jew, her brother. In another, it was alleged against the penitent that when very sick his sister had told him to commend himself to the

God of Abraham, and he had returned no answer. In another, it was gravely averred that the offender, when dealing with Old Christians, tried to cheat them, and rejoiced when he succeeded. Eating meat in Lent, even casually, was of course a symptom of the gravest character, and equally so was abstaining from food on the Jewish fasts of Kippur or of Queen Esther.¹ In this hypersensitiveness of orthodoxy, it was of course easy to find grounds of suspicion against all who were newly born to the Church, and to be suspected, as we shall see, was in itself a crime.

Shortly after the Inquisition was established in Aragon in 1484, a woman named Brianda de Bardaxi appeared before it.² Whether she had been cited, or came spontaneously in pursuance of the customary edict promising mercy to those who would present themselves within a given time and tell all they knew about themselves and others, does not appear, and is of little moment. She evidently belonged to the conversos of the wealthy class, of whom there were many holding high station in Church and State. She was then a woman about thirty years of age, married to Gabriel de la Cabra, who seems to have been well to do. Her mother, Salvadora Salvat, was turned of seventy, and resided at Barbastro with a widowed daughter-in-law, Aldonza Junqueras. There had been some dissension between them, the mother thinking that Brianda had obtained more than her share of the family property.

In the general terror evoked by the Inquisition, the ties of kindred amounted to little. Every one was required to reveal all he knew, whether it affected the life of parent or child, husband or

wife, and the instinct of self-preservation blotted out all other instincts and affections. Moreover, as the names of accusers and hostile witnesses were kept secret, and no one was allowed to know on whose evidence he was tried and condemned, the opportunity for the gratification of malignity was unbounded. It was the time for wicked men and wicked women, as Gilabert Desplugas boasted when he threatened revenge on Brianda's husband, who had evicted him from a house for not paying rent, and he made his words good. Gilabert himself was penanced in the *auto de fé* of May 21, 1486, and his wife had been burnt three months before. In that Saturnalia of persecution every one with a drop of Jewish blood in his veins walked as though on a lava crust that might engulf him at any moment.

When Brianda came before the Inquisition, she confessed nothing as to herself, but mentioned that when she was about five years old she had one day seen her mother fast until night-fall, and when she was about fifteen she had seen it repeated by her mother and sister-in-law. When about ten, at the town of Alcolea, she had heard a woman named Violante Fayol speak some Hebrew words, had seen her one day barefooted, and on asking the reason had been told that it was a Jewish fast-day. This was the sum of her revelations, which appear frivolous enough; but it was in a strange, distempered world, seeming to us now like a hideous nightmare peopled with fantastic spectres whose actions defy human reason. The information was sufficient for the Inquisition: doubtless Violante Fayol was duly looked after, though we know nothing of her fate, but we do know that the mother and sister-in-law were

¹ These offenses are all alleged in the abstracts of sentences contained in a MS. in my possession, entitled *Memoria de diversos Autos de Inquisición celebrados en Caragoça desde el año de 1484 asta el de 1502.*

² The following details are drawn from the

records of the trial, preserved in the Llorente MSS. now in the Bibliothèque Nationale de France (fonds espagnol, No. 80). As is customary in such matters, they are of enormous prolixity, extending to nearly 350 folio pages.

brought to account, and they could readily guess the source of the accusation against them.

Several years passed away, for the terrible patience of the Inquisition, secure of its victim, alive or dead, was accustomed to wait till it had exhausted its indirect means of obtaining information before casting the net which should envelop the accused. Salvadora and Aldonza were at length arrested and put on trial. The old woman, angry with her daughter and frightened by threats of torture, endeavored to satisfy her judges by sacrificing her child, and, as she afterwards admitted, between fear and hatred, she told more than the truth. She accused Brianda of having participated knowingly in the forbidden fasts on both occasions, and when she and Aldonza were condemned to penance she had at least the satisfaction of gratified revenge.

The evidence was transmitted to Saragossa, where the Inquisition had been gathering further testimony against the incriminated Brianda; for depositions dated in 1485 and 1486 show that she had not been lost sight of. At length, on February 9, 1488, the prosecutor brought his charges against her, supported by such evidence as had been procured. It was trivial and flimsy, much of it based on hearsay gossip, for in the jurisprudence of the time there was no limit set as to the quality of evidence. The most important was the testimony of Gilabert Desplugas and his two daughters that Brianda had admitted to them that she secretly led the life of a Jew; and besides this, a certain Maria Guillem deposed that she had said of the murdered inquisitor, Pedro Arbues, commonly called Master Epila, that his only fault was that he purchased testimony. On the same day Brianda was subjected to an interrogatory, and again on May 19.

¹ This Maria Desplugas was penanced in the auto de fé of March 2, 1488, but was spared confiscation because she had voluntarily come

Then a long interval followed, and she was examined a third time on February 17, 1491. Promises of mercy and threats of rigor were not spared, but only a few trifling matters could be extracted from her in addition to her original confession. She remembered that when five or six years old she had eaten one or two mouthfuls of Passover bread, given to her by a neighbor whose name she had forgotten, and that, some eighteen years before, in the house of Gilabert Desplugas, she had refused to eat some amin because she disliked it, when she and Maria Desplugas came to blows over the matter.¹

Meanwhile, she had been allowed to employ counsel selected by the Inquisition, a certain Pedro de Bordalva, who, on July 1, 1490, had put in his argument for the defense, in which he smartly and vigorously exposed the nugatory character of the evidence for the prosecution. He also gave a list of forty witnesses whom he desired the inquisitors to examine, — for in these proceedings all evidence was taken secretly by the judges themselves, and counsel were not allowed to participate. This evidence developed the animosity of the mother and sister-in-law, and the enmity of Gilabert Desplugas and his family. Abundant witnesses swore that Brianda was an earnestly religious woman, leading the life of a nun rather than that of the world: she wore a hair shirt next to the skin, and walked barefoot in the processions; she observed rigorously all the fasts commanded or recommended by the Church; she spent an hour or two a day in prayer, and ate freely of both fat and lard. When the holy Pedro Arbues was slain, and his dried blood on the church pavement suddenly liquefied and welled forth, she sent a serving-man to dip a linen cloth in it, which she kissed, and made her household kiss, as

forward and informed on herself and others, including the Bardaxi family.

the blood of a martyr. Moreover, there were put in evidence an application from her to the Pope for the privilege of choosing a confessor, indulgences granted to her by the Master of the Order for the Redemption of Captives, a papal absolution to her for certain vows, a bull *de la Cruzada* in her favor, and an absolution *a culpa et pœna* given to her, showing that she had liberally spent money for the salvation of her soul according to the most orthodox observances.

The only testimony obtainable in rebuttal was a reëxamination of the old witnesses, who simply repeated what they had said before. Thus the evidence in her favor preponderated, and conviction was not easy without a further confession. In such a dilemma the only resource for a puzzled inquisitor was torture. After a considerable interval, on March 8, 1492, she was therefore brought before the tribunal, and solemnly adjured to tell the truth, in default of which she would be tortured. She bravely replied that she was innocent and was ready to endure any torture, but protested that if she should, while under it, confess anything, it would be through fear, and not through truth, and she denied it in advance.

She was forthwith taken to the torture-chamber, and bound on the trestle for the water torture. In this, the patient was tied, with sharp cords which cut into the flesh, upon a frame inclined so that the head was lower than the body; a strong jet of water was directed into the mouth, carrying with it a strip of linen, which was withdrawn from time to time to prevent absolute strangulation, and to enable him to confess if so disposed.¹ For an hour and a half Brianda

was subjected to this torment, and the colorless official record, which I transcribe literally, gives us a clear insight into the methods which, with rare exceptions, broke down the firmness of the most resolute.

At the first interval she was told to confess all the Jewish rites which she had observed, to which she replied that she was innocent. The torture was resumed, and then she was thrice summoned to tell what Jewish ceremonies she had performed. She asked the inquisitors to enumerate the ceremonies, when she said she had performed them all, but could give no details. She was evidently weakening, and the water was resumed for a while, after which she promised she would tell the truth. On being asked again what ceremonies she had performed, she replied that she admitted those named in the proceedings. Then she said she had kept the Kippur fast with Salvadora and Aldonza, who told her she would become rich if she would do so; she was then fifteen or sixteen years old. When asked if she had done so more than once, she did not remember. Asked if what she said was true, she replied yes. Asked if, when she fasted, she believed in the law of Moses, she said that Salvadora and Aldonza told her to believe in it, and she did so. Asked, since she believed in the law of Moses, what other Jewish ceremonies she had performed, she said she had given alms to Jews. Asked what Jews, she said that seven or eight years before, after her marriage, she had in her house given four sous to a Jew named Pastor for a poor Jew. Asked whether, when they fasted, other persons knew of it, she said no, for they shut themselves up. Adjured to tell the truth, she said she did not eat the fat of meat. Asked on what they supped after the fasts, she said on codfish, and then again on meat. Then she was pressingly asked whether she had performed other Jewish ceremonies, and she replied that she had

¹ This is the form of torture to which the contemporary François Villon alludes as applied to himself:—

"Se fusse des hoirs Hue Capel
Qui fut extraict de boucherie,
On ne m'eust parmy ce drapeau
Faiet boyre à celle escorcherie."

once kept the fast of Queen Esther, during Lent, at the instigation of a Jewess named Algozoa. Asked if her husband knew of it or was in the house, she said no. Asked what women she had in the house at the time, she said a woman named —, who was about to be married. Asked if she took the *glandolita*, or sinew, out of the leg of meat, she said no. Asked to tell all the Jewish ceremonies she had performed, she said all that a Jew can perform. Asked what ceremonies, she said taking out the glandolita and the fat. Asked with whom she had performed the fasts and other ceremonies, she said with the wife of Domingo Agustin. Asked what fasts, she said the fasts of God, such as Lent and Advent. The torment was then resumed, after which she said that she had performed all the Jewish ceremonies that could be named. Asked if she knew of others who did so, she said no. Then the torture was recommenced, and in the next interval she said that she had kept the Kippur fast with Juana Sanchez, now dead, the wife of Maestro Pedro de la Cabra the younger. Asked how long ago, she said about eighteen years. Asked where and with whom, she said in the house of the said Juana Sanchez, with Catalina Sanchez, her sister. Asked who taught her how to observe the Kippur, she said Salvadora and Aldonza. Asked who induced the other, she or Pedro's wife, she replied that they were together, when she said to Juana, Will you fast? Juana said yes, and they fasted.

All these disconnected and incoherent trivialities were but slender results from the infliction of such prolonged agony, but nothing more could be obtained. According to law, torture could be applied but once, but the tribunals were not accustomed to submit to such restriction, and easily evaded it by the fiction of adjournment and continuance. Accordingly, in the present case, when Brianda was unbound, the inquisitor

announced that the torture was not finished, and would be continued on the third day.

The inhuman criminal legislation of the period acknowledged the worthlessness of confessions under torture by considering them invalid unless they were confirmed after removal from the place of torment. On the third day, therefore, Brianda was brought into the council-chamber of the Inquisition, where, the record is careful to inform us, there was no sign of torture, and was interrogated under oath. She declared that all she had uttered on the trestle was false, and had been extorted from her by fear and agony. The question of what to do when a confession was thus retracted was one which puzzled the legists greatly, but was usually solved by the ready expedient of repeating the infliction. So it was in this case. The inquisitors thrice warned Brianda solemnly to tell the truth, as otherwise they would subject her to torture again. She defiantly answered that she had already told the truth; they might kill her if they pleased; if they tortured her a hundred times, she would confess a hundred times, and would retract on removal. They were doubtless used to this display of vehemence on the part of the victim, and were unmoved. An order was promptly issued for the "continuance" of the torture; she was carried back to the place of torment, where she desired the notary to record a public protest that whatever she might say would be extorted by pain. Thus far the brave woman had borne herself resolutely, but she miscalculated the physical endurance of her overwrought nerves and exhausted frame. She was stripped, and preparations were made to hoist her in the strappado, which was a very effective form of torture, when she fell to the floor in a swoon and became deathly cold. It was against the humane provisions of the law to endanger the life of a patient,

and the baffled inquisitors had her carried out.

Thus, after proceedings which had lasted for four years, exhausting all the methods of the Inquisition, no positive evidence had been obtained even as to the infinitesimal offenses alleged against her. Through those long years she had endured the unceasing anxieties of suspense, as well as the sharper agonies of the torture-chamber, and the awful punishment which she had thus undergone might well have been regarded as atoning for whatever problematical derelictions she might have been guilty of. Still, the faith had not yet been vindicated. Nothing, in fact, had been proved, but to inquisitorial casuists there had been cause shown for suspicion against her; and to be subject to suspicion was, in the inquisitorial code, itself a crime, requiring public abjuration and penance. When, therefore, the customary council of learned jurists was assembled to consult upon her case, they unanimously decided that she was "vehemently suspect" of Judaizing heresy, and must abjure and undergo such penance as the discretion of the inquisitors might impose. The points of which she was thus held suspect are enumerated in her public abjuration in the *auto de fé* of March 28, 1492, the outcome of her four years of misery. On the scaffold in the church of *Nuestra Señora de la Gracia* she was made to declare herself suspected —

"That for some years, both as a child and after marriage, I observed the fast of Kippur.

"That I did not eat lard.

"That I frequented the house of the condemned heretic Beatriz, wife of Gilabert Desplugas, for which your reverences hold me suspect that I went to Judaize.

"That when the reverend father inquisitor Epila was killed I rejoiced at what was done to him.

"That I said the only fault of the

said Master Epila was that he purchased testimony.

"That I have confessed that when I was a child I ate Passover bread."

Then followed the sentence, in which the inquisitors, in the name of Christ, said: "We find that we must declare and pronounce her suspect of the crimes and heresy and apostasy which she has abjured, and as these suspicions must not remain unpunished, we assign to her as penance that she do not commit these crimes and errors, and we condemn her to imprisonment at our discretion, reserving such other penance as we may see fit to impose, and we condemn her in the costs of the case, the taxation of which we reserve to ourselves."

A few days later there followed the imposition of the penance thus reserved: Brianda was to be shut up for five years in the tower of *Saliana*, she was to confess and receive the sacrament thrice a year, and she was to forfeit to the Inquisition one third of all her property, which was to discharge her from the obligation of paying the costs, — except, presumably, the fees of her counsel, *Pedro de Bordalvo*, which were taxed at fourteen florins. The said third of her property, or its money value, was to be paid within ten days, under penalty of a mulct of two thousand gold florins, and of being held convicted of all the crimes and heresies whereof she was suspected. We may reasonably assume that the money was promptly paid, for on the following June 9 she was mercifully released from prison, and restored to full control over her person and property. Had her sentence been confiscation, her whole estate would have gone to the royal treasury, and the Inquisition would have received nothing; so mercy and thrift went hand in hand.

One is tempted to ask, in no spirit of irreverence, whether the interests of religion, in whose name the whole affair was performed, would have suffered if the third of Brianda's property had

been quietly appropriated at the outset, without exposing her to years of shame and misery, and inducing her kindred and neighbors to bear false witness against her.

Gilbert Desplugas, at least, had no

reason to congratulate himself on the result of his relations with the Inquisition. He followed the fate of his wife, and was burnt, presumably as a relapsed heretic, in the *auto de fé* of May 15, 1502.

Henry C. Lea.

LETTERS OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

THE letters of a musician are often singularly interesting, because one approaches his mind in a novel way; and in this familiar correspondence¹ the impression which Mendelssohn gives of himself is so direct and personal that it affords something of the pleasure one gets in meeting some noted person of whom he has heard much. Moscheles was an early master of Mendelssohn, who had the fortune to win his confidence; and he so cultivated the friendship that when the young genius set out on his musical travels he naturally came to the old master's home in London, where he began to see the world. The Moscheles family were most hospitable to him, and hence arose an intimate association, which continued to strengthen and ripen into one of the closest and most prized friendships of their lives. Letters and notes passed between them during their long absences from each other: warm and free-hearted on Mendelssohn's part, overflowing with confidence, crowded with little details and the trifles that made up his days, discussing his own compositions and passing judgment upon the work of other men without reserve, full of helpful or kind suggestion about plans for concerts and journeys, and in general just what letters ought to be that have no thought of the future biographer. The collec-

tion is not a very large one. It is supplemented in the volume by a number of Mendelssohn's sketches and other illustrations, and fac-similes of interesting papers, which make the work more characteristic, and bring us still closer to the man. Much of it, however, remains technical, entertaining only to the reader of music as well as books, and requiring some special and minute acquaintance with the history of the art in order to have real value. The more important part, for our purpose, consists of the glimpses of Mendelssohn's daily life, of the society he met and lived with, and in general his circumstances and temperament. There is enough of such matter to furnish a definite idea of the human as distinguished from the ideal side of his nature.

Mendelssohn was a very pleasant companion, if the recollections of the editor of these pages are to be trusted. Felix Moscheles was Mendelssohn's godchild, and naturally received strong impression of him. The brief introduction which is all he allows his pen is exquisitely touched with the memory of his godfather's amiability and playfulness. "From earliest childhood I looked upon him as my parents' dearest friend and my own specially dear godfather, whose attention I had a right to monopolize whenever I thought my turn had

¹ *Letters of Felix Mendelssohn to Ignaz and Charlotte Moscheles.* Translated from the originals in his possession, and edited by FELIX

MOSCHELES. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1888.

come. I recollect waiting for that turn more than once, while he was sitting at the piano with my father. When it came I had every reason to enjoy it. He really was a rare playfellow, a delightful companion, not likely to be forgotten. A certain race across Regent's Park; the tennis-ball thrown into immeasurable space; that pitched battle of snow-balls, which appeared to me second to none in the annals of warfare; his improvisation of a funeral march, to which I enacted the part and exemplified the throes of the dying hero, — all seem but things of yesterday. And then the drawing of that troublesome hatchet! To this day I am grateful to him for helping me with that curve I could not get right." He remembers, too, the musical contests of the two composers, and gives a lively description of them: "A subject once started, it was caught up as if it were a shuttlecock. Now one of the players would seem to toss it up on high, or to keep it balanced in mid-octaves with delicate touch; then the other would take it in hand, start it on classical lines, and develop it with profound erudition, until, perhaps, the two, joining together in new and brilliant forms, would triumphantly carry it up to other spheres of sound. Four hands there might be, but only one soul, so it seemed, as they would catch with lightning speed at each other's ideas, each trying to introduce subjects from the works of the other. It was exciting to watch how the amicable contest would wax hot, culminating occasionally in an outburst of merriment when some conflicting harmonies met in terrible collision. I see Mendelssohn's sparkling eye, his air of triumph, on that evening when he had succeeded in twisting a subject from a composition of his own into a Moscheles theme, while Moscheles was obliged to second him in the bass. But not for long. 'Stop a minute!' said the next few chords that Moscheles

struck. 'There I have you; this time you have taken the bait.'" And so on to the finale. The younger Moscheles was but fifteen when Mendelssohn died, but the picture he gives us of him is one of the most lifelike and familiar that we have.

The letters themselves begin in 1829, and continue to within a few months of Mendelssohn's death, in 1847, when the Moscheles family had removed from London to Leipzig. The early years are somewhat clouded by the discouragements that attended the unfolding of his genius, the fits of depression that attacked his sensitive temperament, and the disagreeable features of the society in which he moved; but in his letters he is uniformly cheerful and interested for himself and others, and the glimpses occasionally given of his own family, especially his half-blind father, to whom he was affectionately attached, are in the happiest manner. He was fond of London, and frequently returned to it for a brief visit; and he was correspondingly depressed by Germany and the trials he suffered in persuading his fellow-countrymen to hold to the best in music. He was inclined, apparently, to radicalism by his life in England, and more than once he expresses himself with vigor in regard to the formal fopperies of the German courts. He complains, when he is anxious to compose an opera, that he cannot find any one who knows the stage and writes tolerable verses. "Altogether," he goes on, in this passage, "this is a queer country. Much as I love it, I hate it in certain respects. Look at the musical men of this place, for instance; their doings are quite shameful." It appears that they sit and grumble, and complain, and brood over their grievances, when they might do good work if they would use their talents and skill. This does not seem an exceptional situation for poor human nature. But Mendelssohn occasionally laughs at his fellow-country-

men, which is much worse than hating them "in certain respects." This is the way he treated them in Berlin. "Strange to say, since I have begun to work hard, and have become convinced that Berlin society is an awful monster, I should like to remain here some time longer. I feel comfortable, and find it rather difficult to set out traveling again. All the morning there is a constant knocking at my door, but I do not open, and am happy to think what bores I may have escaped, unknown to myself. But when the evening comes, and I go round to my parents, and we all join in the liveliest discussion and the maddest laughter, then indeed we have a splendid time." Outside of this domestic circle society had no attraction. He denounces the *grand déjeuner dansant*, — "of all the hateful Berlin institutions the one I hate most. A nice set they are! They meet at half past eleven A. M., and spend their time eating and drinking until one o'clock next morning. There are few things so unsightly in my eyes," — a peculiarity of taste which he shared with Landor, — "whether it is done in broad daylight, which is one way, or whether the shutters are closed at midday and the chandeliers lighted, as they do at court in Berlin." From these "splendors" and the late dancing-parties under the lead of Prince Frederick he rejoices to be saved at the expense of a severe cold. In Düsseldorf, likewise, he exhibits the same critical temper. The passage is as vivacious as any in the volume, and is very characteristic: "If I had seen Mrs. Moscheles at that ball I went to last night, where there were such quantities of tallow candles, and we had ham and potatoes for supper, and the boards were sprinkled after the first dance, not after the second (that would have been of no use; the dust was so thick that you could hardly see the people), and they danced down the stove to the capital music of some worthy members of my

band, — the whole thing got up by the commercial club commonly called The Parliament, — and the ladies' dresses — no, but these baffle description, — only had I seen Mrs. Moscheles there, and she me, in my best English cravat, too, I should just have collapsed for very shame. Now what I should like of all things would be to go and enjoy myself at the fair; surely it could not be ungenteeler, but undoubtedly jollier; only you see my rank as music director does not allow of my taking such liberties, a fact that the burgomaster himself has strongly impressed upon me. And then we have the glorious rivalry between Düsseldorf and Elberfeld, which is twelve miles off; Düsseldorf styling itself Athens, and dubbing Elberfeld Rio de Janeiro or Augsburg. And then all the girls are plain, and that is quite a misfortune, or at least a grievance."

This is an admirable vignette of German provincial life in the town; but it may be remarked that Mendelssohn was exacting in regard to feminine charms. He speaks of his horse, "so glossy and brown, so healthy and so very good-natured," as* more attractive than all the young ladies he knew in Berlin. The reference to his English cravat, too, recalls the fact that he seems to have acquired neatness in England under the tutorship of Mrs. Moscheles. "You want to know," he writes, "whether I am rapidly degenerating here, and whether I stand in awe of any one as I did of you with regard to elegance, or rather neatness. Madame Hübner, whom you must have seen at Berlin, does sometimes take me to task, and sees at a glance, on my entering a room, some shortcoming which it might take me six months to notice; but she is not so good a Mentor as you, so that I fear you will find me quite run wild should I venture again out of my backwoods; and as for my capacity for tying a cravat with taste, that will be a thing of the past. But when we meet, you

will find me as willing a pupil as ever." And again, lamenting the perennial lack of "enough pretty girls here," and remarking that "one does n't want to be composing fugues and chorales all day long," he says, upon his soul, he is getting "so frumpy and old-fashioned that I dread the thought of putting on a dress-coat; and how I am to get on if I go to England next spring and have to wear shoes, I know not." Slight as these details are, they give the social perspective of his life, and add something of costume to his personality. They are the every-day side of his genius.

There is less direct criticism of the great masters of music than might have been expected. Mendelssohn's own practice is sufficient to define his tastes and standards, and from it one easily arrives at his opinion. Expressions of admiration for his predecessors are not infrequent, and occasionally there is a burst of enthusiasm; but in writing to Moscheles he would not have been likely to fill his pages with encomiums which might well be taken for granted between two such correspondents. The subjects in the letters are usually their own works, or those of others who were at the time supporting theories of music with which Mendelssohn did not agree. There is but one violent passage: it is upon Berlioz's Overture, which he calls chaotic and prosaic; the orchestration is pronounced "a frightful muddle," "an incongruous mess," such that one "ought to wash his hands" after handling the score. Mendelssohn remarks, too, upon the shame of setting "nothing but murder, misery, and wailing" to music; even when well done, he says, it would be simply "a record of atrocities;" and then he briefly dismisses Berlioz's works as "rubbishy nonsense." The French taste in music was a burden and a weariness to him. He had to forgive the French polish in Liszt; but the way in which he speaks of him at the end of

the volume, contrasted with some expressions in the earlier portion, shows openness and flexibility in the composer's judgment: "His playing, which is quite masterly, and his subtle musical feeling, which finds its way to the very tips of his fingers, truly delighted me. His rapidity and suppleness, above all his playing at sight, his memory, and his thorough musical insight, are qualities quite unique in their way, and that I have never seen surpassed. With all that, you find in him, when once you have penetrated beneath the surface of modern French polish, a good fellow and a true artist, whom you can't help liking even if you disagree with him." He objects that Liszt lacks original ideas, and that there is incompleteness in his work, but, taken all in all, there is much breadth in this friendly and frank judgment. For Cherubini he expresses a warm regard, and when he touches on the works of the greater masters his words have the warmth of the true artist's delight in the things which he recognizes to be best. There is a passage upon discords which would, perhaps, need some revision in the light of recent musical history, but the Wagnerian development was then unforeseen. Handel is praised especially for his style. "Then, again, that constant use of the brass! As a matter of sheer calculation it should be sparingly employed, let alone the question of art! That's where I admire Handel's glorious style, when he brings up his kettledrums and trumpets toward the end, and thumps and batters about to his heart's content, as if he meant to knock you down; no mortal man can remain unmoved. I really think it is far better to imitate such work than to overstrain the nerves of your audience, who, after all, will at last get accustomed to Cayenne pepper." He goes on to lament the change in Cherubini's style.

It is not for opinions upon music or any of the chance criticisms of his pen,

unguarded as they are, that these letters are interesting, but for the directness and frankness with which they reveal Mendelssohn's temperament. He is seen at home among his friends, and this familiar view is one to give great pleasure to his admirers. He had the volatility of the artist nature, its sensibilities, and, as he seems never to have written when he was depressed, he exhibits its vivacity. There is a real sparkle to the flow of thought, so that one feels the vitality of the man himself. The constancy of the friendship between the Moscheles family and Mendelssohn was undisturbed, and their correspondence is interesting to the end. His sudden

death makes the closing pages, which contain Moscheles's account of the event, pathetic; and coming as it does in the midst of plans for the future, of his many interests in life, and the abundance of his enjoyments and occupations, one has the sense of the breaking of his career in the prime of his activity. The impression made by the volume, therefore, unlike most collections of letters in that it covers the period from youth to the time of death, is one of a complete life; it is in a true sense biographical, and one could hardly desire a more attractive and sincere record of Mendelssohn's personality than is thus provided from his own hand.

ANCIENT ROME IN THE LIGHT OF RECENT DISCOVERIES.

DR. LANCIANI is perhaps of all men the best fitted for the peculiar task which he has here undertaken.¹ By nature gifted not only with the perseverance of the investigator, but with the romantic enthusiasm of the true lover of the antique, actually learning his alphabet from the monuments which were to be his life-study, trained in the science of archæology under the eye of the illustrious De Rossi, and companion of the lamented Jordan in his walks about Rome, he justly speaks as one having authority. Through his whole work runs the keynote *vidi, vidi ipse, libelle*, yet so modestly as not to be aggressive.

The author does not come before us as a stranger. Many of our readers heard from his own lips, two years since, a part of the story here told in full, while others will have used on the spot itself his excellent little *Guide du Palatin*, compiled some fifteen years ago. In this connection it is instructive merely

to note the differences in the two plans of the Palatine hill as given in each book, to say nothing of the advance shown in the descriptive text of the new one. In the more recent plan, and not in the earlier, we have observed laid down the sites of such buildings as the *Balnea Helagabali*, *Domus Neroniana*, *Propylæia Augusti*, *Area* and *Templum Apollinis*, and the two *Bibliothecæ*. We are thus enabled to gain a fair idea of the most magnificent group of buildings which the world has ever seen, the group upon which contemporary writers bestowed the highest title in their vocabulary, — 'golden.'

Scholars who are familiar with Lanciani's more professional articles in the *Bulletino* must not expect to find in the present volume the same attention to detail or the elaborated arguments which necessarily belong to his official publications. We have here, in short, a general view of the most important archæo-

Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

¹ *Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries*. By RODOLFO LANCIANI, LL. D.

logical discoveries made during the last thirty years. No man more than Lanciani regrets the loss of much that was picturesque and poetic in the Rome of the Popes, — a loss which has made possible important conquests in the field of archaeology. But it is a mistake to regard the former as always a direct result of efforts towards the latter. In fact, generally speaking, the cause has been the *auri sacra fumes* of the Roman nobility, who have been eager to sacrifice their ancestral villas to the temptations of modern speculators. Some of the most valuable discoveries have been made in the course of the transformation of mediæval beauty into modern ugliness. The charges of wholesale vandalism which have been aimed against men constantly on the watch to defend the sacred ground ought to recoil to the shame of the originators. The chronicle of the labors of those men is now before us, and it is the author's hope that the reading of its pages by the young men of America will still further stimulate the movement so auspiciously begun by our Archæological Institute.

We have, after a valuable preface, an introductory chapter on the renaissance of archæological studies. Like a true Roman, Lanciani claims for Cola di Rienzi over Dante and Petrarch the honor of being the real founder of the modern school. There is no doubt that Rienzi deserves it, but we think that to the two passages quoted as the only ones in which Dante alludes to ancient monuments might have been added the lines

“La faccia sua mi pareva lunga e grossa
Côme la pigna di S. Pietro a Roma.”

As for Petrarch, the less said about his archæological lore, the better; still, as Lanciani remarks, no one should be blamed for ignorance of a science which did not then exist. But in the following century the prospect brightened, and to the Humanists and the Academy of Pomponius, with Paul II., who figures

in these pages as a lover, and not a destroyer, of the antique, succeeded such men as Brunelleschi, Donatelli, and Ghiberti, the founding of the great museums, and the group of cinquecento masters, who have left us invaluable descriptions and drawings of monuments long since gone. The respect with which Lanciani speaks of his predecessors is equaled only by his enthusiasm for his art. We have been amused, *en passant*, to find confirmation for an old story which we have hitherto regarded as apocryphal. It is said that Socrates once remained lost in meditation for twenty-four hours, without food or drink, until the rising sun recalled him to himself, and, with a prayer to the god, he went his way. The vigil of the Commendatore di Rossi lasted thirty-six hours, and he fainted at his post, having beaten the ancient record by a good half-day.

We admit that we are old-fashioned enough to take greater pleasure in the reëstablishment of Romulus than in almost anything else in the book. He is not precisely the same Romulus, the old friend of our youth, son of Mars and Rhea Silvia, and nursling of the wolf, but it is at least refreshing to find that the absolute power of the hypercritical school is a thing of the past. Not long ago it was the fashion to deny everything, apparently only because somebody else had once held different views. And even as late as 1885, when certain discoveries were made in excavations on the Esquiline and Viminal hills, the opportunity was seized to bury the Rome of Romulus deeper than ever, or rather to ignore it, on the plea that there had never been any such Rome to bury. It now appears that the conclusion was too hasty. The site of Rome was never occupied by an Etruscan city, as Professor Middleton, on the basis of those excavations, declared. Roma, the city of the Rumon, or stream, under the leadership of Romulus, “the man from the town of the river,” was founded by

Alban shepherds, whose mode of life drove them to escape from the volcanic country about Alba to safer and better pasture-grounds. To go into the arguments which have led Dr. Lanciani and his fellows of the modern school to these conclusions would be beyond the purpose of this notice; they are given in full in the second chapter. What has especially interested us is the identification of the time of the settlement of Rome with the Age of Bronze. This leads us to believe more strongly than ever in the theory of Büchholz and others, that the Homeric period was a step further remote, the Age of Copper, and that the weapons and other implements used by the Hætoes were of that metal without artificial alloy. This would point to a stage of metallurgy nearly parallel with that attained by the early American Indians. We are well aware of the objection so often raised, that the deeds of war chronicled by Homer could scarcely have been wrought with copper spears and swords. But when it is borne in mind that the warriors are regularly wounded in some exposed part of the body, or through a joint in the armor, and that with the simple copper axe of the Indians it is possible to cut down a tree, the objection becomes nothing but a lingering romantic regret.

Passing from the prehistoric period, there follows a chapter on the sanitary arrangements of ancient Rome, with a description of the system of sewers and aqueducts, in part still remaining marvels to men. Eighteen springs, at distances of from seven to forty-four miles from the city, sent their pure waters to Rome, and the aggregate length of the aqueducts was more than three hundred and fifty miles. No doubt many of our readers have wondered why the Romans spent so much labor on the construction of these massive works, sometimes real triumphal arches more than a hundred feet in height, when by applying the principle of the siphon they might have

accomplished the same end with far greater ease by means of underground pipes. Lanciani answers the question. It was not that the Romans were ignorant of the siphon, or that they had the foresight to avoid the perennial nuisance of the digging up of the public roads, from which so many of our cities suffer, but simply that no pipe, except one of cast-iron, could have borne the enormous pressure of fifty-four million cubic feet of water every day, and that the Romans had no cast-iron. Nobody, however, who has seen the ruins of the mighty arches spanning the Campagna will regret the ignorance to which we owe so grand a sight.

Out-of-door life was a far more important feature in the business and social intercourse of the ancients than it is with us to-day. Of course, the mildness of the climate in Greece and Italy made this possible, but there was another cause which Dr. Lanciani, with others, seems to have overlooked. In antiquity, a man's house was still a thing sacred to its owner and his Penates. Nobody ever came to disturb the privacy of a Roman or a Greek, unless he had some right or some pressing need. There were no pedlars nor book-agents; no sellers of tickets for temple fairs, prowling from door to door to levy contributions; no reporters to ring one up at all hours of the day,—in fact, there were no door-bells to ring. Energetic business men though the Romans were, yet they had the sense to transact their affairs elsewhere than at home. The very bankers had their tables out in the public squares. Even friends respected each other's retirement, and calls of pleasure or of duty were made at the stated morning hour of the *salutatio*. This is the reason why the scene of the philosophical dialogue is generally laid, not at the house of one of the characters, but, as a rule, in some public place of resort. Rome was full of such places. The fora,

thermae, gymnasia, and basilicae were all great club-houses, in which men met each other, by accident or appointment, and arranged their pleasure-parties or affairs. But perhaps the favorite lounging and meeting places during the Empire were the porticoes, each Emperor vying with his predecessor in constructing them of ever-increasing length and magnificence. The whole Campus Martius became covered with colonnades, and it was possible to take a walk of two or three miles beneath their shelter. Many of them were in themselves museums and picture-galleries; others magazines of Oriental magnificence. One, lined with shops like the Burlington Arcade, contained within its corridor the Truefitt of ancient Rome. As for the fora, used for business of a more restricted nature, the need for such space had so increased in Trajan's time that he cut away the ridge joining the Capitol to the Quirinal, and thus secured level ground for a new forum, six hundred feet wide. In the centre of it still stands his column, testifying by its height "how high rose the mountain leveled by the Emperor."

Lanciani's interesting chapter on the house and temple of the Vestals, which are among the most recent excavations, ought to be read in its entirety. We shall therefore not summarize. The

worship of Vesta, one of the bright spots in the severe and gloomy religion of the Romans, here receives thorough and even loving treatment from its origin to its suppression. One almost regrets that in some form or other its generally softening and holy influence was not retained on the establishment of Christianity as the state religion. But it was swept away, and we have only to be thankful that after nearly fifteen hundred years, we are enabled at last to form a clear idea of its sanctuary and of the home of its priestesses. Among the other subjects treated in the book are the libraries, police and fire departments, the Tiber (that rich depository which may some day give up its wealth to the archæologist), and, in a final chapter, the loss and recovery of works of art.

The volume is richly supplied with illustrations in the form of heliotypes, full-page plates, and cuts in the text. Most of the subjects are freshly treated, and it is a relief to be spared the old views which are generally found in slavish repetition in works of this kind. The execution of a few plates leaves something to be desired, notably those of the Pigna, Caracalla's Baths, and the Appian Way. But as a rule the illustrations are excellent, and add to the interest of a very valuable book.

ILLINOIS LIFE IN FICTION.

IT is natural that an author who wrote a series of carefully built novels, and then, having trained himself by this means for historical work, devoted himself for several years to investigations in the history of American society in general, should wish to protect himself from

the charge of having deserted history for fiction again, by pleading that "it is a very little one;" but we suspect that Mr. Eggleston's reason for dubbing his book a story¹ grows out of his artistic conscience. He is quite aware that in taking a single incident for his theme

¹ *The Graysons*. A Story of Illinois. By EDWARD EGLESTON. With illustrations by

ALLEGRA EGLESTON. New York: The Century Co. [n. d.]

and working that out, he has not made a novel, and that the slight studies in life and character which accompany the story are purposely sketched with few lines in order not to disturb the main effect. Certainly, taken as a story, *The Graysons* is a distinct success, and the student of the processes of fiction has a positive pleasure in noting how the story is an expansion of an anecdote, and offers the germ of a novel.

By following the order of construction as it seems to have been developed in the author's mind, the unity and completeness of the story are demonstrated most agreeably. The anecdote, stripped of its unessential accessories, reports the clever and effective manner in which Abraham Lincoln, when an obscure country lawyer, saved the life of a man charged with murder by convicting of perjury the principal witness for the prosecution, and by a sudden blaze of light thrown upon this witness eliciting from him a confession that he was himself the murderer. The witness maintained that he was twenty feet distant from the prisoner and the murdered man, on the night of the affair; that he recognized both men, and even the kind of pistol used in the murder, and all this by the light of the moon. Lincoln, after snarling the witness in a web of minor inconsistencies, suddenly showed by the almanac that the moon did not rise for several hours after the time of the murder.

With this anecdote in his mind, Mr. Eggleston proceeded to ask himself several questions: Why was the prisoner supposed to be likely to kill the man? What was the nature of any unfriendliness that may have existed between them? Why did the real criminal commit the murder? What sort of a man was the one killed? How did Lincoln happen to be the prisoner's counsel? Then, What was the relation of the prisoner to the community about him? What was his own family? Was he in

love, and did the girl have anything to do with the affair? It was plain to him, as it would be to any observant writer, that if the prisoner were to be proved innocent, he must from the first have the general sympathy of the reader; but that if the trial were to be real to the reader, the difficulty of proving the man's innocence must be considerable, and the secret of the real fact be kept to the last. Finally, the essential moral of the tale must lie in the effect upon the character and destiny of the principal figure.

With these problems before him, Mr. Eggleston considered the material at his disposal. He had a local society with which he was thoroughly familiar, and whose characteristics he had already displayed minutely and at length in his previous novels. For the purposes of his story he could assume a reasonable knowledge on the part of his readers. He was not obliged to build out of a great variety of particulars a general framework for his characters. He could use details only as they were needed for special scenes, and it was not necessary to delay over an elaborate presentation of his masses. For single figures he was already largely provided by his anecdote. He had a young man of good impulses and quick temper, who might in anger kill a man, and thus would invite the sudden and unthinking suspicion of a community, among whom there would doubtless be some special enemies, and also one or two friends not easily shaken in their confidence in character by untoward circumstance. He had a sneak in the real murderer, and as for the murdered man, it was easy to see that it was required to make of him a mean man and a calculating one. Then the prisoner must have his character in formation; so he was to be provided with a widowed mother, with a sister and a sweetheart. The sweetheart belonged, however, to his character before he was under trial, and was at the bottom of his quarrel with the murdered

man; she must change with him, if she was to match him after his innocence was proved. It was better to have her as she was, or to make her a little inconstant, and to furnish the foil of constancy in the prisoner's sister and her lover.

But these are all subordinate characters, whose action rarely is to be diverted from direct relation to the prisoner and his fortunes. One other figure was needed, the one who solved the problem of the trial, and so in a measure came the closest to the central figure of the story. By a simple suggestion that the prisoner's mother had once befriended Lincoln when he was a poor boy, Mr. Eggleston easily introduces the historic person who had not yet become historic. Here also he is helped immensely by his readers' familiarity with the person of his character. They know the Illinois of forty years ago by Mr. Eggleston's novels and kindred books, but they know Lincoln by the multifarious lights which have been cast on this American and very modern knight. It is to Mr. Eggleston's credit as a literary artist that he recognizes this general acquaintance with Lincoln, and thus merely reminds the reader of well-known characteristics, and proceeds to use the person with a clear perception of his probable relations to all the parties in the contest, and with a subtle development of traits which became more conspicuous when larger opportunities gave room for sharper expression. It is also to his credit that he is not misled into making Lincoln a too prominent character. On the contrary, he seems to have perceived intuitively that Lincoln would borrow from his future in the reader's mind, and that it was the author's business, therefore, to tone down the lights, lest an exact portraiture should seem exaggerated; that is to say, had Mr. Eggleston found himself with his little anecdote minus the great fame of the lawyer who saves the prisoner,

he would have built up this figure in his story more elaborately, with a view to giving him his proper proportions in the company of which he was so important a member. It is this unstudied repression of Lincoln, so that the prisoner shall be and remain undeniably the main person in the book, which marks Mr. Eggleston as instinctively an artist in letters. He has undertaken to tell a story of life and death, and he will not be diverted from his course by any adventitious circumstance.

How well Mr. Eggleston has succeeded in telling his story we shall not attempt to advise our readers, but if we have found a pleasure in tracing the evolution of the story in his mind, we can assure them that they may trust themselves to the story-teller; for, whatever may have been the process of conception, the result is a straightforward story, with cumulative interest, with dramatic and never histrionic situations, with much play of humor and shrewd reflection, — the latter under the author's breath, as it were, and as it should be, — and with that genuine interest in the great movements of human nature which lifts even a casual story like this into dignity, and the absence of which degrades many an elaborate novel into a mere clatter of human noise.

It is impossible to read another piece of fiction, the scenes of which are also laid in Illinois at the same time, among the same class, and even with one character in common in one instance, without instituting comparisons. It happened to us to read *The McVeys*¹ immediately after finishing *The Graysons*, and the two books partly confirm each other, and also partly suggest interesting reflections by the substantial difference between them. If Mr. Eggleston needed to have his picture of Illinois life established as correct, Mr. Kirkland has been

¹ *The McVeys*. (An Episode.) By JOSEPH KIRKLAND. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

an unintentional witness in his favor; or, to put it conversely, after reading *The Graysons* we feel *The McVeys* to be faithful to nature. As the well-known figure of Lincoln helped us to feel at home with him and his neighbors in the one book, so in the other, when we catch a momentary glimpse of the great American along with Douglas and Davis, we feel a certain assurance that Zury Prouder, in whose cart we are driving, is just as real as these historic persons.

It is not Mr. Kirkland's fault if Zury has not actuality for us. He had already given his hero's biography in full in the novel which bears the quaint and significant name¹; and even though the reader of *The McVeys* may not have read the novel of Zury, he seems to recognize Zury Prouder, when he appears on the scene, almost as surely as do the characters in the book who have also stepped out of Zury. In calling his second novel *An Episode*, Mr. Kirkland seems to ask for a suspension of judgment on its merits as a piece of art. Do not take this book by itself, he says in effect; read it in connection with the book already published, and (for aught we know) with one to come. It is necessary to do so if we are to regard it as a novel at all, and if we are to accept the action of one of the chief characters, when she marries, as anything more than a caprice. There is no reasonable explanation in the book itself for the relation which Anne bears to Zury. We can scarcely blame the author for this. He was reluctant to explain it in Zury itself, and left to the reader the disagreeable business of imagining the explanation.

The McVeys really is a series of sketches of Illinois life, in which a few figures occur again and again. The hero of the book is a young boy, who has a turn for mechanics, and by dint of his own energy and of judicious pushing from others becomes engine-driver

on one of the early railroads in Illinois. He becomes involved in an intrigue with a handsome, coarse woman, the wife of the conductor on his train, and then suddenly wakes to a healthy passion for a girl of finer qualities. The intrigue, by a series of natural but loosely connected events, results in the malicious destruction of the train which Phil McVey, the hero, is driving, and in his death. There is, properly speaking, no climax to the story. The reader resents the notion that the catastrophe is in consequence of Phil's moral misbehavior. At the best, one can only say that if he had not misbehaved, he might have received a warning in time to put him on his guard. Nor do we think that Mr. Kirkland wishes the reader to regard the accident as a nemesis. At any rate, if he is bent on showing the sure though subtle retribution which waits on misconduct, his *deus ex machina* is a very capricious divinity, which gives Zury and Anne a chromo and flays Phil alive.

We have said that *The McVeys* is a series of sketches of life in Illinois. It represents the period when the pioneers are old men, and the material prosperity of the present day is within sight, and it reproduces with photographic accuracy and photographic blindness the superficies of life. The conversation, barring an occasional strain after epigrammatic point, is homely and natural; the incidents, though often trivial, are characteristic; there is now and then a witty success scored; the aims of the several characters are well within the range of possibility. In a word, Mr. Kirkland, in describing the life concerned, makes himself for the time one of the persons in that life. It is easy to see that he takes a very strong interest in his characters; and while this interest gives vitality to his work, it also blinds him, we think, to the perception of true proportions. He is so near-sighted that things large and small look alike to him, and when he describes any

¹ *Zury: The Meanest Man in Spring County.*

scene, or incident, or conversation, he reports his observation as if he never had seen or heard of anything like it before.

This exaggeration of his material is not a conscious one, apparently, and, as we have intimated, it betrays itself not in undue emphasis or in the attempt to select striking scenes; on the contrary, there is a studied use of the commonplace, and even the railroad accident is treated in a matter-of-fact manner. No; the disproportion is not in the relation of one part of the story to another, nor in the relation of all the characters and scenes to actual life in Illinois, but in the relation which the whole story bears to the universal; in the conception, in other words, of human life as it lies in the mind of the author, and finds expression in this production. What is this but saying that Mr. Kirkland's realism is not the realism of art, but the realism of nature? According as one sees human life behind his eye or before his eye will be the result in his work. In *The McVeys*, man goes on all fours. He is very close to the soil. His very religion is a coarse, sensuous reflection of his mundane experience. His horizon is just as far as his eye can see, and no farther. If supernatural terms occur in his speech, the thought behind them is wholly natural.

Well, we fancy some one saying, that was the actual condition of things in the Illinois which is mirrored in *The McVeys*, and the book bears, therefore, the very stamp of fidelity, of truthfulness. It is here that we take issue with the apologist. There is a heaven above as well as an earth beneath; the greatest artists, whether realists or idealists, confess this in their work. By some sign, more or less sure, they set their bit of portraiture of human life in relation with the universal. Look, for instance, at two familiar examples in modern art. The peasants in Millet's *Angelus* are as close to the soil in all

the accidents of their life as are Zury, and Phil and Anne and Margaret. There is not a note in the picture which does not find its response in nature, yet by a touch the artist has made these two poor creatures free, not of Normandy, but of the world. Again, read that powerful bit of one of the most realistic of modern novelists, *The Father*, by Björnson. With what perfect ease Björnson has translated a Norwegian local life into a universal human one! If one needed to go to a fuller and more elaborate instance, Arne might well be set against *The McVeys* as an illustration of what the realism of art signifies as contrasted with the realism of nature.

We do not need to go so far afield. The very book which we have just laid down, *The Graysons*, affords a most instructive comparison. It is not a question of degree in art which we are considering, but of kind. Mr. Eggleston is not a great artist in letters, but he is a true artist. Mr. Kirkland shows often a more nervous power in his reproduction of single incidents and forms of speech, but he lacks that instinctive sense of the relations of his subject which constitutes an artist, and inevitably affects the outcome of thought and observation. To make our meaning plain, we instance the use which these two writers have made of the figure of Lincoln. It is not that in *The Graysons* Lincoln is an important figure, and that in *The McVeys* he scarcely more than crosses the path. The difference is in the impression made upon the mind of the reader as to the secret of the man who was one day to be a world-figure. Both of these writers take Lincoln at the same moment of his life; both have the advantage of the existence already of a general conception of Lincoln; each gives a quick sketch of the Lincoln of the day, and each mentally sees the Lincoln of the future. We are not sure but Mr. Kirkland is more graphic in his portraiture of the man whom Zury saw,

and this description of Lincoln's conduct of a railroad case is extremely effective: —

“‘But let us look into this a little’ [says Lincoln]. ‘I find, on reference to my notes, that the first point dwelt upon by Judge Douglas was this.’ And he stated the point in question with great fairness, and added, ‘But all this has nothing to do with the merits of this case.’ He proceeded to show why the case should turn on another question entirely, and then set the irrelevant matter aside by a gesture representing the picking up of a mass of stuff, and depositing it on the table at his left hand. Another and another point he treated in the same manner; always calling the attention of the jury to the ever-growing dimensions of the heap on his left. From time to time he would come to a matter which, as he was willing to concede, did have some bearing on the rights of the dispute; and this he would make believe to place at his right hand. When he had gone through the entire speech in this fashion, he (in pantomime) pushed off to the floor the whole pile of irrelevant trash, and turning his attention to the few things which he had minuted as being truly applicable, he demolished them as best he might, and stated his own case in rebuttal.”

Mr. Kirkland also uses in a pleasant fashion that kindly trait in Lincoln's character which would lead him to make over his fee to the unhappy wife of his client, as Mr. Eggleston also emphasizes the same trait. It is not easy to show, except by full citations, the difference between the two authors in their treatment of this figure, as resulting from their conception of a great man who was to have Illinois for a pedestal only, but we quote a single passage from *The Graysons* to illustrate our point: —

“The tall, awkward young lawyer only drew his brow to a frown, and said nothing; but turned and went into the

tavern with his saddle-bags on his arm, and walking stiffly from being so long cramped in riding. Passing through the cool bar-room with its moist odors of mixed drinks, he crossed the hall into the rag-carpeted sitting-room beyond.

“‘Oh, Abra'm, I'm that glad to see you!’ But here the old lady's feelings overcame her, and she could not go on.

“‘Howdy, Mrs. Grayson. It's too bad about Tom. How did he come to do it?’

“‘Lawsy, honey, he *did n't* do it.’

“‘You think he did n't?’

“‘I know he did n't. He says so himself. I've been a-waitin' here all the mornin' to see you, an' git you to defend him.’

“The lawyer sat down on the wooden settee by Mrs. Grayson, and after a little time of silence said: —

“‘You'd better get some older man, like Blackman.’

“‘Tom won't have Blackman; he won't have nobody but Abe Lincoln, he says.’

“‘But they say the evidence is all against him; and if that's the case, an inexperienced man like me could n't do any good.’

“Mrs. Grayson looked at him piteously, as she detected his reluctance.

“‘Abra'm, he's all the boy I've got left. Ef you'll defend him, I'll give you my farm, an' make out the deed before you begin. An' that's all I've got.’

“‘Farm be hanged!’ said Lincoln. ‘Do you think I don't remember your goodness to me when I was a little wretch, with my toes sticking out of my ragged shoes? I would n't take a copper from you. But you're Tom's mother, and of course you think he did n't do it. Now, what if the evidence proves that he did?’

“Barbara had been sitting in one corner of the room, and Lincoln had not observed her in the obscurity produced by the shade of the green slat

curtains. She got up and came forward. 'Abra'm, do you remember me?'

"'Is this little Barby?' he said, scanning her face. 'You're a young woman now, I declare.'

"There was a simple tenderness in his voice that showed how deeply he felt the trouble that had befallen the Graysons.

"'Well, I want to say, Abra'm,' Barbara went on, 'that after talking to Tom, we believe that he does n't know anything about the shooting. Now, you'd better go and see him for yourself.'

"'Well, I'll tell you what, aunt Marthy,' said he, relapsing into the familiar form of address he had been accustomed to use toward Mrs. Grayson in his boyhood. 'I'll go over and see Tom, and if he is innocent, as you and Barby think, we'll manage to save him, or know the reason why. But I must see him alone, and he must n't know about my talk with you.'"

We should be glad if our space permitted us to copy the scene with Tom in the prison, as well as the examination

by Lincoln of Dave Sovine in the courtroom. Mr. Eggleston's power is shown in the hints which he gives to the reader's imagination, and almost as much in what he does not say as in what he does say. Throughout the scenes in which Lincoln figures, the quality of the man pervades the narrative, and the reader perceives not a great advocate in embryo, but a great man in obscurity. Comparisons proverbially are odious, and we do not wish to insist upon points of likeness and unlikeness between these two books. We have tried to give in some detail our reasons for judging that one book is a work of art, and as such has a penetrating power, interprets life, and goes to swell the tale of humanity; that the other is a perishable photograph, which may remind one of a phase of life, but, whether taken by itself or in connection with its companion volume, has no power to reveal actual life. There is material in *The McVeys* for a work of art, but the creative mind which can make, not something out of nothing, but something out of some things, is wanting.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Theory as to Disparity. It is curious to notice how

the age of parties contracting marriage is affected by economic institutions, as well as by the social influences which act upon the more purely emotional part of the natures of men and women. I would not venture to say that the suggestions that have occurred to me cover the whole truth as to the relations of the sexes, but they may serve as hints that indicate the line along which research may be pleasantly, if not profitably, pursued.

In countries where daughters are a burden, fathers and mothers naturally

marry them off as early as possible, though in China this method of securing parental relief is supplemented by the possibly preferable custom of infanticide.

George Sand, in her pretty story of *La Mare au Diable*, testifies to different customs among the French peasants whose life she describes. Her hero is about twenty-eight, and her heroine, who is sixteen or seventeen, thinks he is almost superannuated, and he dolefully feels that she has much cause for her opinion. She is represented as giving expression to the ideas prevalent in her class as to marriages where there is

a disparity in age. It is certain that where, as in Russia, special peculiarities of institution do not unite to produce a different result, the simple domestic life of village and rural communities favors early unions between persons of nearly the same age. If the motive leading to marriage is the primitive instinct, and the happiness expected from it has no roots in the larger life of the world, wherever boys and girls are allowed to choose their own partners freely, they will usually choose each other, and will not seek their mates among those who are either much older or younger than themselves. The French Canadians who are domiciled in this country bear witness to the truth of this statement every Sunday, the couples that promenaded our village streets are so young, so gay, so evenly matched.

As a people grow wealthy, they discover that life holds other possibilities of pleasure than those which are felt in providing and preparing food and shelter for husband or wife, and those which come from the rearing of offspring to walk in similar paths and toil to a like result. Lovers and ladies find that varied forms of enjoyment offer new chances for congenial companionship, and parents learn to hope more things for their children. Life becomes more complicated, and the extension of experience extends also the opportunity which selfishness has to play a dominant part in determining human action. Luxury and ambition make demands upon the married state which it is difficult for young men to supply; so they delay marriage, and girls are induced to accept older men, who have already acquired the means to gratify a love of sensuous ease as well as an æsthetic taste.

Undoubtedly pure and honorable motives often lead to the same result. There are women in whom the filial element is strong, and who easily develop a passion which is modified by the gentler

sentiments of reverence and trust. Such love flows naturally towards a mature suitor. A high degree of intellectual activity in society also tends to produce marriages where the man is decidedly the senior of his wife. It is not only the woman who delights in maintaining an attitude of childlike docility, but the girl who is developed in intellect and character beyond her years is likely to find age more satisfying than youth is attractive, when it comes to a question of marrying. Moreover, if a girl chance to have a daring and positive mind united to an affectionate and sensitive disposition, she is very apt to yield to the charm of a lover whose added years have taught him to treat with half-paternal tenderness and toleration the combination of arrogant self-assertion and timid self-distrust she is pretty sure to exhibit.

The more intensely people live in matters of thought and intellect, the more likely are young men of their own accord to marry women older than themselves. It is quite remarkable how many men of genius have found the companionship of older women congenial, and how many women of genius have preferred youthful to mature husbands. It seems as if women, like men, sometimes exercised a fascination which, though magnetic and personal, is not wholly dependent on attractiveness of person. Like Iseult's "sweet charm," in Matthew Arnold's poem, "it will not fade with the dull years away," nor is it merged into some other sort of levelness, like that of the ordinary maiden, which passes insensibly into a placid wifely and motherly beauty. The charm of which we speak continues to the end to be just itself, and to command intense affection and devotion. Its power is felt by all who come in contact with its possessor; but when that possessor is a woman, it is more often necessary that a man should have some special quality of nature to enable him to enter the

sphere of fascination. Margaret Fuller is said to have had many lovers, and she finally married a man ten or a dozen years her junior. These two do not seem to have met on the intellectual plane, but according to some principle of pure affinity. "Ossoli loves me," she wrote, "as little children have loved me, — he loves to be near me."

The world has recently been touched by the few words in which Mr. Cross discloses the secret of his marriage to George Eliot. "For she had," he says, "the distinctively feminine qualities which lend a rhythm to the movement of life. . . . Add to these the crowning gift of genius, and in such companionship we may possess the world without belonging to it."

The fact is that one of the most essential factors to happiness is agreeable companionship, and in the intellectual world such companionship is not always furnished to each other by contemporaries in age. Association in business also sometimes brings about marriages where the disparity is, according to the popular phrase, "on the wrong side," but it is doubtful whether a large extension of feminine life into social and political affairs would have any marked tendency to increase the frequency of such marriages. Satisfactory companionship implies substantial unity in aim and sympathy in method; and while a difference in age sometimes facilitates the approach of men and women to each other, if their mutual interest lies in thought and study, such unity of aim and sympathy as to method about practical and humanitarian matters are most likely to be found among people who belong to the same generation. I have heard of one case, for instance, where a sharply defined difference of opinion as to the mode of dealing with criminals led a young woman finally to break her engagement with a man older than herself. It was a difference which probably implied to her mind widely

dissimilar views as to many ethical relations, and she realized that the life which her nature constrained her to lead would bring her into complications in which it would be necessary for her to be in full harmony with her husband on moral questions, if she was to be happy in marriage. In its social action and in the thought by which it directs such action, each generation is unlike those that precede and those that follow; and if men and women are to marry in consequence of their association in social thought and action, they should generally have been developed under the same influences, and hence at the same time.

Italian Nick- — It is puzzling to a novice
names. in the study of the history of

art to find that the names by which he knows most of the Italian masters are not their family names. He reads of Pietro Vannucci, and is surprised to discover after a time that he has known that artist before under the name of Perugino; or he sees an engraving from a picture by Antonio Allegri, and afterwards hears a photograph of the same picture spoken of as a Correggio. To one who lives in Italy this nomenclature seems most natural, as few are called by their proper names.

The Italian masters are known to us either by their Christian names, as Giotto, Raphael, or Michael Angelo, or by corruptions of the baptismal name, as Masaccio, — "great hulking Tom," Ruskin calls him, — Giorgione, and Domenichino. Others we know by names derived from the father's trade or occupation, as Andrea del Sarto, Ghirlandajo, and Tintoretto. Some are called from their birthplaces or the cities of their adoption, as Luini, Veronese, Caravaggio, Romano, and Sassoferrato. Lastly, a large number are known to posterity by nicknames, — *sopranomi* the Italians say, — received on account of some characteristic or physical peculiarity, such as Verocchio, the true-eyed;

Moretto, the dark-complexioned; Riccio, the curly-haired; and Pinturicchio, the little painter, or, as he was also called, Sordicchio, the little deaf man.

Among Italians of to-day we find names used in the same way. Gentlemen and ladies are known to their neighbors and retainers, as well as to their friends, by their Christian names. The first question put to a new-comer is the familiar one from the catechism, "What is your name?" and by that name he or she will hereafter be called. "La Signora Nini" may be a grandmother, but she still bears her baby name. "Il Signor Franceschino" may be old, and bowed, and gray-haired, but his nursery name will cling to him as long as he lives. Often the surname is so seldom used that it is almost forgotten.

The corruption of the Christian name is also frequent. Our *contadino* is known far and wide as Pello, a contraction for Pietro, and our carpenter is called Tita, from Battista. We often hear young people called from their fathers' trades, as in Germany: "Lorenzo del Sarto," the tailor's Lawrence, or "Giulia del Pollajuolo," the poulterer's Julia. Sometimes the occupation suggests the *soprannome*, which is not, strictly speaking, derived from it, as that of our wood merchant, who is called "Il Stecchitin," the little stick.

Names from the place of residence or birth are very common, and sometimes the adjectival form is used. One often hears of Il Genovese, Il Triestino, Il Novarese. A man who worked for us was always called Sesto, and it was only after some months' acquaintance that we learned that that was his place of abode, and not his real name.

A great many *soprannomi* are personal, given on account of some peculiarity, but these are inherited by the children, nephews and nieces. I had a cook once who delighted in nicknames. She never called her husband by his classical name Oreste, but always "Il Secco," the

dried-up one, a name singularly appropriate, as his face was yellow and wrinkled, like a dried apple. The butcher she called "Il Guercio," because he was cross-eyed, or, as she would have said in the polite Tuscan phrase, because he looked in the cabbages. His rival across the street was "Il Zucco," the squash, and I even saw a letter addressed to him by this name. If she did not know the *soprannome* of any one she saw, she invented one on the spur of the moment. A dapper little gentleman who called often she dubbed "Il Frustino," the little whip; and a young lady who walked rather gingerly on her toes received the *sobriquet* of "Signorina Tippi-Tappi;" but the climax was reached when, one day, a neighbor's daughter coming to call, whose red hair did not suit the cook's taste, she announced her quite audibly as "La Brutta," the ugly woman.

The Italians seem rather proud of these names, and do not resent being called by them. Our grocer has over his shop door, in lieu of a sign, this inscription:—

DAL REMAGIN
PAN' PASTA E VIN.

This man rejoices in a grand name, which appears on his bill-heads, but in every-day life he is known as "Il Remagin." On inquiring the origin of this remarkable nickname, I was told that he was small and dark, and resembled those figures of the Wise Men, or Re Magi, that are to be seen beside the *preserpio*, or representation of the Nativity set up in the churches at Christmas. His children are called by this name; and should they make it famous, some future biographer may puzzle himself as to how they came by it.

—If there is, as legend says there is, such a thing, seen through Western eyes, as an "effete East," what are its precise ter-

A Question
in Ethical
Geography.

ritorial limits? In other words, where does such an East really end and the West begin? Or, to state it still differently, at what point on the map may one, if so disposed, put one's finger confidently down and say, "Here is the spot where the effeteness of the arrogant East abruptly ends, and in its stead is the unexpended fecundity of a liberal, untrammled West?" While the matter is not one that will, apparently, in the immediate future give rise to serious international complication, it is, nevertheless, of no little domestic moment, and may, at some distant day, even call for state interference and adjudication at the hands of a boundary commission, to be chosen from the impartial outlying districts in the extreme north and south.

In reality, the problem of geographical separation would be one extremely difficult to solve to the complete satisfaction of all concerned. It is, for instance, not merely a broad question between Maine and Oregon, between Eastport and Portland, or even, possibly, between New York and San Francisco. On general grounds, it might be admitted that somewhere in the intervening space the line would certainly fall. On a somewhat closer examination, however, it will be found that facts other and more minute than mere latitude and longitude must be seriously taken into consideration. It may even be not unfairly assumed that the fundamental idea of East and West itself is only relative, and cannot be thus recklessly applied. Schenectady,

where Daisy Miller lived, is west of Jersey City; and we all know that Oshkosh lies far to the westward of Kalamazoo. If, in the inquiry thus set on foot, the reasons for the necessary distinction were still more closely inquired into, it might even be shown that they who have thoughtlessly used the epithet in question themselves may fall under its ban.

When the division is finally made, it must be wholly irrespective of any mere sectional prejudice, to which it should rise superior. The West, it may be supposed, will accept the judgment joyfully; while the East, from the very nature of the case, will be sure, wherever the line is drawn, to regard it with its accustomed equanimity. Only those who, in a possible redistribution, may now for the first time be included under the term "East" will become even a little more intolerant than they who have longer borne the name. For purely practical reasons, apart from mere sentiment, the distinction here suggested ought soon to be made. It was on the island of Grand Manan, down in the Bay of Fundy, last summer, that a comment was made upon the scarcity in the community of young people of both sexes. "How is it," we asked, "that we see so few young men and women here?" "Well," the captain replied, "a great many have married and gone west." "West?" we said. "To what part of the West?" "Well," said the captain, "mostly to Boston."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Biography. The Mapleson Memoirs, 1884-1888; in two volumes. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) Colonel Mapleson tells the narrative of his "squirmishes" and battles as a theatrical impresario with a delightful ingenuousness, which makes no distinction between

things big and little, and assumes a generous interest on the part of the public in his business affairs. Certainly the world of opera singers into which one is introduced in these two volumes has only one dimension. There are not many racy anecdotes well told in this riff-raff

of reminiscences, but one is constantly coming upon such lively passages as this: "At the *matinée* given on January 1st, at which she [Gerster] appeared, upwards of one hundred ladies' odd india-rubber overshoes were picked up on the family-circle staircase, lost in the rush after the opening of the doors, there being a heavy snow-storm raging at the time." — Omitted Chapters of History, disclosed in the life and papers of Edmund Randolph, by Moncure Daniel Conway. (Putnams.) Whatever may be the conclusion regarding the value of Randolph's services, the student is greatly indebted to Mr. Conway for bringing together so much new and important material; and if he is a little shy of a writer who announces himself at once as an advocate, he will at any rate find his labor in reading lightened by the liveliness of the narrator. — A Short History of the War of Secession, 1861–1865, by Rossiter Johnson. (Ticknor.) Mr. Johnson opens his history with a sketch of the anti-slavery contest before the war; it is meagre, and hardly gives one the impression of a cumulative struggle. He interests us more in his graphic account of the comparative resources of the two combatants and of the attitude assumed by the South. The outline of the military movements, which is the main business of the book, is rapid and effective, and the brief conclusion forcible. We wish the author had called his book *A Short History of the War of the Union*. Names have power over habits of thought, and Americans should never lose sight of the two great ideas involved in Independence and Union; revolution and secession are the negative poles. — A History of Greece, by Evelyn Abbott. (Putnams.) The limits of the book are drawn at the Ionian revolt. A second part will bring the history to the end of the Peloponnesian War. Mr. Abbott writes with caution, but not with a power to arouse enthusiasm or to win the reader. — Facts about Ireland, a curve-history of recent years, by Alex. B. MacDowall. (Edward Stanford, London.) An ingenuous little book, which by means of a series of diagrams discloses the movements in Ireland under the heads of Agriculture, Education, Emigration, Bank Deposits, etc. — Four Years with the Army of the Potomac, by Regis de Trobriand; translated by George K. Danchy. (Ticknor.) This work was originally written for French readers, hence it has an introduction on the origin of the war; but the writer soon escapes into the more native task of relating his own experiences, which are told with animation and a generous spirit which quickly wins one to a liking for the soldier. — The Story of Mediæval France from the Reign of Hugues Capet to the Beginning of the Eighteenth Cen-

tury, by Gustave Masson. (Putnams.) One of the Story of the Nations series. The title-page says one thing, the book says another, for it closes naturally at the beginning of the sixteenth century. The writer, who appears to know his subject well, struggles between a desire to tell all he knows and to keep his book down. The result is an inequality in the text, some chapters being fresh and readable, others crowded with troublesome detail. — The Life of Young Sir Henry Vane, Governor of Massachusetts Bay and Leader of the Long Parliament, with a Consideration of the English Commonwealth as a Forecast of America, by James K. Hosmer. (Houghton.) Mr. Hosmer had a good subject, and he has treated it with respect. Instead of taking the easily accessible material about Vane and working it up into a readable volume, he has sought diligently for new material, and he has studied his subject anew. His own dramatic habit of mind helps him to make a picturesque subject true to itself; and the book, moreover, is pervaded by an energetic spirit, which finds special expression in the preface and closing chapter, looking to a more vital connection of English-speaking peoples than even Vane's career prophesied. — Two Volumes in the International Statesmen series edited by Lloyd C. Sanders (Lippincott) are Daniel O'Connell, by J. A. Hamilton, and Prince Metternich, by G. B. Malleston. What contrasted lives! Yet they were both statesmen, with marked conceptions of what the state was. — Franklin in France, compiled from original sources, by E. E. Hale and Sons is completed in the present volume, — the second. (Roberts Bros.) — Delia Bacon, a biographical sketch. (Houghton.) Mr. Theodore Bacon has collected the letters written by and to his aunt during the time when she was engaged in her passionate study of the Shakespeare problem, and has made them the basis of a most interesting sketch. One does not need to have any views on the Shakespeare-Bacon question to read with profound interest and pity this exceptional book. It is not only a revelation of a remarkable character, but throws strong light on the characters of Hawthorne, Emerson, and Carlyle. — Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan, in two volumes. (Webster.) The reader of this work is at first a little disappointed at the plain, rather dry style, the absence of that dash and *élan* which is associated with Sheridan's name, and a further reading will not serve to increase greatly his admiration of the soldier's literary power; but he will lay down the book with an admiration for something better than literary skill. The reserve with which Sheridan writes cannot conceal the temper of the man, which comes out effectively in his recital of a boyish

scrape at West Point, and of his relations to Meade and Grant. The narrative, indeed, is never dull, and there is a refreshing absence of brag and fine writing. — *Pen and Powder*, by Franc B. Wilkie. (Ticknor.) A collection of reminiscences of the war, chiefly in the Western campaigns, by a newspaper correspondent of the time. His narrative deals little with the actual events of the war, but rather with his personal experience and with the accompaniments of war. His description of Washington will recall the loathsome condition of the city to those whose misfortune it was to be there in 1861-1865. There are one or two interesting sketches, but on the whole the book is not very valuable. — In *The Story of the Nations* series (Putnams), a new volume is *The Story of Holland*, by James E. Thorold Rogers. (Putnams.) A very acceptable book, especially because Mr. Rogers, by his training, is not disposed to take up an historical subject in a conventional manner. He recognizes other elements in state life than political changes, and he looks to the relation which the whole history of Holland bears to European and American history. Hence there are many capital suggestions to the philosophical student, and but little mere picturesque detail of the war with Spain. — *Ohio*, by Rufus King, is the latest volume in the American Commonwealths series. (Houghton.) Mr. King writes like a publicist rather than a historian; that is to say, while he is interested in historical problems, he is especially interested in the legal aspects of history and in the general development of state policy. His apprehension of the forces which make Ohio is clear, and he writes often with a candor which is very agreeable; this is especially true of his treatment of education and religion. His narrative of the Moravian settlements is strong, and his picture of early pioneer life full of interesting points. His view of Ohio in the late war is rich in suggestion, though it is presented so compactly as almost to mislead the reader. The quietness with which certain great facts are presented may lead their significance to be overlooked. — *The Pilgrims and the Anglican Church*, by William Deverell. (Remington, London.) A somewhat rhetorical account, for English readers, of the events which culminated in the establishment of New England, and finally of the monarchy in England under William and Mary. Mr. Deverell starts off on a gallop, and rides hard all through his tract; for such it is, a blindly partisan piece of writing. — *The Nun of Kenmare*, an autobiography. (Ticknor.) The writer was received into the Roman Catholic Church from the Anglican in 1858, and after devoting herself for a while to literary pursuits organized and became the

head of a new order, the Sisters of Peace. She gave herself to the amelioration of the Irish peasants, and especially of the condition of working-girls, but met with continuous opposition from her ecclesiastical superiors. The book is mainly a narrative of the persecutions endured by her from first to last, and the reader becomes seized with a desire to know why she was persecuted, for it is difficult to discover the real cause from the somewhat confused though pathetic narrative. One gets glimpses, however, of the inner working of the Roman system which are not encouraging.

Education and Text-Books. *Lectures on Pedagogy, Theoretical and Practical*, by Gabriel Compayré; translated, with an introduction, notes, and an appendix, by W. H. Payne. (Heath.) The author of this work means to confine himself to elementary processes. He impresses us as a writer who has gathered his material from many other writers rather than has worked out his principles by a thorough examination of the art of teaching. It is worth while, however, to get a survey of the subject from a French point of view, and the animation of the book is in contrast to the spirit of much kindred literature. — The Government Printing Office issues for the United States Bureau of Education an interesting thick pamphlet on Thomas Jefferson and the University of Virginia, by Herbert B. Adams, with authorized sketches of Hampden-Sidney, Randolph-Macon, Emory-Henry, Roanoke, and Richmond colleges, Washington and Lee University, and Virginia Military Institute. The work is thus a contribution to a comprehensive history of the higher education in Virginia. The subject involves a consideration, in this historical form, of methods of education, and thus the treatment is of service to all who are interested in collegiate and university problems. The other colleges, with the exception of Washington and Lee and the Virginia Military Institute, appear to owe their origin and continuance to religious motives. The university has a noble history. The recent revival of William and Mary, which is treated only in its past relations, is significant of the new Virginia. The State is a great one in its past and its resources. No loyal American can help hoping for a great restoration within its borders, and the present educational fervor is one of the hopeful signs. — From the same source is a tractate by A. D. Mayo on Industrial Education in the South. The paper, while it outlines nascent institutions, is rather a strong plea for the thorough organization of industrial schools throughout the South as a corrective of tendencies which must fill every thoughtful citizen with grave alarm. Mr. Mayo is no mere doctrinaire. — An introduc-

tion to the Study of the Middle Ages (375-814), by E. Emerton. (Ginn.) A practical working manual for the period which is occupied by Gibbon's Decline and Fall. Dr. Emerton has some admirable suggestions as to the use of his book,—suggestions which apply to all text-books in history, but are not so certainly reinforced by the text-books themselves as in this case. Although the book is intended for the student and the class-room, it will be found full of suggestive sentences for fastening movements of historic importance in the reader's mind.—Recitations for Christmas, selected and arranged by Margaret Holmes. (DeWitt, New York.)

Holiday Books and Books on Art. A History of French Painting from its Earliest to its Latest Practice, including an Account of the French Academy of Painting, its Salons, Schools of Instruction, and Regulations, by C. H. Stranahan; with reproductions of sixteen representative paintings. (Scribners.) This work represents a vast deal of industry, and connoisseurs as well as students will be grateful to Mrs. Stranahan for bringing together so much that is scattered in a number of books and pamphlets. Most of the book is taken up, properly, with current or very recent art. We suspect it will be used chiefly as a book of reference, partly because it contains so much that is encyclopædic, and partly because the author's style does not win to continuous reading.—The Home of Shakespeare, after Water-Color Sketches by Louis K. Harlow. (L. Prang & Co., Boston.) An oblong volume with chromo-lithographic plates, serviceable as a souvenir to those who have visited Warwickshire. Mr. Harlow's style, however, is ill adapted to a book, since the value of his work is in its masses, and almost any one of the plates would look better if pinned to the wall on the other side of the room. The passages from Shakespeare are in some cases even farther fetched.—The Dream of Love and Fire. (Estes & Lauriat.) The general style of this book places it among holiday publications. The illustrations are photogravures, apparently from pictures by Gérôme, Picon, Cabanel, and others, executed in nightmarish tints. The text is rhythmical prose. It is deep-sea sounding to draw up ideas from it, and the bathybia which one discovers hardly pay for the fishing. When the author tells us that "the life-fire of thought-force dries man's eye as it strikes," we necessarily wish to shade ours, and so it may be that we have not seen through this production.—The Birds' Christmas Carol, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Houghton.) A pathetic and humorous little story, of a kind more common when Dickens overshadowed humorists, but better done to-day just because

Dickens is at a distance. It has a genuine touch, and the tear in the book sparkles.—The Man Without a Country, by Edward E. Hale. (Roberts.) This classic has been illustrated with drawings in the text and full page by Frank T. Merrill. The cleverest is that of Mr. Hale himself reading *The Herald*, which heads the story. It is a pity that the artist could not have managed to keep the figure of Nolan more distinctly before the eye in the several scenes which he has depicted. The subjects, however, are studied with care, and the general effect is good.—Eight Songs of Horace, edited by George E. Vincent. (F. A. Stokes & Bro.) An ingenious imitation of an ancient Roman cylindrical book. The odes are given in Latin and in English, and the reproduction is certainly very clever. To read it with ease one needs three or four slaves to hold it open.—Daylight Land, by W. H. H. Murray. (Cupples & Hurd.) This volume is an interesting experiment in book-making. It contains one hundred and forty designs in color printed with the text. The color is sometimes rather strong, to our thinking, and the effect rather raw, but the attempt was worth making. The figures of animals are often quite striking, and some of the ice and snow and mountain scenes are more impressive for the color in which they are printed. The book is a narrative of travel along the line of the Canadian Pacific railroad by a party of gentlemen, whose interest is divided between the future of the country and the present attractions of travel, hunting, and fishing. The style is rather noisy at times, but perhaps the scenery makes us a little more sensitive to what is florid in literature.—We may name here, because of their dainty holiday dress, imitated from another publisher's well-known series, five books published by F. A. Stokes & Bro.: Songs from Béranger, translated in the original metres by Craven Langstroth Betts. A little more refinement of ear would have helped the translator, for songs, above all other poetic forms, need melody. Mr. Betts has managed to retain something of the homely wit of Béranger, but his very anxiety to be faithful has sometimes made him miss more truly poetic qualities. Now and then the reader almost corrects the translator as he reads. Take, for example, the lines

"Heloise, darling, do you know
It is a year since you've been born?"

where it is almost impossible not to read

It's a year since you were born.

Songs of Toil, by Carmen Sylva, Queen of Rumania, translated by John Eliot Bowen, are the poems already published in *The Independent*, together with a number of others. The German original is courageously printed on the

opposite page, a plan which we wish Mr. Betts had adopted. The conjunction of royalty with toil thus symbolized is a significant one. Another of these little books is, *In the Name of the King*, by George Klinge, a volume inspired mainly by the religious motive, and written for the most part, we should say, after some familiarity with Vaughan. At any rate, the writer plays timidly with conceits, and seeks by irregularity of form to correct a tame-ness of thought. Two other volumes belong to the same series: *Wood Blooms*, by John Vance Cheney, and *Old and New World Lyrics*, by Clinton Scollard. We think the latter shows an advance on the writer's earlier work. It is not quite so much mere frost-work. There is more conviction that

"A song should be, with ardor wrought, —
Cut in the firm Pentelic snow
Of lofty thought."

Books for the Young. *Baby's Lullaby Book*, *Mother Songs*, is a showy volume of verses written by Charles Stuart Pratt, set to music by G. W. Chadwick, and adorned with water-color drawings by W. L. Taylor; the whole chromo-lithographed and published by Prang. The writer of the lullabies has not forgotten that the thought is for the mother, and only the rhythmic movement for the child, and he has written simple, tender lines. Some of the smaller vignettes are particularly pretty, and one or two of the colored prints have more reserve than the others. — *White Sails*, by Emma Huntington Nason. (Lothrop.) This has something the air of a gift-book, but the poems, which sail under the title of the first, are bright stories in verse, of no poetic worth, and sometimes suggesting that Pegasus is traveling a corduroy road, but hearty, good-natured, and kindly. — Two more volumes in W. O. Stoddard's series of *The Lives of the Presidents* (F. A. Stokes & Bro.) include, the one, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan; the other, Lincoln and Johnson. Mr. Stoddard has had a tough job in some of these public functionaries, but it seems to us that as he has gone on with his series he has warmed up to it, and writes the later numbers with more skill than the earlier. — A new edition, revised and enlarged, is issued of *The American Girl's Home Book of Work and Play*, by Helen Campbell (Putnams), which we noticed when it appeared five years ago. Two chapters are added: one on candy-making, the other on a New Home Industry, which is mosaic work in broken china, a curious saving of the fragments which Mrs. Campbell finds practiced in London. It will be remembered that a part of her work is devoted to hints as to methods by which girls may earn their living. — *The Chezzles*, by Lucy Gibbons Morse.

(Houghton.) A lively little book, thoroughly entertaining and wholesome, with scenes laid partly on Cape Cod, partly in France; and if the author wafts her characters to the Blessed Isles and metes out rewards with unstinting liberality, this is only part of the generous spirit which animates the entire story.

Fun and Humor. *Patchwork in Pictures and Print* — the pictures by F. Oppen, the print by Emma Oppen — (Stokes) aims at the youthful sense of humor, and so any one can enjoy it without a sense of shame. There are clever touches both to the business-like rhymes and to the dashing pictures. — Christmas brings the fifth series of *The Good Things of Life*. (Stokes.) Some of the smaller, least ambitious cuts are the most amusing. The society scenes are rather rapid, but literature in this respect is hardly better off, so that we are forced to the conclusion that the trouble is fundamental, — with society itself. — *Thinks*, by Bill Nye. (The Dearborn Publishing Co., Chicago.) An entertaining little specimen of American humor let loose. — Nye and Riley's *Railway Guide* (same publishers) is a *lucus a non*. There is no railway in it and no guide, but the book is a collection of drolleries: the prose by Bill Nye, the verse by James Whitcomb Riley. It is the peanuts of literature.

Politics, Economics, and Sociology. *The Civil Service Law*, a defense of its principles, with corroborative evidence from the works of many eminent American statesmen, by William Harrison Clarke. (L. K. Strouse & Co., New York.) An historical study as well as apology, for the author aims to show that the principles involved in the law are those which have been advocated by all great American publicists. — *Numbers 50 and 51 of Questions of the Day* (Putnams) are *Friendly Letters to American Farmers and Others*, by J. S. Moore, and *American Prisons in the Tenth United States Census*, by F. H. Wines. Mr. Moore at once indicates the animus of his argument by heading his letters *The Champion Tariff Swindle of the World*. Mr. Wines's pamphlet bristles with figures, but he handles them as if they were familiar tools. — *Temperance and Prohibition*, by G. H. Stockham. (The Author, Oakland, Cal.) The author of this book was early interested in the temperance movement, having been a witness to Father Mathew's labors in Ireland in 1838. He writes from a conviction that the license and prohibition laws have failed to accomplish the end aimed at, and offers his suggestions and criticisms in a temperate, judicious manner. His book will not be read much, because it is not violent and one-sided, but those who do read it are likely, if they are fair-minded, to credit the author with honesty and reasonableness.

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THE TRAGIC MUSE.

VI.

[Continued.]

MRS. DALLOW leaned back against the lighted glass of the *café*, comfortable and beguiled, watching the passers, the opposite shops, the movement of the square in front of them. She talked about London, about the news written to her in her absence, about Cannes and the people she had seen there, about her poor sister-in-law and her numerous progeny, and two or three droll things that had happened at Versailles. She discoursed considerably about herself, mentioning certain things she meant to do on her return to town, her plans for the rest of the season. Her carriage came and stood there, and Nick asked if he should send it away; to which she said, "No, let it stand a bit." She let it stand a long time, and then she told him to dismiss it; they would walk home. She took his arm and they went along the boulevard, on the right hand side, to the Rue de la Paix, saying little to each other during the transit; and then they passed into the hotel and up to her rooms. All she had said on the way was that she was very tired of Paris. There was a shaded lamp in her *salon*, but the windows were open, and the light of the street, with its undisturbing murmur, as if everything ran on india-rubber, came up through the interstices of the balcony and made a vague glow and a flitting of shadows on the ceiling.

Her maid appeared, busying herself a moment; and when she had gone out Julia said suddenly to her companion, "Should you mind telling me what's the matter with you?"

"The matter with me?"

"Don't you want to stand?"

"I'll do anything to oblige you."

"Why should you oblige me?"

"Why, is n't that the way people treat you?" asked Nick.

"They treat me best when they are a little serious."

"My dear Julia, it seems to me I'm serious enough. Surely it is n't an occasion to be so very solemn, the idea of going down into a stodgy little country town and talking a lot of rot."

"Why do you call it 'rot'?"

"Because I can think of no other name that, on the whole, describes it so well. You know the sort of thing. Come! you've listened to enough of it, first and last. One blushes for it when one sees it in print, in the local papers. The local papers — ah, the thought of them makes me want to stay in Paris."

"If you don't speak well, it's your own fault: you know how to, perfectly. And you usually do."

"I always do, and that's what I'm ashamed of. I've got the cursed humbugging trick of it. I can turn it on, a fine flood of it, at the shortest notice. The better it is the worse it is, the kind is so inferior. It has nothing to do with the truth or the search for it; nothing

to do with intelligence, or candor, or honor. It's an appeal to everything that, for one's self, one despises," the young man went on — "to stupidity, to ignorance, to density, to the love of names and phrases, the love of hollow, idiotic words, of shutting the eyes tight and making a noise. Do men who respect each other, or themselves, talk to each other that way? They know they would deserve kicking if they were to attempt it. A man would blush to say to himself, in the darkness of the night, the things he stands up on a platform, in the garish light of day, to stuff into the ears of a multitude whose intelligence he pretends that he esteems." Nick Dormer stood at one of the windows, with his hands in his pockets. He had been looking out, but as his words followed each other faster he turned toward Mrs. Dallow, who had dropped upon a sofa, with her face to the window. She had given her jacket and gloves to her maid, but had kept on her bonnet; and she leaned forward a little as she sat, with her hands clasped together in her lap and her eyes upon her companion. The lamp, in a corner, was so thickly veiled that the room was in tempered obscurity, lighted almost equally from the street, from the brilliant shop-fronts opposite. "Therefore, why be sapient and solemn about it, like an editorial in a newspaper?" Nick added, with a smile.

She continued to look at him for a moment after he had spoken; then she said, "If you don't want to stand, you have only to say so. You need n't give your reasons."

"It's too kind of you to let me off that! And then I'm a tremendous fellow for reasons; that's my strong point, don't you know? I've a lot more besides those I've mentioned, done up and ready for delivery. The odd thing is that they don't always govern my behavior. I rather think I do want to stand."

"Then what you said just now was a speech," Mrs. Dallow rejoined.

"A speech?"

"The 'rot,' the humbug of the hustings."

"No, those great truths remain, and a good many others. But an inner voice tells me I'm in for it. And it will be much more graceful to embrace this opportunity, accepting your coöperation, than to wait for some other and forfeit that advantage."

"I shall be very glad to help you, anywhere," said Mrs. Dallow.

"Thanks, awfully," murmured the young man, still standing there with his hands in his pockets. "You would do it best in your own place, and I have no right to deny myself such a help."

Julia smiled at him for an instant. "I don't do it badly."

"Ah, you're so political!"

"Of course I am; it's the only decent thing to be. But I can only help you if you'll help yourself. I can do a good deal, but I can't do everything. If you'll work, I'll work with you; but if you are going into it with your hands in your pockets, I'll have nothing to do with you." Nick instantly changed the position of these members and sank into a seat, with his elbows on his knees. "You're very clever, but you must really take a little trouble. Things don't drop into people's mouths."

"I'll try — I'll try. I have a great incentive," Nick said.

"Of course you have."

"My mother, my poor mother." Mrs. Dallow made a slight exclamation, and he went on: "And of course, always, my father, dear man. My mother's even more political than you."

"I dare say she is, and quite right!" said Mrs. Dallow.

"And she can't tell me a bit more than you can what she thinks, what she believes, what she desires."

"Excuse me, I can tell you perfectly.

There's one thing I always desire — to keep out a Tory."

"I see; that's a great philosophy."

"It will do very well. And I desire the good of the country. I'm not ashamed of that."

"And can you give me an idea of what it is — the good of the country?"

"I know perfectly what it is n't. It is n't what the Tories want to do."

"What do they want to do?"

"Oh, it would take me long to tell you. All sorts of trash."

"It would take you long, and it would take them longer! All they want to do is to prevent *us* from doing. On our side, we want to prevent them from preventing us. That's about as clearly as we see it. So, on one side and the other, it's a beautiful, lucid, inspiring programme."

"I don't believe in you," Mrs. Dallow replied to this, leaning back on her sofa.

"I hope not, Julia, indeed!" He paused a moment, still with his face toward her and his elbows on his knees; then he pursued: "You are a very accomplished woman and a very zealous one; but you have n't an idea, you know — to call an idea. What you mainly want is to be at the head of a political salon; to start one, to keep it up, to make it a success."

"Much you know me!" Julia exclaimed; but he could see, through the dimness, that she had colored a little.

"You'll have it, in time, but I won't come to it," Nick went on.

"You can't come less than you do."

"When I say you'll have it, I mean you've already got it. That's why I don't come."

"I don't think you know what you mean," said Mrs. Dallow. "I have an idea that's as good as any of yours, any of those you have treated me to this evening, it seems to me — the simple idea that one ought to do something for one's country."

"Something, yes, but not anything, and then on two very particular conditions: one being that the country wants it, and the other that she is n't a fool for wanting it — because countries *are* sometimes fools. However, there is one thing one can always do for them, which is not to be afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

Nick Dormer hesitated a moment, laughing; then he said, "I'll tell you another time. It's very well to talk so glibly of standing," he added; "but it is n't absolutely foreign to the question that I have n't got any money."

"What did you do before?" asked Mrs. Dallow.

"The first time, my father paid."

"And the other time?"

"Oh, Mr. Carteret."

"Your expenses won't be at all large; on the contrary," said Julia.

"They sha'n't be; I shall look out sharp for that. I shall have the great Tomlins."

"Of course; but, you know, I want you to do it well." She paused an instant, and then: "Of course you can send the bill to me."

"Thanks, awfully; you're tremendously kind. I should n't think of that." Nick Dormer got up as he said these words, and walked to the window again, his companion's eyes resting upon him as he stood for a moment with his back to her. "I shall manage it somehow," he went on.

"Mr. Carteret will be delighted," said Julia.

"I dare say, but I hate taking people's money."

"That's nonsense, when it's for the country. Is n't it for *them*?"

"When they get it back!" Nick replied, turning round and looking for his hat. "It's startlingly late; you must be tired." Mrs. Dallow made no response to this, and he pursued his quest, successful only when he reached a duskier corner of the room, to which the

hat had been relegated by his cousin's maid. "Mr. Carteret will expect so much, if he pays. And so would you."

"Yes, I'm bound to say I should!" And Mrs. Dallow emphasized this assertion by the way she rose erect. "If you're only going in to lose it, you had better stay out."

"How can I lose it, with you?" the young man asked, smiling. She uttered a word, impatiently but indistinguishably, and he continued: "And even if I do, it will have been immense fun."

"It is immense fun," said Julia. "But the best fun is to win. If you don't —"

"If I don't?" he repeated, as she hesitated.

"I'll never speak to you again."

"How much you expect, even when you don't pay!"

Mrs. Dallow's rejoinder was a justification of this remark, embodying as it did the fact that if they should receive on the morrow certain information on which she believed herself entitled to count, information tending to show that the Tories meant to fight the seat hard, not to lose it again, she should look to him to be in the field as early as herself. Sunday was a lost day; she should leave Paris on Monday.

"Oh, they'll fight it hard; they'll put up Trevanion," said Nick, smoothing his hat. "They'll all come down — all that can get away. And Trevanion has a very handsome wife."

"She is not so handsome as your cousin," Mrs. Dallow hazarded.

"Oh dear, no — a cousin sooner than a wife, any day!" Nick laughed as soon as he had said this, as if the speech had an awkward side; but the reparation, perhaps, scarcely mended it, the exaggerated mock-meekness with which he added, "I'll do any blessed thing you tell me."

"Come here to-morrow, then, as early as ten." She turned round, moving to the door with him; but before they

reached it she demanded, abruptly, "Pray, is n't a gentleman to do anything, to be anything?"

"To be anything?"

"If he does n't aspire to serve the state."

"To make his political fortune, do you mean? Oh, bless me, yes, there are other things."

"What other things, that can compare with that?"

"Well, I, for instance, I'm very fond of the arts."

"Of the arts?"

"Did you never hear of them? I'm awfully fond of painting."

At this Mrs. Dallow stopped short, and her fine gray eyes had for a moment the air of being set further forward in her head. "Don't be odious! Good-night," she said, turning away and leaving him to go.

VII.

Peter Sherringham, the next day, reminded Nick that he had promised to be present with him at Madame Carré's interview with the ladies introduced to her by Gabriel Nash; and in the afternoon, in accordance with this arrangement, the two men took their way to the Rue de Constantinople. They found Mr. Nash and his friends in the small beflounced drawing-room of the old actress, who, as they learned, had sent in a request for ten minutes' grace, having been detained at a lesson — a rehearsal of a *comédie de salon*, to be given, for a charity, by a fine lady, at which she had consented to be present as an adviser. Mrs. Rooth sat on a black satin sofa, with her daughter beside her, and Gabriel Nash wandered about the room, looking at the votive offerings which converted the little paneled box, decorated in sallow white and gold, into a theatrical museum: the presents, the portraits, the wreaths, the diadems, the

letters, framed and glazed, the trophies and tributes and relics collected by Madame Carré during half a century of renown. The profusion of this testimony was hardly more striking than the confession of something missed, something hushed, which seemed to rise from it all and make it melancholy, like a reference to clappings which, in the nature of things, could now only be present as a silence; so that if the place was full of history, it was the form without the fact, or at the most a redundancy of the one to a pinch of the other — the history of a mask, of a squeak, a record of movements in the air.

Some of the objects exhibited by the distinguished artist, her early portraits, in lithograph or miniature, represented the costume and embodied the manner of a period so remote that Nick Dormer, as he glanced at them, felt a quickened curiosity to look at the woman who reconciled being alive to-day with having been alive so long ago. Peter Sherringham already knew how she managed this miracle, but every visit he paid to her added to his amused, charmed sense that it *was* a miracle, that his extraordinary old friend had seen things that he should never, never see. Those were just the things he wanted to see most, and her duration, her survival, cheated him agreeably and helped him a little to guess them. His appreciation of the actor's art was so systematic that it had an antiquarian side, and at the risk of representing him as attached to a futility it must be said that he had, as yet, hardly known a keener regret for anything than for the loss of that antecedent world, and, in particular, for his having come too late for the great *comédienne*, the light of the French stage in the early years of the century, of whose example and instruction Madame Carré had had the inestimable benefit. She had often described to him her rare predecessor, straight from whose hands she had received her most celebrated parts, and

of whom her own manner was often a religious imitation; but her descriptions troubled him more than they consoled, only confirming his theory, to which so much of his observation had already ministered, that the actor's art, in general, is going down and down, descending a slope with abysses of vulgarity at its foot, after having reached its perfection, more than fifty years ago, in the talent of the lady in question. He would have liked to dwell for an hour beneath the meridian.

Gabriel Nash introduced the newcomers to his companions; but the younger of the two ladies gave no sign of lending herself to this transaction. The girl was very white; she huddled there, silent and rigid, frightened to death, staring, expressionless. If Bridget Dormer had seen her at this moment, she might have felt avenged for the discomfort she had suffered the day before, at the Salon, under the challenging eyes of Maud Vavasour. It was plain at the present hour, that Miss Rooth would have run away, had she not felt that the persons present would prevent her escape. Her aspect made Nick Dormer feel as if the little temple of art in which they were collected had been the waiting-room of a dentist. Sherringham had seen a great many nervous girls, trembling before the same ordeal, and he liked to be kind to them, to say things that would help them to do themselves justice. The probability, in a given case, was almost overwhelmingly in favor of their having any other talent one could think of in a higher degree than the dramatic; but he could rarely forbear to interpose, even as against his conscience, to keep the occasion from being too cruel. There were occasions indeed that could scarcely be too cruel to punish properly certain examples of presumptuous ineptitude. He remembered what Mr. Nash had said about this poor creature, and perceived that though she might be inept she was now

anything but presumptuous. Gabriel fell to talking with Nick Dormer, and Peter addressed himself to Mrs. Rooth. There was no use, as yet, in saying anything to the girl; she was too scared even to hear. Mrs. Rooth, with her shawl off her back, nestled against her daughter, putting out her hand to take one of Miriam's, soothingly. She had pretty, silly, near-sighted eyes, a long, thin nose and an upper lip which projected over the under as an ornamental cornice rests on its support. "So much depends — really everything!" she said in answer to some sociable observation of Sherringham's. "It's either this," and she rolled her eyes expressively about the room, "or it's — I don't know what!"

"Perhaps we're too many," Peter hazarded, to her daughter. "But really, you'll find, after you fairly begin, that you'll do better for four or five."

Before she answered she turned her head and lifted her fine eyes. The next instant he saw they were full of tears. The word she spoke, however, though uttered in a deep, serious tone, had not the note of sensibility: "Oh, I don't care for *you*!" He laughed, at this, declared it was very well said, and that if she could give Madame Carré such a specimen as that — The actress came in before he had finished his phrase, and he observed the way the girl slowly got up to meet her, hanging her head a little and looking at her from under her brows. There was no expression in her face — only a kind of vacancy of terror, which had not even the merit of being fine of its kind, for it seemed stupid and superstitious. Yet the head was good, he perceived at the same moment; it was strong and salient and made to tell at a distance. Madame Carré scarcely noticed her at first, greeting her only in her order, with the others, and pointing to seats, composing the circle with smiles and gestures, as if they were all before the prompter's box. The old actress presented herself to a casual glance

as a red-faced woman in a wig, with beady eyes, a hooked nose and pretty hands; but Nick Dormer, who had a perception of physiognomy, speedily observed that these free characteristics included a great deal of delicate detail — an eyebrow, a nostril, a flitting of expressions, as if a multitude of little facial wires were pulled from within. This accomplished artist had in particular a mouth which was visibly a rare instrument, a pair of lips whose curves and fine corners spoke of a lifetime of "points" unerringly made and verses exquisitely spoken, helping to explain the purity of the sound that issued from them. Her whole countenance had the look of long service — of a thing infinitely worn and used, drawn and stretched to excess, with its elasticity overdone and its springs relaxed, yet religiously preserved and kept in repair, like an old valuable time-piece, which might have quivered and rumbled, but could be trusted to strike the hour. At the first words she spoke Gabriel Nash exclaimed, endearingly, "*Ah, la voix de Célimène!*" Célimène, who wore a big red flower on the summit of her crisp wig, had a very grand air, a toss of the head and sundry little majesties of manner; in addition to which she was strange, almost grotesque, and to some people would have been even terrifying, capable of reappearing, with her hard eyes, as a queer vision in the darkness. She excused herself for having made the company wait, and mouthed and mimicked, in the drollest way, with intonations as fine as a flute, the performance and the pretensions of the *belles dames* to whom she had just been endeavoring to communicate a few of the rudiments. "*Mais celles-là, c'est une plaisanterie,*" she went on, to Mrs. Rooth; "whereas you and your daughter, *chère madame* — I am sure that you are quite another matter."

The girl had got rid of her tears, and was gazing at her, and Mrs. Rooth

leaned forward and said, insinuatingly, "She knows four languages."

Madame Carré gave one of her histrionic stares, throwing back her head. "That's three too many. The thing is to do something with one of them."

"We are very much in earnest," continued Mrs. Rooth, who spoke excellent French.

"I'm glad to hear it — *il n'y a que ça. La tête est bien* — the head is very good," she said, looking at the girl. "But let us see, my dear child, what you've got in it!" The young lady was still powerless to speak; she opened her lips, but nothing came. With the failure of this effort she turned her deep, sombre eyes upon the three men. "*Un beau regard* — it carries well," Madame Carré hinted. But even as she spoke Miss Rooth's fine gaze was suffused again, and the next moment she had begun to weep. Nick Dormer sprung up; he felt embarrassed and intrusive — there was such an delicacy in sitting there to watch a poor girl's struggle with timidity. There was a momentary confusion; Mrs. Rooth's tears began also to flow; Gabriel Nash began to laugh, addressing, however, at the same time, the friendliest, most familiar encouragement to his companions, and Peter Sherringham offered to retire with Nick on the spot, if their presence was oppressive to the young lady. But the agitation was over in a minute; Madame Carré motioned Mrs. Rooth out of her seat, and took her place beside the girl, and Gabriel Nash explained judiciously to the other men that she would be worse if they were to go away. Her mother begged them to remain, "so that there should be some English;" she spoke as if the old actress were an army of Frenchwomen. The girl was quickly better, and Madame Carré, on the sofa beside her, held her hand and emitted a perfect music of reassurance. "The nerves, the nerves — they are half of our trade. Have as many as you like, if you've got some-

thing else too. *Voyons* — do you know anything?"

"I know some pieces."

"Some pieces of the *répertoire*?"

Miriam Rooth stared, as if she did not understand. "I know some poetry."

"English, French, Italian, German," said her mother.

Madame Carré gave Mrs. Rooth a look which expressed irritation at the recurrence of this announcement. "Does she wish to act in all those tongues? I don't know any polyglot parts."

"It is only to show you how she has been educated."

"Ah, chère madame, there is no education that matters! I mean save the right one. Your daughter must have a language, like me, like *ces messieurs*."

"You see if I can speak French," said the girl, smiling at her hostess. She appeared now almost to have collected herself.

"You speak it in perfection."

"And English just as well," said Miss Rooth.

"You ought not to be an actress; you ought to be a governess."

"Oh, don't tell us that: it's to escape from that!" pleaded Mrs. Rooth.

"I'm very sure your daughter will escape from that," Peter Sherringham remarked, benevolently.

"Oh, if *you* could help her!" the lady exclaimed, pathetically.

"She is richly endowed with the qualities that strike the eye," said Peter.

"You are *most* kind, sir!" Mrs. Rooth declared, gathering up her shawl.

"She knows Célimène; I have heard her do Célimène," Gabriel Nash said to Madame Carré.

"And she knows Juliet, and Lady Macbeth, and Cleopatra," added Mrs. Rooth.

"Voyons, my dear child, do you wish to work for the French stage or for the English?" the old actress demanded.

"Ours would have sore need of you,

Miss Rooth," Sherringham gallantly interposed.

"Could you speak to any one in London — could you introduce her?" her mother eagerly asked.

"Dear madam, I must hear her first, and hear what Madame Carré says."

"She has a voice of rare beauty, and I understand voices," said Mrs. Rooth.

"Ah, then, if she has intelligence, she has every gift."

"She has a most poetic mind," the old lady went on.

"I should like to paint her portrait; she's made for that," Nick Dormer ventured to observe to Mrs. Rooth; partly because he was struck with the girl's capacity as a model, partly to mitigate the crudity of inexpressive spectatorship.

"So all the artists say. I have had three or four heads of her, if you would like to see them: she has been done in several styles. If you were to do her I am sure it would make her celebrated."

"And me too," said Nick, laughing.

"It would indeed, a member of Parliament!" Nash declared.

"Ah, I have the honor —?" murmured Mrs. Rooth, looking gratified and mystified.

Nick explained that she had no honor at all, and meanwhile Madame Carré had been questioning the girl. "Chère madame, I can do nothing with your daughter; she knows too much!" she broke out. "It's a pity, because I like to catch them wild."

"Oh, she's wild enough, if that's all! And that's the very point, the question of where to try," Mrs. Rooth went on. "Into what do I launch her — upon what stormy sea? I've thought of it so anxiously."

"Try here — try the French public: they're the most serious," said Gabriel Nash.

"Ah, no, try the English: there's such an opening!" Sherringham exclaimed, in quick opposition.

"Ah, it is n't the public, dear gentlemen. It's the other people — it's the life — it's the moral atmosphere."

"*Je ne connais qu'une scène — la nôtre*," Madame Carré remarked. "I have been informed there is no other."

"And very correctly," said Gabriel Nash. "The theatre in our countries is puerile and barbarous."

"There is something to be done for it, and perhaps mademoiselle is the person to do it," Sherringham suggested, contentiously.

"Ah, but, *en attendant*, what can it do for her?" Madame Carré asked.

"Well, anything that I can help it to do," said Peter Sherringham, who was more and more struck with the girl's rich type. Miriam Rooth sat in silence, while this discussion went on, looking from one speaker to the other with a suspended, literal air.

"Ah, if your part is marked out, I congratulate you, mademoiselle!" said the old actress, underlining the words as she had often underlined such words on the stage. She smiled with large permissiveness on the young aspirant, who appeared not to understand her. Her tone penetrated, however, to certain depths in the mother's nature, adding another stir to agitated waters.

"I feel the responsibility of what she shall find in the life, the standards, of the theatre," Mrs. Rooth explained. "Where is the best tone — where are the highest standards? that's what I ask," the good lady continued, with a persistent candor which elicited a peal of unceremonious but sociable laughter from Gabriel Nash.

"The best tone — *qu'est-ce-que-c'est que ça?*" Madame Carré demanded, in the finest manner of modern comedy.

"We are very, *very* respectable," Mrs. Rooth went on, smiling and achieving lightness, too. "What I want to do is to place my daughter where the conduct — and the picture of conduct, in which she should take part — would n't

be absolutely dreadful. Now, *chère madame*, how about all that ; how about the conduct in the French theatre — the things she should see, the things she should hear ? ”

“ I don’t think I know what you are talking about. They are the things she may see and hear everywhere ; only they are better done, they are better said. The only conduct that concerns an actress, it seems to me, is her own, and the only way for her to behave herself is not to be a stick. I know no other conduct.”

“ But there are characters, there are situations, which I don’t think I should like to see *her* undertake.”

“ There are many, no doubt, which she would do well to leave alone ! ” laughed the Frenchwoman.

“ I should n’t like to see her represent a very bad woman — a *really* bad one,” Mrs. Rooth serenely pursued.

“ Ah, in England, then, and in your theatre, every one is good ? Your plays must be ingenious ! ”

“ We have n’t any plays,” said Gabriel Nash.

“ People will write them for Miss Rooth — it will be a new era,” Peter Sherringham rejoined, with wanton, or at any rate combative optimism.

“ Will *you*, sir — will you do something ? A sketch of some truly noble heroine ? ” the old lady asked, engagingly.

“ Oh, I know what you do with our pieces — to show your superior virtue ! ” Madame Carré broke in, before he had time to reply that he wrote nothing but diplomatic memoranda. “ Bad women ? *Je n’ai joué que ça*, madame. ‘ Really ’ bad ? I tried to make them real ! ”

“ I can say *L’Aventurière*,” Miriam interrupted, in a cold voice which seemed to hint at a want of participation in the maternal solitudes.

“ Confer on us the pleasure of hearing you, then. Madame Carré will give you the *réplique*,” said Peter Sherringham.

“ Certainly, my child ; I can say it without the book,” Madame Carré responded. “ Put yourself there — move that chair a little away.” She patted her young visitor, encouraging her to rise, and settled with her the scene they should take, while the three men sprang up to arrange a place for the performance. Miriam left her seat, and looked vaguely round her ; then, having taken off her hat and given it to her mother, she stood on the designated spot, with her eyes on the ground. Abruptly, however, instead of beginning the scene, Madame Carré turned to the elder lady, with an air which showed that a rejoinder to this visitor’s remarks of a moment before had been gathering force in her breast.

“ You mix things up, *chère madame*, and I have it on my heart to tell you so. I believe it’s rather the case with you other English, and I have never been able to learn that either your morality or your talent is the gainer by it. To be too respectable to go where things are done best is, in my opinion, to be very vicious indeed ; and to do them badly in order to preserve your virtue is to fall into a grossness more shocking than any other. To do them well is virtue enough, and not to make a mess of it the only respectability. That’s hard enough to merit Paradise. Everything else is base humbug ! Voilà, *chère madame*, the answer I have for your scruples ! ”

“ It’s admirable — admirable ; and I am glad my friend Dormer here has had the great advantage of hearing you utter it ! ” Gabriel Nash exclaimed, looking at Nick.

Nick thought it, in effect, a speech denoting an intelligence of the question, but he rather resented the idea that Nash should assume that it would strike him as a revelation ; and to show his familiarity with the line of thought it indicated, as well as to play his part appreciatively in the little circle, he re-

marked to Mrs. Rooth, as if they might take many things for granted, "In other words, your daughter must find her safeguard in the artistic conscience." But he had no sooner spoken than he was struck with the oddity of their discussing so publicly, and under the poor girl's nose, the conditions which Miss Rooth might find the best for the preservation of her personal fame. However, the anomaly was light and unoppressive — the echoes of a public discussion of delicate questions seemed to linger so familiarly in the egotistical little room. Moreover, the heroine of the occasion evidently, now, was losing her embarrassment; she was the priestess on the tripod, awaiting the afflatus and thinking only of that. Her bared head, of which she had changed the position, holding it erect, while her arms hung at her sides, was admirable; and her eyes gazed straight out of the window, at the houses on the opposite side of the Rue de Constantinople.

Mrs. Rooth had listened to Madame Carré with startled, respectful attention, but Nick, observing her, was very sure that she had not understood her hostess's little lesson. Yet this did not prevent her from exclaiming, in answer to him, "Oh, a fine artistic life — what indeed is more beautiful?"

Peter Sherringham had said nothing; he was watching Miriam and her attitude. She wore a black dress, which fell in straight folds; her face, under her level brows, was pale and regular, with a strange, strong, tragic beauty. "I don't know what's in her," he said to himself; "nothing, it would seem, from her persistent vacancy. But such a face as that, such a head, is a fortune!" Madame Carré made her commence, giving her the first line of the speech of Clorinde: "*Vous ne me fuyez pas, mon enfant, aujourd'hui.*" But still the girl hesitated, and for an instant she appeared to make a vain, convulsive effort. In this effort she frowned

portentously; her low forehead overhung her eyes; the eyes themselves, in shadow, stared, splendid and cold, and her hands clinched themselves at her sides. She looked austere and terrible, and during this moment she was an incarnation of the vividness of which drew from Sherringham a stifled cry. "*Elle est bien belle — ah, ça!*" murmured the old actress; and in the pause which still preceded the issue of sound from the girl's lips Peter turned to his kinsman, and said in a low tone, —

"You must paint her just like that."

"Like that?"

"As the Tragic Muse."

She began to speak; a long, strong, colorless voice came quavering from her young throat. She delivered the lines of Clorinde, in the fine interview with Célie, in the third act of the play, with a rude monotony, and then, gaining confidence, with an effort at modulation which was not altogether successful, and which, evidently, she felt not to be so. Madame Carré sent back the ball without raising her hand, repeating the speeches of Célie, which her memory possessed from their having so often been addressed to her, and uttering the verses with soft, communicative art. So they went on through the scene, and when it was over it had not precisely been a triumph for Miriam Rooth. Sherringham forbore to look at Gabriel Nash, and Madame Carré said, "I think you have a voice, *ma fille*, somewhere or other. We must try and put our hand on it." Then she asked her what instruction she had had, and the girl, lifting her eyebrows, looked at her mother, while her mother prompted her.

"Mrs. Delamere, in London; she was once an ornament of the English stage. She gives lessons just to a very few; it's a great favor. Such a very nice person! But above all, Signor Ruggieri — I think he taught us most." Mrs. Rooth explained that this gentleman was an Italian tragedian, in Rome, who

instructed Miriam in the proper manner of pronouncing his language, and also in the art of declaiming and gesticulating.

"Gesticulating, I'll warrant!" said their hostess. "Mrs. Delamere is doubtless an epitome of all the virtues, but I never heard of her. You travel too much," Madame Carré went on; "that's very amusing, but the way to study is to stay at home, to shut yourself up and play your scales." Mrs. Rooth complained that they had no home to stay at; in rejoinder to which the old actress exclaimed, "Oh, you English, you are *d'une légèreté à faire rougir*. If you have n't a home, you must make one. In our profession it's the first requisite."

"But where? That's what I ask!" said Mrs. Rooth.

"Why not here?" Sherringham inquired.

"Oh, here!" And the good lady shook her head, with a world of suggestions.

"Come and live in London, and then I shall be able to paint your daughter," Nick Dormer interposed.

"Is that all that it will take, my dear fellow?" asked Gabriel Nash.

"Ah, London — it's full of memories," Mrs. Rooth went on. "My father had a great house there — we always came up. But all that's over."

"Study here, and go to London to appear," said Peter Sherringham, feeling friyolous even as he spoke.

"To appear in French?"

"No, in the language of Shakespeare."

"But we can't study that here."

"M. Sherringham means that he will give you lessons," Madame Carré explained. "Let me not fail to say it — he's an excellent critic."

"How do you know that — you who are perfect?" asked Sherringham: an inquiry to which the answer was forestalled by the girl's rousing herself to

make it public that she could recite the Nights of Alfred de Musset.

"Diable!" said the actress, "that's more than I can! But by all means give us a specimen."

The girl again placed herself in position and rolled out a fragment of one of the splendid conversations of Musset's poet with his muse — rolled it loudly and proudly, distributing it into very broad masses indeed. Madame Carré watched her at first, but after a few moments she shut her eyes, though the best part of the business was to look. Sherringham had supposed Miriam was abashed by the flatness of her first performance, but now he perceived that she could not have been conscious of this; she was, much rather, exhilarated and emboldened. She made, as he mentally phrased it, a hash of the divine verses, which, in spite of certain sonorities and cadences, an evident effort to imitate a celebrated actress, a comrade of Madame Carré, whom she had heard declaim them, she produced as if she had but a dim idea of their meaning. When she had finished, Madame Carré passed no judgment; she only said, "Perhaps you had better say something English." She suggested some little piece of verse — some fable, if there were fables in English. She appeared but scantily surprised to hear that there were not — it was a language of which she expected so little. Mrs. Rooth said, "She knows her Tennyson by heart. I think he is more beautiful than La Fontaine;" and after some deliberation and delay Miriam broke into *The Lotos-Eaters*, from which she passed directly, almost breathlessly, to Edward Gray. Sherringham had by this time heard her make four different attempts, and the only generalization which could be very present to him was that she uttered these various compositions in exactly the same tone — a solemn, droning, dragging measure, adopted with an intention of pathos, a crude idea of

"style." It was funereal, and at the same time it was rough and childish. Sherringham thought her English performance less futile than her French, but he could see that Madame Carré listened to it with even less pleasure. In the way the girl wailed forth some of her Tennysonian lines he detected a possibility of a thrill. But the further she went, the more violently she acted on the nerves of Mr. Gabriel Nash: that also he could discover, from the way this gentleman ended by slipping discreetly to the window, and leaning there, with his head out and his back to the exhibition. He had the art of mute expression; his attitude said, as clearly as possible, "No, no, you can't call me either ill-mannered or ill-natured. I'm the showman of the occasion, moreover, and I avert myself, leaving you to judge. If there's a thing in life I hate, it's this idiotic new fashion of the drawing-room recitation, and the insufferable creatures who practice it, who prevent conversation, and whom, as they are beneath it, you can't punish by criticism. Therefore what I am is only too magnanimous — bringing these benighted women here, paying with my person, stifling my just repugnance."

At the same time that Sherringham pronounced privately that the manner in which Miss Rooth had acquitted herself offered no element of interest, he remained conscious that something surmounted and survived her failure, something that would perhaps be worth taking hold of. It was the element of outline and attitude, the way she stood, the way she turned her eyes, her head, and moved her limbs. These things held the attention; they had a natural felicity and, in spite of their suggesting too much the school-girl in the *tableau-vivant*, a sort of grandeur. Her face, moreover, grew as he watched it; something delicate dawned in it, a dim promise of variety and a touching plea for patience, as if it were conscious of being

able to show in time more expressions than the simple and striking gloom which, as yet, had mainly graced it. In short, the plastic quality of her person was the only definite sign of a vocation. He almost hated to have to recognize this; he had seen that quality so often when it meant nothing at all that he had come at last to regard it as almost a guarantee of incompetence. He knew Madame Carré valued it, by itself, so little that she counted it out in measuring an histrionic nature; when it was not accompanied with other properties which helped and completed it, she was near considering it as a positive hindrance to success — success of the only kind that she esteemed. Far oftener than he, she had sat in judgment on young women for whom hair and eyebrows and a disposition for the statuesque would have worked the miracle of attenuating their stupidity if the miracle were workable. But that particular miracle never was. The qualities she deemed most interesting were not the gifts, but the conquests — the effects the actor had worked hard for, had wrested by unwearying study. Sherringham remembered to have had, in the early part of their acquaintance, a friendly dispute with her on this subject; he having been moved at that time to defend the cause of the gifts. She had gone so far as to say that a serious comedian ought to be ashamed of them — ashamed of resting his case on them; and when Sherringham had cited Mademoiselle Rachel as a great artist whose natural endowment was rich and who had owed her highest triumphs to it, she had declared that Rachel was the very instance that proved her point — a talent embodying one or two primary aids, a voice and an eye, but essentially formed by work, unrelenting and ferocious work. "I don't care a straw for your handsome girls," she said; "but bring me one who is ready to drudge the tenth part of the way Rachel drudged, and I'll forgive

her her beauty. Of course, *notez bien*, Rachel was n't *bête*: that's a gift, if you like!"

Mrs. Rooth, who was evidently very proud of the figure her daughter had made, appealed to Madame Carré, rashly and serenely, for a verdict; but fortunately this lady's voluble *bonne* came rattling in at the same moment with the tea-tray. The old actress busied herself in dispensing this refreshment, an hospitable attention to her English visitors, and under cover of the diversion thus obtained, while the others talked together, Sherringham said to his hostess, "Well, is there anything in her?"

"Nothing that I can see. She's loud and coarse."

"She's very much afraid; you must allow for that."

"Afraid of me, immensely, but not a bit afraid of her authors — nor of you!" added Madame Carré, smiling.

"Are n't you prejudiced by what Mr. Nash has told you?"

"Why prejudiced? He only told me she was very handsome."

"And don't you think she is?"

"Admirable. But I'm not a photographer nor a dressmaker. I can't do anything with that."

"The head is very noble," said Peter Sherringham. "And the voice, when she spoke English, had some sweet tones."

"Ah, your English — possibly! All I can say is that, I listened to her conscientiously, and I did n't perceive in what she did a single *nuance*, a single inflection or intention. But not one, *mon cher*. I don't think she's intelligent."

"But don't they often seem stupid at first?"

"Say always!"

"Then don't some succeed — even when they are handsome."

"When they are handsome they always succeed — in one way or another."

"You don't understand us English," said Peter Sherringham.

Madame Carré drank her tea; then she replied, "Marry her, my son, and give her diamonds. Make her an ambassador; she will look very well."

"She interests you so little that you don't care to do anything for her?"

"To do anything?"

"To give her a few lessons."

The old actress looked at him a moment; after which, rising from her place near the table on which the tea had been served, she said to Miriam Rooth, "My dear child, I give my voice for the *scène anglaise*. You did the English things best."

"Did I do them well?" asked the girl.

"You have a great deal to learn; but you have force. The principal things *sont encore à dégager*, but they will come. You must work."

"I think she has ideas," said Mrs. Rooth.

"She gets them from you," Madame Carré replied.

"I must say, if it's to be *our* theatre I'm relieved. I think it's safer," the good lady continued.

"Ours is dangerous, no doubt."

"You mean you are more severe," said the girl.

"Your mother is right," the actress smiled; "you have ideas."

"But what shall we do then — how shall we proceed?" Mrs. Rooth inquired.

She made this appeal, plaintively and vaguely, to the three gentlemen; but they had collected, a few steps off, and were talking together, so that it failed to reach them.

"Work — work — work!" exclaimed the actress.

"In English I can play Shakespeare. I want to play Shakespeare," Miriam remarked.

"That's fortunate, as, in English, you have n't any one else to play."

"But he's so great — and he's so pure!" said Mrs. Rooth.

"That also seems very fortunate for you," Madame Carré phrased.

"You think me actually pretty bad, don't you?" the girl demanded, with her serious face.

"*Mon Dieu, que vous dirai-je?* Of course you are rough; but so was I, at your age. And if you find your voice, it may carry you far. Besides, what does it matter what I think? How can I judge for your English public?"

"How shall I find my voice?" asked Miriam Rooth.

"By trying. *Il n'y a que ça*. Work like a horse, night and day. Besides, M. Sherringham, as he says, will help you."

Sherringham, hearing his name, turned round, and the girl appealed to him. "Will you help me, really?"

"To find her voice," Madame Carré interposed.

"The voice, when it's worth anything, comes from the heart; so I suppose that's where to look for it," Gabriel Nash suggested.

"Much you know; you have n't got any!" Miriam retorted, with the first scintillation of gayety she had shown on this occasion.

"Any voice, my child?" Mr. Nash inquired.

"Any heart, or any manners!"

Peter Sherringham made the secret reflection that he liked her better when she was lugubrious; for the note of pertness was not totally absent from her mode of emitting these few words. He was irritated, moreover, for in the brief conference he had just had with the young lady's introducer he had had to face the necessity of saying something optimistic about her, which was not particularly easy. Mr. Nash had said with his bland smile, "And what impression does my young friend make?" to which it appeared to Sherringham that an uncomfortable consistency compelled him

to reply that there was evidently a good deal in her. He was far from being sure of that; at the same time, the young lady, both with the exaggerated "points" of her person and the poverty of her instinct of expression, constituted a kind of challenge — presented herself to him as a subject for inquiry, a problem, a piece of work, an explorable country. She was too bad to jump at, and yet she was too individual to overlook, especially when she rested her tragic eyes on him with the appeal of her deep "Really?" This appeal sounded as if it were in a certain way to his honor, giving him a chance to brave verisimilitude, to brave ridicule even, a little, in order to show, in a special case, what he had always maintained in general, that the direction of a young person's studies for the stage may be an interest of as high an order as any other artistic consideration.

"Mr. Nash has rendered us the great service of introducing us to Madame Carré, and I'm sure we're immensely indebted to him," Mrs. Rooth said to her daughter, with an air affectionately corrective.

"But what good does that do us?" the girl asked, smiling at the actress and gently laying her finger-tips upon her hand. "Madame Carré listens to me with adorable patience, and then sends me about my business — in the prettiest way in the world."

"Mademoiselle, you are not so rough; the tone of that is very *juste*. *A la bonne heure*; work — work!" the actress exclaimed. "There was an inflection there, or very nearly. Practice it till you've got it."

"Come and practice it to me, if your mother will be so kind as to bring you," said Peter Sherringham.

"Do you give lessons — do you understand?" Miriam asked.

"I'm an old play-goer, and I have an unbounded belief in my own judgment."

"Old, sir, is too much to say," Mrs. Rooth remonstrated. "My daughter knows your high position, but she is very direct. You will always find her so. Perhaps you'll say there are less honorable faults. We'll come to see you with pleasure. Oh, I've been at the embassy, when I was her age. Therefore why should n't she go to-day? That was in Lord Davenant's time."

"A few people are coming to tea with me to-morrow. Perhaps you'll come then, at five o'clock."

"It will remind me of the dear old times," said Mrs. Rooth.

"Thank you; I'll try and do better to-morrow," Miriam remarked, very sweetly.

"You do better every minute!" Sherringham exclaimed, looking at Madame Carré in emphasis of this declaration.

"She is finding her voice," the actress responded.

"She is finding a friend!" Mrs. Rooth amended.

"And don't forget, when you come to London, my hope that you'll come and see me," Nick Dormer said to the girl. "To try and paint you — that would do me good!"

"She is finding even two," said Madame Carré.

"It's to make up for one I've lost!" And Miriam looked with very good stage-scorn at Gabriel Nash. "It's he that thinks I'm bad."

"You say that to make me drive you home; you know it will," Nash returned.

"We'll all take you home; why not?" Sherringham asked.

Madame Carré looked at the handsome girl, handsomer than ever at this moment, and at the three young men who had taken their hats and stood ready to accompany her. A deeper expression came for an instant into her hard, bright eyes, while she sighed, "*Ah, la jeunesse!* you'd always have that, my child, if you were the greatest goose on earth!"

VIII.

At Peter Sherringham's, the next day, Miriam Rooth had so evidently come with the expectation of "saying" something that it was impossible the second secretary should forbear to invite her, little as the exhibition at Madame Carré's could have contributed to render the invitation prompt. His curiosity had been more appeased than stimulated, but he felt none the less that he had "taken up" the dark-browed girl and her reminiscential mother, and must face the immediate consequences of the act. This responsibility weighed upon him during the twenty-four hours that followed the ultimate dispersal of the little party at the door of the Hôtel de la Mayenne.

On quitting Madame Carré's the two ladies had gracefully declined Mr. Nash's offered cab, and had taken their way homeward on foot, with the gentlemen in attendance. The streets of Paris at that hour were bright and episodical, and Sherringham trod them good-humoredly enough, and not too fast, leaning a little to talk to the young lady as he went. Their pace was regulated by her mother's, who walked in advance, on the arm of Gabriel Nash (Nick Dormer was on her other side), in refined deprecation. Her sloping back was before them, exempt from retentive stiffness in spite of her rigid principles, with the little drama of her lost and recovered shawl perpetually going on.

Sherringham said nothing to the girl about her performance or her powers; their talk was only of her manner of life with her mother — their travels, their *pensions*, their economies, their want of a home, the many cities she knew well, the foreign tongues and the wide view of the world she had acquired. He guessed easily enough the dolorous type of exile of the two ladies, wanderers in search of Continental cheapness, inured

to queer contacts and compromises, "remarkably well connected" in England, but going out for their meals. The girl was but indirectly communicative, not, apparently, from any intention of concealment, but from the habit of associating with people whom she did n't honor with her confidence. She was fragmentary and abrupt, and not in the least shy, subdued to dread of Madame Carré as she had been for the time. She gave Sherringham a reason for this fear, and he thought her reason innocently pretentious. "She admired a great artist more than anything in the world; and in the presence of art, of *great* art, her heart beat so fast." Her manners were not perfect, and the friction of a varied experience had rather roughened than smoothed her. She said nothing that showed that she was clever, though he guessed that this was the intention of two or three of her remarks; but he parted from her with the suspicion that she was, according to the contemporary French phrase, a "nature."

The Hôtel de la Mayenne was in a small, unrenovated street, in which the cobble-stones of old Paris still flourished, lying between the Avenue de l'Opéra and the Place de la Bourse. Sherringham had occasionally passed through this dim by-way, but he had never noticed the tall, stale *maison meublée*, whose aspect, that of a third-rate provincial inn, was an illustration of Mrs. Rooth's shrunken standard.

"We would ask you to come up, but it's quite at the top, and we have n't a sitting-room," the poor lady bravely explained. "We had to receive Mr. Nash at a café."

Nick Dormer declared that he liked cafés, and Miriam, looking at his cousin, dropped, with a flash of passion, the demand, "Do you wonder that I should want to do something, so that we can stop living like pigs?"

Sherringham recognized eventually, the next day, that though it might be

rather painful to listen to her it was better to make her recite than to let her do nothing, so effectually did the presence of his sister and that of Lady Agnes, and even of Grace and Biddy, appear, by a sort of tacit opposition, to deprive hers, ornamental as it was, of a reason. He had only to see them all together to perceive that she could n't pass for having come to "meet" them—even her mother's insinuating gentility failed to put the occasion on *that* footing—and that she must therefore be assumed to have been brought to show them something. She was not subdued, not colorless enough to sit there for nothing, or even for conversation (the sort of conversation that was likely to come off), so that it was inevitable to treat her position as connected with the principal place on the carpet, with silence and attention and the pulling together of chairs. Even when so established it struck him at first as precarious, in the light of the inexpressive faces of the other ladies, sitting in couples and rows on sofas (there were several in addition to Julia and the Dormers; mainly the wives, with their husbands, of Sherringham's fellow-secretaries), scarcely one of whom he felt that he might count upon to say something gushing when the girl should have finished.

Miss Rooth gave a representation of Juliet drinking her potion, according to the system, as her mother explained, of the famous Signor Ruggieri—a scene of high, fierce sound, of many cries and contortions; she shook her hair (which proved magnificent) half down before the performance was over. Then she declaimed several short poems by Victor Hugo, selected, among many hundred, by Mrs. Rooth, as the good lady was careful to make known. After this she jumped to the American lyre, regaling the company with specimens, both familiar and fresh, of Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, and of two or three poetesses revealed to Sherringham on

this occasion. She flowed so copiously, keeping the floor and rejoicing visibly in her opportunity, that Sherringham was mainly occupied with wondering how he could make her leave off. He was surprised at the extent of her repertory, which, in view of the circumstance that she could never have received much encouragement — it must have come mainly from her mother, and he didn't believe in Signor Ruggieri — denoted a very stiff ambition and a kind of illuminated perseverance. It was her mother who checked her at last, and he found himself suspecting that Gabriel Nash had intimated to her that interference was necessary. For himself, he was chiefly glad that Madame Carré was not there. It was present to him that she would have deemed the exhibition, with its badness, its assurance, and the absence of criticism, almost indecent.

His only new impression of the girl was that of this same high assurance — her coolness, her complacency, her eagerness to go on. She had been deadly afraid of the old actress, but she was not a bit afraid of a cluster of *femmes du monde*, of Julia, of Lady Agnes, of the smart women of the embassy. It was positively these personages who were rather frightened; there was certainly a moment when even Julia was scared, for the first time that he had ever seen her. The space was too small; the cries, the rushes of the disheveled girl, were too near. Lady Agnes, much of the time, wore the countenance she might have worn at the theatre during a play in which pistols were fired; and indeed the manner of the young reciter had become more spasmodic, more explosive. It appeared, however, that the company in general thought her very clever and successful; which showed, to Sherringham's sense, how little they understood the matter. Poor Biddy was immensely struck, and grew flushed and absorbed in proportion as Miriam, at her

best moments, became pale and fatal. It was she who spoke to her first, after it was agreed that they had better not fatigue her any more; she advanced a few steps, happening to be near her, murmuring, "Oh, thank you, thank you so much. I never saw anything so beautiful, so grand."

She looked very red and very pretty as she said this. Peter Sherringham liked her enough to notice and to like her better when she looked prettier than usual. As he turned away he heard Miriam answer, with rather an ungracious irrelevance, "I have seen you before, two days ago, at the Salon, with Mr. Dormer. Yes, I know he's your brother. I have made his acquaintance since. He wants to paint my portrait. Do you think he'll do it well?" He was afraid Miriam was a little of a brute, and also somewhat grossly vain. This impression would perhaps have been confirmed if a part of the rest of the short conversation of the two girls had reached his ear. Biddy ventured to remark that she herself had studied modeling a little, and that she could understand how any artist would think Miss Rooth a splendid subject. If, indeed, *she* could attempt her head, that would be a chance to do something.

"Thank you," said Miriam, with a laugh. "I think I had rather not *passer par toute la famille!*" Then she added, "If your brother's an artist, I don't understand how he's in Parliament."

"Oh, he is n't in Parliament now; we only hope he will be."

"Oh, I see."

"And he is n't an artist, either," Biddy felt herself conscientiously bound to subjoin.

"Then he is n't anything," said Miss Rooth.

"Well — he's immensely clever."

"Oh, I see," Miss Rooth again replied. "Mr. Nash has puffed him up so."

"I don't know Mr. Nash," said Bid-
dy, guilty of a little dryness, and also
of a little misrepresentation, and feeling
rather snubbed.

"Well, you need n't wish to."

Biddy stood with her a moment longer, still looking at her and not knowing what to say next, but not finding her any less handsome because she had such odd manners. Biddy had an ingenious little mind, which always tried as much as possible to keep different things separate. It was pervaded now by the observation, made with a certain relief, that if the girl spoke to her with such unexpected familiarity of Nick she said nothing at all about Peter. Two gentlemen came up, two of Peter's friends, and made speeches to Miss Rooth of the kind, Biddy supposed, that people learned to make in Paris. It was also doubtless in Paris, the girl privately reasoned, that they learned to listen to them as this striking performer listened. She received their advances very differently from the way she had received Biddy's. Sherringham noticed his young kinswoman turn away, still blushing, to go and sit near her mother again, leaving Miriam engaged with the two men. It appeared to have come over Biddy that for a moment she had been strangely spontaneous and bold, and had paid a little of the penalty. The seat next her mother was occupied by Mrs. Rooth, toward whom Lady Agnes's head had inclined itself with a preoccupied air of benevolence. He had an idea that Mrs. Rooth was telling her about the Neville-Nugents of Castle Nugent, and that Lady Agnes was thinking it odd she never had heard of them. He said to himself that Biddy was generous. She had urged Julia to come, in order that they might see how bad the strange young woman would be; but now that she turned out so dazzling she forgot this calculation, and rejoiced in what she innocently supposed to be her triumph. She kept away from Julia, how-

ever; she did n't even look at her to invite her also to confess that, in vulgar parlance, they had been sold. He himself spoke to his sister, who was leaning back, in rather a detached way, in the corner of a sofa, saying something which led her to remark in reply, "Ah, I dare say it's extremely fine, but I don't care for tragedy treading on one's toes. She ought to be behind a fence."

"My poor Julia, it is n't extremely fine; it is n't fine at all," Sherringham rejoined, with some irritation.

"Excuse me. I thought that was why you invited us."

"I thought she was different," Sherringham said.

"Ah, if you don't care for her, so much the better. It has always seemed to me that you make too much of those people."

"Oh, I do care for her in a way, too. She's interesting." His sister gave him a momentary mystified glance, and he added, "And she's shocking!" He felt stupidly annoyed, and he was ashamed of his annoyance, for he could have assigned no reason for it. It did n't make it less, for the moment, to see Gabriel Nash approach Mrs. Dallow, introduced by Nick Dormer. He gave place to the two young men with a certain alacrity, for he had a sense of being put in the wrong, in respect to the heroine of the occasion, by Nash's very presence. He remembered that it had been a part of their bargain, as it were, that he should present that gentleman to his sister. He was not sorry to be relieved of the office by Nick, and he even, tacitly and ironically, wished his cousin's friend joy of a colloquy with Mrs. Dallow. Sherringham's life was spent with people; he was used to people; and both as a host and as a guest he carried them, in general, lightly. He could observe, especially in the former capacity, without uneasiness, take the temperature without anxiety. But at present his company oppressed him; he felt himself

nervous, which was the thing in the world that he had always held to be least an honor to a gentleman embarked in diplomacy. He was vexed with the levity in himself which had made him call them together on so poor a pretext, and yet he was vexed with the stupidity in them which made them think, as they evidently did, that the pretext was sufficient. He inwardly groaned at the precipitancy with which he had saddled himself with the Tragic Muse (a tragic muse who was noisy and pert), and yet he wished his visitors would go away and leave him alone with her.

Nick Dormer said to Mrs. Dallow that he wanted her to know an old friend of his, one of the cleverest men he knew; and he added the hope that she would be gentle and encouraging with him; he was so timid and so easily disconcerted.

Gabriel Nash dropped into a chair by the arm of Julia's sofa, Nick Dormer went away, and Mrs. Dallow turned her glance upon her new acquaintance without a perceptible change of position. Then she emitted, with rapidity, the remark, "It's very awkward when people are told one is clever."

"It's awkward if one isn't," said Mr. Nash, smiling.

"Yes, but so few people are — enough to be talked about."

"Isn't that just the reason why such a matter, such an exception, ought to be mentioned to them?" asked Gabriel Nash. "They might n't find it out for themselves. Of course, however, as you say, there ought to be a certainty; then they are surer to know it. Dormer's a dear fellow, but he's rash and superficial."

Mrs. Dallow at this turned her glance a second time upon her interlocutor; but during the rest of the conversation she rarely repeated the movement. If she liked Nick Dormer extremely (and it may without further delay be communicated to the reader that she did),

her liking was of a kind that opposed no difficulty whatever to her not liking (in case of such a complication) a person attached or otherwise belonging to him. It was not in her nature to extend tolerances to others for the sake of an individual she loved: the tolerance was usually consumed in the loving; there was nothing left over. If the affection that isolates and simplifies its object may be distinguished from the affection that seeks communications and contacts for it, Julia Dallow's belonged wholly to the former class. She was not so much jealous as rigidly direct. She desired no experience for the familiar and yet partly mysterious kinsman in whom she took an interest that she would not have desired for herself; and, indeed, the cause of her interest in him was partly the vision of his helping her to the particular emotion that she did desire — the emotion of great affairs and of public action. To have such ambitions for him appeared to her the greatest honor she could do him; her conscience was in it as well as her inclination, and her scheme, in her conception, was noble enough to varnish over any disdain she might feel for forces drawing him another way. She had a prejudice, in general, against his connections, a suspicion of them, and a supply of unwrought contempt ready for them. It was a singular circumstance that she was skeptical even when, knowing her as well as he did, he thought them worth recommending to her; the recommendation, indeed, inveterately confirmed the suspicion.

This was a law from which Gabriel Nash was condemned to suffer, if suffering could on any occasion be predicated of Gabriel Nash. His pretension was, in truth, that he had eliminated it from his life, though probably he would have admitted that if an infusion of it remained, the touch of a woman would make him feel the twinge. In dining with her brother and with the Dormers,

two evenings before, Mrs. Dallow had been moved to exclaim that Peter and Nick knew the most extraordinary people. As regards Peter, the attitudinizing girl and her mother now pointed that moral with sufficient vividness; so that there was little arrogance in taking a similar quality for granted in the conceited man at her elbow, who sat there as if he would be capable, from one moment to another, of leaning over the arm of her sofa. She had not the slightest wish to talk with him about himself, and was afraid, for an instant, that he was on the point of passing from the chapter of his cleverness to that of his timidity. It was a false alarm, however, for instead of this he said something about the pleasures of the monologue, as the distraction that had just been offered was called by the French. He intimated that in his opinion these pleasures were mainly for the performers. They had all, at any rate, given Miss Rooth a charming afternoon; that, of course, was what Mrs. Dallow's kind brother had mainly intended in arranging the little party. (Mrs. Dallow hated to hear him call her brother "kind;" the term seemed offensively patronizing.) But he himself, he related, was now constantly employed in the same beneficence, listening, two thirds of his time, to the intonations (if she could be said to have intonations) of Miss Rooth. She had doubtless observed it herself, how the great current of the age, the adoration of the mime, was almost too strong for any individual; how it swept one along and hurled one against the rocks. As she made no response to this proposition Gabriel Nash asked her if she had not been struck with the main sign of the time, the preponderance of the mountebank, the glory and renown, the personal favor, that he enjoyed. Had n't she noticed what an immense part of the public attention he held, in London at least? For in Paris society was not

so pervaded with him, and the women of the profession, in particular, were not in every drawing-room.

"I don't know what you mean," Mrs. Dallow said. "I know nothing of any such people."

"Are n't they under your feet wherever you turn — their performances, their portraits, their speeches, their autobiographies, their names, their manners, their ugly mugs, as the people say, and their idiotic pretensions?"

"I dare say it depends on the places one goes to. If they're everywhere" — and Mrs. Dallow paused a moment — "I don't go everywhere."

"I don't go anywhere, but they mount on my back, at home, like the Old Man of the Sea. Just observe a little when you return to London," Nash continued, with friendly instructiveness. Mrs. Dallow got up at this — she did n't like receiving directions; but no other corner of the room appeared to offer her any particular reason for crossing to it; she never did such a thing without a great inducement. So she remained standing there, as if she were quitting the place in a moment, which indeed she now determined to do; and her interlocutor, rising also, lingered beside her, unencouraged but unperturbed. He went on to remark that Mr. Sherringham was quite right to offer Miss Rooth an afternoon's sport; she deserved it as a fine, brave, amiable girl. She was highly educated, knew a dozen languages, was of illustrious lineage, and was immensely particular.

"Immensely particular?" Mrs. Dallow repeated.

"Perhaps I should say that her mother is, on her behalf. Particular about the sort of people they meet — the tone, the standard. They, I am bound to say, are like you: they don't go everywhere. That spirit is meritorious; it should be recognized and rewarded."

Mrs. Dallow said nothing for a moment; she looked vaguely round the

room, but not at Miriam Rooth. Nevertheless she presently dropped, in allusion to her, the words, "She's dreadfully vulgar."

"Ah, don't say that to my friend Dormer!" Gabriel Nash exclaimed.

"Are you and he such great friends?" Mrs. Dallow asked, looking at him.

"Great enough to make me hope we shall be greater."

Again, for a moment, she said nothing; then she went on —

"Why should n't I say to him that she's vulgar?"

"Because he admires her so much; he wants to paint her."

"To paint her?"

"To paint her portrait."

"Oh, I see. I dare say she'd do for that."

Gabriel Nash laughed gayly. "If

that's your opinion of her, you are not very complimentary to the art he aspires to practice."

"He aspires to practice?" Mrs. Dallow repeated.

"Have n't you talked with him about it? Ah, you must keep him up to it!"

Julia Dallow was conscious, for a moment, of looking uncomfortable; but it relieved her to demand of her neighbor, in a certain tone, "Are you an artist?"

"I try to be," Nash replied, smiling; "but I work in such a difficult material."

He spoke this with such a clever suggestion of unexpected reference that, in spite of herself, Mrs. Dallow said after him —

"Difficult material?"

"I work in life!"

Henry James.

SIMPLICITY.

No doubt one of the most charming creations in all poetry is Nausicaä, the white-armed daughter of King Alcinous. There is no scene, no picture, in the heroic times more pleasing than the meeting of Ulysses with this damsel on the wild seashore of Scheria, where the Wanderer had been tossed ashore by the tempest. The place of this classic meeting was probably on the west coast of Corfu, that incomparable island, to whose beauty the legend of the exquisite maidenhood of the daughter of the king of the Phæacians has added an immortal bloom.

We have no difficulty in recalling it in all its distinctness: the bright morning on which Nausicaä came forth from the palace, where her mother sat and turned the distaff loaded with a fleece dyed in sea-purple, mounted the car piled with the robes to be cleansed in

the stream, and, attended by her bright-haired, laughing handmaidens, drove to the banks of the river, where out of its sweet grasses it flowed over clean sand into the Adriatic. The team is loosed to browse the grass; the garments are flung into the dark water, and trampled with hasty feet in frolic rivalry, and spread upon the gravel to dry. Then the maidens bathe, give their limbs the delicate oil from the cruse of gold, sit by the stream and eat their meal, and, refreshed, mistress and maidens lay aside their veils and play at ball, and Nausicaä begins a song. Though all were fair, like Diana was this spotless virgin midst her maids. A missed ball and maidenly screams waken Ulysses from his sleep in the thicket. At the apparition of the unclad, shipwrecked sailor, the maidens flee right and left. Nausicaä alone keeps her

place, secure in her unconscious modesty. To the astonished Sport of Fortune the vision of this radiant girl, in shape and stature and in noble air, is more than mortal, yet scarcely more than woman :

“ Like thee, I saw of late,
In Delos, a young palm-tree growing up
Beside Apollo's altar.”

When the Wanderer has bathed, and been clad in robes from the pile on the sand, and refreshed with food and wine which the hospitable maidens put before him, the train sets out for the town, Ulysses following the chariot among the bright-haired women. But before that Nausicaä, in the candor of those early days, says to her attendants : —

“ I would that I might call
A man like him my husband, dwelling here,
And here content to dwell.”

Is there any woman in history more to be desired than this sweet, pure-minded, honest-hearted girl, as she is depicted with a few swift touches by the great poet? — the dutiful daughter in her father's house, the joyous companion of girls, the beautiful woman whose modest bearing commands the instant homage of man. Nothing is more enduring in literature than this girl and the scene on the Corfu sands.

The sketch, though distinct, is slight, little more than outlines; no elaboration, no analysis; just an incident, as real as the blue sky of Scheria and the waves on the yellow sand. All the elements of the picture are simple, human, natural, standing in as unconfused relations as any events in common life. I am not recalling it because it is a conspicuous instance of the true realism that is touched with the ideality of genius, which is the immortal element in literature, but as an illustration of the other necessary quality in all productions of the human mind that remain age after age, and that is simplicity. This is the stamp of all enduring work; this is what appeals to the universal understanding from generation to genera-

tion. All the masterpieces that endure and become a part of our lives are characterized by it. The eye, like the mind, hates confusion and overcrowding. All the elements in beauty, grandeur, pathos, are simple, — as simple as the lines in a Nile picture, the strong river, the yellow desert, the palms, the pyramids; hardly more than a horizontal line and a perpendicular line; only there is the sky, the atmosphere, the color, — those need genius.

We may test contemporary literature by its conformity to the canon of simplicity; that is, if it has not that, we may conclude that it lacks one essential lasting quality. It may please; it may be ingenious, brilliant even; it may be the fashion of the day, and a fashion that will hold its power of pleasing for half a century, but it will be a fashion. Mannerisms of course will not deceive us, nor extravagances, eccentricities, affectations, nor the straining after effect by the use of coined or far-fetched words and prodigality in adjectives. But, style? Yes, there is such a thing as style, good and bad; and the style should be the writer's own and characteristic of him, as his speech is. But the moment I admire a style for its own sake, a style that attracts my attention so constantly that I say, How good that is! I begin to be suspicious. If it is too good, too pronouncedly good, I fear I shall not like it so well on a second reading. If it comes to stand between me and the thought, or the personality behind the thought, I grow more and more suspicious. Is the book a window, through which I am to see life? Then I cannot have the glass too clear. Is it to affect me like a strain of music? Then I am still more disturbed by any affectations. Is it to produce the effect of a picture? Then I know I want the simplest harmony of color. And I have learned that the most effective word-painting, as it is called, is the simplest. This is true if

it is a question only of present enjoyment. But we may be sure that any piece of literature which attracts only by some trick of style, however it may blaze up for a day and startle the world with its flash, lacks the element of endurance. We do not need much experience to tell us the difference between a lamp and a Roman candle. Even in our day we have seen many reputations flare up, illuminate the sky, and then go out in utter darkness. When we take a proper historical perspective, we see that it is the universal, the simple, that lasts.

I am not sure whether simplicity is a matter of nature or of cultivation. Barbarous nature likes display, excessive ornament; and when we have arrived at the nobly simple, the perfect proportion, we are always likely to relapse into the confused and the complicated. The most cultivated men, we know, are the simplest in manners, in taste, in their style. It is a note of some of the purest modern writers that they avoid comparisons, similes, and even too much use of metaphor. But the mass of men are always relapsing into the tawdry and the over-ornamented. It is a characteristic of youth, and it seems also to be a characteristic of over-development. Literature, in any language, has no sooner arrived at the highest vigor of simple expression than it begins to run into prettiness, conceits, over-elaboration. This is a fact which may be verified by studying different periods, from classic literature to our own day.

It is the same with architecture. The classic Greek runs into the excessive elaboration of the Roman period, the Gothic into the flamboyant, and so on. We have had several attacks of architectural measles in this country, which have left the land spotted all over with houses in bad taste. Instead of developing the colonial simplicity on lines of dignity and harmony to modern use, we stuck on the pseudo-classic, we broke

out in the Mansard, we broke all up into the whimsicalities of the so-called Queen Anne, without regard to climate or comfort. The eye speedily tires of all these things. It is a positive relief to look at an old colonial mansion, even if it is as plain as a barn. What the eye demands is simple lines, proportion, harmony in mass, dignity; above all, adaptation to use. And what we must have also is individuality in house and in furniture; that makes the city, the village, picturesque and interesting. The highest thing in architecture, as in literature, is the development of individuality in simplicity.

Dress is a dangerous topic to meddle with. I myself like the attire of the maidens of Scheria, though Nausicaä, we must note, was "clad royally." But climate cannot be disregarded, and the vestment that was so fitting on a Greek girl whom I saw at the second cataract of the Nile would scarcely be appropriate in New York. If the maidens of one of our colleges for girls, say Vassar for illustration, habited like the Phæacian girls of Scheria, went down to the Hudson to cleanse the rich robes of the house, and were surprised by the advent of a stranger from the city, landing from a steamboat, — a wandering broker, let us say, clad in wide trousers, long top-coat, and a tall hat, — I fancy that he would be more astonished than Ulysses was at the bevy of girls that scattered at his approach. It is not that women must be all things to all men, but that their simplicity must conform to time and circumstance. What I do not understand is that simplicity gets banished altogether, and that fashion, on a dictation that no one can trace the origin of, makes that lovely in the eyes of women to-day which will seem utterly abhorrent to them to-morrow. There appears to be no line of taste running through the changes. The only consolation to you, the woman of the moment, is that while the costume your

grandmother wore makes her, in the painting, a guy in your eyes, the costume you wear will give your grandchildren the same impression of you. And the satisfaction for you is the thought that the latter raiment will be worse than the other two; that is to say, less well suited to display the shape, station, and noble air which brought Ulysses to his knees on the sands of Corfu.

Another reason why I say that I do not know whether simplicity belongs to nature or art is that fashion is as strong to pervert and disfigure in savage nations as it is in civilized. It runs to as much eccentricity in hair-dressing and ornament in the costume of the jingling belles of Nootka and the maidens of Nubia as in any court or coterie which we aspire to imitate. The only difference is that remote and unsophisticated communities are more constant to a style they once adopt. There are isolated peasant communities in Europe who have kept for centuries the most uncouth and inconvenient attire, while we have run through a dozen variations in the art of attraction by dress, from the most puffed and bulbous ballooning to the extreme of limpness and lankness. I can only conclude that the civilized human being is a restless creature, whose motives in regard to costume are utterly unfathomable.

We need, however, to go a little further in this question of simplicity. Nausicaä was "clad royally." There was a distinction, then, between her and her handmaidens. She was clad simply, according to her condition. Taste does not by any means lead to uniformity. I have read of a commune in which all the women dressed alike and unbecomingly, so as to discourage all attempt to please or attract, or to give value to the different accents of beauty. The end of those women was worse than the beginning. Simplicity is not ugliness, nor poverty, nor barrenness, nor necessarily plainness. What is simplicity for an-

other may not be for you, for your condition, your tastes, especially for your wants. It is a personal question. You go beyond simplicity when you attempt to appropriate more than you want, your aspirations, whatever they are, demand; that is, to appropriate for show, for ostentation, more than your life can assimilate, can make thoroughly yours. There is no limit to what you may have, if it is necessary for you, if it is not a superfluity to you. What would be simplicity to you may be superfluity to another. The rich robes that Nausicaä wore she wore like a goddess. The moment your dress, your house, your house-grounds, your furniture, your scale of living, are beyond the rational satisfaction of your own desires, — that is, are for ostentation, for imposition upon the public, — they are superfluous, the line of simplicity is passed. Every human being has a right to whatever can best feed his life, satisfy his legitimate desires, contribute to the growth of his soul. It is not for me to judge whether this is luxury or want. There is no merit in riches nor in poverty. There is merit in that simplicity of life which seeks to grasp no more than is necessary for the development and enjoyment of the individual. Most of us, in all conditions, are weighed down with superfluities or worried to acquire them. Simplicity is making the journey of this life with just baggage enough.

The needs of every person differ from the needs of every other; we can make no standard for wants or possessions. But the world would be greatly transformed and much more easy to live in if everybody limited his acquisitions to his ability to assimilate them to his life. The destruction of simplicity is a craving for things, not because we need them, but because others have them. Because one man who lives in a plain little house, in all the restrictions of mean surroundings, would be happier in

a mansion suited to his taste and his wants, is no argument that another man, living in a palace, in useless ostentation, would not be better off in a dwelling which conforms to his cultivation and habits. It is so hard to learn the lesson that there is no satisfaction in gaining more than we personally want.

The matter of simplicity, then, comes into literary style, into building, into dress, into life, individualized always by one's personality. In each we aim at

the expression of the best that is in us, not at imitation or ostentation.

The women in history, in legend, in poetry, whom we love, we do not love because they are "clad royally." In our day, to be clad royally is scarcely a distinction. To have a superfluity is not a distinction. But in those moments when we have a clear vision of life, that which seems to us most admirable and desirable is the simplicity that endears to us the idyl of Nausicaä.

Charles Dudley Warner.

THE KEITHS.

It was said by Lord Marischal, of great men, "They are too soon forgotten, and they are not praised enough;" and this is certainly true regarding himself and his not less admirable brother.

These two men, — George Keith, born (probably) in 1693, and known as Lord Marischal because of his holding the hereditary dignity of grand-marshal of Scotland; and James Keith, born in 1696, who rose to be a field-marshal of Frederick the Great, — these men were conspicuous by high character and ability; and yet it is chiefly only by scattered notices, by paragraphs and pages here and there, that the general reader learns something of them, and gathers but an imperfect knowledge of their natures and achievements. The fullest sources of information about them are the *Eloge* of the elder, pronounced before the French Academy, the year after his death, by D'Alembert; and the *Life* of the younger, written forty or fifty years ago by Varnhagen von Ense. Their share, however, in the most stirring events of their time and their connection with the most important men have led to frequent mention of them by historians, from their day to our own. Carlyle, especially, with the keen appreciation of a

fellow-countryman, justly admiring the large qualities of their natures, has illuminated their lives with his electric light whenever occasion offered; and the readers of Rousseau receive, from his personal history, a vivid impression of his kind old friend, the elder brother.

The field-marshal, who, Rousseau truly said, "lived gloriously and died in the lap of honor," was perhaps the stronger man of the two, but the Earl Marischal had a heart so upright, pure, tender, and brave that he wins as long remembrance; and through their devoted affection for one another their memories blend as the light of a double star, and their stories combine into one narrative.

Public life began for both in 1715, when (their father already some years dead) they were counted among the chief adherents of the Pretender, and were among the guiding spirits of the Jacobite rising under the Earl of Mar, a cousin of their mother. Four years later, they took the principal part in carrying out the abortive expedition to Scotland arranged by Cardinal Albemarle and the Duke of Ormond in the Stuart interests. Thus the period of their youth and early manhood was spent in struggles of fruitless loyalty,

in hidings in their native country and wanderings over the Continent, the Earl Marischal under sentence of death from the English government.

In 1726, when war broke out between Spain and England, the younger brother, eager for real and permanent military employment, sought a position as officer in the Spanish service. This being refused him on account of his Protestant faith, he joined the army as a volunteer, and remained with it five months before Gibraltar. But finding his Protestantism an invincible obstacle to his advancement in Spain, and too loyal to his faith to change it for the sake of worldly advantages, he decided to cut himself aloof from the political associations of his youth. He therefore asked of the Spanish government recommendations to the Russian government, then in the habit of giving to foreigners high rank in its armies, and he was at once made major-general in the Russian service.

It was thus he openly began the career of a soldier of fortune that he followed through his life; taking the position of a man not impassioned for the cause for which he fought, but who, having chosen war as his profession, attained to a very high place in that profession by the most honorable means. A soldier of fortune who never sought material fortune; of whom Lord Marischal could proudly write (to Madame Geoffrin), shortly after his death: "My brother has left me a noble legacy: he has just had all Bohemia under contribution, and I find him in possession of seventy ducats." And in the same spirit he announced his death to their common friend Maupertuis with the four words, "Probus vixit, fortis obiit." A soldier of fortune

"Who, doomed to go in company with Pain
And Fear and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain."

Marshal Keith — no man ever more — exercised that high power of human na-

ture (of which Wordsworth speaks) to control the bad influences of his circumstances, to subdue them and to transmute them into good. As a commander, his care, not only of his own men, but of any enemy's country through which he might be passing or over which he had authority, and of its inhabitants, and of his prisoners, was constantly to the highest degree humane. In the words of Varnhagen von Ense, "He did all in his power to diminish to the utmost the sufferings arising from war." A different conduct excited his wrathful indignation. Witnessing the devastations and cruelties committed by the troops during the first campaign of the Seven Years' War, "Il faut avouer, Sire," he exclaimed to Frederick, — "il faut avouer que ces Chrétiens sont une grande canaille!"

In spite of these admirable qualities, perhaps because of them, he never won the hearts of his soldiers. He always remained a "foreigner" to them, and neither in Russia, nor afterwards in his more conspicuous years in Prussia, did he become sufficiently at ease in the native languages to hold familiar intercourse with his men. His bravery, too, was not of a nature to excite their enthusiasm. It was unquestionable, but it was the bravery of endurance, of bull-dog tenacity, rather than of brilliant and inspiring audacity; and he perhaps a little too coldly expected every man to do his duty in the same resolute and disinterested fashion as himself. There could not be a more characteristic story than that of his answer when summoned (in 1757) to surrender Leipsic: "Let the Prince von Hildburghausen know that I am by birth a Scotchman, by affection and duty a Prussian, and that I shall so defend the city that neither Scotchmen nor Prussians may be ashamed of me. The king, my master, has committed to me the place to hold, and I shall hold it."

Another characteristic moment of his life was that, twenty years earlier, when

(in the Russian service) he was with the army under General Münnich, besieging Oczakow. Carlyle thus pictures it: "In the centre of Münnich's line is one General Keith, a deliberate, stalwart Scotch gentleman. . . . 'Advance within musket shot, General Keith!' orders Münnich's aid-de-camp, cantering up. 'I have been this good while within it,' pointing to his dead men. Aid-de-camp canters up a second time: 'Advance within half musket shot, General Keith, and quit any covert you have!' Keith does so; sends, with his respects, to Feldmarschall Münnich his remonstrance against such a waste of human life. Aid-de-camp canters up a third time: 'Feldmarschall Münnich is for trying a scalade; hopes General Keith will do his best to coöperate!' 'Forward, then!' answers Keith; advances close to the glacis; finds a wet ditch twelve feet broad, and has not a stick of engineer furniture. Keith waits there two hours, his men, under fire all the while, trying this and that to get across; Münnich's scalade going off ineffectual in like manner: till at length Keith's men and all men tire of such a business, and roll back in great confusion out of shot range." But at last, almost by chance, in consequence of an explosion, Oczakow was taken. "A very blazing, semi-absurd event, to be read of in Prussian military circles, where General Keith will be better known one day."

When he had become known there, the king wrote of him in the first chapter of his history of the Seven Years' War: "The king made a good acquisition in attracting Marshal Keith from Russia to his service. He was a man gentle in personal intercourse, possessed of virtues and morals, able in his profession, and who, in connection with the highest polish of manners, had heroic valor in a day of battle."

Keith's appearance was in harmony with his qualities. He was of medium stature, dark complexion, with a deter-

mined expression, and in demeanor at once noble and kindly. He was sixty-two when he died (in battle), and the phrase Varnhagen von Ense uses, speaking of him as he was then, — a phrase in striking contrast with the external tenor of his life and death, — is that all who knew him depict him as "*einen sanften, liebenswürdigen Greis*" (a gentle, amiable old man). Varnhagen says well that his proud, free courtesy and his strong self-reliance, surrounded as he was by intrigues of ambition and paltry jealousies, make him a very individual figure among Frederick's generals.

His domestic life was moulded by the age. He never married, but when forty-six years old he became attached to a young woman, who from that time was at the head of his household, and his wife in all but name. Varnhagen von Ense says he would have married her if the difference of rank had not been too great. It may be so, but she was of a respectable *bourgeois* family, and his brother, apparently, did not lay much weight on such considerations. He had children, whom he loved much, and for whose education he cared in the best manner, but nothing is now known of them. Their mother — Eva Merthens by name — was handsome and well educated, and is said to have been a very charming person, and held in universal esteem from her large-mindedness and spirited high-feeling. In peace time, Keith usually spent his evenings with her, in company with other friends; and she sometimes accompanied him on his campaigns, especially when he was ill, and took tender care of him. For other women he cared little, and did not enjoy their society, and in return was not thought much of by them. Eva, after his death, married a certain *Schlosshauptmann*, but always held Keith's memory in highest honor, and could not be induced by the king to part with a portrait of Keith which she possessed,

for which Frederick offered a large sum. It is to be regretted that she ungenerously kept possession also of personal mementos of Keith, which his brother was so desirous to have that he unavailingly went to law with her about them.

When Keith went to Russia, in 1728, Lord Marischal seems to have been residing at Avignon. That at this time, and for many years afterward, he was in some manner in the service of Spain is in different notices of him everywhere implied, and even stated, but nowhere is any explanation to be found of the fact that he remained in his service when Keith felt obliged to leave it. Nor is it at all clear what his occupations were; but that in some form or other they were excellent in character his after-life leaves no doubt of. He was at least unconsciously making of himself a singularly simple and attractive personage, remarkable for strong individuality and quick sympathies. He had a great love of southern climates, and a special liking for Avignon; he used to say that there were more "originals" in the Comtat than anywhere else, and maintained that a large degree of civil liberty was needed to produce original characters.

He was in Spain at the time of the siege of Oczakow, already alluded to. Hearing that his brother was dangerously wounded, he rushed over the three thousand miles between them to his aid. He found him discussing with the surgeons the amputation of his leg at the thigh, saved him by the firmness of his own hopeful resolution from this misfortune, carried him to Paris to obtain the best advice, persisted in hope shared

by no one else, and at length had the joy of seeing Keith once more with a completely serviceable leg of his own. Then he returned to his dear Spain, where, as he was wont to say, he "had many friends, the greatest of them the sun." Afterward, when he joined his brother in Prussia, "My brother has come from his snows," he said, "that we may be together; it is only fair that I should leave my sun for the same reason." But he used to accuse Frederick of sorcery; "for," he would say, "if I were not enchanted, should I live in a country where one sees only the image of the sun, when I might live at Valencia?"

In 1740, when the brothers were together at Paris, during Keith's convalescence from his wound, they were allowed by George the Second to pay a visit to England, in the character of foreigners. Keith was regarded as belonging to Russia, the Lord Marischal to Spain; and Keith was even presented to the king. At his farewell audience, a month later, it is reported (by his brother) that the Marquis of Argyle, who had just received his dismissal from the king, said to him (aside) in Highland phrase, "Mr. Keith, fall flat, fall edge, we must get rid of these people;" and two years afterward, Lord Marischal was in Scotland, plotting again, it is believed, to "get rid of these people," but living in Edinburgh, in a style befitting his rank, entirely unmolested. This is proved by an account of his daily expenses in his lodgings, communicated by one of his kindred to the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland in 1818.¹

All that need now be told of Keith's

¹ The indications that may be found in this bill of the habits of the time are not without interest. The first supper consisted of broth, beef (a "taillee" of beef), a "sottens" of mutton (boiled mutton), two roasts of mutton, a hen, three chickens, and a pair of pouts, peas and pears in proportion, and a moderate quantity of sack, wine, beer, and ale. The

dinners were usually about of this same amount, but a supper with the Earl of Morton counts up twice as much; and at a dinner with the Marquis of Argyle and the Earl of Morton, we find three times as much broth and beef and mutton, and not only hens, chickens, and pouts, but two geese, and two Sollene geese, and three capous, and three pair moor

twenty years' service in Russia may be put into few words. His brother said, in dismissing a proposal from Rousseau to write Marshal Keith's life, "The career of a man in a subordinate position (though often he does more and better than his chief) does not furnish matter for history;" and this is especially true of his Russian years. He was high in military rank, constantly employed, and frequently rewarded with honors, but the general conditions of his life were never satisfactory or agreeable to him. The revolutionary changes of rulers that occurred in quick succession occasioned constant alterations in the purposes of the government, and rendered the political conditions alarmingly unstable and deplorably dangerous to those whose fortunes were involved in them. Keith suffered in silence much ill usage, but the moment came when he both spoke and acted in vigorous self-assertion. The spark that fired the mine of his discontent was struck almost accidentally on the occasion of a proposed visit to him by his brother in 1746. The government, on hearing of the Earl Marischal's approach, refused, as the ally of England, to allow him permission to enter Russia, on account of his share in the rebellion of 1745. Keith immediately decided to leave Russia himself, and he did so the following year. With some difficulty, owing to rather rash quarrels at the last moment with military officials, he got clear of the Russian dominions, and reached Holland in September, 1747; and thence wrote, offering his services to the king of Prussia. Frederick answered him at once: "Sir, I have received with all possible satisfaction the letter you have just sent me. Feeling the value of all

fowls, and two pair Koonings, and twenty-three apple tarts, etc., the whole feast costing fifty-five pounds.

In connection with these dinners and suppers, redolent of loyalty to Prince Charles, it may be recalled that Hume reports that "Lord Marischal had a very bad opinion of

the sentiments you give me proof of, I shall have nothing more at heart than to show you my gratitude for them, as well as my esteem for you personally." Keith was made field-marshal on the instant; and thenceforth the relations between him and the king were of the highest mutual regard.

In an immensely long letter to his brother, written at this time, he tells him: "I have now the honor and, which is still more, the pleasure of being with the king at Potsdam, where he ordered me to come two days after he declared me field-marshal; where I have the honor to dine and sup with him almost every day. He has more wit than I have wit to tell you; speaks solidly and knowingly on all kinds of subjects; and I am much mistaken if, with the experience of four campaigns, he is not the best officer of his army. He has several persons with whom he lives in almost the familiarity of a friend, but no favorite [this would strike Keith, who had had much hard experience of the irresponsible power of the "favorites" of the Russian sovereigns], and has a natural politeness for every one who is about him. For one who has been four days about his person, you will say I pretend to know a great deal of his character; but what I tell you, you may depend upon. With more time I shall know as much of him as he will let me know; and all his ministry knows no more. Adieu, my dearest brother. Every week you shall have a letter from me, but not so long as this."

Two years after Keith's coming to Prussia, Frederick appointed him governor of Berlin; and he held that office when, the next year, Frederick's sister, the Margravine of Baireuth,¹ made a

this unfortunate prince, and thought there was no vice so mean or atrocious of which he was not capable; of which he gave me several instances." But his "cause" was sacred to the honest Jacobite.

¹ The Margravine and Keith had already met once, thirteen years before, when she, with

visit to the king, who commanded in her honor magnificent *fêtes*. One in especial, which is on full record, and known as the Berlin Carrousel, was by all accounts a really splendid spectacle; and it was the only great show Frederick ever presented to his court and people. It was all under Keith's management, and it gave him the opportunity, in Varnhagen's phrase, "to show himself nobly a courtier." Voltaire was present on this occasion, and complimented it with one of his flattering epigrams.

As soon as Keith was established, his brother, who had been living at Treviso, near Venice, almost in poverty, joined him, on his urgent invitation. He wrote in the long letter from which we have just quoted: "I find I have really more than for one; therefore consider what a pleasure it would be to me to share it with my dearest brother. I know it would not be the least disagreeable to the king, and even quite the contrary."

"Quite the contrary," indeed, it proved to be. As Rousseau said, "Frederick was a judge of men, and welcomed these two as they deserved;" and not long after Lord Marischal's introduction to Frederick a warm friendship existed between them, which never flagged nor failed. He was really of inestimable moral value to Frederick, who said that to know "*le bon milord*" was to find it impossible to doubt human virtue. "I am indebted to him for the sustaining belief in it." He "was much loved by Frederick (almost as one *boy* loves

her husband, made a little journey in order to see twelve thousand Russian soldiers who were on their march through the Upper Palatinate to join the imperial forces. Keith was in command of the division. The margravine thus mentions the interview in her Autobiography: "General Keith came at once to pay us his respects. [He had already sent them a guard of honor composed of light infantry.] He is an Irishman, *très-poli et qui sent son monde*. He asked us to wait a few moments, as he wished his troops to be drawn up in battle order. . . . The general granted me the lives of

another)." In such pleasant phrase Carlyle describes Frederick's side of the friendship. Rousseau, in more resounding periods, describes the feeling of Earl Marischal: "The great soul of this worthy man, full of republican pride, could bend only under the yoke of friendship; but it then bent so completely that, with opinions very different from those of Frederick, he was entirely in harmony with Frederick from the moment he was attached to him."

In 1751, Frederick sent him as his ambassador to Paris, and in 1759 on a mission to Spain for two years; while from 1754 to 1763 he was the governor (for Prussia) of Neuchâtel, "with the delicious occupation," Rousseau thought, "of rendering this little people happy;" but in fact he found the people hindered him from doing the good he desired to do, and he was in constant disquiet and uneasiness. As he said of himself, when employed in diplomatic functions elsewhere, "A *finesse* is needed for this business which I do not possess, and do not desire to have." His brother surpassed him in political ability; he was more clear-headed, sharp-sighted, and resolute as a diplomatist, and Frederick frequently employed him on short but important affairs of this nature.

Lord Marischal's social solitude while in Switzerland and his dislike of the climate — "One knows only by the almanac when it is summer there," he said — must have rendered his chief pleasure during these years the interesting letters he exchanged with many in-

two deserters who were to have been hung. He had them brought before me, and they threw themselves down at my feet, knocking their heads with such violence on the ground that I am certain had they been other than Russian they must have been broken." The margravine little knew that her memory and Keith's were to be forever associated by the fact that their deaths, occurring on the same day, were each so severe a blow to the king that he mourned for them alternately and together in a blended sorrow.

teresting people, Hume, the Comtesse de Boufflers, Madame Geoffrin, Frederick himself, and others. Whilst there he had a three months' visit from his old friend Maupertuis, then in his last days, and he himself paid a three days' visit to Voltaire, who speaks of him in his letters with warm regard. It is clear that the good earl had the same impartiality, the unpartisan nature, that distinguished his royal friend.

It was in 1762, the year before Lord Marischal left Neuchâtel, that Rousseau — "*garçon singulier*," in Frederick's phrase — came to Motiers, near by, and was kindly welcomed by the old governor. He gayly introduced himself to Rousseau, in a letter before their first meeting, as "an old man not wholly unlike a savage, though a little spoiled, perhaps, by intercourse with civilized barbarians." To the cordial relations that followed their meeting Rousseau owed infinite kindness and consideration both from "milord" himself and from Frederick. Every fortnight, at least, Rousseau passed twenty-four hours with "milord" in the Tour Carrée of Colombier; and the old man once made the little journey of six leagues to Motiers under pretext of quail-shooting, and spent two days there — without touching a gun. There are no more agreeable pages in Rousseau's Confessions than those that are filled with admiration of the paternal kindness, the amiable virtues, the gentle philosophy, of this much-respected friend. Sainte-Beuve somewhere justly classes together M. de Luxembourg and Milord Maréchal as the only two men who, by force of goodness and kindness, disarmed the suspiciousness of Rousseau, and inspired him with unreserved confidence. And Mr. Morley as justly says that the expressions of warm liking and hearty good-will toward Rousseau in Lord Marischal's letters may, "if we reflect on the genuine worth, veracity, penetration, and experience of the old man

who wrote them, fairly be counted the best testimony that remains to the existence of something sterling at the bottom of Rousseau's character."

Lord Marischal's letters to Rousseau are always charming, and sometimes interesting and very characteristic. Writing to him of Hume, before Rousseau knew him personally, he says: "I will tell you two actions of this philosopher which I particularly like. The first is, that meeting a certain Wallace who had written (and written well) against one of his essays, David asked him when his paper would be printed. Mr. Wallace answering that he was then so busy that he had not time to revise his work, David took upon himself this care, and executed it loyally. The other incident is, that the lamas being assembled in synod to execute this antichrist (for he is in Scotland what you are in Switzerland), David sat down among the lamas, and listened with admirable coolness to all the insults addressed to him, silently taking snuff. His coolness disconcerted the lamas; they separated without communicating him."

In another letter he refers to a member of his family in a way that must be prefaced here by a little explanation. The earl's household in these days, as during most of his life, was an extraordinary collection of people. There was a Turk named Ibrahim and a Kalmuck named Stepan, both of whom his brother had sent him from Tartary; the latter believed himself to be a descendant of the Grand Lama, and consequently Lord Marischal dubbed him his "chaplain." There was an African, whom he had sent to his brother, and who, after faithful service, "always at the crupper of his horse," in his master's different campaigns, returned to Lord Marischal at Marshal Keith's death. There was an old Swiss secretary, who, later, followed him from Neuchâtel, unable to endure separation from him; an old Prussian woman, a waif and stray; and at the

head of the house a Turkish woman, who, when a little child, had fallen into General Keith's hands at the taking of Oczakow. He "gave" her to the earl, who had her carefully educated, and she became Mademoiselle Emetulla, or Emeté. In due time, "Will you marry me?" he asked her. "No!" answered the girl. "I love you as the tenderest of fathers, but" — From that moment she was as a daughter to him. When he was entering into the Scottish rebellion of '45, he left her by will two thousand crowns, to be paid from the property his brother would inherit at his death, but over which he himself had no actual legal right (in consequence of his attainder), sure that in his brother's eyes this would be a sacred legacy; and whilst at Neuchâtel he married her well to a M. de Froment. "I should be grieved," he wrote, "to leave so good a girl alone in a world of scoundrels. She had need of some one bound to her interests." This is an illustration of the way in which he befriended all those in any wise dependent on him.¹

Shortly before leaving Neuchâtel, he formed a project which is touching as expressing his sense of loneliness after his brother's death. He thus details it in a letter to Rousseau: "I am arranging my daughter's marriage. She once settled, I am going to Scotland, where I will give you two rooms in my house, and as many to the good and kind David [Hume]. We shall not enter one another's apartments; there will be a parlor in which to meet. We shall have *placidam sub libertate quietem*: that is my motto. I should wish that each should contribute to the necessary expenses of the little republic according

to his means, and should lay the tax on himself. Our provisions will be only a small expense, because trout, salmon, sea-fish, and vegetables cost me nothing. David shall pay for the sirloins, because he eats them. We shall need two carriages to gratify our desire for going about. There will be no other rules nor laws in the republic; each will make his own regarding both spiritual and temporal things. This is my castle in the air; the foundations are already laid. I have seen since you were here that your *Emile* is printed by two or three London publishers; it, and new editions of your *Héloïse*, is announced in the newspapers. This is a basis that I regard as sure for your share of the voluntary taxes, — a good edition of your works; and on this basis I engage to raise money for you while awaiting the new edition. Farewell. Since your works are at public sale in London, the publishers who shall issue a correct edition of them will make a fortune."

There is pleasant wisdom in these words from another letter, and a pretty allusion to one of his "children," as he called his familiar foreigners, his odd "domestics:" "If you are my friend, and I flatter myself you are, I see nothing against good manners, or morals, or laws, in your saying so. It seems to me that, to be friends, what is needed is kindness and esteem; it would be absurd to see two friends produce their genealogies, to see if they were within permitted degrees, as must be done before entering a chapter of canons in Germany. My Turk Ibrahim (before he was spoiled by the Giaours) used to end his letters with 'I am more your friend than ever, Ibrahim.' I thought

¹ Another proposal of marriage he made, late in life, under still stranger circumstances. A Prussian lady, whom he had known from childhood, and always been fond of, was left by the death of her husband, a lieutenant-general, in a very pitiable position, with many debts and two children. Lord Marischal, seeing no other way to aid her permanently, reflected

that as his wife she could, by a marriage contract, enjoy a dowry of three hundred pounds sterling, of which she could have the use during her life; and he suggested that this arrangement should be made, but that she should continue to live at Berlin, and he at Potsdam. But the king stepped in, paid the husband's debts, and gave the widow a pension.

much better of that than of the 'very humble servant,' etc., which is commonly put, and which is only a sort of flourish before the name. I will close, then, by saying to you, like my good Ibrahim, 'I am more your friend than ever.' "

These letters have taken us somewhat out of chronological order, and we must go back a little in time to follow the last years of the life of the younger brother.

At the date 1752 Carlyle reports: "Marshal Keith has been growing gradually with the king and with everybody ever since he came to these parts, in 1747. A man of Scotch type; the broad accent, with its sagacities, veracities, with its steadfastly fixed moderation and its sly twinkles of defensive humor, is still audible to us. . . . Sagacious, skillful, imperturbable, without fear and without noise. He had quelled, once, walking direct into the heart of it, a ferocious Russian mutiny. . . . Friedrich, the more he knows him, likes him the better. On all manner of subjects he can talk knowingly and with insight of his own. On Russian matters Friedrich likes especially to hear him, though they differ in regard to the worth of Russian troops." — Keith ranking their military qualities much higher than Frederick was inclined to do.

From this time, in all Frederick's fightings and counter-fightings, marchings and counter-marchings, Keith was at his right hand, doing all the work that fell to him "in a solid and quietly eminent and valiant manner." At Olmütz, in 1758, "Keith is captain of the siege, whom all praise for his punctual firmness of progress;" and on the subsequent retreat to Königsgrätz, "Keith himself takes the rear-guard, the most ticklish part of all, and manages it well and with success, as his wont is. Under sickness at the time, but with his usual vigilance, prudence, energy. . . . At Holitz . . . Keith heard cannonading ahead, hurried up with new cavalry,

new sagacity and fire of energy; dashed out horse-charges, seized hill-tops of a vital nature, and quickly ended the affair. A man fiery enough, and prompt with his stroke when wanted, though commonly so quiet. 'Tell Monsieur,' — some general who seemed too stupid or too languid on this occasion, — 'tell Monsieur from me,' said Keith to his aid-de-camp, 'he may be a very pretty thing, but he is not a man (qu'il peut être une bonne chose, mais qu'il n'est pas un homme)!' The excellent vernacular Keith; still a fine breadth of accent in him, one perceives! He is now past sixty; troubled with asthma; and I doubt not may be occasionally thinking it time to end his campaigns."

The end came, with fatal abruptness, six months later. He fell at Hochkirch. The position of the Prussians when they encamped there was so dangerous that Keith said, "The Austrians deserve to be hanged if they don't attack us here." "We must hope that they are more afraid of us than even of the gallows," answered Frederick. Spite of this colloquy the Prussians were surprised. The army was in its blankets, fast asleep, when it was attacked early in the morning. Keith "came to understand that his big battery was taken. . . . He springs on horseback, . . . recaptures the big battery, but is set upon by overwhelming multitudes bent to have it back; is passionate for new assistance in this vital point, but can get none; had been 'disarted by both his aid-de-camps,' says poor John Tebay, a wandering English horse-soldier who attends him as mounted groom; 'asked twenty times and twenty more, "Where are my aid-de-camps?"' but could get no response or reinforcement; and at length, quite surrounded and overwhelmed, had to retire; opening his way by the bayonet; and, before long, suddenly stopping short, — falling dead into Tebay's arms, shot through the heart. Two shots on the right side he

had not regarded, but this on the left side was final. Keith's fightings are suddenly all done. Tebay, in distraction, tried much to bring away the body, but could by no present means; distractedly 'rid for a coach;' found, on return, that the Austrians had the ground and the body of his master." It was plundered and stripped, and, covered only with a Croat's cloak, was carried into the neighboring church. Some of the Austrian generals entering there, one of them, lifting the cloak, cried out mournfully, "It is Keith, — my father's best friend!" He was buried by the enemy with all the honors of war.

A few years later, a simple monument to Keith was set up in this church at Hochkirch by one of his family, with an inscription, Carlyle thought, "not easily surpassable in the lapidary way. . . . The words go through you like the clang of steel."

"Viro antiquis moribus et militari virtute claro, qui, dum in prælio non procul hinc inclinatam suorum aciem mente, manu, voce et exemplo restituebat, pugnans ut heroas decet, occubuit d. xiv. Octobris, anno MDCCLVIII."

Lord Marischal was at Colombier at the time of his brother's death, and the king wrote to him instantly of the irreparable loss they had both met with, expressing his deep sympathy and the manifold grief that he himself felt as the friend of both brothers, and from the loss of his beloved sister at the same moment.

Lord Marischal was already what might be called an old man, but he was to live still twenty years, — "an excellent, cheery old soul," as Carlyle says; always "honest as the sunlight, with a fine small vein of gayety and pleasant wit in him." Different as were the conditions of life of the two brothers, the one was as moderate, simple, frank, as the other, and both were of those men who know more than they have learned. In these later years of Lord

Marischal's life, his delightful *goodness* became more and more visible, flowering and ripening to the last, like his favorite orange-trees; the sweet odorousness of the sanctities of a man of the world exhaled from his days. "He was virtuous," wrote one of his friends after his death, "in the full meaning of the word. I have known no man but he who could search his conscience and find no remorse in it; and though he possessed and exercised all the virtues, he was rigid only toward himself, and had extreme indulgence for human weaknesses."

His talk was charming from its variety and vivacity. "Il aimait à conter," says D'Alembert, but with singular directness and point; his *contes* were of the nature of repartees; it was his fashion of jesting; but he often repeated a saying of Fontenelle's, which had evidently inspired him with great respect: "I am a hundred years old, I am a Frenchman, yet I shall die with the comfort of never having cast the least ridicule on the smallest virtue." He spoke slowly, even in his native language, and still more hesitatingly in French; but "even this hesitation and slowness had something agreeable from the originality of his phrase and the unusual expressions he made use of." He laughed so heartily that it was a pleasure to see him, and "I have surprised him," says a friend, "laughing aloud when he was quite alone."

He is described by every one as having a noble and distinguished appearance. Rousseau speaks of his charm of manner and of his "piercing and delicate glance." He was thin in face and figure; according to Rousseau, more than thin, almost emaciated. His personal neatness was exquisite, and he spent a considerable time at his toilet, especially in the refreshments connected with bathing, having himself as thoroughly rubbed down by his valet as if he were a valuable horse. He liked

Spanish cookery better than any other, and always had one or more Spanish dishes on the table, though, being the simplest and soberest of eaters and drinkers, his own principal diet was of vegetables.

When he left Neufchâtel; his kinsfolk urged his coming home, — to marry, at seventy! Two years previously he had been pardoned and disattainted, and permitted to inherit the earldom of Kintore: and in this matter the elder Pitt showed a readiness and cordiality that won the earl's heart, who, in return, rendered him some not unimportant services about Spanish affairs. He acceded to the wish of his friends to see him in Scotland, though not to their desire that he should marry, and after spending a few months with Frederick he returned home in 1763. He was received by his family and friends with the utmost warmth; and during his stay among them, one of his old estates coming into the market, he was able to purchase it for 30,000 guineas. He writes, on this occasion, to Jean Jacques, "I had the pleasure of seeing the kindness of my fellow-countrymen: no one came forward at the auction sale, and the hall and street resounded with the clapping of hands when the property was knocked down to me."

It was at this time that the earl settled the sum of a hundred louis on Rousseau's companion, Theresa, and the next year gave Rousseau an annuity of fifty pounds a year, — the only gifts of money Rousseau ever accepted from any one. But it was all done with such exquisite kindness and delicacy that even his morbid sensitiveness could not shrink from this expression of friendship.

Lord Marischal had still not relinquished his dream of a philosophic hermitage, though Hume had dropped out of the plan. His letters to Rousseau frequently refer to the arrangements he is making to receive him at Keith Hall, and he closes one of them with this ex-

pression: "I need not speak of my feelings toward you, with whom I am going to shut myself up for the rest of my days." But he soon found that his dislike of the climate and of the modes of life and thought of his native Aberdeenshire was ingrained and increasing, and he found himself also somewhat pestered by the feeble remnant of old Jacobites who gathered about him; and after six months of moral and physical discomfort, he had no will to resist this friendliest of invitations from Frederick:

"I am not surprised that the Scotch fight to have you among them, and wish to have progeny of yours, and to preserve your bones. You have in your lifetime the lot of Homer after death, cities arguing which is your birthplace. I myself would dispute it with Edinburgh to possess you. If I had ships, I would make a descent on Scotland, to steal off my *cher milord*, and bring him hither; but our Elbe boats are scarcely suitable for such an expedition. But you give me hopes, which I seize with avidity! I was your late brother's friend, and had obligations to him; I am yours with heart and soul. These are my titles, these are my rights over you. You shall live here surrounded by friendship, liberty, and philosophy. There is nothing beyond those in the world, my dear milord. . . . Come to me!"

On receiving this letter, Lord Marischal, with all affectionate good-will, "threw over" the always difficult Rousseau, and gladly returned to Potsdam; and there he lived his fourteen years more of life at Sans Souci, in a "villa cottage" built for him. "*Ma voisine la fourmi*," Frederick called him.

One of his Prussian friends, M. Müssell-Stosch, writing to D'Alembert of these years, says: "His mode of life at this time was the most uniform possible, and the story of a day is that of a year." He was an early riser: up at dawn in winter, and by five o'clock in summer.

After breakfast he read for an hour or so ; then he received his letters and answered them, dressed, went out to walk, or to drive, or to work in his garden, — “*la ressource des vieux fainéants comme moi*,” he said. On the stroke of noon he called for dinner, and was very impatient if any guest were late. He had usually four or five, for few strangers, even, passed through Potsdam without visiting him and being hospitably entertained by him. After dinner, saying to his guests, “I am going to make the coffee,” he went, in fact, to “make” his twenty minutes’ siesta, returning to “coffee.” He liked to play cards in the afternoon, and played piquet, with half-sou stakes. All his winnings were for the benefit of a member of his household, — an immense dog, Herr Snell. At the end of every month Herr Snell had a great feast of *gras-double*, tripe, and other delicacies.

Lord Marischal’s charities to the poor were incessant and judicious, — his liberalities in every direction. He had a delightful fashion of trifling gift-giving to his friends and visitors, whom in summer he used to receive in his garden, where he sat reading.

Books were a constant pleasure to him, and, as his friend says, “greatly contributed to the serenity of his character.” His taste in them was excellent : Rabelais, Montaigne, le baron de Fœneste (the humorous work of D’Aubigné), Voltaire (particularly “*les ouvrages où cet illustre écrivain avoit mis un peu de malice*”), Molière, Cervantes, Shakespeare (he liked no *French* tragedies), and the Latin poets and historians were his especial familiars. His historical information was very wide and accurate.

Six years after his settling down at Sans Souci a kinsman of his visited him, staying for three days, who writes epistolarily : “He is the most innocent of God’s creatures, and his heart is much warmer than his head. The place of

his abode is the very temple of dullness, . . . yet he dawdles away his day in a manner not unpleasant to him ; and I really am persuaded he has a conscience would gild the inside of a dungeon. The feats of our bare-legged warriors in the late war, accompanied by a *pibrach* in his outer room, have an effect on the old don which would delight you. . . . His tastes, his ideas, his manner of living, are a mixture of Aberdeenshire and the kingdom of Valencia : and as he seeks to make no new friends, he seems to retain a strong though silent attachment for his old ones.”

To the last the kind old man’s warm feeling for his family connections showed itself in a constant solicitude to assist in every way, both by money and advice, his grand-nephews, especially his namesake, George Elphinstone (later) Viscount Keith, afterward the well-known admiral. His letters to him are full of his brave, lively, and genial spirit, and of almost womanly kindness. Elphinstone, after entering the Royal Navy, left it, to serve under the flag of the East India Company, but within a few years he became anxious to return to the Navy, and the earl made use of his recently recovered influence in England to obtain his nephew’s reinstatement. While the question was still pending he wrote to him : —

“I suppose, if this find you at home, there will be next morning, when you all meet at breakfast, a council on what I wrote : that my lady will be of opinion to continue in the service of the company as least dangerous ; your father will say that in time of peace there is less danger in the Navy as well as more honor, that you will be mostly at home, and that in time of war you will be exposed to fight in the service in the company, and in a ship not fitted for fighting ; the young ladies will rather incline to your returning into the Navy, since when you are not at sea you will be mostly with them, and they will to

that pleasure sacrifice the silks, chintzes, fans, japan-work, china-ware, cockatoos, and monkeys they might otherwise expect if you continue going to India and China. You must decide the question yourself, as having had some trial of both services. Let me know, dear Ben [a pet name by which the earl was wont to distinguish Elphinstone], the debates of the house, and the arguments of the six counselors."

He wrote gayly in 1770 to another relation, who had begged to be allowed to consult for him a noted English physician at Dresden about his health: "I thank you for your advice of consulting the English doctor to repair my old carcass. I have lately done so by my old coach, and it is now almost as good as new. Please, therefore, to tell the doctor that from him I shall expect a good repair, and shall state the case. First he must know that the machine is the worse for wear, being nearly eighty years old. The reparation I propose he should begin with is, one pair of new eyes, one pair of new ears, some improvement in the memory. When this is done, we shall ask new legs and some change in the stomach. For the present, this first reparation will be sufficient, and we must not trouble the doctor too much at once."

Two years later, he writes to Elphinstone, referring, apparently, to some annoyances this nephew had suffered: "Dear Ben, I lose no time to wish you many happy new years, fair winds and good weather, and health to all aboard the Scorpion. There are more lies in London than anywhere, I know, because there are more people to lie. We do well here, considering the number's less than in London." In the same tone he said to Rousseau years before: "Lying is an epidemic malady. There are only two ways to correct it: one, which would be too severe, — by a universal deluge; the other, satisfactory, and which we will hold to, — a retreat into our Scotch hermitage."

In a letter from Frederick to Voltaire there is this mention of Lord Marischal, three years before his death: "Our honored and good milord is wonderfully well; his worthy soul is cheerful and happy. His genial philosophy keeps him occupied only with good things. All the English who pass through here go to see him as a pilgrimage. He dwells opposite Sans Souci, loved and esteemed by every one. There is a happy old age." It is easy to detect in these words the contrast that was in Frederick's mind between the man of whom and the man to whom he was writing.

The "honored and good milord" died in 1778, in the same month with Voltaire (and also with Chatham), and was buried by his own servants, having expressly forbidden that his funeral should cost more than twenty reichsthalers. In his old age and in his last six-weeks-long illness, he was always patient, always fearless; once only he was heard to say that he should be better off if he were among the Esquimaux, who would kill him instead of letting him suffer. When he was dying he sent for Mr. Elliot, the English ambassador at Berlin. "I have summoned you," he said to him with characteristic gayety, "because there is something amusing in a minister of King George receiving the last breath of an old Jacobite. Besides, you may, perhaps, have some commissions to give me for Lord Chatham [who had died a fortnight before]; and as I count on seeing him to-morrow or next day, I will take charge with pleasure of your dispatches."

His feeling always about death had united a noble serenity with warm tenderness. It is said that he endured the death of his friends with the same tranquillity with which he anticipated his own; and that at first he was less occupied with his own misfortune in losing them than with the happiness he conceived to be theirs, freed from the ills

of humanity. "But as months passed, feeling every day more and more how much his own happiness was diminished, he expressed all the strength of his regrets, recounting the good deeds of those he had lost, and celebrating their virtues." He liked, he said, in this way to make them live for a moment again in the memory of others, almost forgotten though they already were, and still alive only in his own heart.

Two or three years before his death he wrote to Elphinstone: "I shall rejoice to see you; but if you don't come soon, I may chance to play you a trick, and not be at home, for I grow very weak. Don't grumble, good Ben: I have done pretty well; eighty years are long."

He had indeed "done pretty well" through all the eighty and more long years, and had honorably deserved that his pleasant memory should live.

Hope Notnor.

PASSE ROSE.

XX.

THE night was far gone when Passe Rose, Jeanne's hand still clinging tightly to hers, reached the city gate. Overwhelmed by the revelations she had heard, tortured by her fears for Gui, she knew not what to do, whither to go. Her heart ached with trouble and suspense. But life perplexed her no more. All was simple and clear. It was for love's sake she had leaped from the wagon, and now followed the road she had abjured. It was for love's sake she would have forgotten love in that peaceful garden whence peace had fled. It was her love which had turned for solace to Jeanne, — dear Jeanne, whom she dragged along the path as a mother urges her tired child; Jeanne, whom she was deceiving. "Nay, nay," cried her heart, "there is no right, no wrong, nothing, but to reach *him*!"

So the stream, issuing first from the wood, runs aimlessly, now east, now west, turned aside by a tuft of grass, divided by a root, dashed to spray by a stone. Afterwards, swollen to a flood and conscious of its destiny, disquieted no more by obstacle or circuit, it floats unvexed, knowing that, east or west, it nears the sea.

The city was asleep. They followed the street leading from the gate to the great square before the palace. Jeanne, deeming it to be the square of St. Sebastian in Maestricht, looked to see the tower and her garden wall. After her weary wanderings, the thought of home, of finding there her child, had given her strength and courage. Disappointed and alarmed by the strange aspect of this silent city, she began to ask questions, like a child unreasonable over delay and incapable of understanding. Passe Rose answered these questions as best she could, saying she knew not what; consoling, encouraging, promising, — how can one explain everything to a child? — having always before her eyes the wound the tusk had made, and in her ears the cry of Friedgis from the wood.

Before the palace gate she saw the guards chatting together. It was said that the Khan of the Huns would come with Pepin, as a hostage, and that a great hunt would take place the following week. They would show this pagan how one amused one's self in the woods of France. Would he had been with the king to-day! Such a boar was not to be had for the whistling. One who had been present when the beast was found dead beside the captain was tell-

ing its weight and the length of its tusks. *Passe Rose* drew near, listening.

"Was the captain hurt?" she asked.

The speaker turned. He was the Gascon who had aided the captain in carrying her to the wagon at Immburg.

"He hath a slit in his groin the length of a skewer." Then, seeing the girl's shining eyes between the folds of her mantle, "Ho, pretty dear, thou art late abroad;" and seizing her by the waist, he endeavored to snatch away her cloak. Jeanne, holding timidly to *Passe Rose's* hand, suddenly transformed, sprang to her rescue.

"Have a care for the hag's claws," laughed the others.

Passe Rose, taken unawares, struggled in the embrace of her assailant. "May the Devil spit me on his fork!" he cried, clasping her fast, but unable to free his neck from Jeanne's arms. "Hold the old witch!" he called to the others; "her fingers are like hooks." Loosing the girl's waist suddenly, he grasped her arms, and, forcing them slowly back, approached his face to hers.

"Tell me where the captain is, and I will give thee thy kiss," gasped *Passe Rose*. In the struggle, her cloak had been torn from her head, and her face, bent over backwards, was uncovered to the starlight.

"The captain's demon!" exclaimed the Gascon, letting go his hold and recoiling.

But *Passe Rose* held fast to his arm. "Tell me — where is he — it is for thy good."

"Leave go; the captain is at Frankenburg — the road is before thee — Ah, sorceress!" And wrenching his sleeve from her fingers, he drew back, signing himself. "Loose her!" he cried to the others, who still held Jeanne. "I had sooner kiss the Devil himself." And drawing his sword, he brandished it in circles above his head.

Jeanne, set free, was about to renew the encounter. "Come," said *Passe Rose*, seizing her hand and drawing her away. "Come," she whispered, — "come."

Bewildered and out of breath, but filled with rage, Jeanne obeyed reluctantly, muttering to herself and turning back to shake her clenched fist. "I will tell the abbot, — certainly I will tell the abbot. The rascals!"

"Hush," said *Passe Rose*, pressing her hand tighter and hurrying her away.

"Have we yet far to go?" asked Jeanne.

"Not far," replied *Passe Rose*.

Passing the king's basilica, they heard the voices of the choir intoning the midnight chant. The priest, bowing before the altar, had just said, "Let us pray for Karle, king and servant of God;" and the clerks were replying in unison, "O Christ, save Karle." The road forked without the gate, but the darkness was so intense that *Passe Rose* did not perceive it. As they hurried on, she was almost trampled under-foot by a horse which issued from the road branching to the right, and which she had not seen till the form of its rider, a woman, holding an arm aloft, was outlined above her against the sky. Recoiling, she plunged forward again, drawing Jeanne's hand closer within her cloak. Then she heard a cry such as no night animal utters, the human cry of distress. Was it the voice of her own fears, or did the rider call to her? Once more it came, a cry of mingled agony and rage, recalling to her that of the Saxon on the tower when leaping at her throat. *Dien!* how like it was! And without turning back, she quickened her pace.

The stars were beginning to disappear in the east when the tower of Frankenburg rose from the trees. The morning had not yet come, but one felt that it was near, and that it would be beautiful

and serene. The thin fog, colored by the waters of the lake, commenced to stir, making ready to go, though the sun was yet below the horizon. From the border of the wood a bird sallied forth, uttering its first short song; and a rabbit, startled from its form by the approach of footsteps, erect in the dewy grass, shook the moisture from its ears. A column of blue smoke rose from the roof like another tower.

"We will rest here," said *Passe Rose*, "and eat."

"Aye," replied *Jeanne*, faint and tired, "let us rest here. The way is long."

Following the direction whence the smoke rose, through an opening in the hedge, *Passe Rose* perceived a small wooden cabin built against the outer wall. Still holding *Jeanne's* hand in hers, she entered the inclosure and drew near the house. Within, fagots were crackling, and a woman was preparing her morning meal. Seeing strangers approach, she came to the door. Her face was comely, and inspired confidence.

"A little food and rest," said *Passe Rose*, pointing to *Jeanne*.

"Aye, enter," replied the woman. "The pot is nearly done. Sit thee down here," she said to *Jeanne*, drawing a bench to the fire; "thy feet are wet with dew."

"Christ bless thee!" murmured *Jeanne*, taking the proffered seat, and spreading her hands to the blaze.

Passe Rose sat down beside her. The woman lifted the pot from the fireplace, gazing curiously at the pair as she continued her preparations. "My sister is milking," she said. "I will go fetch her, and we will eat together."

Passe Rose looked about the room. It was small, but clean. The fire sparkled brightly; a savory steam escaped from the pot. The warmth and the smell of food overcame her. She did not know till now that she was faint and

exhausted. She watched the escaping vapor in a sort of stupor of physical enervation and content. *Jeanne*, leaning against the chimney wall, was ready to fall asleep. Presently the woman was heard returning. *Passe Rose* started to her feet. For a moment she had forgotten everything. A young girl was with the woman, and they bore between them a large pail banded with iron, from which the milk froth dripped.

"Where is the captain," whispered *Passe Rose* in a low voice, holding her finger to her lips, and indicating *Jeanne*, — "he who was hurt yesterday in the wood?"

"The captain?" repeated the woman, setting down the pail, and regarding *Passe Rose* with surprise.

"Gui of Tours. They said he was here."

"In the grange yonder," answered the woman, — what would the girl with the king's captain? — "beyond the pond, in the wood," pointing over the hedge.

"Show me," said *Passe Rose*.

"Go with her, sister. Thou wilt not eat first?"

"Come," said *Passe Rose*, taking the child's hand, and leaving the woman gazing wonderingly after her.

"This way," said the child, as they passed through the hedge; and looking up into *Passe Rose's* face, "I will show thee. They would have brought him hither, to the castle, but his wound was grievous, so they left him yonder in the grange; it was nearer. Thy fingers bleed!" she exclaimed, scrutinizing *Passe Rose* with a child's curiosity, and observing both the collar of gold and the torn dress under her cloak. "Art thou his kinswoman?" *Passe Rose* shook her head. "Nay, that could not be," continued the child wisely. "I heard it said yesternight how the king loved him because he was betrothed to his daughter, — not the queen's, but another's. Oh, but the queen was distressed before the king returned. I sat

in the hedge when she passed by. They say a queen cannot weep, but I saw her eyes, and when the king came she embraced him before them all. Why should not a queen weep, since she can smile? They say the other never smiled, — the one whose ring is in the lake. Dost thou see the ripple there in a straight line between the two oaks? It is there the ring is hidden. When a bird flies over the spot, it loses the power of its wings, and falls like a stone. Beyond the point where thou seest the rocks glisten the boar was killed. That was near, eh? They brought it hither, — four horses could scarce drag it, — and I touched it with my hands. I am not afraid when it is dead. I had a father once who was killed by a stag. I have another now. He tracks the boar for the king the day before the hunt. Never did he see such an one as this. Its tusk was bent like my finger. That was because it was old. But it was fierce. Holy Virgin! it was fierce. A boar hooks like a bull. It stamps, also, with its feet."

"Is it far?" asked *Passe Rose*.

"Nay, two bow-shot. My mother is at the grange. She knows herbs to close a wound and drive the blood inward. The queen bade her care for the captain till she sent her own physician. Yester-morning my mother said some evil would befall, for a sheep left the flock and passed through the hollow of a tree. It is a sure sign of death. It happened so when my father was killed. This is the spot. Wait here. I will go fetch my mother. The queen gave her a gold sou' not to leave his bed." And the girl disappeared on tip-toe through the door.

Steadying herself against the door-post, *Passe Rose* looked out through the wood where the lake lay. The sun, just risen, was breaking through the mist. In the trees the birds quarreled noisily. Golden bees buzzed among the vines. But she saw nothing, heard nothing.

She had forgotten all those terrible secrets repeated by the echoing walls of the tower. Overcome by the thought that she was about to see *Gui*, that there were no longer any barriers between her and him, she was saying to herself, "It is true. It is real. I am here." She heard a footstep approaching, but could not turn her head. Her limbs trembled as with cold, yet her heart burned.

"What wilt thou?" said a voice beside her.

She made an effort, faced about, and lifted her eyes. "The captain, — *Gui of Tours*."

The woman looked at her in silence, examining her from head to foot. Would she never speak? Was she perchance going to refuse? thought *Passe Rose*; and with the desperate strength of fear, "Take this collar to him," she said, unclasping it from her neck. "If it avails nothing, I will go." But in her heart she knew it would avail everything, that she would never go.

"He sleeps," replied the woman, hesitating:

Passe Rose did not stir. The eyes of these two women rendered words useless. One was saying, "You know it cannot be otherwise;" the other replied, "I understand."

Clinging to her mother's robe, the child looked from one to the other wisely. "Follow me," said the woman.

On reaching the room where *Gui* lay, she stood aside to let the girl pass, but remained in the doorway, the child still holding to her robe. *Passe Rose* crossed the room, and knelt down beside the couch in the farther corner. She forgot that they watched her. At that threshold she had left every human sentiment but love.

Gui was asleep. There was nothing to terrify. The chest rose and fell slowly and regularly; a pink flush colored the tanned face, turned upon its cheek. *Passe Rose* smiled, — a smile of which

she had no consciousness. This was the moment of which she had dreamed in her turret chamber at Maestricht, in the dark wood of Hesbaye, in the sheep-fold beside the Wurm. Her eyes saw everything : the hands which had fastened her collar ; the arms she had felt about her at Immaburg when her senses fled, in whose clasp she had left a part of herself, which she now found again. Underneath the covering was the wound, but the thought of it terrified her no longer. She was there, rich in health, courage, love. What could take him from her ? Death ? It was not possible. When death comes, one sees in the face the vain struggle against extinction ; one feels in one's own heart the vain revolt of its unsatisfied desires, and hears the outcry of its deathless passions ; there is a terrible presence against which rebellion is futile, which glides between us and life, its splendors and seductions. Nay, he was sleeping, and her heart was running over with projects and dreams ; peace filled the room, and without the sun was rising above the trees, the birds sang, and the golden bees flew in and out among the flowers. It seemed to her that he, too, smiled. Was he dreaming of her ? Did he know she was there ? His hand hung over the edge of the bed. She longed to touch it, but dared not, — he would wake. She would fix her eyes on his till they opened, like flowers to the sun. Nay, that were a sin. Sleep was precious to him. She would lay her head beside his hand and wait. O God, what a blessed moment when he should wake ! And with an impulse she could not resist she laid her cheek in his open palm.

Seigneur ! What had she done ! She held her breath. He did not stir. The hand was warm ; she could feel its pulse next her cheek. She did not dare to move again, so she lay still, timing her breathing to his, and listening to the pulse in her ear. It seemed to her

that in a moment she had entered some blessed precinct fenced about from peril. Those terrible realities of the night, the voices in the tower, the cry of Friedgis in the wood, the sudden apparition of Rothilde, the sickening moment of fear and struggle, the splash in the water below, and Jeanne, dear Jeanne, — all these things were close at hand, but outside her refuge, and came to her thought only as the cries of pursuers reach the ear of the fugitive safe within the sanctuary.

On a chest against the opposite wall she saw a tunic and leather *braies*, a linen shift and belt. She looked at them for a long time without being able to make up her mind to rise. Then a noise at the door caused her to lift her head : it was only the woman in the outer room. Passe Rose glanced at Gui : he was sleeping. Softly, her eyes fixed upon his face, she went to the chest. The linen was clotted with blood, the leather stiffened by the waters of the marsh. These things were unutterably dear to her ; in touching them it seemed as if she touched him. She lifted them noiselessly, searching for the papers. They were not there. She raised the lid of the chest. Within was a hunting-knife, its handle set with shining stones ; a sealed packet, aye ! and the paper she had found by the pond near the abbey ; and beside these, a little ball of crimson wool and a brass pendant, like those which hung from the border of her dress. She took the papers and hid them quickly in her bosom, but the ball and trinket she held in her hand, going back to her place beside the couch, and laying her head down on its edge. The wool was matted with blood ; the trinket, too, was discolored : they must have been torn from her dress at Immaburg.

Tears filled her eyes. Until now she had been happy in loving, but now, — O Blessed Mother, whose image she had thrown down, pardon, pardon ! for

surely the gods listen, — now she was happy in being loved; and unable to restrain herself, she reached out her arms and drew her lover's head to her bosom.

"Mother," said the child, "the captain is awake; they whisper together. Shall I fetch the drink?"

"Aye, go fetch it," replied the woman, looking in at the door, over the child's head.

Running to the spring hard by, the little maid returned presently with a bowl, from which she wiped the moisture. Holding it carefully in both hands, and watching the rim lest the contents should spill, she crossed the room.

"My mother says thou hast need of refreshment" — she began; then stammered and colored, she knew not why, and, setting the bowl on the chest by the couch, ran from the chamber. "Surely the captain is better," she said to her mother.

"Aye, indeed," muttered the latter to herself, as she drew the child from the door; "love and sage in May."

"I thought thee lost," said Gui. He held *Passe Rose's* hands in his.

"I thought thee dead," she answered in a whisper.

That was all. They could not speak, pressing each other's hands and exchanging radiant smiles. The questions which had tormented him, — why was she wandering alone in the wood of *Hesbaye*? why had she fled from the wagon? — he could not ask them; and she had forgotten the papers in her bosom, *Agnes of Solier*, and the boar's work, — her wound and his.

"Dost thou remember when I first saw thee, in the wood?" She nodded. "And at thy door, as I rode by? And in the meadow?" Her hands pressed his for answer. She no longer withdrew them, nor turned away her eyes. The very blood in her veins seemed still, she was so calm and contented. Have you seen the incoming sea toss the flags

in the marshes? But when the tide is full, what peace, what stillness! — not a stem trembles. At this moment she remembered what the Greek merchant had said to her at the fair of *St. Denis*: "The gods made thee to delight their eyes." The words which had angered her then now made her smile with happiness. "Tell me that thou lovest me," said *Gui*.

Love him! Could he not see? Did she shrink away, as in the meadow? Then, she, the weak, was his; now, he, the strong, was hers. An indescribable sense of security possessed her. Love him! Without, the wood rang with the songs of birds issuing from its sunlit borders, mounting skywards from its silent glades, shaking the dew in little showers from their ruffled feathers, trying their wings, audacious, their tiny throats trembling with melody. Can one call them back to their nesting-places after the sun is risen? As well seek to call back from the face what the heart sets free. Love him! Could he not see? And then suddenly all those shy and modest spirits which guard the inmost sanctuary rose in mutiny and alarm, and she hid her face on his breast.

"*Rose, Passe Rose*," murmured *Gui*, endeavoring in vain to lift her head; for she clung the closer, burying her face in the covering of the bed. His arm glided under the robe which enveloped her shoulders, drew her to him, and he kissed the head, whose fine hairs trembled at every breath, close to his lips.

"Nay, it is not possible that I am here," she thought. She forced herself to imagine that she was far away, that night was coming on in the great wood of *Hesbaye*, that she hid in the sheep-fold by the *Wurm*; shutting her eyes to better feign her past fears. How cold and wet was the moss next her cheek; and the wind, how it sighed! What darkness, and what sounds! Feeling

all the while his breath stir her hair, and saying to herself, "It is true, it is true."

"Where is thy wound?" she asked, lifting her head quickly.

"It is nothing," replied Gui.

"Show me," she said, kneeling beside the couch, and uncovering his limb.

At the touch of her fingers he blushed, turning away his head and closing his eyes. The bandage, stained by a yellow ointment, was drawn tightly over the thigh. At the sight of it, *Passe Rose* remembered a terrible valley strewn with corpses and filled with groans. Where, when, she did not know. Till now she had completely forgotten it. But she saw herself distinctly, a little girl, stumbling under the jar of fresh water on her shoulder, running from group to group under the trees where the wounded were laid: one, a clear-eyed boy, — she remembered him well, — to whose lips she held her jar, while a monk washed the wound with white wine, stanching it with the miraculous salve which he took from the flask at his girdle, and who, when he had done, traced a cross upon the linen band, and repeated the four names of God containing the seven vowels. She wished to pronounce now those names of the Blessed God, but she had forgotten them; so she drew a cross quickly upon the bandage with her finger, and repeated those of the four Evangelists in their stead. Relieved and comforted by this act, she covered the limb again gently, and taking the bowl from the chest held it to Gui's lips.

"Thy hand bleeds," he said.

"Drink first. I will tell thee."

He obeyed, interrogating her face. For the first time he asked himself how she came to be there. As he sipped the liquid in little swallows, a horn sounded without; then came the neighing of horses and the chatter of voices. *Passe Rose* listened. The woman was at the door, beckoning her. "They are here.

Seigneur Dieu, come away!" she whispered.

"Do not go," said Gui, endeavoring to raise himself. His eyes were fixed upon *Passe Rose* imploringly, and he sought to retain her hand. She stooped to his ear, saying something which caused him to smile. He let go her hand, and she went out. Through the door she saw a company of women, escorted by horsemen. The sun sparkled in the fringes of the harness and glittered on the spear-heads, and pages in colored capes stood at the palfreys' stirrups. The women were dismounting, and among them *Passe Rose* recognized *Heluiz of Hesbaye*, then *Gesualda*. She searched for a third, *Agnes of Solier*, but could not discover her. There was also a monk, in the black habit of the Benedictines, having a sprinkling-rod in his hand. "He must be the physician sent by the queen," thought *Passe Rose*. She stood watching them as they approached, till she heard the voice of *Gesualda* above the others, when she sprang to the door in the rear, and hid in the shrubbery which masked the out-buildings. Having waited till the company had entered, she stole behind the hedge to where the horses were tethered, and putting aside the branches softly looked between the leaves. The soldiers were sitting in groups in the shade; near by, the horses browsed, their bridle-reins thrown over the lances planted in the ground. The little maid who had shown her to the grange ran among them, stroking their glossy necks, and timidly offering them grass from her hand.

"Have a care; that one bites!" cried a soldier stretched on the moss, and laughing at the quick withdrawal of the extended hand.

"Thou art jesting," said the maid, looking from the speaker to the steed, which arched its neck, trembling with desire, and blowing the froth from its nostrils.

"On my faith, have a care."

Studying the brown eyes and the ears pricked forward, the girl advanced her hand again slowly, till the velvet mouth just grazed her palm, and cast a triumphant glance over her shoulder.

"Wilt thou mount?" asked the soldier, rising.

"Aye, willingly!" cried she, clapping her hands.

He lifted her in his arms, and set her in the saddle. "So, now, softly. Sign thyself and say thy prayers."

The child laughed, her eyes sparkling with pleasure. "Heu!" she said, taking the rein.

The soldier looked at her admiringly. "Amuse thyself, but go not far," he called after her, as she made her way between the trees.

Gliding along the hedge, *Passe Rose* ran towards the angle where the path from the grange entered the road. The little maid, her bare feet pressed against the horse's flanks, her fingers grasping the tufts of hair hanging from the saddle-bow, did not at first perceive her, being occupied in personating the Queen of Sheba coming to Jerusalem, with a very great train of camels, bearing spices, gold, and precious stones. Holding her head erect, she endeavored to impress upon her features, radiant with joy, the dignity befitting her station, talking to herself as she rode.

"Thy mother calls thee," said a voice, just before her. Queen and camels and spices vanished. She looked up and saw *Passe Rose*. "Run, quick! I will care for the horse."

The child slid to the ground in terror, her thoughts divided between the reality and the dream. Would her mother then punish the Queen of Sheba? and gathering the skirt of her dress in her hand, she ran with all her might towards the house. She had not disappeared under the leafage of the oaks before *Passe Rose* was in her place, and the feet of Gesualda's palfrey were echoing on the road to Aix.

XXI.

At the foot of the tower by the ford of the Wurm the waters lie still and deep. A lance hurled by a strong arm into the heart of the pool disappears its entire length, then rebounds, falls sideways, turns slowly in the eddy, shoots into the channel next the bank, past every root and hollow where it would pause, till it reaches the crescent of sand below. Here the waters, tired of their toy, cast it up on the bar, and hurry on over a broad slant of pebbles. This year's blossom or last year's leaf, the dead or the living, the Wurm treats all alike.

Reeling from the edge of the tower, it seemed to Rothilde that the river leaped up to embrace her. She put out her hands, turned in mid-air, saw the sky twinkling with stars,—then everything disappeared. Her feet were entangled in her cloak. She straightened her limbs to free them from its folds, shutting her mouth and bracing the muscles of her chest and throat against the pressure which strangled her. At last the stars appeared again; she could breathe once more. Her hands were free, and she struggled blindly for the shore. But the river was not done with her. It whirled her round like a straw in its eddy, sucked her down where it left the pool, drove her past root and stem at which she clutched, till, tired of its plaything, it pushed it aside on the shallow, and ran rippling over the shingle.

The instant her feet touched the sand she knew she was saved. Those terrible visions which crowd upon the eyes confronted by sudden death, and which for the moment seem the only realities, were gone, and all the energy of life, its hopes and fever, were hers again. Breathless and spent, shivering with the chill of the river, bewildered as one waking from a nightmare, but safe, she

crawled to the top of the bar, laughing hysterically. "Nay, not yet, not yet," she repeated to herself. She unwound from her feet the cloak which trailed behind her, leaving a glistening track upon the sand, and wrung the water from her silver-braided dress. The tower rose among the trees, — what a leap! The girl had worsted her. "Wait, wait!" she cried through her chattering teeth, loosening her clinging dress; "my time is not yet come." As she broke her way through the bushes which fringed the shore, a sharp pain smote her in the breast, — the chill of the water, she thought. If the horse were still there, she would warm her blood with such a gallop as the page never dreamed of. Dieu! the pain again! Her bosom was wet, not with water, but with something slimy, which stuck to her fingers. Had the girl struck her? It was not possible; she felt herself strong, — the strength of ten lives! Crossing an open space, she held up her hand in the starlight. Aye, it was blood; it ran down her wrist. She opened her dress to see whence it came. A mere scratch, — let it bleed: it was blood shed for the king; every drop the heart lost would buy what it desired. She tore the shreds of her neckerchief from her throat, rolled them together, and pressed them within her robe, hurrying on through the wood. As the tower appeared between the trees, she paused to listen. The horse was still there, — she could hear it browsing in the grass; there was no other sound, and she stepped out cautiously from behind the trunk of a tree. The horse lifted its head and neighed. She held out her hand, speaking softly, cajolingly, till the rein was in her grasp. In a quarter-hour she would be with the king! She led the horse along the bank, for the space between the river and the trees was narrow and the branches hung low, and on reaching the road sprang for the saddle. But the hand which grasped the mane gave way, and she fell back

with a cry of pain. The blood trickled into her palm again. Had the girl cut her arm? She had felt nothing, yet it was from there the blood came. Rolling back the sleeve, she turned her arm to the light. Aye, the wound was there. She tore a strip from her dress, and, holding one end between her teeth, knotted it above the wrist, twisting it tightly with a broken branch. With but one hand, she could not fasten the knot securely. In spite of every effort it slipped and loosened. Abandoning the attempt, she stepped upon a stone, and climbed to the saddle. The horse, feeling the pressure of her knees, bounded forward. It was not so easy to hold her seat as when galloping with the page. She turned the mare's head into the road which led to Frankenburg, through the wood, and which joined the highway without the eastern gate, where, if need were, she might enter the city. What secret apprehension, what presentiment of peril, brought this to mind she would not confess; she only knew that at every leap a lance-like pain caught her breath. Holding her arm close to her face, she strained her eyes to see how it fared; but the shadow of the overhanging trees was so dense, she could discern nothing. She could endure the pain no longer, and drew the rein to slacken the pace. From time to time, a feeling of sinking made her fingers clutch the mane, and a horrible misgiving that she was fainting, dying, oppressed her. The horse was walking now; if she could but reach the gate! Cursed blood! oozing through the bandage, running into her palm, dripping from her fingers, like a living thing. God! was it possible? — to vanquish the river only to see life ebb under her eyes, drop by drop! The thought of her arm filled her with rage; she wished to strike it, to cut it off. Hark! the midnight bell in the king's chapel. The gate must be close by. Aye, she could hear the voice of the watch crying the

hour in the palace court. With a desperate calm she rewound the bandage and tightened the knot, then held her arm aloft to diminish the flow. As the gate loomed up before her, the horse started back, nearly throwing her from her seat, and she saw two forms hurrying away in the darkness. "Help!" she cried, turning in the saddle. The tones of her own voice, wavering beyond control in her throat, frightened her. "Help!" But no answer came back. "Cowards!" she muttered through her set teeth; and still holding her arm aloft, clinging to the saddle with the other, she passed under the gate. Not a soul was in sight, and the echo of the horse's feet beat back and forth between the walls. The pain was gone, but a sensation of suffocation oppressed her. She had forgotten the king now; all her desire was for instant relief. It seemed to her that she could not longer retain her hold; that she must slide to the ground, where she might fix her arms against something firm, to get relief for her laboring lungs. The horse was turning into the square, and she fastened her eyes upon a light shining before her. It looked so far! Feeling no rein, the horse wandered from the direct course, lifting its head intelligently for some sign. She made an effort to guide it with her knees, and at the same instant a spasm of suffocation so terrible attacked her that she cried out, forgetting everything, and sliding to the ground, where she supported herself upon her hands, like the wounded gladiator dying from loss of blood, and lifting himself with a last gasp for air above the sand of the arena. At that moment, from the basilica where the light shone came the response of the clerks: "O Christ, save Karle." Refreshed as by a draught of wine, she raised her head and opened her eyes. Where was she? Overhead a single star gazed steadfastly at her; and about it, in narrowing circles, swept its myriad fellows, — oh, so fast, so fast! — a whirlpool of stars,

shouting in her ears, "Christ, save Karle!" long after her wide-open eyes had ceased to see.

It was then that Brother Dominic, returning from midnight service in the king's oratory, as he hastened across the square, saw a horse, trembling with fear, and sniffing at something lying at its feet. Hurrying to the spot, the monk stooped above it. Jesu! the woman of Immaburg! Her eyes stared at him fixedly. Distraught, not knowing what to do, Brother Dominic wrung his hands, ran a little space, crying, "Succor! succor!" returned, lifted the body in his arms, and staggered towards the palace gate. A groan escaped the woman's lips. He had taken her awkwardly, and she slipped from his grasp. He laid her down, bending his ear to the bloodless lips. Faint with horror and fasting, he began to run once more, crying, "Succor! succor!" Men with torches were issuing from the guard-room under the archway. "Ho! this way! Succor!" cried Brother Dominic, out of breath.

The Gascon was first on the spot. "God's wounds!" he exclaimed, holding the torch above his head, and recognizing Rothilde.

His comrades crowded about him with excited speech: —

"Loosen her girdle."

"She is dead."

"I saw her enter with the page."

"Nay, she rode out again."

"Stand off, — give her air!" cried the Gascon, pushing them back. "Fetch water, quick!"

"She hath water enough," said one, aiding him to unfasten her girdle.

"Look, she bleeds. Hold thy torch here. Some one hath stabbed her!" exclaimed the Gascon. "The monk, the monk!"

Brother Dominic had not stirred from the spot where he stood. To his sensitive vision, a supreme egoism, the egoism of a soul which sees in every phenomenon the interference of God in its behalf

or the effort of Satan to entrap it, rendered every event a phase of that fierce struggle between the powers of good and evil for his possession. He watched with anguish this desperate combat, whose issue involved his spiritual destiny. To his soul, concentrated upon itself, alert to every influence, impersonating its own impulses, penetrated by the sublime conviction of its dignity, life was an expanding circle, centred in his own individual experience. For God had opened his eyes. He had been environed by wonders, and he had not known it. Spirits, palpable, visible, surrounded him, and he had not seen them. They were within him, rousing every evil desire, and bringing to shame a life of consecration. They were without him: by the wayside as he journeyed; in the goldsmith's daughter, who took from his very hand the papers with which he had been entrusted; in the woman of Immaburg, whose compelling presence enslaved his will, distilling sweet but noxious perfumes from her hair, lighting in her garnet girdle unholy fires, luring him through her lips with unhallowed promises. Aye, God had opened his eyes; he, who thought himself the least of all with whom he mingled, was the prize for which they contended. Glad to escape from that spacious chamber which had formerly been his pride, where lingered the odor of a cendal tissue, whose walls were ever whispering to him, "Be discreet, and I will pay thee in what coin thou wilt," he had consecrated himself anew in the gloom and chill of the king's chapel. Even while he prayed, struggling to put his foot on the neck of his infirmity, a pearl chaplet gleamed before his shut eyes; and when he raised them aloft, imploring succor, the brooch shining on the mantle of the shadowy form in the king's tribune seemed the eye of God fastened upon him. Above all else he yearned for his narrow cell at Maestricht. Sitting at his desk by its win-

dow, he had often longed to follow the birds, resting for a moment on the apple branch within reach of his hand, to disappear in the far mysterious horizon. The way had appeared hard then; but it was the way to heaven. Horrified as he was by the spectacle before his eyes, he felt that God had come to his aid. The pride of beauty and the lust of flesh, — these had almost gotten the mastery of him; and he saw them prostrate in the mire of the street. Surely God trampled his adversaries under-foot. The joy of an immense deliverance broke into praise at the very moment when the soldiers seized him, and every emotion was swallowed up in the exultation of spiritual victory.

"Bind him fast," cried the Gascon; "let him not escape!"

Brother Dominic, offering no resistance, was smiling. Would God indeed measure the depth of his repentance as he had tried the faith of the martyrs? For through stripes and suffering even those who had offended him became his friends, and thus the martyrs had gained their crowns.

"*Aïe, aïe*," said the soldier, binding his wrists, "a monk stab a woman!"

XXII.

On dismounting at the ford of the Wurm, Sergius and his companion had left their horses to browse in the forest. Feeding quietly among the reeds, the latter had strayed to the pool where *Passe Rose* had set her jar, for there the grass, moistened by the trickling water, grew rank and tender. Close by lay the body of Friedgis.

Suddenly the leader drew back, trembling, its nostrils inflated, ears bent forward, and tail extended; then wheeled, communicating its terror to its fellow, and plunged through the brakes.

One would be at a loss to know what death is, were the representations of the

mind, complex and mysterious as is the mind itself, its only witnesses. A gasp for air when the spirit lies in stupor? A liberation from the wants of the body? An usher at a door? A realmless king, slighted by love, mocked by ambition, defied by a swaggering nobody? An enemy, before whose approach "life is an organized retreat," turning to victory at the final rout? But death will wear none of these guises. To-day, as on the first day, it appears under one simple aspect,—the corpse upon the bier, a form no longer human, not yet material, inspiring the same terror which the horse felt when the nameless odor of this which had once subjugated him and which he had loved reached his nostrils in the wet grass, and he bounded panic-stricken through the wood.

"This way," said the soldier, stumbling over the uneven ground.

"Where art thou?" replied the prior, groping behind in the darkness.

"Here, to thy left. Have a care, — there is a pool. Damned horses! they have escaped us."

"Listen!" said Sergius, turning his ear to the wind; "we have passed the spot."

"Nay, nay, this way; I remember!" cried his companion, continuing his search, and uttering an oath at every obstacle.

Embarrassed by his robe, Sergius followed in the direction indicated, till, caught in a thicket whose stems stabbed his face at every movement, he was forced to stop. "Where art thou?" he asked again. Receiving no answer, he made another effort to extricate himself; then paused again to listen. At some distance he heard a noise of breaking bushes, but the sounds seemed behind him. The leaves trembled in the fresh air of night, and the water from the spring trickled between the stones. "It were best to follow the stream," he thought to himself; "it must lead to the river;" and, stooping, he felt his way

with his hands. But the gurgle of the water was lost in the leaves' rustle, which resembled the murmur of the river, now before, now behind him. "Hola!" he cried, rising to his feet, bewildered. In a space which a swallow traverses with a single beat of its wing he was lost as completely as in an immense wilderness. No longer knowing whither he went, he hurried forward, changing his course unconsciously at every barrier, and stopping from time to time in a vain endeavor to reason.

At last his feet sank in the marshy ground, and he observed that reeds had succeeded the thicket. He must be near the river. As he advanced cautiously over the miry soil, the trees became more scattered and a clear space of stars opened overhead, his foot struck the sand, and he heard the wash of water. Traversing the wood parallel to the river, he had struck the latter far below the ford. He hastened to the bank; for a moment the Wurm appeared to him to be flowing in the wrong direction. He struggled slowly through the dense growth which lined the shore, not daring to trust himself beyond hearing of the water, following the windings of the stream. When he reached the spot where Rothilde had dragged herself from the current, signs of dawn were in the east. So slow and exhausting was his progress through the bushes which choked the bank that, seeing the opposite bank was more open, he crossed over by the bar jutting out into the shallows. From the meadow the tower was visible in the gray dawn. At every sound he paused to listen. Where was his companion? Fool! they should have kept together. When the wind sighed and the rubbing branches creaked, he thought he heard the whinny of a horse, — a horse which followed his voice as a dog hugs the heel of a shepherd, and which had deserted him like a wild colt when minutes were precious! At the ford he plunged in un-

hesitatingly, although the water was deep. "It is not far," he thought, shivering, for the stream was cold.

When he reached the gate, day was come, and the streets were filled with people. He sought his lodging by circuitous ways, for his robe was torn, and its skirt wet and stained with mire. From the preparations he saw on every side he divined the coming of Pepin. From the courtyard of the abbot of Fontenelle issued a tumult of voices. Profiting by the confusion, and resolved upon first interrogating Brother Dominic, he drew his hood over his face, and, slipping through the crowd unobserved, gained the monk's chamber. The room was empty. A candle, burned to the socket, stood on the table; the bed was undisturbed. From the window he saw gathered the abbot's followers, and, not daring again to risk observance, determined to wait till the train should pass out. As he barred the door, he saw at his feet something which glistened, — a black pearl! That it was one which belonged to Rothilde's fillet he was sure. He endeavored to recall her as she stood at the tower door in the starlight: had she worn the fillet that night? Holding the pearl in his hand, he felt the perspiration start in beads from his forehead. The night's mischance, like a little cloud before the sun, casting a shadow out of all proportion to its size, had filled him with anxiety and alarm. Tortured by uncertainty, every event assumed importance. What devil's imp directed them! He had taken a serf for a servant, and this stolid fellow, with the shoulders of an ox, had the eyes of a ferret; or did the girl lie? Her mocking smile haunted him. He had chosen her for her wit; had she outwitted him? He had sought to turn her passion to his purpose; had she purposes of her own? With what eagerness she demanded Friedgis's life, like a tigress lapping blood! Did she really fear him? If, as she asserted, he had followed her

to the church of St. Marcellus, why had she gone to the hunt? What! he tracks her from the church to the palace, asks for the king, and again for the queen, and she rides unconcerned to the chase at Frankenburg? It was incredible. Why then did she thirst so for his life? They were of the same race; did they perchance know each other? thought the prior. And the Greek failed him at the decisive moment! But for his delay this had been the very night; and now the papers were in the hands of the king's captain. What fiend's luck had sent this captain to Maestricht! And a multitude of forgotten details crowded upon the prior's recollection, — Gui's inquiry at the abbey for *Passe Rose*, the latter's disappearance, her presence at Immaburg, where Rothilde had seen her with the monk. "So," thought the prior, looking at the pearl in his hand and thinking of Brother Dominic, "thou also hast passions and purposes."

Without, the tumult had ceased, and he resolved to gain his own room. The day was passing, and he had much to do. Not to risk something was to lose everything. He had drawn the bolt and his hand was on the door, when it trembled under the blow of a sword. He recoiled a step; his fingers closed on the pearl. The door was thrust open, and the Gascon stood on the threshold. His sword was in his hand, and others pressed behind him. The prior stood speechless; he had the appearance of a mute, whose emotions betray themselves only by convulsive expressions of the face.

"Ah, Monseigneur!" cried the Gascon, uncovering himself as he advanced, "we were seeking thee everywhere. The monk that was with thee hath stabbed a woman of the princesses' household. We have him fast, and he sends for thee."

For a moment the prior experienced an intense joy, the satisfaction of having escaped an imminent peril, before which

every preoccupation vanished. "It is not possible," he said, with a foolish smile. "What woman?"

"If thou wilt come with us, Monseigneur, I will show thee," pursued the Gascon, leading the way, and eager to relate his story. "We were of the watch at the palace gate. There came a cry from without" —

"What woman?" repeated Sergius, following the Gascon's hurried step. His agitation had returned again.

"The Saxon whom the queen brought with her from Ehresberg. Dead, Monseigneur, dead. She came from Frankenburg with a page after sundown. The page says she went out again. Well, there was a cry, and we ran out. She lay in the square, midway between the gate and the church; the monk stood over her. Her garments were soaked with blood, like water, — aye, and there was water too. We bore her to the guard-room, and laid her on the trencher, thinking her dead. Suddenly her eyes opened, like a spring. I asked her who had done her injury. With that she raised herself, and cried, 'The king! the king!' Then her lips curled from her teeth, and she fell back dead, Monseigneur, — dead, like that," and the Gascon clacked his tongue, making a quick gesture of the hand.

"Dead?" repeated Sergius. "It is not possible, — it is not possible."

"Aye, and from a little cut on the wrist, no bigger than a thorn would make. But the water, Monseigneur, the water, — how explain that? She was drenched, like a ewe fallen into a pit. The monk answers nothing, yet his robe is smeared with blood. The devil is in it, — I will tell thee why. There came a girl to-night, with an old woman, asking for the captain, Gui of Tours, the same who was hurt by the boar yesterday. For a jest, Monseigneur, just for a jest, thinking her some wench late abroad, I caught her by the waist, and I swear to thee her touch was fire. Before I could

loose her she had gotten from me that the captain was at Frankenburg; the words slipped from my tongue like a tear from an eye. But I saw her face, — oh, I saw it well. Dost thou remember the day I came with the captain to Maestricht, — when this monk returned with us? As we went down the hill, a demon appeared to him in the hedge by the roadside, — a demon having the form of a young girl. It is likely enough, for when the captain returned from pursuing her he was like a man in wine. I tell thee, Monseigneur, this selfsame girl — witch or girl I know not — came to Immaburg, whether for the captain or the monk I cannot say. As I stood in the court waiting for the women, — it was the night we came hither, — the captain issued from the chapel with the girl in his arms. I thought her then certainly to be flesh and flood, and made a place for her, as the captain bade me. But on the road, by the ford of the Wurm, she escaped, like a smoke. For two hours we searched; not a trace. Hard by is a tower, where, they say, demons congregate. Well, — wilt thou believe it? — it was this girl that came to-night. Here, Monseigneur, this way."

The court of the palace was thronged with people gazing at the horsemen of the king's guard, drawn up within, and waiting for the order to set out on the road to Colonia, by which the king of Italy was approaching. To escape the crowd, the Gascon entered the guard-room by a side door. A few soldiers and attendants, on whose faces were blended expressions of curiosity and apprehension, were whispering together in low, excited tones as they entered. Seeing the prior's robe, those nearest him drew back, signed themselves, and ceased their conversation. Following his conductor, Sergius advanced, without regarding them. At the threshold of the adjoining room the Gascon paused. "Enter, Monseigneur," he said, lifting

the curtain. The prior took a step forward, and stood still. Before him was a table surrounded by women, and on the table a body, partially naked. Seeing the priest, one of the women spread a cloth hastily over the body, and drew it to the chin. Vessels of water and spiced wine stood on the floor, near the wall. Sergius saw everything, yet he had not taken his eyes from the heap of clothing on which they were fixed: a dress soaked with water; a sandal, its silver lacings soiled with mud, protruding from an under-tunic stiffened with blood; and fragments of a tissue veil. And suddenly, out of that stained, disordered heap, Rothilde rose before him, as he had seen her sitting on the lid of the king's sarcophagus, warm with life, the veil about her throat, the fillet in her hair, her eyes shining upon him from between the folds of her head-cloth. As if fearful of awakening some one asleep, the women drew back on tiptoe, transformed by the presence of death, — death, so common yet so wonderful, so simple yet so mysterious. With a deep-drawn breath, the prior looked up to the face on which the candles shone. No trace of terror, pain, or passion disfigured it. A serenity no sleep could counterfeit, no emotion disturb, reigned there. Yet this face, this form outlined under the sinister dra-

pery of the linen drawn over the limbs, had no reality for him; he saw only the slender, supple figure balanced on the edge of the king's sarcophagus, the face insolent with joy, whose eyes menaced him by the tower on the Wurm.

"Monseigneur," said a voice behind him.

At its sound these visions vanished, and the reality was before him, — clay to be washed and anointed with spices. *She* was not there. Where, then? Did she see him now?

"Monseigneur."

The prior turned quickly. The Gascon stood in the doorway, and behind him the chief of the king's pages. Why did they observe him so? They stood aside as he passed out, and he crossed the guard-room to the door by which he had entered. Against this door leaned a soldier, who looked at the wet skirt of his robe as he approached.

"Show me to the monk," he said, turning to the Gascon. He thought the latter followed him, but now he perceived that he was alone in the middle of the room.

"Monseigneur," said the Gascon, with a politeness which affected him strangely, "it is no longer the monk who desires to see thee."

"Who, then?" stammered the prior.

"Monseigneur, the king."

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

THE TWO MOTHERS.

FOR fondling arm, warm breast, and life's sweet tide,

What dost thou to thy mother make return?

Some madcap girl can win thee from her side;

Few tears, at best, hast thou above her urn.

Only to Earth, thy mother, art thou just:

To her thou givest all within thy power,

Thy life, thy breath, thyself, — a pinch of dust,

To star her bosom with a summer flower.

E. Wilson.

THE ISTHMUS CANAL AND OUR GOVERNMENT.

It is a noticeable circumstance that though the Panama and Nicaragua routes have shared the suffrages of most engineers, certain authorities have opposed both. Could we judge from the language used in some quarters, no one, probably, would have thought of undertaking either. Such criticisms come to mind at a time when the embarrassment of the Panama Company involves in so much doubt the question how the enterprise is to be finished, while, on the other hand, the difficulties of the Nicaragua route, be they what they may, have thus far prevented any attempt to overcome them. We are almost ready to ask, Have not the critics of these routes been partly right?

One of the authorities referred to is Walton W. Evans. A lecture delivered by this able engineer before the American Society of Civil Engineers in 1880, and several communications to the American Geographical Society, are evidence of his acquaintance with the subject and his competence to discuss it. In one respect Evans agreed with De Lesseps: both insisted that the canal to join the Atlantic and Pacific should be a sea-level canal. De Lesseps favored the Panama route, forty-three miles long; Evans, the San Blas, ten miles shorter. Upon the latter a slight impediment exists in the shape of a mountain, through which it would be necessary to bore a ship tunnel seven miles long; and this consideration has led most engineers to favor Panama as against San Blas, although at the latter point the coasts of the eastern and western seas approach nearest to each other. Evans, although in favor of a sea-level canal, was convinced that such a work was not practicable at Panama. Meeting De Lesseps on one occasion in Paris, he assured him that he would never succeed in excavat-

ing such a channel at that point. That there was force in the prediction is apparent from the fact that in the fall of 1887 De Lesseps gave up the sea-level plan, and adopted locks.

While Evans was opposed to Panama, he was no less hostile to Nicaragua. In a communication to the American Geographical Society, made in December, 1879, he said:—

“A canal built on the Nicaragua route will be, when finished, a total failure, and all the money invested in it utterly sunk; for the day is not far distant when the trade of the world will demand that a canal be built between the two oceans on the shortest route and on the most direct line, regardless of the difficulties that may be encountered.”

Alongside Mr. Evans we may cite another American authority, Frederick M. Kelley, of New York. Mr. Kelley's laborious interest in the solution of the question and his munificent contributions to that end—he spent out of his private fortune \$120,000 for surveys on the Isthmus—are well known. We omit Mr. Kelley's testimony against Nicaragua, since it is similar to that of Mr. Evans. With respect to Panama he wrote:—

“As we are building the canal for all time and to satisfy the ever-expanding wants of commerce, it is the height of folly to locate it where dangerous floods and almost bottomless swamps will destroy it and render useless the undertaking.”¹

The noticeable thing about this judgment is that Mr. Kelley subsequently used the undisputed right of a Yankee, and changed his mind. After De Lesseps had got his enterprise under way, the New York banker published a letter,

¹ Journal of the American Geographical Society for 1879, page 141.

in which he indorsed the enterprise he had previously condemned. De Lesseps had adopted the principle which both Evans and Kelley held to be essential, the sea-level plan; he had chosen for his undertaking a spot where, even if locks were provisionally put in, they might be subsequently taken out, and the work cut to the sea level. This, on the other hand, cannot be done at Nicaragua. Such considerations determined Mr. Kelley to take the position he did in his letter of May 21, 1883. He predicted, at its close, that the barrier of the Cordilleras would be flung down at Panama, and the oceans thus united. Whether Mr. Kelley's prediction of 1879, that "dangerous floods and almost bottomless swamps" would ruin the work, or that of 1883 be the more credible, each, according to his preference, may decide. As for Mr. Evans, it appears from certain utterances, made not long before his death in 1886, that he never became favorably disposed to the Panama enterprise. So vehemently impartial was he in his hostility both to Nicaragua and to Panama that he averred in 1879 that any attempt to construct a canal upon either route would be "the extreme of folly." With all respect to this noted engineer, whose *chef d'œuvre* is the remarkable railroad in Peru, which threads the Andes 15,648 feet above the sea, we are disposed to maintain, and public sentiment will bear us out in this matter, that in the course of not many years either the Panama "folly" or the Nicaragua "folly" will be carried through. Either through the cut of Culebra or the lake of Nicaragua the wings of commerce and its machine-propelled ships are to pass by night and day.¹ What the relation of the canal to the United States is to be we shall soon be called upon to decide.

Upon the importance of such a work we have no occasion to dwell. Mr.

¹ Ships which carry electric lights are allowed to traverse the Suez Canal by night.

Evans — and it is a pleasure to quote him in this case, because we are able to agree with him better than in his twin fulminations against Panama and Nicaragua — averred in 1879 that this canal matter was "the most important matter in the line of progress now before the world." If we take into account both the commercial aspect of the case and that which concerns the international status of such a work, but little exaggeration is implied in these words. It is probable that the Suez Canal and the Interoceanic Canal of America are to introduce significant modifications into international law. To the political aspects of the question as much importance attaches as to those more obvious and material. The elements of this political significance we propose to take up. Such a question concerns our country as much as any other. In the opinion of not a few it concerns us more.

Should we apply to history for a precedent possessed of like conditions, one is immediately found. There is perhaps but one, — the recent settlement of the international status of the Suez Canal. This problem is in fact settled in the Old World. Its settlement in the New has not been as yet attained. After negotiations which lasted several years, a basis of agreement was reached by the French and English governments. Twenty-eight years after the beginning of the work, and eighteen after it was opened, the relation it was to sustain to international law was fixed. A convention was signed by France and England October 24, 1887. By this the neutrality of the work is established. It is to be open indiscriminately to the merchantmen and war-ships of all states; all to stand upon the same level. To the Italian government, whose influence had been exerted in favor of this solution, the thanks of the French were officially conveyed. The German government acquiesced in this solution. Finally, after certain modifications, none essential, the

convention was signed, October 29, 1888, by the representatives of the Powers. In this instrument, pains are taken to establish directly and indirectly the principle of equal, impartial right; the most insignificant state cannot complain, that her ships and citizens are not treated as well as others. It might have been impossible to reach such a result in the seventeenth or eighteenth century; but over its predecessors the nineteenth has indisputable advantages.

The first question we shall probably ask is, whether we can do better than this. Could any solution of our own interoceanic question be devised that would better answer the needs, perhaps apprehensions, of weaker and smaller states and the susceptibilities of the larger?

But precedents are not to count for everything. Sometimes they are on the wrong side. A useful recourse, at times, in examining disputed points, is to suppose a case. While this method is no more conclusive than precedents, it may throw light on the matter investigated, and assist us to reach a conclusion. Suppose that nature, anticipating the needs of man, had cut the isthmus of Central America, and that the passage was so wide that it would be impossible for any state, by seizing either shore, to fortify and command the strait. Such a channel would be open to all. Would it be possible for any state, even the most insignificant, to allege that nature had done her wrong? If, however, man, left to his own resources, cuts the passage, if he determines that it shall be used by all upon the same terms, would not his determination be just? By such a course, would the chances of international rivalries, disputes liable to degenerate into every sort of complication, be lessened or increased? One of the tendencies of civilization is to restrict, not to pamper, the causes of animosity between states. One of the ways of promoting this object, as far as inter-

oceanic communication goes, is to reject the policy of special privileges and special rights. This view has prevailed in the Old World. Must it not prevail in the New?

The policy of the United States at present is in favor of this solution; and to the credit of our government it may be said that this has been its regular and normal policy for fifty years, ever since its attention was first called to the subject. Into treaty stipulations of another character it has never consented to enter. That tendencies of a nature hostile to this traditional policy have existed is not to be denied, but the regular practice of the United States has been that described.

Let us consider the manner in which this policy has been pursued and promulgated, glancing also at such attempts as have been made to depart from it. Our government recognizes to-day what may be called the liberal principles of interoceanic intercourse. Europe recognizes them, too. The more these principles are considered, the more disposed shall we be to approve them and look forward to their recognition by the entire world. The sentiment of posterity — is not the assertion conservative and safe? — will reprobate any attempt to interfere with them, or substitute for them policies, even tendencies, of any other kind.

Should the project of a canal at Nicaragua — in its interest several elaborate surveys have been made since 1870 — ever reach fulfillment, the sketch which we propose will apply to this undertaking as well as to that at Panama. In the course of our examination, we shall have occasion more than once to refer to Nicaragua. The treaty of 1848 with New Granada had reference to the building of a transit-way at Panama. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty had special reference to the scheme of the lake.

A coincidence, which calls to mind divergences rather than concords, con-

nects itself with the Nicaragua Canal. The preferences of Napoleon III. and those of the United States concurred! During his imprisonment in the castle of Ham, Louis Napoleon prepared a careful, more than a plausible paper upon the Nicaragua route. It is found in his published works. An envoy from Central America proposed to him that, should Louis Philippe's government consent to his release, he should put himself at the head of the undertaking. The prince, however, was never to be indebted to Louis Philippe in such a way. If the friends of the Nicaragua project prove as successful in breaking the Cordilleras as the prince did in his jail-breaking projects of 1846, the future of the enterprise is secure.

In reviewing our governmental policy we go back fifty years. In 1835, twenty-four years before ground was broken where Port Said now stands, the United States Senate passed a resolution with reference to an American canal. It was "resolved that the President of the United States be respectfully requested to consider the expediency of opening negotiations with the governments of other nations, and particularly with the governments of Central America and New Granada," as to the carrying out of such a project. And it was further resolved that this course was recommended for the purpose, among others, "of securing forever the free and equal right of navigating such canal to all such nations, on the payment of such reasonable tolls as may be established to compensate the capitalists who may engage in such undertaking." This resolution was unanimously voted.

Four years later, the House of Representatives adopted one of similar purport. As in the former case, it passed without a dissenting voice. The President was again requested to consider the expediency of negotiating with other states, in order to ascertain the practi-

cability of the proposed work, and also for the purpose "of securing forever the free and equal right of navigating such canal to all nations."

The first step taken in pursuance of these resolutions was the negotiation of the treaty of 1848 with New Granada, now the United States of Colombia. In compensation for an agreement on the part of New Granada that United States citizens should possess the same privileges as Granadian citizens in the use of any transit-way, the United States guaranteed the neutrality of the Isthmus and the sovereignty of New Granada over it. In execution of this latter provision, the intervention of United States troops has more than once been asked for. In 1856, 1862, 1864, 1865, and 1885 applications of this character were made. In 1885, both Colon and Panama were for a time in the power of insurgents, and great destruction of property ensued. The United States forces occupied both towns, and also the line of the railroad. They protected from further depredations both public and private property, including that of the Panama Canal Company. De Lesseps expressed himself in the highest terms as to the conduct of our forces on this occasion.

But it is to be noted that, owing to further developments and later surveys, our government finally favored, not the Panama, but the Nicaragua route. This being outside the territory of New Granada, the United States were in no way bound as to it by the treaty. Indeed, the executive branch of our government subsequently negotiated a treaty of different tenor with Nicaragua; and this, had it not been for the objection of the Senate, would have been formally concluded. To establish the principles of the resolutions of Congress, there was wanting a treaty of general purport,—a convention which should apply to every part of the Isthmus, not to a particular part or parts alone. Such a treaty was negotiated shortly after.

A curious circumstance as to the New Granada treaty here requires to be noted. In the diplomatic correspondence between Great Britain and the United States, from 1881 to 1883, it was alleged by the latter that the negotiation of treaties of like tenor between Colombia and European Powers would be regarded as an act of unfriendly character.¹ It was maintained that the guaranty of neutrality given to New Granada by the United States was necessarily exclusive in character.² The entire correspondence was conducted, on the part of the United States, by Messrs. Blaine and Frelinghuysen. At the time the treaty was concluded, the position of our government and the signification which it attached to the treaty were precisely the reverse. In his message to the Senate, which accompanied the draft of the convention, and in which its adoption is recommended, President Polk gives four reasons on which his recommendation rests. The fourth — and it happens to be the only one presented at length — is thus introduced: —

“In entering into the mutual guaranties proposed by the thirty-fifth article of the treaty, neither the government of New Granada nor that of the United States *has any narrow or exclusive views*. The ultimate object, as presented by the Senate of the United States in their resolution, to which I have already referred [the resolution of 1835], is to secure to all nations the free and equal right of passage over the Isthmus. If the United States, as the chief of the American nations, should first become a party to this guaranty, it cannot be doubted — indeed, it is confidently expected by the government of New Granada — that similar guaranties will be given to that republic by Great Britain and France. Should the proposition thus tendered be rejected, we may deprive the United States

of the just influence which its acceptance might secure to them, and confer the glory and benefit of being first among the nations in concluding such an arrangement upon the government either of Great Britain or France.”

Nothing could be more explicit. It is here stated that neither the government of the United States nor that of New Granada has any “exclusive views.” The statements that follow show with equal clearness that it was the understanding of the United States that other governments were to join, if they chose to, in giving guaranties equivalent to those of the United States.

There are advantages in assigning to the diplomatic corps and state office men of high capacity, who have taken a conspicuous part in the government of the state. But they may be without diplomatic experience. They may not possess that familiarity with diplomacy which in Europe is thought essential, and makes of the diplomatic service a profession in itself. One cannot but ask whether, if a thorough knowledge had been had of the phases of the inter-oceanic question and the negotiations in which the United States had engaged, the error indicated could have taken place.

A fact which refers to the understanding of the treaty, to which the Colombian government has consistently adhered, will show the connection between the treaty and the Panama Canal. In the canal charter occurs a stipulation to this effect: that the ships of no state, if at war with the United States of Colombia, shall be allowed to use the canal, unless such state shall have entered into a convention with Colombia, and guarantied the neutrality of the Isthmus and the sovereignty of Colombia over it, — *exactly the guaranties given by the United States*. The object of these and other stipulations is to induce all maritime states to grant to Colombia

¹ Secretary Blaine's first dispatch, June 24, 1881.

² Secretary Frelinghuysen's first dispatch, May 8, 1882.

the same proper guaranties accorded by the United States. If the canal were open to-day, the navies of no belligerents, except those of Colombia and the United States, would be permitted to use it. Article VI. of the charter says: "Le passage du canal est rigoureusement interdit aux bâtimens de guerre des nations en guerre avec une ou plusieurs autres et qui, par traités publics passés avec le gouvernement colombien, n'auraient pas acquis le droit de transiter par le canal en tout temps." The United States is the only nation which has acquired this right; it was secured by the treaty of 1848. We occupy, therefore, an exceptional position. By no other state is it shared except by the grantor of the charter. If the United States chose to pursue a policy hostile to the treaty, hostile to the interpretation put upon it at the time, we might perhaps hope, even endeavor, to retain this exceptional status. But according to the plain construction of the treaty, that put upon it in the President's message, we have no right to object to the conclusion of other conventions of this kind.

From this consideration of the significance of the New Granada treaty and the relation it sustains to the Panama Canal, let us recur to the state of the interoceanic question.

When the resolutions of 1835 and 1839 were passed, and even later, no such traffic existed as called for the construction of a canal. But these negative conditions were not to last. The discovery made at Sutter's mill in February, 1848, effected a change. An emigration set in to the Pacific slope. Still it did not seem practicable to construct a canal at once. The more feasible enterprise of cutting the Isthmus of Suez, where delving in sand and scooping constituted the greater part of the work, had not been as yet attempted. Rock work and leveling hills were another matter. To pulverize the vertebræ, so

to speak, of the American continent demanded more time, more genius, and more money. Therefore, as a temporary makeshift, and because a quasi-solution was imperatively demanded, the Panama railroad was built. But the time was approaching when the larger solution must, it was manifest, take the place of this provisional and imperfect one. Our government was accordingly prepared to do what Congress had recommended, — negotiate a treaty defining the bases upon which any interoceanic canal should rest. The negotiations were conducted by the administration of General Taylor; the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was the result. This result was reached, it may be said, by the Anglo-Saxon civilization of that day, the governments of the United States and Great Britain being the participants. The principles thus formulated were essentially those which Congress had recommended.

The preamble to the convention declares that the United States and Great Britain, "being desirous of consolidating the relations of amity which so happily subsist between them by setting forth and fixing in a convention their views and intentions with reference to any means of communication by ship canal which may be constructed between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans by way of the river San Juan de Nicaragua," confer the requisite powers upon their plenipotentiaries.

This is the only purpose stated in the preamble, — to set forth the position of these states with reference to interoceanic communication. But alongside this design a secondary and, as we may call it, instrumental one was kept in view by the United States. In January, 1848, prior to the evacuation of the City of Mexico by our forces, Great Britain occupied Greytown, at the mouth of the San Juan River. She claimed to exercise sovereignty by virtue of a protectorate in the name of the king of the

Mosquito Indians. Here Great Britain was holding the very spot at which the proposed Nicaragua Canal was to terminate. To secure the neutrality of the passage, it was considered, and justly so, necessary to dispossess her. Both parties agreed, in one of the stipulations of the convention, that neither should occupy, fortify, or colonize any part of Central America. Owing, however, to a disagreement as to the construction of the treaty, the dispossession of Great Britain was not at once effected. It was not brought about till after protracted negotiations, which occurred during the administration of President Buchanan. In 1860, Great Britain abandoned the Mosquito protectorate; she also ceded the islands known as the Bay Islands to Honduras. Mr. Buchanan, in his ensuing message, stated that the negotiations with Great Britain had resulted in "a final settlement entirely satisfactory" to the United States.

Next we come to the stipulations of the convention which relate directly and exclusively to interoceanic intercourse.

In Article I. it is stipulated, with regard to the proposed work, that neither contracting power "will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship canal;" and "that neither will ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same or in the vicinity thereof." It is agreed that neither will endeavor to acquire "for the citizens or subjects of the one any rights or advantages in regard to commerce or navigation through the said canal which shall not be offered on the same terms to the citizens or subjects of the other."

It is stipulated, Article V., that the contracting parties "will guaranty the neutrality of the canal, so that it may be *forever open and free.*"

It is agreed, Article VI., "to invite every state with which both or either have friendly intercourse to enter into stipulations with them similar to those

which they have entered into with each other, to the end that all other states may share in the honor and advantage of having contributed to a work of such general interest and importance." The same article describes "the great design" of the convention to be "that of constructing and maintaining the said canal as a ship communication between the two oceans, for the benefit of mankind, on equal terms to all and protecting the same."

The Clayton-Bulwer treaty was concluded with special reference to the Nicaragua route, believed at the time to be the most feasible. It is provided, however, Article VIII., that the stipulations of the convention are to be applied to any other routes in like manner. The language of the treaty is:—

"The governments of the United States and Great Britain having not only desired, in entering into this convention, to accomplish a particular object, but also to establish a general principle, they hereby agree to extend their protection by treaty stipulations to any other practicable communications, whether by canal or railway, across the isthmus which connects North and South America, and especially to the interoceanic communications, should the same prove to be practicable, whether by canal or railway, which are now proposed to be established, by the way of Tehuantepec or Panama."

President Taylor, in his message to the Senate, which accompanied the draft of the treaty, said: "The object of this treaty is to establish a commercial alliance with all great maritime states for the protection of a contemplated ship canal through the territory of Nicaragua, to connect the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and, at the same time, to insure the same protection to the contemplated railways or canals by the Tehuantepec and Panama routes, as well as to every other interoceanic communication."

This message remained in the secret archives of the Senate over thirty years. Finally its publication was authorized in 1886.

In the provisions of this treaty, the establishment of the principle of equal rights, the absence of any disposition to claim special advantages, are apparent.

Here we may notice a temporal distinction between the New Granada and Clayton-Bulwer treaties. The latter was concluded in perpetuity, the former for twenty years. It was stipulated that at the expiration of twenty years the treaty should continue in force, if neither party objected. All that is required to terminate it is twelve months' notice. Nothing is easier than to get rid of it, if either party so determine.

Not a little significance attaches to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, looked at in connection with the Suez Canal. The date of the treaty, 1850, preceded by four years the diplomatic origin of the Suez Canal, and by nine years its initiation by the dredge process. De Lesseps established both the Suez and Panama enterprises upon the principles of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. It cannot be said that these principles owe to him their origin; still less that in any diplomatic instrument by him prepared they first found expression. This honor belongs to Great Britain and the United States. Yet by a strange contradiction, the Anglo-Saxon states, after they had originated and established these doctrines, were not disposed in an equally consistent manner to stand by them. When their application was undertaken by financiers and engineers not Anglo-Saxon, Great Britain and the United States were less ready to adhere to their position. If in any quarter De Lesseps met with hostility in the case of Suez,

it was from Great Britain that it proceeded. A like opposition to Panama has been manifested by a large element in the United States.

An enthusiastic or Chauvinistic American might aver that the Suez and Panama enterprises, established upon the principles which form their basis, *grew out of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty itself*. Had De Lesseps wished to secure special privileges for French shipping, or any kind of French political or military control, he would have known — he could not have helped it — that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty stood in the way. Had he attempted to carry out such schemes, he would have met with the opposition of Great Britain and the United States. These powers would have been pledged to oppose any such policy. They would have been fully justified, even in the employment of force.¹

Before referring briefly to that counter-current which for a time set in and favored a modification of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, an expression of opinion on the part of our government subsequent to its ratification may be cited. President Fillmore, in his message to Congress in 1851, said: —

“In investigating this important subject, this government has had in view one, and only one object. That object has been, and is, the construction or attainment of a passage from ocean to ocean, the shortest and the best for travelers and merchandise, and equally open to all the world.”

In 1858, Mr. Cass, our Secretary of State, expressed himself as follows: “What the United States want in Central America, next to the happiness of its people, is the security and neutrality of the interoceanic routes which lead through it.”²

thus receive a fresh consecration? Upon such anniversaries were established great principles of international comity and international right.

² Dispatch from Mr. Cass to Lord Napier, November 8, 1858.

¹ An accidental coincidence — if in fact design was not at the bottom — may be noticed in connection with the treaty of 1850. It was concluded April 19th, and the ratifications were exchanged on the 4th of July. Who will presume to say that even these dates did not

But an attempt to reverse these precedents, at least a disposition to be dissatisfied with them, manifested itself during the period which followed the breaking of ground at Panama. It may be conceded that the Panama undertaking was begun under circumstances calculated to excite among Americans, if not hostility, at least a sense of regret, and perhaps a keen one. Out of such regrets unfriendly, even hostile, feelings might arise. It had been believed that the capital, skill, and genius which such a work required would almost of necessity come from the United States; but this did not prove to be the case. When it appeared that we were not prepared to undertake the task, and that another state was, a cheerful acquiescence in such foreign management of the enterprise was not to be expected. We must distinguish, however, between a sentiment of chagrin and a disposition to favor the establishment of such a work upon principles other than those which our government had sanctioned and observed. If, supposing it were to be built by Americans, the proper basis was neutrality and equal rights, was it just, when we were not ready to enter upon a task of such unprecedented complications and doubtful issues, to criticise another state which was ready, and which undertook it upon the very principles first advocated by the United States, and consecrated and ratified by us in a public instrument?

It is not proposed, in a sketch of historical sequence, to cite the utterances and positions of our government during the inaugural phases of the canal. There is no occasion to suppose that these views are indorsed by the people of the United States to-day. Our government has reversed the original and sound American doctrine, and with this there is every reason to believe that public sentiment is in accord.

Certain references, however, may be made to the positions temporarily as-

sumed, and to arguments brought forward in support of them.

Not a little has been said, and in high places as well as elsewhere, respecting the construction of an inter-oceanic canal under "American control."¹ To this expression two significations attach. It may apply simply to fixing the tolls. Americans might prefer to have the work executed and the tolls fixed by an American company. But we are to remember that the right to establish tolls belongs as clearly to the corporation, whatever it be, which executes such a work as it does to the Suez corporation or any other so placed. Such right is subject to the stipulations of the charter upon which the franchises of the corporation rest. If at any time the tolls levied at Panama prove unreasonable, if it should appear that the French are deriving a disproportionate income from an enterprise of whose financial prospects it is scarcely necessary to speak, we might be obliged to open a second route. There would seem to be little reason, however, for apprehensions upon such a score.

But the term "American control" may have another meaning. In a political or military sense, it might signify such control as would ruin the neutrality of the canal altogether. To some it has seemed unreasonable that the United States should permit armed vessels to traverse the canal, if their errand should be to attack our Pacific slope. But those who reason thus should remember that other states have Pacific coasts as well; notably Mexico, also the Dominion of Canada. So have Central America and the United States of Colombia, not to speak of other South American states. All may be supposed to have interests upon their Pacific shores, and to wish to have these interests protected. A curious feature of this reasoning is that all these states, with the exception of the United States, are comparatively

¹ President Hayes's message, March 8, 1880.

weak ; some might even be called puny. It is not in *their* interest ; it is in that of the single, powerful, well-organized, even contingently aggressive state, that it is proposed to institute an exceptional control and exceptional rights. Why not put all upon a level ? If, nevertheless, special privileges be granted, why not vouchsafe them to the weak instead of to the mighty ? The establishment of safeguards for weaker states is one of the prominent characteristics of the civilization of the day. All that is ignored in advocating what is known as "American control."¹

There is another argument, or rather allegation, brought forward in favor of "American control." It is said that the Panama Canal is to constitute part of the coast-line of the United States, and that we ought to exercise control over what is virtually to become a part of our territory. But we should not lose sight of the fact, in this any more than in the previous case, that upon the American continent are states besides our own. They also have coast-lines. It is as reasonable to maintain that the Panama Canal is to constitute part of the coast-line of Mexico as of that of the United States. As much may be said of Canada or of Central America. Although really an interior water-way, yet in a very specific sense it will constitute also a part of the coast-line of Colombia. Let us take this theory of coast-lines and apply it to the Straits of Gibraltar. According to this doctrine, France might allege (and it would be hard to dispute the assertion) that the Straits of Gibraltar constitute part

of her coast-line. Without traversing them no ship can pass from one of her northern or western ports to Marseilles, or Nice, or Toulon. Germany, prior to the eccentric and double-edged policy of Bismarck, — which has no doubt aggrandized Germany upon the north, but has clipped and contracted her upon the south, and has cut her off, perhaps forever, from the Mediterranean, — Germany could have said the same thing. Trieste used to be a German port. Even Russia, with a naval port upon the Black Sea and one upon the Baltic, might aver that part of her coast-line was possessed by foreigners. She might put in a claim for the possession of part of the rock of Gibraltar, as well as states more contiguous to this multiple coast-line of which we speak. If half-civilized states should be counted, we may bear in mind that the Straits of Gibraltar form part of the coast-line of Morocco, also. Nor can it be denied that England, who holds Gibraltar, and acquired it by an act of war and aggrandizement two hundred years ago, might assert that the straits form part of the coast-line of Great Britain ; at least of the British Empire. They lie upon the track between Britain and her Indian and Australian possessions. But is it not a pity that an act of spoliation which occurred during the early part of the last century should be quoted in support of an egoistic and narrow policy which it is proposed to pursue today ? Gibraltar — is such a supposition so improbable, after all ? — is yet to revert to its legitimate and rightful owners, the people of Spain.

¹ The policy of showing regard for the interests of weaker states has been observed to a certain extent by the French. It is stipulated in the Panama charter that the warships of the United States of Colombia shall use the passage exempt from tolls. According to the Almanach de Gotha, such a thing as a Colombian navy does not exist. The army numbers 6500 men. We should bear in mind, however, that the charter was granted by the

Colombian government. The insertion of this clause was one of the claims this government advanced. The French were not, perhaps, lacking in magnanimity in agreeing to it. But it is desirable that such an exceptional privilege should cease. When the status of the Panama Canal is ultimately fixed by a general convention, similar to that of 1888 in the case of Suez, perhaps it will.

Is it by advancing claims like these that light is to be shed upon the interoceanic problems of the day? Such argumentation refutes itself. It enables us, in fact, in a more satisfactory manner than prior to its investigation, to apprehend the principles of the case. Of necessity, such a line of reasoning involves us in contradictory claims and pretensions. If carried out in a consistent and legitimate way, the result would be that the completion of the Interoceanic Canal of America would be attended by jarrings and contentions. There would be endeavors on the part of state against state to get the mastery. Is it to the interest of American or general civilization that the finishing of such a work should be productive of struggles for precedence, or discord of any kind? Its opening ought rather to bring about more amicable relations; a larger and riper disposition on the part of all to recognize the rights of each.

That in the course of 1888 three treaties were signed, — all with special reference to the completion of the Panama Canal, — whose purpose is to establish, in the case of all disputes, decision by arbitration instead of by war, is not perhaps generally known. These conventions were concluded by the republic of Ecuador with the French, Spanish, and Belgian governments. It is true that their ratification is scarcely to be taken for granted. But the fact of their signature by the plenipotentiaries of the states concerned is of admirable augury. There is reason to believe that the Panama Canal is to favor and further the harmonious relationships of states, not to be a cause of jargon and disputes. By such a consideration we should be led to regard as impracticable, as impossible, the revival of pretensions as to its control. As far as the use of the canal goes, it ought to be, and must be, the pathway of the world. That was a remarkable prediction made by General

Sheridan at the centennial of the United States Constitution, that one hundred years hence arbitration would take the place of war. Who will undertake to say that this prophecy of a famous soldier may not be fulfilled? If it be realized, the Suez and Panama canals are to contribute to its realization. The treaties of 1888 testify to their influence. The words of General Sheridan and every similar statement or prediction should serve as a sort of warning that the principles of justice and wisdom planted at Suez and Panama ought never to be disturbed.

However fact or circumstance led to that deviation from the traditional policy of the United States which occurred, it is a matter of congratulation that such mistaken views have been abandoned. Have they not been abandoned for all time? In President Cleveland's message, transmitted to Congress December 8, 1885, the following occurs with reference to the question: —

"Whatever highway may be constructed across the barrier dividing the two greatest maritime areas of the world must be for the world's benefit, a trust for mankind, to be removed from the chance of domination by any single power, nor become a point of invitation for hostilities or a prize for warlike ambition."

Referring to the proposed Nicaragua treaty, already rejected by the Senate, the message continues: —

"An engagement combining the construction, ownership, and operation of such a work by the government with an offensive and defensive alliance for its protection with the foreign state whose responsibilities and rights we would share is, in my judgment, inconsistent with such dedication to universal and neutral use."

The Executive next refers to existing treaty stipulations: —

"The lapse of years has abundantly confirmed the wisdom and foresight of

those earlier administrations, which, long before the conditions of maritime intercourse were changed and enlarged by the progress of the age, proclaimed the vital need of interoceanic transit across the American isthmus, and consecrated it in advance to the common use of mankind by their positive declarations and through the formal obligation of treaties. Toward such realization the efforts of my administration will be applied, ever bearing in mind the principles on which it must rest, and which were declared in no uncertain tones by Mr. Cass, who, while Secretary of State in 1858, announced that 'what the United States want in Central America, next to the happiness of its people, is the security and neutrality of the interoceanic routes which lead through it.' "

The President closes by reiterating the positions taken.

"These suggestions," he says, "may serve to emphasize what I have already said on the score of the necessity of the neutralization of any interoceanic transit, and this can only be accomplished by making the uses of the route open to all nations, and subject to the ambitions and warlike necessities of none."

Thus the policy first adopted by the Whig administration of General Taylor, and observed by five Republican administrations down to 1880, was reaffirmed by the Democratic administration of President Cleveland. Are we not to regard it as the well-settled policy of the state?

If we consider the history of the question from the Senate resolution of 1835, introduced by Mr. Clayton, down to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850, through the brief period in which our government swerved from its traditional policy to the reassertion of that policy by the administration of President Cleveland, we ought firmly to resolve that this policy shall never be abandoned again. Its temporary relinquishment is scarcely to be regarded as more than a thought-

less ebullition of feeling, natural enough, perhaps, but not natural and rational at the same time. No adequate or genuine basis did it ever possess.

Were there occasion to doubt as to the course the Republican party is to pursue, as it resumes an ascendancy which for a quarter of a century it exercised, an event which occurred eight days prior to the 6th of November, the day of General Harrison's election, ought to command our attention. On the 29th of October, 1888, the European Powers signed at Constantinople the convention which has been already referred to. It fixes the international status of the Suez Canal. The basis of settlement is the equality of states and the neutrality of the work. There is one circumstance especially to be noted: Great Britain sends through the canal, and has sent through it ever since it was opened, three quarters of the shipping it floats. She sends through not merely three times as much as any other state, but three times as much as all others together. To such proportions has her maritime supremacy climbed. But Great Britain has not acquired by the treaty of 1888 any special privilege or right. She does not possess any preponderant political or military control. She stands upon the same level as others. Are the Anglo-Saxons of the western hemisphere to be less liberal or enlightened than those of the eastern? Is it to be said that the monarchies of Europe have settled the status of their interoceanic water-way upon principles of equality and justice, and that the republics of America are to have a basis of another sort? In that case, we shall have to admit that the shores of the Atlantic, somehow or other, are twisted. Liberalism has planted itself in Europe, illiberalism in the heart of our republics.

We cannot too carefully consider, too rigorously ponder, one circumstance. No doctrine of control, British, or French,

or German, nothing of the kind has obtained a foothold, however minute, however wretched, in the treaty of Constantinople. There is a joint and equal control, a broad and liberal one; nothing more.

Another consideration should not be lost sight of. Whether the return to power of the Republican party is to prove an advantage to the United States and civilization remains to be seen. Precisely here is one of the tests. What upon this point is to be the policy of the incoming administration? This question is not one of narrow limits. It involves and is to control the interests of the world. It touches the basis of civilization. If the Republican party, repudiating the errors which marred the last years of its ascendancy, putting under-foot the counsel of unworthy leaders, should get its inspiration once more from the principles with which it started, this question would be as plain, as little subject to quarrel or flaw, as any of those which its powerful hand determined between 1855 and 1865. The principle to which the Republican party owed its success and fame was equal rights, impartial justice. The principle applies to states as well as to men. It applies to the problem now before us, settled at Suez, unsettled at Panama, as well as it did in the days of Kansas and the March to the Sea. Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, who represents upon this question the sounder, higher elements of the Republican party, said in 1887 of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty: "It was an American policy and an American tri-

umph, declaring forever the indissoluble marriage of commerce and peace." He averred at the same time that the treaty of 1850 was one of the great steps in the world's progress.¹ Mr. Seward, in his touching and eloquent tribute to Mr. Clayton, spoken in the Senate, December 3, 1856, expressed himself in similar terms. He declared that "the first universal fact in the history of the human race—a fact indicating an ultimate union of the nations—was the Clayton-Bulwer treaty." What was the foundation of that treaty? The equality of states, as the equality of man was the signal and the inspiration of 1861. According to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, the law of greed, that law which has exemplified for so many centuries the relations of state to state, was to be, as far as this question went, finally buried. Equal rights were to be the portion of all. If the Clayton-Bulwer treaty may be spoken of in the words of Mr. Seward and Senator Hoar, what are we to say of the treaty of Constantinople? Is it not a reflection of the former? We have here the treaty of 1850 transmitted to the Orient, signed and ratified by the representatives of imperialism there. It is in fact a Yankee notion planted in the shadow of St. Sophia's mosque.

Is it possible, when we see the principles we were the first to advocate receiving world-wide recognition and acceptance, that here in the United States a shadow of doubt can remain? Let us reverence and observe the nobler precedents of our history.

Stuart F. Weld.

¹ Senator Hoar's speech on the Tehuantepec bill, February 11, 1887. A few days later, speaking upon the same topic, Senator Hoar severely denounced the doctrine of "American

control." He characterized it as a "perversion" of the Monroe Doctrine. He declared that it was "repugnant to the genius and spirit and honor of the American people."

HANNAH CALLINE'S JIM.

IN TWO PARTS. PART FIRST.

I.

It was four P. M. by the guard-house clock, and the April sun of our semi-tropical climate was blazing in the sky with a fierceness that would have been oppressive but for the breeze from the bay that riotously fanned the streets of the city.

Daniel Newsome, Esquire, attorney-at-law, sat in his office sipping his pre-prandial julep, redolent of mint and cold with pounded ice. This was an old habit of "Mars Dan'l's," resumed within the last twelve months after an interruption of four disastrous years; for it was now just a twelvemonth since Ap-pomattox. The war had broken up the old habits of most men in Mr. Newsome's section of the country, but this big, rubicund gentleman enjoyed the exceptional advantage of being able to take up his *ante-bellum* routine pretty accurately. He had come out of the struggle, at the age of forty-nine, a whole man, with some honorable scars, and a sufficient remnant of his fortune to enable him still to live in comfort. He drank the daily julep in his office and good wine at his table, and his wife still rode in her own carriage — when she could command a driver; for Jericho the dignified, who used to sit in state upon Mrs. Newsome's carriage-box, when he comprehended that the world was all before him where to choose, had elected to go to New Orleans; Mobile being, in the language of his estimation, "too much of a one-horse town for his team." At parting, he assured Mars Dan'l that so long as the world lasts, doctoring, lawing, and the grocery business are bound to prosper. Now Mars Dan'l pursued the law,

and was likely, so Jericho opined, "to get on mo'n tollable." As for the ex-carriage-driver, he went into the sidewalk grocery business; and that was the end of Jericho so far as Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Newsome were concerned. Time and again, Mr. Newsome, and more particularly Mrs. Newsome, had felt the lack of a carriage-driver, but otherwise Mars Dan'l had fared "mo'n tollable;" and he was disposed to take life easy, now that the war was over, so he sipped his julep leisurely at, or about, four P. M. Very often he ordered two juleps, and invited a jovial friend; and not infrequently the party would be increased to five or six, — tellers of good stories, all of them, who kept dinner waiting at home. Yet it happened now and then that Mr. Newsome took his julep alone.

He was alone now; with his glass in one hand, his palmetto fan in the other, and his eyes on the dusty window-pane, where a fly was buzzing. he sipped and meditated upon a birthday gift for Mary Frances, his only child and the apple of his eye. In ten minutes more he would ring for his office boy to lock up, while he went in search of the dilatory street-car to convey him home.

When he turned to set down his glass, he saw standing in the doorway, with the air of having stood there patiently for some time, which was indeed the case, a tidy negro woman of middle age. She was clad in a dress of dark homespun, so short that her coarse stockings and russet shoes were plainly visible. A ruffled white lawn cape was crossed upon her ample bosom, and underneath the ancient bombazine bonnet that crowned her head could be seen the border of the gay bandana that

bound her brows. She had a pleasant face of an ebon blackness, and she smiled with her eyes in a way that spoke volumes in her favor.

"Hello!" said Mr. Newsome. "What will you have, auntie?"

"Sho'ly, now, Mars Dan'l, you doan re-mumber Hanner Calline?" said the woman suggestively. But the name awoke no echoes in Mr. Newsome's brain.

"Hannah Calline?" he repeated, and shook his head. "Can't say that I do."

A shade of disappointment flitted over Hannah Calline's face, but she smiled still. "Hit's a matter of five years, sho'ly, sence you wuz up ter Monroe County," she said, in a tone of indulgence, "but many an' many's de glass o' buttermilk you's had at my hands."

The buttermilk refreshed his memory, and Mars Dan'l shouted, —

"Why, you don't tell me so! All the way from Monroe County?"

"Sho'ly, sho'ly, Mars Dan'l!" responded Hannah Calline, with a glittering joy in her eyes.

"What in the name of — all the cows brought you to Mobile? Ain't there nothing for you to do on the plantation?"

"Oh, yes, Mars Dan'l, plenty fumme ter do," replied Hannah Calline complacently. "But" — she hesitated — "I been studyin' a year — an' den — I come."

Mr. Newsome shook his head. "Thought you had better sense," he said, frowning, "good dairy-woman that you are. Do you expect to make your fortune peddling buttermilk in the streets of Mobile?"

"No, sah," said Hannah Calline, with sobriety.

"Oh, I understand," said Mr. Newsome sarcastically. "You're like the rest of the free niggers: you must quit the country for the town, to gad the streets and eat the bread of idleness."

"No, Mars Dan'l," responded Hannah Calline sadly. "I'se too ole" —

"Why, then, don't your children look after you? Have n't you any children?"

"Sho'ly, Mars Dan'l. You furgits. I'se got fo' chillen — I mean I'se got five. They is Basheby, is 'bout gwan on twenty-five, an' is married an' got fo' chillen herse'f, an Ozias, an' Lucifer, an' Twinette. They is all growed up, so's *they* ain' got no mo' use fumme."

"It's a disgrace!" shouted Mr. Newsome. "Four children all grown, and no use for their old mammy? They ought to be flogged, and made to take care of you."

"Sho'ly, sho'ly, *now*, Mars Dan'l!" remonstrated Hannah Calline. "They ain' got no use fumme *cause* they is growed, an' kin scuffle fur theyselves. They ain' *druv* me off, bless yo' soul, — *dat* they ain'. I wuz gwan seh, a piece ago, I'se too ole ter turn fool an' 'spect ter live 'dout wukin' long o' freedom. But I ain' *so* ole's ter be useless. I ain' mo'n" — pausing reflectively — "mo'n — 'bout thutty-fo'."

Mr. Newsome threw back his head with uproarious laughter. "Well, that's a good one! You tell me you're not more than thirty-four, and Basheby, your oldest child, is twenty-five?"

"Basheby ain' my *oldes'* chile, Mars Dan'l," corrected Hannah Calline, quite aggrieved. "Jim's my *oldes'* chile, — *Jim*."

"Jim? That makes it worse and worse!" And Mr. Newsome laughed again. "You're not a day under fifty."

"Rekin so, Mars Dan'l?" Hannah Calline queried, in a tone of pathetic disappointment. "Well," after a pause of resignation, "fifty ain' *so* ole." Then, with resolution, "Ain' you got naire dairy, Mars Dan'l?"

"Dairy? Lord, no! Wish't I had!"

"Den ain' you got nothin' fumme ter do?" demanded Hannah Calline desperately.

"Not unless you can drive the carniage," said Mr. Newsome.

But Hannah Calline was not discouraged. "I kin drive, sho'ly," said she. "I have druv Miss Rene, on a pinch."

"Well, we don't put on that much style in town," returned Mr. Newsome, with a fine irony that was lost on his bucolic visitor. "However, I suppose you've nowhere to go? No friends in Mobile, eh?"

"'Douten hit's *you*, Mars Dan'l," Hannah Calline made answer confidently.

"Then I'll have to take you home with me, as you're one of the old family niggers. By the way, the kin up the country all well?"

"They is all peart, mos'ly. An' Miss Louisa an' little Miss Mary Frances, — they is well?"

"Oh, yes, spry as crickets. Where is your baggage? Left it with the clerk of the boat?"

"I had my trunk an' a coob o' chickens fur Miss Louisa, but I ain' leffum wid de clerk. I leffum wid a cullud gemman what had a sorter — elevated wheel-barrer."

"Oh, a hand-cart, you mean. Friend of yours, eh?"

"No, sah, I ain' nuver seen him befo'; but he said he gwan tek charge, an' wait ontel I come back, ef hit wuz plum tell dark. I tole him I wuz gwan hunt Mars Dan'l, an' hit tuk a power of 'quirin' ter fin' you; an' when I come up ter you, you 'peared ter be studyin', an' I jes' waited" —

"Do you ever expect to see that trunk or that coop of chickens again?" Mr. Newsome interrupted.

"Sho'ly, Mars Dan'l? He said he'd wait," Hannah Calline repeated, with sublime trust, and Mars Dan'l laughed aloud.

"Well, well," he said, ringing sharply for Leonidas, "we'll go down to the wharf and see."

Leonidas sauntered in to take charge of the office, and Mr. Newsome, bearing his fan and umbrella, with Hannah

Calline at his heels, hastened down the street to the river-side.

The wharf, that had been so distracting a scene of bustle and confusion to Hannah Calline an hour and a half ago, was deserted; there was no sign of a negro, nor a hand-cart, nor a trunk, nor a coop of chickens, anywhere along the street.

"Sho'ly, sho'ly," murmured Hannah Calline in skeptical perplexity.

"Confound the thieving rascal! If I had him, I'd wring his neck!" said Mr. Newsome.

"Sho'ly, Mars Dan'l," remonstrated Hannah Calline, "he said he gwan wait. I 'spect he jes' gwan off 'bout some yether bizness; he gwan come 'long back bombye. You go 'long ter dinner, Mars Dan'l. I gwan wait ontel he come back."

"Wait till Judgment Day!" said Mr. Newsome. "Say, did you have any valuables in that trunk, — any money?"

"Valybles? Money?" repeated Hannah Calline, bewildered. "I ain' got but seben dollars, an' hit's in my bussum; but they wuz my close in dat trunk, an' a bottle o' snuff, an' dat brown satting whey Miss Patty Larkin gimme when I come away from Kaintuck, an' what I has promused ter *heir* ter Basheby, she bein' my oldes' darter, 'ceptin' Jim's married. Sho'ly, Mars Dan'l, you doan 'spect he *stole* it?" she queried tremulously, with sudden misgiving.

"Sho'ly, I do!" responded Mars Dan'l ruthlessly.

"Well, you bein' in de law, Mars Dan'l, I 'spect hit 'll come back ter me, stret," said Hannah Calline, with cheerful confidence. "'Ceptin' de chickens," she sighed.

But Mars Dan'l shook his head. "Should you know him again, if you were to see him, that black rascal?"

"No, sah," Hannah Calline answered, after a reflective pause. "No, sah; I

can't rightly say ez I should. They wuz a mixin' crowd, an' he wuz a stranger; they wuz all strangers ter me."

"Pretty innocent, you are, to be turned loose on the world!" muttered Mars Dan'l; then he suddenly began waving both fan and umbrella frantically, shouting, "Hi! Hi! Stop! Hold on!" And he ran, as he shouted, towards Government Street.

Hannah Calline thought that, with the acuteness of legal vision, he had caught sight of the little hair trunk and the coop of chickens, and she began to run likewise, though nothing could she see but what seemed a monstrous painted box disappearing past the corner.

"Confound it!" said Mars Dan'l, stopping to fan himself. "I've missed my car. Well, never mind; I'll foot it. Come along!"

He turned up Government Street, and Hannah Calline followed at a respectful distance. It was the first time she had ever been in a city, and she wondered in her simple soul what the people did for "greens," seeing that the little "patch" some houses had in front was all given up to grass; but her amazement reached its height when Mr. Newsome, upon arriving at his own door, drew a key from his pocket and admitted himself. She was convinced now that Mobile must be a dreadfully wicked place, since Mars Dan'l was obliged to keep Miss Louisa and little Miss Mary Frances locked in while he was away.

At the opening of the door, Mrs. Newsome came down-stairs, and behind her came the little Mary Frances, who would be twelve years old in May. Mother and daughter were arrayed in white, and to Hannah Calline, who stood waiting on the threshold, they looked like angels in Paradise.

"Have you found me a carriage-driver?" Mrs. Newsome asked, as she kissed her husband.

"Yes, my dear, if a female chariot-eer will content you!"

"What joke is this?" said Mrs. Newsome, glancing at Hannah Calline, who was bobbing her head and bending her knees in a series of curtsies, such as only she could perform.

"Oh, it is Hannah Calline, from uncle George's!" cried Mary Frances. She had visited Monroe County within the last eighteen months, and her memory with regard to the dairy-woman was quicker than either her father's or her mother's. "And did you bring me a jug of buttermilk?" she asked, as she darted into Hannah Calline's arms.

"Lawd love de chile! She ain' furgot de ole nigger! I ain' fetch no buttermilk, honey; hit 'ud a spiled on my hands. I did foteh a coob o' chickens, but de is gone, please Gawd."

"Why so it is Hannah Calline!" exclaimed Mrs. Newsome. "What brings you to Mobile, Hannah?"

"Don't waste time trying to find that out," Mr. Newsome interposed. "I'm in a hurry for dinner. It is enough, just now, that Hannah Calline is here, that she has lost her trunk, and is without friends. We must take her in, if we have to start up a dairy or set her on the carriage-box. Let's have dinner!"

"Dinner is ready now," said Mrs. Newsome. "But I do wish you had found me a carriage-driver. The horses are eating their heads off, and such lovely weather for the Bay Shell Road!"

"Pity you ain't Jim, Hannah Calline. Where is Jim, anyhow? Could n't he drive?" Mr. Newsome asked jocosely.

"Sho'ly, Mars Dan'l, I dunno why Jim is, prezac'ly," answered Hannah Calline, with sober consideration. "But effen you could ketch up wid Jim, he'd drive you, fur Jim wuz foteh up ter be a kerridge-driver."

"Well, when you run across him, let me know," said Mr. Newsome carelessly. He had no recollection whatever of Jim, as he told his wife. "But for that matter," he added, "I don't remember Basheby nor the others. How

should I? I've lived so little on the plantation."

Now it was to find Jim that Hannah Calline had come to Mobile, relying on Mars Dan'l to aid her. It was not Mars Dan'l, however, who took the quest in hand, but the little Mary Frances. Mary Frances felt a lively interest in the recovery of the stolen trunk, — the coop of chickens did not so much matter, — and she assured Hannah Calline that her "popper" was certain to find that trunk and hang that thief.

"I dunno ez I want him hung, honey," Hannah Calline replied, with her kindly smile; "but I'd lak ter see him shamed."

"Well, my popper is the man to do it," Mary Frances declared. But when she appealed to him, Mr. Newsome was of a different opinion; he had business of more importance.

"Go down town and buy Hannah Calline what she needs, and I'll pay the bill," he said; "but don't worry me any more about that trunk."

It was easy enough to buy Hannah Calline what she needed, but that brown satin bestowed by Miss Patty Larkin no money could replace, and Mary Frances sighed over the loss almost as much as if it had been her own. For Miss Patty Larkin and the brown satin dress had deeply impressed the young lady's imagination. Who was Miss Patty Larkin; and why was it that never from father or mother, from uncles, aunts, or cousins, had she heard any mention of Miss Patty Larkin and her connection with the Newsome family? In the persuasion that some interesting mystery attached to the lady of the brown satin, Mary Frances eagerly seized the first opportunity to question Hannah Calline.

This happened one evening when Mrs. Newsome had company. It had rained in the afternoon, and as Mary Frances was threatened with a sore throat, she was required to keep her

room. Hannah Calline sat with her; she was always willing to stay in of an evening, and she was devoted to Mary Frances.

"Hannah Calline," said the child, "what kin is Miss Patty Larkin to me?"

II.

Hannah Calline's eyes opened wide at this unexpected question.

"Honey, what put hit in yo' mind ter be axin' dat?" Miss Patty Larkin ain' no kin o' de Newsomes; sho'ly! sho'ly! She b'longed in ole Kaintuck, whey I wuz raised."

"I thought you could tell me something about old times in the Newsome family," said Mary Frances, in a disappointed tone.

"Sho'ly, no, honey. I warn't bawn inter de Newsome family; I come to 'em by pu'chase. I wuz bawn ter de Brasswoods of Boyle County, in de Blue Grass. They wuz mighty high people, de Brasswoods; houses, an' money, an' lan', an' niggers, an' hawses, an' cattle. I b'longed ter Mars Tom Brasswood, an' he wuz de las' in his branch of de fam'ly. Mars Tom wuz held mighty high in Boyle County; he wuz mighty tall an' mighty good-lookin', an' carried hisself lak a race-hawse, an' spent his money free, — all de Brasswoods done dat way, — ridin' round de country night an' day. N'Yorleens in de winter, an' de Springs in de summer; an' when de wuz home, dinner-parties, an' dance-parties, an' suppers, an' cyard-playin', an' drinkin' wine, an' hawse-racin'. Mars Tom, he married Miss Connie Wedimore, wuz ole Colonel Wedimore's onlies' chile, an' he wuz done dade. At fust Miss Connie, she kep' up wid Mars Tom, company an' pleasurin' all de time. But she had bad luck wid her chillen. De Lawd sount her three on 'em, but de jes' pined away an' died, one atter de yother; an' den Miss Connie, she tuk rulli-

geon same ez a disease, so de said. She got sorter onsettled in her mind, an' she would n' nuver go 'bout, not see comp'ny no mo'; but bein' she nuver done nothin' outen de way, she warn't nuver shut up, but jes' staid home. On'y sometimes she would be tuk wid spells when she would n' eat, an' she would n' speak, an' she would n' notice; an' den Miss Patty Larkin usened ter be sont fur ter come down from her place on de river, 'bout fo' miles off, an' stay wid Miss Connie night an' day. She wuz de onlies' somebody could persuade Miss Connie, dem times.

"Miss Patty wuz cousin ter Mars Tom, an' she had n' no nigher kin. She usened ter say she putty much raised Mars Tom. She warn' nuver married, an' she warn' nothin' lak ez rich ez de Brasswoods, — nobody warn' rich ez de Brasswoods, — but Miss Patty owned a place of 'bout a hund'ed acres, an' niggers 'nuff ter keep hit goin'. Folks said she wuz stingy. She did n' go pleasurin', but she always come when Mars Tom sont for her, an' she did n' nuver come but she let Mars Tom hear her mind putty strong. She was sho' ter tell him how he wuz gwan ruin hissef wid his hawse-racin', an' his cyard-playin', an' flingin' his money round loose, lak so much sand. An' Mars Tom, he tuk hit all mighty good-natured; he jes' laugh, an' say, 'Rekin so, Patty? Ain' you gwan skwimp an' save 'nuff ter pay my fun'ral 'spenses?' An' Miss Patty, she say, sharp an' short, 'No, I ain', you fool!'

"But fur all she mought say, Mars Tom nuver lef' off his pleasurin'. He give dinners, an' he went ter dinners; he give suppers, an' he went ter suppers; an' they wuz cyard-playin', an' hawse-racin', an' flyin' round de country same as ever; on'y Miss Connie nuver tuk part in nothin' no mo'.

"Well, come one time, Miss Connie wuz tuk mighty bad: she would n' eat, an' she would n' speak, an' she would n'

go ter bed when night come, an' de sont fur Miss Patty in a hurry.

"Mars Tom, he had been away from home a many days, but he come back when Miss Patty come. I 'members jes' ez well! Hit wuz June, an' all de lan' wuz flourishin'. But Mars Tom wuz mighty troubled. He kep' his hat pulled down over his eyes, an' sayin' nothin' ter nobody. He 'd always been mighty good ter Miss Connie, buyin' her ev'ythin' he could think ter please her; an' sometimes she wuz pleased, an' agin she would n' tek no notice; but one thing Mars Tom could n' do ter pleasure nobody, — he could n' tie hissef down ter please nobody.

"Well, dis time, agin, Miss Patty let loose on him wid her tongue, an' he say, 'For Gawd-sake, Patty, lemme lone!' Hit wuz de fust time he ain' answered her gay an' easy; an' Miss Patty ain' say no mo'.

"'Bout sundown Mars Tom went inter Miss Connie's room. She wuz settin' by de winder, lookin' at de sky, lak she warn' seein' nothin', — I wuz house-gal, how come I knowed what happened. Miss Patty, she went ter de yother end of de room, an' Mars Tom, he stooped down an' kissed Miss Connie: but she wuz same 's ef she war stone; she ain' tuk no notice. Den Mars Tom went ter Miss Patty, an' he say, 'Do you think she is wuss then common?' An' Miss Patty answers, 'Yes; she is wusser an' wusser, ev'y time she has dese spells.' Mars Tom give a kinder groan, an' he say, 'Fur Gawd-sake, cousin Patty, doan let her outlive you, fur she ain' got no better frien', an' no nigher.' Miss Patty says, 'We 'll have ter tek her ter some great doctor, Tom; 't ain' no use talkin', — we got hit ter do.' Says Mars Tom, 'Will you go wid her, Patty?' 'Sho'ly I will, Tom,' says Miss Patty; 'an' you gotter go, too.'

"But Mars Tom, he jes' went back ter de winder whey wuz Miss Connie,

an' he put his arm roun' her, an' he say, — I heard him, cawse I wuz outside breshin' off de piazza, — he say, 'Won' you kiss me good-by, Connie? I'm goin' a long journey.'

"Now Miss Connie had n' spoke one word nur noticed one thing fur mo'n three days, but she jes' lifted up her arms an' put 'em roun' Mars Tom's neck, an' she say, plain ez you please, '*Is you goin' ter de Devil, Tom?*'"

"'Mebbe I am,' says Mars Tom; an' I wuz dat 'stonished an' skeered, I drapped my broom, an' ruined offen dat piazza, an' sot down behin' de dairy, an' flung my ap'un over my hade, an' prayed ter Gawd.

"Bombye I heard somebody come ridin' up, an' I tuk down my ap'un, an' dere wuz a man none on us had n' nuver see befo', an' I did n' lak his looks. We knowed de looks of gemmens, an' fur all dis man hilt hissef big an' strutted roun', *he* warn't no gemman.

"He staid ter supper, how'er; an' after supper he an' Mars Tom wuz shot up in de business-room; an' sometimes we could hear 'em lak they wuz cussin', but we could n' mek out nothin' what de said.

"When de moon was riz, de stranger rode away, an' Mars Tom called Rius, whey wuz married ter me, ter shave him; an' he say ter tell Boone, de stable-boy, ter have Snapdragon at de do' by the fust streak o' day in de mawnin'.

"Snapdragon wuz Mars Tom's most speshul hawse, an' a beautiful animal, sho'ly! He wuz black, wid a star in his forehead, an' nobody had n' nuver backed him 'ceptin' Mars Tom. He wuz foaled on de place, an' Mars Tom tuk a mighty pride in dat hawse.

"Well, honey, Rius ain' slept none dat night, fur watchin' de light in Mars Tom's room, — I mean de business-room, whey he sot de morest part of dat night. I had done tole Rius how I heard Mars Tom say he wuz gwan a

long journey, an' Rius, he 'lowed he wuz ter foller wid de baggage, 'cordin' ter d'rections from Miss Patty; fur you see, honey, Rius mostly waited on Mars Tom, only he had n' been with Mars Tom of late, so 's he had n' kep' up wid his doin's, an' he did n' know nothin' 'bout dat stranger.

"Well, dat light kep' a-shinin' tell long atter midnight, an' Rius, he 'lowed Mars Tom warn' gwan git much res' in preparation fur his long journey, else he wuz gwan oversleep hissef, an' we did n' know ef we orter wake him when de hawse wuz at de do'. But befo' Snapdragon begin ter paw de dirt at de hitchin'-post, Mars Tom wuz ready ter mount. I nuver see him mysef, but Rius, he wuz out in de big drive, wid a bucket o' water from de spring, an' *he* tell me Mars Tom ain' nuver look so spurritted. He wuz dressed in his best, an' when he come trottin' down de drive in de yearly mornin' light, he kinder rise in his stirrups, an' he waved his hand at Rius, an' say, *gay*, like he always wuz, 'Farewell, Rius! I'm goin' a long journey; an' may de Lawd have mussy on de rest of you!'

"An' Rius so used ter Mars Tom's harum-scarum ways, he jes' grin, an' answer back, 'Good-by, Mars Tom! Luck go wid you!'

"An' he come on home wid his bucket o' water. But time he got ter ow cabin do' come a *c-r-a-c-k!* sharp, on de mawnin' stillness; an' befo' you could think 'bout hit, here come another *c-r-a-c-k!* an' somebody gin a scream that fair made yo' hair rise. Hit wuz po' Miss Connie. Seem lak she knowed.

"Rius, he fell down in de flo', an' sloshed de water all outen de bucket, an' he say, 'Lawd! Lawd! They's Mars Tom's long journey! They's been a juel fout down ter de spring, sho's you bawn!'

"Fust hit seemed lak I did n' have no mo' sense lef', but prusently I say ter Rius, 'You pizen coward! Why

n't you go foller 'long o' Mars Tom?' Den I opened de do', an' de yard wuz a-swarmin' wid niggers, an' Mr. Gibbons, de overseer, wuz theré, an' Miss Patty in her night-gown, wid her long black hair down her back, an' de sun comin' up over de hills to'ards Danville, an' a bird a-singin'.

"Nobody did n' know what wuz de matter ontel Rius told 'em how Mars Tom wuz ridden down ter de spring an' fout a juel. Miss Patty say she wuz gwan down ter de spring, stret, an' she had her foot on de piazza step; but Mr. Gibbons, he say 't warn' no place fur her, an' better let him go fust. An' he called Rius an' Boone, an' all three went a-runnin'.

"I dunno what mek me do it, but I went ter de room whey Mars Tom been all night, an' on de table I foun' a letter, an' I carried hit ter Miss Patty. When Miss Patty done read dat letter, she flung up her hands, and say, 'O my good Lawd above! It ain' no juel! Tom is killed hissef! May Gawd have mussy on you po' people!'

"We did n' none on us un'erstan' what dat meant, but bombye we *had* it ter un'erstan'.

"Well, honey, I nuver went down ter de spring, but them whey did told me this wuz what they seed. There wuz Snapdragon stretched out *dade*, wid a bullet in his brain, — de finest hawse, sho'ly, that ever kicked up his heels in de Blue Grass; but Mars Tom had always swo' nobody warn' nuver gwan ride Snapdragon 'ceptin' hissef. An' there wuz Mars Tom across Snapdragon, *dade* too, only he wuz shot through his heart. I rekin he sot sto' by his good looks, how come he did n' aim at his hade.

"Tempe, whey had always minded Miss Connie, had a time ter keep dat po' 'stracted soul quiet. Tempe wuz pow'ful strong, but hit tuk all her stren'th ter hol' Miss Connie in dat room. She kep' a-callin' Mars Tom,

tell hit would a broke yo' heart ter hear her.

"Well, they hilt a inquess, an' de people 'sembled from fur an' nigh, an' they 'greed dat Mars Tom killed hissef; an' they buried him on de hill beyand de orchard, whey de chillen wuz laid, an' Snapdragon at his feet, as he had lef' word in his letter ter Miss Patty.

"Den come on de settlement of de 'state, an' hit wuz found out dat Mars Tom, what wid hawse-racin', an' cyard-playin', an' pleasurin' ginerally, had done run clean plum' through wid ev'ythin'; an' hawses, an' cattle, an' lan', an' niggers, an' nothin' warn' his'n no mo', not even ef he had a been alive. But fur all dat, he wuz a good marster, wuz Mars Tom. He usened ter say ter de overseer: 'Keep my niggers sleek an' fat, Gibbons, same ez my cattle. Wuk 'em well, an' feed 'em high, an' give 'em a frolic when de crap's laid by.'

"But them times wuz all gone now, an' ev'ythin' Mars Tom had, niggers an' all, wuz divided up 'mongst de creditors. I dunno what's become of 'em all: some here an' some there, an' many *dade*, I rekin, an' me all ter mysef, a-huntin' Jim."

"Well!" said Mary Frances, drawing a long breath that testified to her deep interest, "and how did you happen to be here, 'a-huntin' Jim,' as you say? And who is Jim?"

"Jim's my oldes' bawn, Jim is. You see, honey, dat same man whey wuz wid Mars Tom dat las' night, — his name wuz Walsin'ham, — an' me, an' Rius, an' seben of de yothers fell ter his lot. I made sho' dat my one chile Jim wuz gwan 'long wid us. Jim wuz nigh on ter two years ole dat time, an' de peartest little chap, sho'ly, 'ceptin' he wuz sickly an' bow-legged; an' I wuz dat 'stonished when I foun' Jim warn' counted in de lot with me an' Rius I could un'erstan' hit, so I went ter 'quire 'bout hit ter Mr. Walsin'ham. I had n' nuver been skeered ter lay no

complain' befo' Mars Tom, but dat man, he jes' 'stonished me mo' an' mo'. He cussed me, an' said he naver had no money ter resk on little sickly, bow-legged brats, an' he would n' have Jim ez a gracious gif', ter be layin' out 'spenses in doctor's bills an' physic.

"Den I went ter Miss Patty. She wuz mighty troubled, Miss Patty wuz; an' ef you b'lieve me, honey, her hair, in dem few days, wuz jes' a gallopin' gray; an' dat same day Mars Tom shot hissef there warn' a white stran' in hit, yet she was pas' her prime.

"Well, Miss Patty, she done her bes', but *dat man* wuz sot. He swo' he wuz cheated, any way, an' he would n' put no money in Jim. He wuz gwan tek stret ter South Callina, an' he said Jim wuz boun' ter die soon ez we git there, ef he did n' die 'long de way. I wuz dat 'stonished 'peared lak I did n' know what ter think. Den Miss Patty, she say, 'Doan you fret, Hanner Calline. I been a-studyin', an' I gwan buy Jim. I wish I had de money ter buy de whole on you, but I ain'; an' ef I had hit, *dat man* would n' lemme have you 'an Rius. But nobody doan want Jim, so I'm gwan buy him.' Den hit seem lak Miss Patty kinder come ter hersef, lak she wuz befo' all de trouble, an' she say, 'I'm gwan look out ter marry a doctor puppose ter git Jim's legs straightened.' Hit did seem so funny fur Miss Patty, at her time o' day, ter be gittin' married I had ter laugh; an' she kep hit up, sayin', 'Ef my husban' de doctor doan straighten Jim's legs, I gwan git a divorce, an' have Jim larnt ter be a fiddler, so 's ter hire him out ter dance-parties. An' I gwan be jes' ez good ter Jim ez I know how.' An' de las' time I see Jim, he wuz a-settin' on de flo', 'longside o' Miss Patty's rock-in'-cheer, eatin' a ginger-cake, an' not keerin' no mo' 'bout me goin' away 'n ef I had n' been his mammy. An' sence dat day I ain' pestered mysef no mo' 'bout Jim 'n ef he'd a been done

dade an' gawn ter glory, — cawse he'd a died, sho'ly, ef I'd a brung him wid me, — ontel come freedom, bless Gawd! Hit seem lak I ain' thought nothin' but Jim, — jes' Jim, Jim, day an' night."

"But how do you know that he is alive?" objected Mary Frances.

"Honey," said Hannah Calline solemnly, "does you rekin Gawd A'mighty spared me ontel freedom jes' ter fin' out Jim's dade?"

"No," Mary Frances replied, in an awed tone, — "no, I suppose not."

"Well, honey," Hannah Calline resumed, with a placid smile, "dat wuz de time Miss Patty gimme dat brown satting dress, jes' befo' I come away. Hit wuz bran' new, an' hit had her name on de linin' in 'dullible ink, — 'Patty Larkin. Her dress.' Miss Patty wuz mighty preticklar 'bout markin' all her 'sessions, an' though I could n' read nur write, I knowed de look o' dat mark. Miss Patty, she said ter me, 'I'm gwan give you dis dress, Hanner Calline, ter remember me whurever you go, an' ter show thet you b'longed ter fust-class owners.' I sot a sto' by dat brown satting, sho'ly." Hannah Calline sighed, and paused.

"But how did you happen to be one of the Newsome negroes?" Mary Frances asked.

"Well, honey, you see *dat man* tuk us down ter South Callina, close by whey yo' grandpaw Newsome was livin'. Hit wuz a mighty suddent change from Kaintuck, an' de lan' did n' 'gree wid us. We all tuk de fever, an' Rius, he died, 'long wid two or three of de yothers; an' *dat man*, he say he done los' too much a'ready by Kaintuck niggers, an' he gwan sell all de res'. An' when I heard dis I mek out ter git speech wid yo' grandpaw, — ole mars-ter, — an' I asked him ter buy me; so he bought me, an' I bin tendin' de dairy ever sence.

"Ole marster bruk up from there

prusently, an' come ter Alybama, ter Monroe County; an' I had one-eyed Flanders fur my husban', an' I wuz jes' ez satisfied ez I bin in Kaintuck. I had fo' chillen, an' they is all livin'; but Flanders, he wuz killed by de drappin' of a sill when de new gin house wuz raised; an' dat time Miss Rene's maw gimme that blombazine bawnit fur mo'nin'.

"When de war wuz done, yo' aunt Rene asked me, 'Hanner Calline, sho'ly you ain' gwan quit dat dairy?' An' I say, 'No, Miss Rene, I doan know ez I is.' But all de time I wuz studyin' 'bout Jim, tell I got so onres'less 'peared lak I wuz 'bleedged ter mek a start; an' here I come ter Mobile ter insult Mars Dan'l; but somehow I ain' said nothin' ter him yit."

"I'll make popper find him for you!" declared the autocratic daughter of Daniel Newsome, bringing her small fist down upon her knee.

"The Lawd reward you, honey!" said Hannah Calline, with misty eyes.

But when Mary Frances appealed to her father, he answered impatiently, "As well look for a needle in a haystack!"

Mary Frances, however, was not to be discouraged. She proclaimed herself ready to prosecute the search, if only her "popper" would show her how.

"Very well," said Mr. Newsome; "since your heart is set upon it, write to the postmaster at Danville, Kentucky, and ask for information as to Miss Patty Larkin's whereabouts. But I must warn you, my little daughter, that it is a questionable benefit you seek to confer on Hannah Calline; for aught we know, this Jim may be a worthless scamp, and she may be better off without him."

But Mary Frances could not believe this; neither could Hannah Calline. "Mars Dan'l," she remonstrated, "s'posen hit wuz you, an' yo' fust-bawn?" And Mr. Newsome said no more.

III.

Before an answer came to Mary Frances's letter, Mr. Newsome had found a carriage-driver, or rather a carriage-driver had found Mr. Newsome. This was a good-looking negro, presumably about thirty years old, — a little dandified, perhaps, but well mannered, — who presented himself late one afternoon at the back door.

"What did you say is your name?" Mr. Newsome asked. Though the name had been given, he could not recall it.

At that moment Hannah Calline came out on the gallery that extended along the wing containing the kitchen and servants' rooms, and sat down on the steps leading into the yard. Now Hannah Calline regarded the post of carriage-driver in Mars Dan'l's family as the reserved right of her yet undiscovered Jim, and the scowl she bent upon this interloper had the effect of disconcerting him to such an extent that he hesitated before he replied.

"My name is Jim, sir; Jim Brand is my name."

"Is that the name you gave me just now?" Mr. Newsome demanded sternly. He could have sworn that the man had given him a different name, — a name that began with a P, or possibly a B, but certainly a name of more than one syllable.

"Jim Brand's my name, sir," repeated the negro firmly. "If I named aire 'nother, must of been the name of some one that named you to me. There was several as recommended you to me, sir."

Mr. Newsome accepted this explanation, — not without reservation, however, — and Jim Brand, to Hannah Calline's infinite vexation, was engaged to drive the Newsome carriage. He was required to occupy a room over the carriage-house, which was in a yard back of the kitchen yard, and he moved in

the next day, with a "chist" and a trunk covered by an old army-blanket. The horses were brought back from the livery stable, and Mrs. Newsome resumed her drives on the Bay Shell Road.

It was soon found that Jim Brand was a treasure: not only was he a first-rate coachman, but he proved to be also an expert in dainty desserts, and he understood marketing to perfection; moreover, he never objected to any job as being "out of his line;" and when, one day, — the washer-woman having proved a delusion and a snare, — this all-accomplished carriage-driver took little Mary Frances's white lawn and fluted the multitudinous ruffles in time for the afternoon drive, Mrs. Newsome declared that she would buy Jim Brand, if she could.

Mr. Newsome shook his head. "I'm afraid there is another side to him," he said.

Hannah Calline held the same opinion, and expressed her sentiments freely to Mary Frances. "I been a-talkin' wid dis Jim," she said scornfully, "an' he tell me his white folks come from Tennessee, an' his marster wuz a gin'ral or somethin' in the army; but, honey, dis I know, — all de quality white folks ever I see come from Kaintuck or else from South Callina. An' s'posen we gits news of my Jim ter-morrer," — Hannah Calline had a sublime faith in to-morrow's possibilities regarding her Jim, — "which one on 'em gwan drive Mars Dan'l's kerridge? Dat's de question is a-pesterin' me."

This question was "pesterin'" Mary Frances likewise. She shared her mother's prepossessions in favor of Jim Brand, but she felt that it was a point of family honor to put Hannah Calline's Jim in charge of the Newsome stable.

However, Hannah Calline's Jim was not found yet, and the letter that came at last from the postmaster at Danville, Kentucky, threw no light upon the search. Miss Patty Larkin, he wrote,

had married a Dr. Penniman, and removed with him to Tennessee some time before the war, and it was not known in Danville what had become of her.

Yet Hannah Calline was cheered by this letter; it brought her nearer to Miss Patty than she had been any time since she left "ole Kaintuck." "Well, sho'ly!" she exclaimed. "Miss Patty said she gwan marry a doctor ter straighten Jim's legs, an' I 'spect they mus' be straight by now. They wuz some Pennimans in ow neighborhood, an' one on 'em wuz a doctor, 'ceptin' he had a wife. I 'spect she must a died. Well! Miss Patty got married ef she warn' so young! I rekin we gwan hear agin shortly, honey. Dat man whey wrote dat letter gwan mek 'quiries, no doubt."

But Mary Frances knew better. She placed her reliance on her father. "*Can't* you find out where there are any Pennimans, popper?" she coaxed.

"Oh, let Hannah Calline go back to Monroe County, and rest content with Basheby and the others. I tell you it is hunting a needle in a haystack," said Mr. Newsome.

But Mary Frances was importunate, and her father had to promise to ransom the State of Tennessee for the name of Penniman; but that name had so familiar a sound in his ears that he determined to begin his inquiries nearer home. He was, however, on the eve of an important visit to Montgomery, and he found it convenient to defer investigation until his return. Meantime, during his absence, Mary Frances made a discovery.

It had been decided by that young lady that some geraniums she owned would be the better for transferring to larger pots, and Jim Brand was called on to perform the job. It was not the season for re-potting, as Jim Brand well knew, but what Miss Mary Frances commanded must be done.

"Cur'us," remarked Jim Brand, deftly balancing a flower-pot on his left hand, "how one thing puts you in mind o' another. These here geraniums makes me think of whey I used ter live, an' that always 'minds me of — *ghoses*."

"Ghosts?" repeated Mary Frances, from her seat under the mimosa-tree. "There are no such things."

"Dunno 'bout that," Jim answered. "Some folks have seen 'em. They wuz a gentleman lived close by whey we usened ter live. He had heaps of money, an' a big property in land an' niggers; but he wuz a pleasure-seekin' gentleman, an' he come ter the end of his means suddenly. So he come home, one night, an' soon, nex' mawnin', he had out his saddle-hawse, whey nobody had n' nuver rode but hissef, an' he galloped down ter the spring befo' sun-up, an' out with his pistol an' fired two shots; an' one went through his hawse's head, an' t'other went through that man's heart; an' his wife, when she heard them shots, went ravin' 'stracted. So now folks say nobody can't farm that land, 'long o' that man's careerin' round on that hawse; an' every month o' June, come that day, you kin hear them two pistol-shots an' that scream of his crazy wife — What's the matter, Miss Mary Frances?"

For Mary Frances had risen up in great excitement. "That was in Kentucky," she said, "and you — *you are Hannah Calline's Jim!*"

"You rekin so?" queried Jim. "I been studyin' on that same ever sence I been here, cawse 'Hannah Calline' ain't no new name ter me; but I ain't had the heart ter say nothin', seein' she was so sot beginst me, she don't hardly take good-mawnin' from me."

"She 'll get over all that, when she knows," Mary Frances declared.

"She was sold from the Brasswood estate long befo' the wah," Jim explained. "I know all about it."

"That's so," said Mary Frances;

"and your name was n't always Jim Brand? — tell me truly."

"I ain't always been called Jim Brand," Jim admitted; "but it's the name I been goin' by sence I went with Colonel Brand, what married Dr. Penniman's daughter."

"I know!" Mary Frances nodded. "Dr. Penniman that married Miss Patty Larkin" —

"Yes 'm," Jim answered, glancing uneasily over his shoulder. "She married Dr. Penniman. She was a — a pow'ful manager, Miss Patty was, an' she an' Dr. Penniman did n't 'gree so mighty well together. They 'sputed considerable 'bout Miss Patty's property."

"Well, that's no matter now, so you're Hannah Calline's Jim," said Mary Frances, with serene indifference. "I'm going to tell monimmer, first; you just wait, and then we 'll see!"

The child flew into the house, breathless with the wonderful tidings, while Jim Brand leaned against the mimosa-tree, and grinned over the good luck that had befallen him. To have such an industrious, able-bodied old woman for a mother was indeed a matter for self-gratulation.

Mary Frances told hurriedly the two stories, that fitted into each other like the parts of a dissecting map, and now she clamored for permission to make her discovery known to Hannah Calline.

"But, my dear," Mrs. Newsome objected, "you'd better wait until your father comes home, and let him examine the evidence."

"He won't be home until day after to-morrow," Mary Frances reminded her; "and poor Hannah Calline has been waiting so long. And besides, it's certainly true."

So Mary Frances was allowed to break the joyful tidings to Hannah Calline, who, between long-preparedness for meeting her son and utter astonishment at finding him in the obnoxious Jim Brand, was subdued to an almost

matter-of-fact acceptance of the situation.

"Honey, honey," she said, "sho'ly hit must be so! An' jes' ter think how I has *de-spised* dat Jim Brand in my sight! But I always 'lowed, sence freedom, dat I was gwan come up wid Jim some day. I'm all of a trimble, till I can't stan'. Tell him ter come, chile!"

Away went Mary Frances, and called Jim, who bore himself with a very filial grace in this most moving scene.

Hannah Calline; remembering her persistent prejudice against Jim Brand, was overcome with shame and remorse. "I ax yo' pardin, son, I humbly ax yo' pardin an' forgiveness," said she, with pathetic iteration, "dat I nuver tuk ter you from de fust. Hit must a been Satan possessed me, sho'ly." And then, between laughter and tears, she babbled about Kentucky and Miss Patty Larkin. "An' you doan tell me, Jim, Mars Tom Brasswood — Gawd res' him! — is a-rid-in' that hawse yit? I mean his sper-it? Lawd! Ain' I glad I lef' there! An' Miss Patty, she kep' her word: she *said* she gwan marry a doctor ter git yo' legs straightened; an' de is, Jim!" she interjected, admiringly. "But who'd a b'lieved Miss Patty gwan marry at her time o' day? An' whey she now, an' po' Miss Connie?"

"Lawd knows!" replied Jim. "I ain't been 'mongst 'em this long time back. Miss Patty an' the doctor was constant swapping back'uds an' for'uds of their property, an' I was made over ter Colonel Brand, what married Dr. Penniman's oldes' daughter."

"Well, I'm plum' 'stracted fur joy!" Hannah Calline declared, wiping her eyes and smiling. "I ain' nuver gwan quit thankin' Gawd. An' I humbly ax yo' pardin an' forgiveness, Jim, thet I wuz so plum' sot beginst you; but I gwan mek hit up ter you, I is dat!"

Mr. Newsome, when he returned, was disposed to reproach Mrs. Newsome for

allowing Hannah Calline to be so precipitate; but, upon investigation, there appeared no ground for doubt that Jim Brand was Hannah Calline's son.

And now began Jim's deterioration. With a doting mother ready to wait upon him at every turn, he quickly fell into the habit of shirking all the work that it was possible for Hannah Calline to do in his stead. She had no lack of warning that she was spoiling Jim, but she could see no fault in this long-lost, new-found son. When Mrs. Newsome remonstrated with her for doing Jim's work, she would answer, —

"'Pears lak I could n' do enough fur de way I did *de-spise* him in my sight, Miss Louisa."

"But Jim is young, and you are growing old; he should be studying your comfort, instead of your studying his," Miss Louisa insisted.

"I ain' *so* ole," said Hannah Calline resentfully; "but I 'se a heap mo' seasoned then Jim; he warn' nuver that strong, nohow. An' I ain' skeered but what Jim gwan study my comfort. He's mighty smart, Jim is; he un'erstan's business, an' he gwan put my wages money out ter intrus'."

"You old fool!" said Mr. Newsome. "You surely don't mean to turn your wages over to Jim?"

"Now, Mars Dan'l? Jim's my son."

"More's the pity!" muttered Mars Dan'l.

For Mr. Newsome had always dis-trusted Jim, and even Mrs. Newsome was beginning to lose faith in him. But competent coachmen were hard to find, and Mrs. Newsome, though willing to remain in town until August, was not willing to forego her daily drive; and Jim, whatever else he neglected, did not neglect the carriage and horses that exhibited his coachmanship so conspicuously, every afternoon, on the Bay Shell Road.

In those days, there were not so many carriages frequenting that popular drive

as there were before the war, but the primitive benches on the beach at Frascati, and even the old logs stranded there were crowded, every afternoon, with the denizens of the city, who had gasped all day with the heat; and Jim Brand liked nothing better than driving the Newsome carriage and horses past this crowd that came down to the beach in the street-cars. He felt that his lofty perch became him well, and he luxuriated in the sense of superiority it gave him.

Among the equipages that occasionally appeared on the drive, in those days, was a shabby, creaking little one-horse open carriage, of an ancient date, drawn by a raw-boned, spiritless sorrel nag, and driven by a poorly clad negro, young, but of a sober visage. The only occupant of the carriage was a small, white-haired, pale-faced old woman, in rusty black, with the lofty air of a princess. Superbly unconscious of her sorry outfit, she sat with her ungloved hands folded in her lap, and looked neither to the right nor to the left. Apparently she saw no one; but every one saw her, and many and various were the conjectures regarding her. It was rumored that she was very poor, that she was enormously wealthy, that she was insane, that she was a miser, that she was fabulously old, that she was much younger than she looked, and so on. No one knew whence she came, but it had been ascertained that her name was Mrs. Lassiter.

On a certain Friday afternoon, the Newsomes were taking their drive somewhat later than usual. They had just passed the toll-gate, when the shabby little open carriage, drawn by the starveling sorrel horse, was descried approaching from the opposite direction. The sober-faced driver looked back and said something to the small old white-haired woman, taking her solitary airing. She leaned forward with an intent gaze, and as the Newsome carriage

passed she stood up, shaking her fist, and shrieking shrilly, —

“You rascal! You rascal!”

Mr. Newsome's spirited horses gave a plunge, and apparently Jim Brand had much ado to control them; they had gone half a mile before their speed slackened. Then Jim turned, and said to Mr. Newsome, —

“That pusson orter be arrested, sir. See how she scared my hawses.”

Mr. Newsome had his doubts as to who was responsible for the horses' performance. “Which one of us is the rascal, Jim?” he asked good-naturedly, and Jim grinned.

“’Spect hit's yosef, Mr. Newsome; folks do say she have a powerful spite at lawyers. By good rights, 'pears ter me, she b'longs in the 'sylum; she's commonly jedged ter be crazy.”

Soon after this, Mr. Newsome was seized with an attack of fever that lasted two weeks. It was during this illness that Mary Frances's diamond ring, which had been given her on her last birthday, disappeared. She had a childish habit of taking it off to play with it, and she had laid it down in a safe place, as she thought; but when she looked for it, the ring was gone. Mary Frances was heart-broken, and Hannah Calline wearied herself in a fruitless search.

Mr. Newsome was not told of the loss until his recovery. He did not reprove Mary Frances for her carelessness, — he could never find it in his heart to reprove Mary Frances, — but he said at once that Jim Brand must be the thief.

Hannah Calline was loud and indignant in denial, but Jim met the accusation with composure.

“What proof can you bring thet I took hit?” he said. “Mo'n likely a rat whisked it off.”

“Not at all likely!” returned Mr. Newsome hotly. “I've no proof, but I believe you stole that ring, just as I believe you stole several other small articles of value I've missed since you

came here : a diamond button, a seal, a watch-chain, a silver match-safe."

At this Jim waxed insolent. "Mr. Newsome, sir," said he, with an immense swagger, "ef I was minded ter steal, I'd suttinly steal somethin' wuth havin'." Whereupon Mr. Newsome dismissed him.

Hannah Calline was in great distress, but she had taken on a faint reflection of Jim's swagger. Mars Dan'l and Miss Louisa became at once Mr. and Mrs. Newsome ; little Mary Frances she ignored, through sheer heart-break at the turn affairs had taken.

"Ef Jim gotter go, I gotter go too, Mrs. Newsome," she declared, when it was explained to her that she might stay.

"Very well," said Mr. Newsome ; "but remember that if you get into trouble, or need help, you can come back to us."

"I ain' lakly ter git in no trouble 'long with Jim, bless Gawd !" returned Hannah Calline. "Jim's my son, fust an' last, Mr. Newsome, an' I follers Jim."

She followed Jim, and the Newsomes lost sight of her for some months.

Elizabeth W. Bellamy.

SOME COLONIAL LAWYERS AND THEIR WORK.

DURING the greater part of the seventeenth century, lawyers did not constitute a class or profession in the American colonies. In New England, their presence in the community, not to mention their services, was deemed undesirable, if not dangerous. To be sure, among the Puritan leaders, at least Winthrop, Bellingham, Humphrey, and perhaps Pelham and Bradstreet, had received a legal training. Frequently, in their time, gentlemen would reside at the Inns of Court in order to prepare themselves for the public duties appertaining to a county magistracy or a seat in Parliament. In the case of Winthrop and his associates, their knowledge of the law, being duly subordinated to a knowledge of the Word of God, was found very useful in organizing and conducting the new government. But the law as a profession they had not followed with much zeal in England, and were not willing to tolerate in their new home. Even the body of the law they introduced only so far as it suited their ulterior purposes. They knew too well the condition of the law of England and

the circumstances of its practice at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Although the feudal spirit was extinct, many of its legal embodiments — notably military tenures — were not yet abolished. So many obsolete and useless statutes remained unrepealed that it was difficult to determine the law with certainty and perspicuity. Its digest and compilation was not only favored by leading jurists, like Sir Edward Coke, Lord Bacon, and Sir Matthew Hale, but also demanded by an outraged and exasperated people. At the same time, the law was to all but a few practically a closed book. Only the conduct of judicial proceedings was in English. They were reported in the French of the Norman Conquest, and recorded in the Latin of the monasteries.

Moreover, the Puritans had suffered from the law as an instrument of priestly and kingly oppression, so that to them the lawyers seemed to be leagued with the clergy not only in perpetuating abuses in the courts and in the Church, but especially in suppressing dissent. The threat of King James — "I will

make them conform, or will harry them out of the land, or else do worse" — had been executed through the dread courts of the High Commission and the Star Chamber. They had fled from king, courts, and priesthood. No wonder that they trembled at the least suggestion of the former oppression.

Furthermore, the economy of the Puritan church and state did not contemplate the existence of a class or caste, least of all a class of lawyers. Even the minister, theoretically, was not one of a class, but one of a congregation. For the law the Independents turned from man's invention to God's ordinance. In the Bible they found an all-sufficient rule, and for its application and interpretation they looked to the men of God, the minister and godly laymen.

This attitude of the Puritans toward the legal profession was illustrated in the experience of the first Boston lawyer, one Thomas Lechford, who came to Massachusetts Bay in 1638. Lechford was not a credit to the profession. He was deficient in education, in discretion, and in professional integrity. It does not appear that he had been called to the bar. He had simply resided at an Inn of Chancery, and had not risen above the rank of scrivener. Upon his arrival at Boston, instead of trying, by devotion to his calling, to remove the popular prejudice against him, he at once took it upon himself to attack some current religious beliefs. He seems to have suffered comparatively little for his audacity. According to John Cotton, he was "dealt with all both in conference and (according to his desire) in writing." Of course he was excluded from church fellowship, and hence from the privileges of a freeman and from civil office.

While thus at odds with the elders, he capped the climax of indiscretion by calling down upon himself the just indignation of the magistrates. Not

content with his proper work of conveyancer, scrivener, or draughtsman, he essayed the office of an advocate, to which it did not appear that he had any title. Having been engaged to prosecute an action at law, his zeal for his client led him into grave misconduct, the nature of which appears from the following judgment of the General Court: "Mr. Thomas Lechford, for going to the Jewry & pleading wth them out of Court, is debarred from pleading any man's cause hereafter, unlesse his owne, and admonished not to p^rsume to meddle beyond what hee shallbe called to by the Courte."

Shortly afterward he submitted a petition for pardon, acknowledging the justice of the court, and adding that he "is comforted in this — that he hopeth it may do him good and the example be a benefit to the public." He was allowed to resume his occupation. But however this incident affected the public, it seems not to have benefited him, for he could not resist the temptation to intermeddle. Presently he was offering advice to the governor and magistrates, and propounding queries to the elders. Finally, patience exhausted, the court again called him to account, and, as before, he escaped by craving mercy. The record is that "Mr. Thomas Lechford, acknowledging hee had overshot himselfe, and is sorry for it, promising to attend his calling, and not to meddle wth controversies, was dismissed."

His calling, however, hardly found him bread. He was not allowed to take fees for his services as an advocate, and was forced, as he complained, "to get a living by writing petty things." According to his journal, his total income for the two years after his arrival was about forty-seven pounds. At the end of the third year he gave up the struggle, and returned to England, declaring that "all was out of joint both in Church and Commonwealth," and quite disgusted at the general disregard

of "worthy lawyers of either gown." Soon afterward he tried to justify this conclusion and indignation by setting forth in detail, in a book entitled *Plain Dealing or News from New England*, his observations concerning the Puritan church and state.

Lechford's sojourn in Boston must have confirmed public opinion against the legal profession, if one may take John Cotton as a spokesman. In a sermon delivered in 1640, referring doubtless to Lechford, he administered "a reproof to unconscionable Advocates," that "bolster out a bad case by quirks of wit, and tricks and quillets of Law. . . . And for men that profess Religion (as many Lawyers do) to use their tongues as weapons of unrighteousness unto wickedness . . . to plead in corrupt Causes, and to strain the Law to that purpose." Moreover, what had been but a custom now took the force of law. For the *Body of Liberties*, adopted in 1641 as the first code, gave permission to "every man that findeth himself unfit to plead his own cause in any court, to employ any man against whom the Court doth not except, to help him, provided he give him no fee or reward for his pains." Surely no discouragement to pleading as a profession, save its absolute interdiction, could have been found as effective as the prohibition of fees.

Besides the custom, just referred to, of employing men of superior abilities as assistants or patrons in pleading causes, there was another substitute for lawyers which had much less to commend it. A party to an action would consult regarding it, privately and beforehand, with some magistrate, — the very one, it might be, that was to sit upon the case at the public hearing. In 1641, the Rev. Nathaniel Ward, of Ipswich, severely criticised this practice in a sermon before the General Court. But the usage was justified and maintained as avoiding the necessity of lawyers, and

enabling the court "to understand the cause aright." Several years later, the public conscience being aroused, such private hearings were forbidden, and resort then became more frequent to the other alternative, the patron, usually a man of prominence in one of the recognized occupations. Among those who usually performed this service, under the Puritan rule, were John Coggan, John Watson, and Anthony Checkley, merchants; Amos Richardson, tailor; and Benjamin Bullivant, physician and apothecary. It is likely that the patron often degenerated into the pettifogger. At any rate, he was tolerated only as a necessary evil that should be carefully circumscribed. In 1663, a law was passed excluding "usual and common Attorneys" from seats in the General Court.

The sentiment against lawyers was at this time nearly as strong in Virginia as in New England, although in the former it had sprung more from experience than from doctrine. Episcopacy, unlike Independency, was not hostile in spirit to the legal profession. But Virginia, it would seem, was a prey to a band of unscrupulous, broken-down attorneys from England; and the extent of the affliction appears from the legislation on their account. In 1643, an attempt was made to regulate the practice of law by a system of fees, licenses, and oaths, but without avail; and two years later it was enacted that "mercenary attorneys be wholly expelled from such office." As in New England, the expedient was adopted of allowing a magistrate or some one from the people to assist parties in pleading causes. This plan, however, was soon found unsatisfactory, and a second attempt was made to regulate, rather than exclude, the practice of law, but, as before, without avail. In 1658, all persons, attorneys or others, who should assist in pleading causes for a compensation were made liable to a fine of five thousand pounds of tobacco.

Fortunately, these worthless adven-

turers confined their attention to Virginia. The middle colonies, at this time, were not subjected to such a visitation. In an account of Pennsylvania and West New Jersey, by Gabriel Thomas, published in 1698, and dedicated to "Friend William Penn," is the following naive observation: "Of Lawyers and Physicians I shall say nothing, because this country is very peaceable and healthy; long may it so continue, and never have occasion for the tongue of the one nor the pen of the other, both equally destructive to men's estates and lives." Against the attorneys, the lawgivers, apparently, deemed some special precaution necessary; for the Fundamental Constitutions of East New Jersey provided that all parties might plead their causes either in person or by friends, no compensation being allowed.

With this practical exclusion from the colonies of men educated and devoted to the law, there was of course much crudeness in the early judicial systems. From devotion to particular religious theories, or from the tendency in new communities toward centralized government, the colonists disregarded an important English precedent, — the separation of the judiciary from the executive and the legislature. The highest court was identical, in Massachusetts, with the legislature, and, in the other colonies, generally with the executive. The very men that sat on the bench sat also in the executive council and in the legislature. As a result, the distinctions between law, morality, and religion were constantly overlooked. Not merely man's relations to his fellows, but even his relations to his God, were placed within the province of the legislature and the courts. To take a striking example, blasphemy and idolatry were capital crimes at the same time in Massachusetts and in Maryland. In Virginia, one neglecting the daily service of the Established Church might find

himself sentenced to the galleys for six months. If he did not attend the Sunday service, he might need to prepare for the next world.

The men who presided over these early tribunals were as much a product of the times as were the laws they applied or the justice they dispensed. Legal training was indeed a rare quality. But usually they were "able and judicious persons," according to the requirement of the Virginia statute. They came chiefly from the ruling class, — the Independent oligarchy in New England, the gentry or planter class in the South. Their deficiencies and eccentricities were overlooked by the people. The judgments of John Winthrop, the Puritan governor of Massachusetts, and of Thomas Olive, the Quaker governor of West Jersey, were equally acceptable, though delivered in the one case from the platform of the Boston meeting-house, and in the other from "the stumps in his meadow." It was reason and common sense, not legal precedents, that the judges consulted, considering each case as of novel occurrence. When these simple expedients did not suffice, — in cases of doubt or of other perplexity, — application was made, at least in New England, to the ministers.

Although, in the organization of nearly all the colonies, religion and its ministers had an important influence, in New England their power was preëminent. This was to be expected from the theocratic tendency in the government. It was also largely due to the merits of the profession. The ministers constituted the only class that uniformly received the best education afforded by the times. First Oxford and Cambridge universities, and then Harvard College, contributed much of their best product to make up this unique body of men, — the elders. Among these men, John Cotton long held the lead. "Whatever Mr. Cotton delivered," says Hubbard, "was soon put into an order of court, if

of civil, or set up as a practice in the church, if of an ecclesiastical concernment." Another person of great influence was Nathaniel Ward, at first minister of Ipswich, and later a man of scholarly leisure. These men more than any others gave form to the early laws of Massachusetts; for to them was assigned the office of drafting a code of laws. Aided by some of the magistrates, they prepared a hundred laws, reinforced by marginal references to the Bible. These were adopted in 1641 as the Body of Liberties. In a similar way were prepared the codes of Connecticut and New Haven.

In such a state of society, — with the ministers as the lawgivers and ultimate arbitrators, and the Scriptures as the source of the law, — evidently there was no place for lawyers. No profession can rise or grow except to supply a want in society; and the need of lawyers was not appreciated until the effects of their exclusion became apparent and the conditions of society changed.

Toward the close of the seventeenth century the system of administering justice began to discover its inherent defects. Through the lack of men fitted by legal training to lay before the courts the merits of causes with clearness and expedition, there was often a failure of justice or a protraction of trials, to the loss of the parties and the detriment of the public. Legal fees being small, the business of the courts and the evils of litigation increased. The system of patrons everywhere realized its tendency to become a nuisance. In 1680, the Virginia Assembly declared that the courts were hindered and troubled in their judicial proceedings by the impertinent discourses of many busy and ignorant men, under the pretense of assistance in pleading. Such persons were therefore forbidden to practice as attorneys unless previously licensed by the governor.

This example was soon followed in Massachusetts. There the condition of

the courts above described coincided with a decline in the direct influence of the elders in public affairs. In 1682, the surrender of the charter being in question, the ministers were publicly consulted by the magistrates for the last time. With the institution of the royal government church membership ceased to be essential to full civil rights, and the Puritan dream of a theocracy was finally dispelled.

As the minister withdrew into his proper sphere, the lawyer emerged into prominence and usefulness. Under the direction of Bullivant, the quondam patron and apothecary, and now the new attorney-general, President Dudley reorganized the judicial system. He introduced more order into legal proceedings, and distinctly recognized the legal profession. Only the persons duly admitted on oath could practice as attorneys; and their names and the fees fixed by law were published. Under President Dudley and his successor, Governor Andros, about a dozen attorneys were admitted. Their reputation — not to mention their attainments — was not good. Three of them, imported from New York, were employed by Andros as ready tools of his tyranny. Bullivant, perhaps the most prominent attorney, was at the same time apothecary, physician, lawyer, and politician. Although an Episcopalian, he was generally popular for his usefulness, good sense, and ready wit. Randolph, writing in 1688, lamented "the want we have of two or three honest attorneys (if any such thing in nature)." No doubt the profession was characterized less by honesty than by quick wits and easy consciences. It was no better in the other colonies. Of the lawyers of New York, at this time, it was said that "one of them was a dancing-master, another a glover by trade, and a third . . . was condemned in Scotland for burning the Bible and blasphemy."

The bench, though more honest, was

hardly more efficient than the bar. Of the Massachusetts judges, the three most prominent at this time, Dudley, Stoughton, and Buckley, had been educated for the ministry. Whatever learning they may have had in matters theological, they knew very little concerning the rules of evidence or the forms of legal practice. In one case, Chief Justice Dudley informed the defendant that he had no more privileges than not to be sold as a slave, and charged the jury that the court "expected a good verdict from them, seeing the matter had been so sufficiently proved against the criminals." In the trial of the Salem "witches," in 1692, the evidence presented was of a kind unique in American judicial history. If the prisoner denied his guilt, in the first place the afflicted persons testified as to the person tormenting them; then the "confessors," those who had voluntarily acknowledged themselves to be witches, related in court what they knew of the accused; and finally any volunteer was allowed to present as evidence against the prisoner whatever he chose, whether or not it bore upon the charges in the indictment. Often it was admitted in evidence against the accused that a wart or mole had been found upon his body, upon examination by the jury for "witch marks." When in one case the jury rendered a verdict of not guilty, the accusers raised a clamor and the judges expressed dissatisfaction. The jury, obedient to the public will, reversed their verdict.

Evidently this was more a popular than a judicial tribunal, yielding to the impulse of the hour rather than maintaining the independence of a court. At this trial at Salem not a person concerned had any special training in the law. Of the judges, beside Chief Justice Stoughton, Samuel Sewall had been educated to the ministry. Wait Still Winthrop and Bartholomew Gedney were practicing physicians, and Jonathan Curwin and John Richards were

merchants. At least three of these had some reputation in military affairs, and as many had been prominent in the conduct of the government. It can be said of Samuel Sewall alone that he is remembered chiefly for his connection with the courts. From his journal it appears that, with a natural bent for the law, he had pursued some legal study and had instituted some reforms in the courts. But in general a legal education was not deemed essential in those chosen to interpret the law. Frequently other callings, for which they had some aptitude or preparation, were followed at the same time. Apparently there was thought to be no incompatibility between dispensing justice and prescribing medicines.

But adherence to the Puritan faith and practice was still deemed a valuable qualification, if not a requisite, in a judge. Often the utterance from the bench took the form of a sermon. It was this conservatism in Samuel Sewall that endeared him to the people. In his diary he quaintly describes the opening for the court of the new Town House in Boston, incidentally revealing some traits of his character and the customs of his day: "Dr. Cotton Mather having ended prayer, the clerk called the Grand Jury, giving their charge which was to enforce the Queen's proclamation, and especially against travelling on the Lord's day. I said . . . seeing the former decayed building is consumed, and a better built in the room, let us pray that God would take away our filthy garments and clothe us with a change of raiment, that our sins may be buried in the ruins and rubbish of the former house, and not be suffered to follow into this. . . . May the judges always discern the right, and dispense justice with a most stable permanent impartiality. Let this large transparent costly glass serve to oblige the attorneys always to set things in their true light."

The eighteenth century opened a new era in the administration of justice. A decided improvement was early noticeable in the forms of proceedings, in the dignity and impartiality of the courts, and in the ability and integrity of the attorneys. In Massachusetts this was due largely to four men, whose careers extended over the first half of the eighteenth century. They constituted the first group of eminent lawyers in Massachusetts. They were Benjamin Lynde, Paul Dudley, John Read, and Robert Auchmuty, the elder. The first three were graduates of Harvard College. Lynde and Dudley, after a thorough course in law at the Temple, London, returned to the colony, and were soon called to the bench of the Superior Court, filling between them the position of its chief justice from 1728 to 1751. Lynde was the first member of that court that had received a careful legal training. When he took his seat on the bench, in 1712, the significance of the event was emphasized by Judge Sewall. This noble representative of the old school, in addressing the jury, expressed the hope that they would now "have the advantage of an Inns of Court education superadded to that of Harvard College." Indeed, from this time may be dated the rise of the law as a liberal profession. A thorough knowledge of law and a high sense of honor were in some cases associated with distinction in literature or science. Paul Dudley was not only a jurist, but also a theologian and a naturalist; and his scholarship was recognized abroad by an election to the Royal Society.

While Lynde and Dudley lent learning and ability to the bench, their contemporaries, John Read and Robert Auchmuty, attained eminence at the bar. Read, spending his early manhood in the study of theology and in the work of the ministry, was not admitted to the bar till about 1720, when nearly forty years of age. Yet such were his assiduity

and versatility that he soon attained the highest rank. James Otis spoke of him as "the greatest common lawyer the country ever saw." He was eccentric withal. It is related of him that he would "travel *incognito* in the other colonies, and occasionally would volunteer in the defense of actions, and always astonish both courts and juries by his profound learning, his captivating eloquence, and his sparkling wit." Like Chief Justice Dudley, John Read possessed scholarship apart from his profession. He contributed to literature a Latin grammar and some political essays.

Through the exertions of these men much was done toward systematizing the practice of law, and elevating the character of the profession in Massachusetts. As a result, the Puritan prejudice gave way, and lawyers began to take a prominent part in public life. Robert Auchmuty filled acceptably the public offices of director of the Land Bank and representative of the province in England. John Read had the honor of being the first lawyer ever chosen a member of the General Court, representing Boston for the first time in 1738. After several terms in the lower house, he became a member of the council. His reputation and ability were as great in the legislature as at the bar.

In fact, from the middle of the eighteenth century to the Revolution, politics more and more employed the services of the legal profession; and for this work they were well fitted by their broad experience in affairs and by their simple but vigorous discipline. The standard for admission to the bar had everywhere been raised. The distinction between barristers and attorneys was recognized. In Massachusetts, a practice of three years in the inferior court was required for admission to the higher tribunal; and in 1766 the rule was adopted that after the third year of study one might become an attorney, after the fifth a

counselor, and after the seventh a barrister. In Virginia, only those attorneys were barristers who were such according to the law of England; and any one desiring to practice in the lower courts was required to pass an examination by a committee of the bar. In New York, three years at college or seven years in an office were required for admission. Of course the range of legal studies was limited. In New England, comparatively few followed the example, set by Benjamin Lynde and Paul Dudley, of a residence at the Inns of Court. In Virginia, more enjoyed this privilege, among them notably Colonel Byrd, of Westover, who was admitted to the bar in the Middle Temple. The scarcity of books on law as well as the laxity in admission to practice is illustrated in the experience of James Otis, the elder. While he was by chance attending court, having as yet no intention of becoming a lawyer, he was induced to assist a party to a cause who had no counsel. He succeeded so well that, urged by the court and by his friends, he decided to take up the law. He procured "such books as were then to be obtained, — Coke's Institutes, Brownlow's Entries, and Plowden's Commentaries and Reports, — and commenced reading *and practicing*." A private library was thought to be considerable if it contained fifty volumes. John Read's books, inventoried shortly after his death in 1749, were but forty-three in number, and were valued at less than two hundred pounds.

Even in England the choice of books was not much larger. Sir William Blackstone did not publish his Commentaries till 1765. What the student of law lacked through scarcity of books he tried, it would seem, to make up in method of study, if we are to judge from the directions given by Lord Chief Justice Reeves: "Read Wood's Institutes cursorily, and for explanation of the same Jacob's Dictionary. Next

strike out what lights you can from Bohun's *Institutio Legalis*, and Jacob's practicing Attorney, Companion, and the like, helping yourselves by Indexes. Then read and consider Littleton's Tenures without notes, and abridge it. Then venture on Coke's Commentaries. After reading it once, read it again, for it will require many readings. Abridge it. Commonplace it. Make it your own, applying to it the faculties of your mind. Then read Sergeant Hawkins to throw light on Lord Coke. Then read Wood again to throw light on Sergeant Hawkins. And then read the Statutes at large to throw light on Mr. Wood."

Undoubtedly such a process, if carried out, was likely to throw much light on the books involved. At any rate, it gave strength and keenness of mind; and these qualities were possessed to a remarkable degree by the last group of colonial lawyers. Many of them had also a liberal education. Indeed, the time was fast passing away, especially in New England, when it could be said that the ministry was the only educated class in the community; for many college graduates, of social position and of high promise, turned to the practice of law, both for its own growing importance and as a desirable road to politics. As a result, the profession rapidly increased in numbers. According to Emory Washburn, late professor in the Harvard Law School, there were in 1768 "twenty-five barristers in the whole of Massachusetts, which, there is reason to believe, was more than double the number of those who were in practice twenty years before that date. Of these, ten were in Boston." At the opening of the Revolution, there were thirty-six barristers, and at least ten attorneys not yet made barristers. The profession was rapidly gaining the public esteem and confidence. In learning, ability, and integrity, the bar of Massachusetts was equaled by that of no other colony, Virginia possibly excepted.

Until near the close of the colonial period there were few lawyers in Virginia whose character or attainments made them conspicuous. One of the few was Sir John Randolph, long attorney-general of the colony. In his *Breviate Book*, Randolph mentions a contemporary, Williams Hopkins, "a very ingenious lawyer and a good pleader," and laments his death as a "loss to this poor country which is not like to abound (at present, at least) in Great Geniuses." Within a few decades, this complaint was no longer pertinent; for there came forward at the bar a group of young men, of whom several possessed culture, wealth, and social position, all had marked abilities, and some proved to be "great geniuses."

In other colonies, also, — particularly Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, and South Carolina, — the legal profession had attained, prior to the Revolution, a position of respectability and influence; but in none so much as in Massachusetts and Virginia did it constitute a conspicuous and powerful class. In these colonies, it accepted and performed to a large degree the duty of arousing and guiding the public sentiment for the preservation of liberty against the encroachments of Great Britain. From the lawyer's work sprung the Revolution.

In this great, this crowning service which the legal profession in the colonies was called to do the country, many distinguished lawyers took part, among others John Adams, Joseph Hawley, and Josiah Quincy in Massachusetts, and Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and Richard Henry Lee in Virginia. But, with exceptions, the chief work of these men was at a later stage, — conducting the war for independence or organizing and administering a national government. But to James Otis, Jr., and Patrick Henry is due the honor of being the first to lay bare the designs of England and to stir their countrymen to resist

ance, — and that, too, in the regular work of their profession.

The first case that called into action this double capacity of lawyer and patriot was in Massachusetts. In it were engaged several leaders at the bar, and its incidents have been preserved with great care. It was the argument before the Superior Court upon the application for the Writs of Assistance, in 1761. The counsel in this case were Jeremiah Gridley for the application, and Oxenbridge Thacher and James Otis, Jr., against it. All three were graduates of Harvard College. Both Gridley and Thacher had studied theology and been preachers. The former had afterward successively taught school and edited a newspaper. Having finally applied himself to the law, he had become distinguished particularly for the extent and accuracy of his learning. His experience and eminence at the bar had made his office a favorite resort for students. Among many others, Thacher and Otis themselves had thus obtained their legal education. Otis's rise had been very rapid. Within a few years after his admission to the bar he had been appointed advocate-general. He had held this office till 1761, and then had resigned it rather than sustain the application in this case. Of the three, Gridley excelled as a scholar, Thacher as a reasoner, and Otis as an orator. Such were the antagonists in this famous contest. The scene is graphically described by John Adams, an eye-witness. The court sat in the council-chamber of the Old State House, Boston. "In this chamber near the fire were seated five judges with Lieut. Governor Hutchinson at their head, as Chief Justice, all in their new robes of scarlet English cloth, in their broad bands and immense judicial wigs. In this chamber were seated at a long table all the Barristers of Boston and its neighboring County of Middlesex, in their gowns, bands and tye-wigs. They were not seated on

ivory chairs, but their dress was more solemn and more pompous than that of the Roman Senate when the Gauls broke in upon them."

The question at issue arose out of the attempt of England to enforce her monopoly of the colonial commerce as instituted by the Acts of Trade. In spite of these acts, there had sprung up with the West Indies a lively contraband trade in sugar and molasses, which His Majesty's officers of customs were powerless to prevent. They had therefore applied to the Superior Court for writs of assistance in a general form, directed to any person, and authorizing him to enter any house or other private inclosure, in search for smuggled goods. It was the question of granting such writs which the court was to decide.

The counsel had been particularly requested "to look into the books and consider the question;" and it is safe to say that in America no argument before — and few since — was presented with so much learning, ability, and eloquence. It was chiefly to this consideration of legal precedents that Gridley and Thacher applied themselves. But Otis declared at the outset that he appeared not only in behalf of his clients, but also "out of regard to the liberties of the subject." His argument soon transcended "the books," and grasped the ultimate bearings of the question. He did not deny the legality of special writs of assistance, granted to certain persons on oath, to search specified places within a definite time. But a writ like the one in question, with no limitations whatever to its use, he denounced as "the worst instrument of arbitrary power, the most destructive of English liberty." Indeed, this was the point upon which he dwelt, — the effect on his countrymen, as Englishmen, not of these writs alone, but also of the Navigation Act and the Acts of Trade. "Considered as revenue laws, they destroyed all our security of property, lib-

erty, life, every right of nature and the English constitution, and the charter of the province."

"Otis," says John Adams, "was a flame of fire. With a promptitude of classical allusions, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical events and dates, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance of his eye into futurity, and a torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried everything before him."

The Writs of Assistance were not granted. But, more than that, the growing public sentiment against the encroachments of Great Britain had found voice. Thenceforth this protest increased in volume and spread over all the colonies. John Adams truly said, "Mr. Otis's oration against writs of assistance breathed into this nation the breath of life."

Two years later, in 1763, a case was argued in Virginia, the effect of which at the South was similar to that of the Massachusetts case at the North. It presents equal interest in its incidents and in the persons engaged. It was the Parsons' Cause. In order to understand the point at issue, let it be borne in mind that in Virginia the Church of England was established by law, and hence the clergy, like other public servants, received salaries out of the public revenues. In 1748, this salary was fixed by law at sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco, and for its collection and payment the parish vestry were made responsible. What value in pounds sterling the clergymen actually realized varied, of course, from year to year, with the market price of tobacco. In 1758, tobacco being scarce, the price went up, and the clergy were expecting that this rise would offset their losses through a fall in price the preceding year. But at this point the legislature authorized vestries to pay the salaries in the depreciated paper currency, at a fixed rate — much below

the market price — for each pound of tobacco due. Great losses resulted to the clergy. Owing to the growing dissent from the Established Church, they were unpopular, and could not obtain redress. Hence they sent an agent to England, and obtained the royal disallowance of the legislative interference. They thereupon brought suits in the province against their vestries. In the case of the Rev. James Maury, rector of Frederickville parish, Louisa, the court, in view of the royal disallowance, declared the Act of 1758 not to be law. Hence it only remained for a jury to determine what damages the rector had sustained by the unwarranted curtailment of his salary.

At this point — their case apparently hopeless — the vestry turned to Patrick Henry. For this service the young attorney was ill prepared, to judge from his early history. After some grounding in Greek, Latin, and mathematics, his schooling had ended with his fourteenth year. Within the next eight years of his life he had failed twice in trade and once in farming. In 1760, at the age of twenty-three, he had at last gained a success, — admission to the bar, — but by what means it would have been difficult to explain, for he had studied law but one month, and during this time had read only Coke on Littleton and the Virginia Statutes. Since then, however, for nearly four years, his success in practice had been remarkable; and he was now engaged for a final effort to save the sinking cause.

At the argument before the jury for the assessment of damages, there was much to embarrass the new attorney. In the chair of the presiding magistrate sat none other than his own father, and on the bench, also, were some twenty learned clergymen of the province. Moreover, the evidence pointed to large damages against his clients. But the dense crowd in the court-room vibrated with sympathy in his behalf, and the

jury, if not likewise disposed, were of the lower class, — a facile clay for the skillful hand. It was soon evident that he perceived his opportunity, and could use it to his will. Like his contemporary, James Otis, he turned from the immediate legal issues to the ulterior relations involved. He first played upon the sentiment against the clergy. They were supported at the public expense, he declared, chiefly for the purpose of enjoining obedience to the civil laws, and hence they had forfeited their claim to consideration, — especially to damages in this case, — having presumed to dispute the people's will as embodied in the Act of 1758. But he went much farther. The government of the colony, he asserted, was the only power that could give force to its laws; and "a king, by disallowing acts of this salutary nature, from being the father of his people, degenerated into a tyrant, and forfeits all rights to his subjects' obedience."

From an awkward and faltering opening, the speaker had been gradually kindled and transformed by his thought, until at last his hearers were completely overcome by his insinuating argument and his wonderful eloquence. The jury, after a delay of barely five minutes, rendered a verdict of one penny damages; the court speedily overruled a motion for a new trial; and the young orator was borne from the court-room on the shoulders of the crowd.

The effect of these two striking incidents in judicial and colonial history was immediate and manifold. To James Otis, Jr., and Patrick Henry it gave a reputation for eloquence unprecedented at the time, and hardly equaled in our annals. It also brought an increase of practice quite beyond, it is safe to say, the merits of their professional attainments as compared with those of their contemporaries. Moreover, it brought them into extraordinary prominence in politics. They were soon chosen to their

respective legislatures, and there continued, though not with uniform consistency, the agitation they had begun at the bar.

But more important still was the effect of their words upon their respective communities. In Massachusetts, the party divisions that had unconsciously been forming now took clearer outline. Some conspicuous leaders, including members of the bar, boldly joined the Tory ranks, and others, hitherto lukewarm, earnestly espoused the colonial cause. In Virginia, expression was emphatically given to the rising sentiment of the people against a church imposed

upon them and separated from their needs, yet compelling its support from their hands. At the same time the thought was suggested that the people of the colonies had rights, long overlooked, but belonging to them as Englishmen, which should be enforced, though conflicting with the will of Great Britain. Should the haughty planters renounce the popular cause, then would Patrick Henrys arise up in their stead. In short, the Writs of Assistance Case and the Parsons' Cause supplied the arguments and the men that turned the wavering colonists toward resistance and revolution.

Frank Gaylord Cook.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

I.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A PRIVATE SECRETARY.

"It often happens," says Thomas à Kempis, "that a stranger whom the voice of fame has made illustrious loses all the brightness of his character the moment he is seen and known." Abundant illustration could be found of the unwelcome truth which these words convey; but I quote them here only to say that they are not true of the man of whom I write.

It was in the fall of 1867, while occupying a position on the staff of a New York daily journal, that I received, one day, a letter from the State Department, Washington, offering me the position of stenographic secretary to William H. Seward. Up to that time, though familiar with his public career, I had never seen Mr. Seward personally. It is one indication of the unsuspiciousness of his character that he called to this position a person whom he had not even

seen, and whose previous connection with a daily paper might have been supposed to unfit him for the important duty of keeping state secrets. Though fond of games of chance, it must not be supposed that the Secretary of State was amusing himself with one in this instance, or that he had drawn his bow wholly at a venture. It rather illustrates the degree to which my predecessor, Mr. D. C. McEwen, had won his confidence; for, on voluntarily resigning, he had been invited to name a successor.

It is not possible to hear of a man who for twenty years has been a centre of public attention without forming some general impression of his personality. In these days of photographs, engravings, and plausible caricatures, the external features of a public man soon become familiar to the eye. Yet the imagination has to endow them with life, and the ideal does not always correspond with the real. As I walked into the State Department, the William H. Seward I met was not entirely the one I

had pictured. His figure was less commanding than I had fancied, — a fancy derived, perhaps, from the stateliness of his orations. The mark of the assassin's knife was upon him, and had left the muscles of his face on one side much contracted and made his utterance thick. But it was unmistakably William H. Seward who welcomed me with impassive courtesy and the faint kindling of a smile on the scarred cheek. There was the lofty and slightly receding brow, the large head running well back, long rather than wide in its development, and that strong aquiline nose, which one soon recognized as the outgrowth of his character as well as of his face.

Not a word was spoken by the Secretary of State as to the confidential nature of the duties I was to perform, no pledge was exacted, nor did he utter a syllable of caution, or seek, in this interview or at any other time, to effect a mutual understanding. Mr. Seward was possessed of acuteness and caution. But they did not create suspicion. He had the fine instincts of the gentleman and the keen intuition, sharpened by long experience, of the practiced student of human nature. Instead of putting his new secretary upon probation, he took it for granted that he was entirely familiar with the duties of his office, and that his newspaper experience had not rendered him a public gossip. Far more assuring than any effusive welcome was this restrained but characteristic courtesy which assumed that mutual confidence already existed. I was treated as if I had held the position for years. It was this utter absence of suspicion, the implicit faith in his assistant, his tacit assumption that the man whom he had called to this office would recognize its obligations without a single word from him, which immediately made the relation intimate and pleasant. The only time that I ever knew him to allude to this delicate subject at all was on one occasion when a third person was in the room, who

seemed not wholly at ease by reason of my presence. Mr. Seward ventured a smiling assurance that his stenographer was familiar with the duties of his position.

I entered the service of Mr. Seward at a time when things were politically at loose ends. The war was over, but its smoke had not disappeared. The frayed-out sovereignty of the seceded States had not yet been woven together. It was the era of reconstruction, — a period of conflicting views, strong party feeling, and manifold complications. President Johnson had made his famous tour through the country, which did more to increase the popularity of Mr. Petroleum V. Nasby than that of Andrew Johnson. Mr. Seward had lost caste with the Republican party through his participation in that tour. It was a time of angry, eruptive feeling. The conflict between the President and Congress had assumed threatening proportions, and was soon to culminate in the gusty outbreak of the impeachment trial. The cloud had lifted from our foreign relations. Englishmen were no longer sending cruisers to prey on our commerce, under the Confederate flag. France had received a dispatch from Mr. Seward, one of the triumphs of his diplomatic career, inviting her, in decorous but imperative English, to withdraw her troops from Mexico. Napoleon was not in a condition to decline the invitation, but little dreamed that a few years later his own fortunes would be as completely wrecked as those of Maximilian, his victim. Thus the great question of foreign intervention which had darkened the national horizon had been swept away by the last gun of the war. Europe had concluded that we were capable of settling our difficulties ourselves. But England's position in the war had left a legacy of dispute. The Alabama claims was a hot subject to handle. In South America there was a volcanic state of political eruption, and Mexico's head

was swimming a little from the excitement of fresh revolution.

It will thus be seen that Mr. Seward's work as a statesman, though it had reached its climax, was by no means completed. Yet this period of his life is far less familiar to the public than that which preceded it. Mr. Lincoln died at the climax of his fame. Mr. Seward escaped by a narrow margin. Had he died then, the country would have been filled with monuments commemorating his martyrdom. As it is, there are many who assume that the attempt on his life, which so nearly succeeded, was the real end of his public career. I doubt if Mr. Seward will ever receive his full share of recognition and gratitude for the work he did after he once more resumed his seat in the cabinet. Yet this work had an important influence on our political and diplomatic history.

No one could occupy the position of confidential secretary, in close personal relation to Mr. Seward, without receiving revelations of the man not enjoyed by the public, and without witnessing some of the processes by which American history was enacted. It was a rare privilege to be admitted behind the curtain which separated the Secretary of State from the public eye. It was an admission to confidences which are still and always will be held sacred. But it is gratifying to think that a large part of such experience the public at this later date may freely share.

The State Department at that time was quartered in a brick building on Fourteenth Street, between R and S, which had been built for an orphan asylum, and was rented temporarily by the government. The building compares but poorly with the elegant structure in which the State Department is now housed, but it answered well for a term of years. Mr. Seward was living on Fifteenth Street, near Lafayette Square. His house was about a mile distant from

the Department, and his coupé going back and forth on Fourteenth Street was a familiar sight. He usually appeared at the Department about half past nine or ten in the morning, and entered the large room in which he did his work by a back staircase communicating directly with the driveway. Immediately adjoining this room, on one side, was the office of the Assistant Secretary, then held by his son, Hon. Frederick Seward. Double doors opened into the large diplomatic room, used for the reception of foreign ministers. A private staircase led from the Secretary's room to the State Department library above. On arriving at his office, Mr. Seward found the mail before him on his desk. The chief clerk had opened and arranged official communications. There were dispatches from consuls and ministers from all quarters of the globe. Sometimes it was a formal acknowledgment from some remote consulate of a dispatch received from the Department, sometimes a paper weighty in purport from the centre of European political influence. Some consul, in his lonely remoteness in Africa, Asia, or Manitoba, had endeavored to make up by literary activity what the consulate seemed to lack in commercial importance. The same mail which brought a detailed description of a new line of foreign industry, which a consul thought might profitably be introduced into this country, contained the interesting particulars of a brawl in which some wandering citizen of the United States had appealed for the protection of the government. Or it may have been a dispatch from Mr. Adams or Reverdy Johnson on the Alabama claims, or a treaty or protocol with reference to a South American state. In addition to dispatches from our own consuls and ministers, there were communications from the representatives of other powers in this country. The inclosures with these dispatches were frequently voluminous, and the copies

of original papers sent were often written in foreign languages. The mail was sifted by the assistant secretaries, and the merely routine matter was referred to the heads of the different departments, who recorded and filed communications, and prepared suitable acknowledgments, and submitted them at the close of the day for Mr. Seward's signature. But it was only the mechanical, routine work which was thus taken out of his hands. The Secretary kept intimately familiar with the details of the whole consulate and diplomatic system. There was no portion of the globe that might not suddenly demand his attention. At one side of the room was a series of several large maps, mounted on rollers and easily pulled down, like a window-shade. Mr. Seward never undertook to answer the dispatch of a consulate with whose location he was not already familiar without finding its position on the map. His knowledge of foreign geography when he entered the Department was, he told me, somewhat vague; but under this self-imposed tutelage it soon became extensive. There was nothing out of the ordinary routine of communication that did not receive his personal attention, or was not the subject of conference with the assistant secretaries or chiefs of bureaus. He never delegated to a subordinate any part of the responsibility which belonged to himself. On the other hand, he trusted his subordinates to the fullest extent. He was not fussy about details. Sometimes a few lines on the corner of a communication indicated the spirit or general nature of the reply, and the bureau clerks were trusted to put it into diplomatic language. The Assistant Secretary, Mr. Frederick Seward, had general charge of the consular bureau, and relieved his father of a great amount of work and responsibility. Mr. Hunter, who had been in the Department for some thirty years or more, was an authority on all subjects of diplomatic

precedent, and a general conservator of its traditions.

But after he had assigned to his subordinates all the work which he could commit to them, there was still a large balance requiring Mr. Seward's personal attention. The government exacted from him a certain amount of penmanship every day. The chief clerk could frank the Department mail on the envelope, but he could not sign dispatches. The passport bureau was also a function of the State Department, and every passport that went from the office must bear on it the signature of the Secretary of State. He could not leave the State Department for a few days without signing a large number of passport blanks in advance. One would suppose that the seal of the Department authenticated by an assistant secretary would be sufficient, without turning the prime minister of the United States into a writing-machine. This mechanical labor was the most irksome portion of Mr. Seward's duties. He had recovered from the attempt on his life with the powers of his mind unimpaired, but his right hand had lost much of its cunning. It was painful for him to write a letter, and a task even to sign his name. The capitals in his signature were distinguishable, but it was little more than an impatient wave line, a heavy trailing of the hand, that joined the *S* and the *d*. We have wondered whether the foreign officials who scrutinized the travelers' passports could read the signature at the bottom. It reminded one of the shambling gait of Homer's crook-horned oxen.

Mr. Seward's mechanical difficulty in wielding a pen rendered the use of a stenographer a necessity. It was not without much mental effort and the exercise of determined resolution that he succeeded in changing his previous habit of composing with pen in hand to the habit of thinking aloud. The art of dictation is one that must be acquired. It is easily mastered for the straight-

forward routine of business correspondence; it is less easily applied to the studied formality and sinuous elegance of diplomatic papers. Mr. Seward, though capable of great dexterity in veiling a theme, did not accept Talleyrand's definition of diplomacy as the art of concealing thought. Some of his papers are remarkable for the force which they concentrate on a single idea, and their vigor is not diminished by the courtesy with which they are expressed. But his words were carefully weighed, and they were chosen with as much care as David chose his smooth stones from the brook. The task of phrasing his thought through a stenographer he found so difficult at first that he feared he would have to abandon it. Eventually dictation became a relief to him, and his capacity for work was much increased. From his impaired utterance it was not always easy to understand him, especially, as was frequently the case, when he was smoking a cigar during the operation. I dare not say how many cigars he consumed in the course of a day. No one could better appreciate Lowell's tribute to the poetic satisfaction of this form of indulgence than the Secretary of State, and no one could less appreciate it than his stenographer. When dictating a long dispatch, he would frequently rise from his desk and pace up and down the large room, with his hands behind his back and his eyes fixed steadily on the floor. Ringing the bell to summon a messenger, the dictation would be suspended for a few minutes, that some important paper might be produced. While waiting for the document, he would resume his promenade, and tell his amanuensis a story which some aspect of the case had suggested. This fund of reminiscence was large, and I have often felt that if courtesy in diplomatic usage had permitted me to introduce these interpolations, an element of popularity would have been added to the strength and elegance of his state papers. He dictated

slowly, often revising a good deal as he went along, and leaving much to the stenographer's conception of the sense as to which of the alternative phrases should be retained. A slight gesture or a simple deprecating shake of the head was often the only indication that a sentence was to be crossed out, and replaced by one that followed. He did not phrase his thought silently before he uttered it. He simply thought aloud. It was interesting to watch his mental operations. To write out in order all that he actually said in dictating a dispatch would have produced a curious confusion or succession of words; but there was no confusion of ideas. Thus he would sometimes begin a letter with "Respected Friend," then change it to "Honored Sir," or substitute two or three other titles, the last naturally representing his final choice. It was therefore necessary for his amanuensis to be something more than a phonograph echoing all his utterances. An amusing instance of the result of taking down his words with Chinese servility, without paying any attention to the sense, was afforded by a young man who undertook to relieve me during a severe illness. He showed the literal awe in which he held the Secretary by successively writing the several titles with which Mr. Seward had begun a communication, while the body of the letter presented the same curious exhibition of literary patchwork. Mr. Seward had got over any delicacy about revealing his mental operations to a stenographer, but he naturally did not wish to have them revealed to the public with the same freedom.

When a dispatch was important, I usually re-read to him the notes I had taken. He revised severely, sometimes striking out a whole line, and substituting a single word which seemed to gather up all the energy and dignity of the sentence. Accustomed as he had been for years to the careful and precise use of the pen, a man of his mental habit and com-

mand of language could not easily be guilty of crudities or careless forms of expression. But he did not allow the habit of dictation to lower in any degree his standard of English composition. Accuracy was more important to him than facility. He came to use the pen of a stenographer precisely as he would have used his own. Sometimes he found it better to strike out the whole of a dispatch and begin again, but he generally got the logical order right to start with; and his labor was mainly spent in shading his thought or condensing it. His revisions seldom, if ever, had the effect of diluting his thought. If he repeated a word or added a synonym, it was not the result of careless redundancy, but because he felt that it added vitality to the sentence. On one occasion, Mr. Hunter, the Second Assistant Secretary, called the attention of Mr. Seward to a sentence in a dispatch in which he had used in close juxtaposition three words meaning nearly the same thing. "I know it," said Mr. Seward, "but I want them there for emphasis." I did not preserve this example, but I remember that the words were so arranged that they gave the effect of several successive blows. One might have been sufficient for the rhythm or the sense of the period, and a mere rhetorician of the dogmatic type would have condemned the iteration; but Mr. Seward's object was to prolong a mental impression, and so reinforce the conviction.

After a dispatch had been read to him from stenographic notes, it was transcribed on every other line of wide-ruled dispatch paper. He went over it again carefully in the transcript. If excessive revision was demanded, it was re-dictated; but in the case of ordinary dispatches the first copy of my notes, with a few verbal corrections made with his pencil, was sent to the diplomatic division to which it belonged, to be re-copied for his signature.

Though preferring and generally securing conditions of composure in preparing his dispatches, Mr. Seward was capable, under pressure, of turning out work with rapidity. More than once I have been called, on a cabinet day, half an hour before the appointed time, to receive a dispatch or communication to be read to the President and discussed in cabinet session. The carriage was waiting at the door before he got through. Then the hot shorthand must be transcribed at a rate of speed not conducive to legibility, and placed in a large portfolio which he carried with him to the cabinet meetings. There were times when dispatches from abroad, communications from resident ministers, and resolutions from Congress all converged. The Secretary's absence from Washington for a few days created an excessive accumulation of documents. But as a general thing Mr. Seward drove his work instead of allowing it to drive him. He stayed at the Department from ten o'clock until three, unless an unusually large mail or more exigent business detained him later. If the weather were fine, he often walked most of the way home, having the coupé go along with him in case he felt inclined to take it. He never went to the Department evenings, and it was very rare that I was summoned to his house in the evening to continue the work. On Sundays, however, he occasionally dictated an important dispatch. There were times when the foreign relations of the United States were so complacent that two hours a day would serve to clear the dispatch box on the Secretary's table; and I recall one week of my association with him in which, though present every day at the Department, he dictated nothing from Monday until Friday. The State Department library, which he did much to develop, was an unending pleasure and resource to him in the dull seasons of diplomacy, and I am bound to say that his stenographer never complained of *ennui* in this library. The price of such

intervals of calm was paid for at other seasons, when diplomatic logomachy was at its height.

It was gratifying to find that the assassin's knife had left no scar upon Mr. Seward's mind. It was still characterized by keenness of discernment, largeness of grasp, an unusual power to see through the mazes of diplomatic entanglements, and the habit of coördinating great principles and applying them with practical sagacity to the smallest cases. In clearness of perception, in vigor of thought, in vividness of memory and power of expression, he had suffered no decline.

Mr. Seward's absorption in the business of the State Department brought him less frequently before the public as an orator than during his earlier political career. It was part of the duties of his office to receive the foreign ministers who presented their credentials. He always wrote the formal speech which the President was to make in reply to the foreign ambassadors. Such work was rather an exhibition of etiquette than a presentation of argument. It was always done with grace and dignity. But apart from these and various other minor speech-making episodes, I had an opportunity to watch the construction and delivery of the last formal political oration which Mr. Seward made to his townsmen in Auburn, New York. It was his custom to go home every year and vote, and from time to time he was called upon to expound the issues of the elections. He was a prophet not without honor in his own country. I doubt if he ever addressed an audience with more pleasure than those which from time to time gathered to hear him at Auburn. The address he delivered just previous to the presidential election in 1868 had great public interest from Mr. Seward's political relations at that time. Grant had been nominated by the Republicans, Seymour by the Democrats. Mr. Seward's support of Mr. Johnson

during the convulsion which ended in the impeachment trial, involving him in a prolonged contention with Congress and the Republican party, awakened much interest as to how he would cast his vote in the election pending, and what counsel he would give to his townsmen. He had been subjected to severe criticism. A large number of his former political friends had stood opposed to him in this conflict. In speaking to his constituents at Auburn, on this occasion, it was felt that he was speaking to the whole country.

Mr. Seward brought to the preparation of this important speech the same method with which he constructed his more important dispatches. He made no skeleton, no plan of architecture; it was slowly evolved in dictation, and gradually assumed form and proportion. He never dictated scraps of thought, side suggestions, headings, or memoranda. He began with the introduction, and dictated his speech precisely as if he had been suddenly called upon to deliver it extemporaneously, though not with the fluency which he would have exhibited on such an occasion. On the contrary, it was not prepared in any heat of inspiration, but was a cool, slow process of intellectual elaboration. He could not work with any comfort in the middle of a speech unless he had fashioned it right to start with. He would write his introduction over three or four times, if necessary, before advancing to the body of his speech. He grudged no such pains himself, but as if to justify himself to his stenographer, he reminded me that Gibbon had written the introduction to his history several times before he was satisfied with it.

As with the introduction, so with the body of the speech. It grew by the same slow process of evolution. If not intense or impassioned in composition, his style was elevated, restrained, and intellectually clear and broad. The first draft of his speech was cast with a pro-

portion and finish with which a host of minor orators might have been amply content. But his stenographer knew well enough that this first structure was practically to be razed to the ground, and an ampler and more elegant one reared in its stead. To be sure, it was of the same general architecture, for Mr. Seward, as I have before remarked, very seldom inverted or wholly reconstructed the logical order of his speeches. It was built, too, of the same carefully pressed brick, which is not an inapt figure for his smooth and solid sentences. But there was a fresh application of mortar to bind the parts together with increasing solidity, here and there new windows of illustration, and more graceful decorations. But the end was not yet. Though the speech was not again completely taken to pieces, it was gone over for a third time with the same minute care. My transcript of his dictation had been re-copied by a clerk. This third copy was cut up and revised with indefatigable attention. I am sure the address was written not less than four times, and parts of it not less than five, before it was considered to be in a shape for public delivery. Even then it was not done. Mr. Seward wrote not to get the speech out of his mind, but to get his mind thoroughly into his speech. If he had had two weeks more to work on it, I should not have been surprised if he had written it over two or three times more. His oration was not really finished until he had delivered it.

An incident will show how plastic his material was in his hands even after the intellectual statue of his speech had been cast and thoroughly polished. Mr. Seward, accompanied by Mr. Diman (a confidential clerk in the Department of State) and myself, started from Washington for Auburn, with the speech in our possession. We arrived at Jersey City in the morning, and took breakfast together at Taylor's. In the course of the conversation, which turned somewhat

on the subject of political revolution, Mr. Diman told a story of a man who, during the French Revolution, went into a bookstore in Paris and asked for a copy of the French constitution.

"We do not deal in periodical publications," was the reply.

Mr. Seward laughed, and said, "That is so good I must use it;" and when certain portions of the address were recast again, after our arrival in Auburn, the story was happily introduced. It will be found on page 545, volume v. of Seward's Works.

But although Mr. Seward re-wrote his speech so often, he did not commit it verbally to memory. By this constant occupation with his materials his mind became thoroughly infused with his subject, and instead of being drained and depleted by the process, its creative power was only intensified. As a good illustration of this I may refer to the final delivery of the speech itself. Much was my surprise to find, after reaching Auburn, that the voluminous manuscript, so carefully prepared, was not to be used on the platform. It was really intended for the press. Mr. Seward could not speak to his townsmen from such a pile of paper. In the few days which intervened before the delivery of the address, his work at Auburn consisted, not in elaborating it, but in going through it and making a careful abstract, which, re-written by a clerk in a bold hand, with not more than fifty or sixty words on a page, covered about twenty pages of foolscap. The abstract presented a complete epitome of all the points in the speech. They were suggested by phrases and catchwords. Mr. Seward then went over this abstract, and made another, much shorter. With these few pages he was to go before the audience.

When the time came, the orator stood somewhat on the left of the platform, with a small table before him, on which was placed the brief syllabus of his

speech. At the other end of the platform I sat at a table, with the complete manuscript of the speech before me. I was not near enough to prompt the speaker, if he had needed me, without at least raising my voice loud enough to be heard by the audience. But no such service was necessary. Mr. Seward had been besieged by the press for copies of his oration. He had concluded to give it out impartially through the medium of the Associated Press. As fast, therefore, as he delivered it, I gave it out page by page to the press messengers. The orator was delivering his address directly to his townsmen, while I, as his agent, was indirectly delivering it to fifty millions of people.

It was interesting to note that the two speeches were not coincident in language. The introduction in both was substantially the same, but slight departures were soon evident, and began to multiply. The speaker's brain was acting with fresh creative power. The plan of the speech was firmly wrought in his mind, but the verbal vestment was not the same. I took my pencil, and, opening my note-book, followed him stenographically for some time, simply to watch the working of his mind. Evidently his elaborate preparation had not fettered him. The structure of his sentences was frequently inverted. Sometimes they would lose in polish and elegance, but gain in force and directness. He was not reading from the brain; he was thinking on his feet. Much of his thought naturally flowed into channels of expression which he had previously moulded. But he was sensitive to the influences about him, and not only new expressions, but new ideas and illustrations, which had not been hammered out on the forge, came to him at the time, and were flashed out with spontaneous effect. A nearly verbatim report of his speech was made for one of the Auburn papers. After returning to Washington, Mr. Seward

and myself compared this report with the speech as originally written. In preparing it for publication in pamphlet form, he relied almost entirely upon the carefully prepared manuscript issued to the press. In this he was right. The speech as he gave it from brief notes had more of the fire and freedom of extemporaneous delivery, but as published from manuscript it had more of the calmness, dignity, and intellectual sobriety of a state paper. In his oratorical habit, Mr. Seward thus differed considerably from Edward Everett. Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis, on the occasion of the delivery of one of Mr. Everett's great speeches, likewise sat with a manuscript before him, and Mr. Everett, he says, did not vary a single preposition from the text.

I find myself tempted most of all to dwell upon Mr. Seward's characteristics as a man. His career as a statesman is open to the view of all who wish to turn to the annals of the nation. His orations and speeches, together with a sketch of his life, written and edited by the late Geo. E. Baker, are before the public in the five volumes of his published works. The diplomatic records contain his state papers, but the personal life of the man is a book open only to those who had the privilege of turning its leaves.

One of the things that impressed me about Mr. Seward was the interesting union of native kindness of heart with a manner which was calmly undemonstrative. I say "calmly" rather than "coldly," for with all his impassiveness Mr. Seward was not a chilly man. There was an even-tempered, genial radiation which was soon felt by those who came within the range of his personal life. It was not a warmth which was intense, but, like a well-regulated furnace, he gave out about so much heat all the time. He was not mercurial, or fitful, or capricious, in his treatment of others. Without doing or saying much he soon

made one feel at home in his presence. There is a reserve which chills; there is a reserve which reassures, because by its disdain of formalities and gushing conventionalism it is seen to be an attribute of sincerity. He was one of the most democratic of men. It made no difference whether the man who called upon him was a cabinet minister, an ambassador from a foreign court, or a day laborer; there was no toadyism, nothing which by the remotest connection could be identified with the snob. In his intercourse with diplomatic representatives he formed some intimate friendships. But if a foreign representative obtained admission to the inner circle of his confidence, it was not because of the uniform he wore or the credentials he brought. The simplicity of Mr. Seward's republican manners was never sacrificed. He understood the value of forms, and paid due respect to all diplomatic traditions, but he was not a fussy or punctilious ritualist.

There was nothing cynical in his calm manner. This almost stoical self-control had been developed through long years of self-discipline. His power to restrain his emotions did not involve their suppression. His native kindness of heart was sure to reveal itself. I shall not forget the quiet, undemonstrative, yet unmistakable kindness with which he first welcomed me. The relation was to be an intimately personal one, but it was established at once in Mr. Seward's manner and by his few words as distinctly as if he had issued a public proclamation to that effect. "I am glad to see you," he said, as he took my hand. "I leave to-night for Auburn. Will you go with me, or will you take a night's rest here, and join me there later?" The indication in these words that the Secretary of State had some thought for the personal comfort of the young man whom he had just summoned to be his stenographer was a pleasing introduction to his fel-

lowship. Though fatigued by the journey of the night before, the temptation to go with him was too inviting to be resisted, and I joined the party in the evening at the station. A special paymaster's car had been placed at Mr. Seward's service, and among the party, in addition to his valet and negro servant, were his son, Major Augustus Seward, and Postmaster-General Randall. Hardly had we got well under way when a game of whist was proposed. Though I had the most meagre knowledge of the game, I could not courteously decline to make up the set. Mr. Seward, his son and the Postmaster-General were expert players. My own playing must have been phenomenal, but one could not have gathered from the Secretary's manner the slightest hint that it was not absolutely satisfactory. He bore this infliction of ignorance and incapacity with the same composure that he bore all other trials. It was my fortune to make many such trips with him, and as he always traveled in a special car these journeys were uniformly pleasant.

His equanimity might have been mistaken for indifference. He was indeed indifferent to a good many things, and among them to the gnat-like swarms of criticism that frequently buzzed in the air from the partisan press. He was never insensitive to argument, but he brushed aside petty barbs of malice as if they were so many flies. A characteristic illustration of his composure was given during the impeachment trial. From the outset he did not believe that Johnson would be convicted. The defense of the President had been committed to Mr. Seward's lifelong friend, William M. Evarts. Mr. Seward did not attend the long trial except two or three times, nor, to my knowledge, did he do anything to influence the decision. All Washington was at a white glow of excitement. The result hung on a single vote, yet no one could learn from

Mr. Seward that anything unusual was happening. On the critical day of the trial, I went down to his room to learn the result of the test vote. He was lying on the sofa, with a copy of Rousseau in his hand, smoking and reading. I asked the latest news from the Senate. He told me. Impeachment had failed by one vote. He smiled, and went on reading, as if the country had not just passed through a crisis of tremendous importance.

A story was current in the Department, among the clerks whose term of service ran back into the war period, that on one occasion an Episcopalian minister, whom Mr. Seward knew to be a sympathizer with the rebellion, came to the Department to ask some favor of him. It is said that Mr. Seward's indignation waxed so hot that he could only find relief by damning the man up and down, especially down. I cannot vouch for this story, — it was an unverified tradition of the Department; but it is almost a comfort to know that he could sometimes lose his self-control. No want of respect for the ministry must be inferred from this anecdote. He venerated the cloth whenever there was a man beneath it. Rev. Dr. Bellows, whose immense labors as president of the Sanitary Commission were of national value, won his esteem and friendship; and when an agent was needed to go to St. Thomas to report on its resources, Rev. Dr. Hawley, an able Presbyterian minister of Auburn, was chosen for the task.

Mr. Seward was not a saint, but he was a religious man. He attended with regularity the Episcopal church, and I have not forgotten how, when at church with him at his home in Auburn, he guided me through the then unfamiliar mazes of the Prayer-Book. I do not know that I ever found him reading his Bible out of church, but at some period of his life he must have absorbed a good deal of it, for he quoted it often

with much felicity. Especially did he turn to the Bible whenever he wrote a Thanksgiving proclamation; for these proclamations were, at least during Mr. Johnson's administration, prepared by Mr. Seward, and merely received the signature of the President. He delighted to weave into them the reverent gratitude and the fine old English of the Psalms. One of these proclamations was written under circumstances of peculiar personal feeling. After recovering from the attempt on his life, he was in doubt, as he told me, whether his mind would act as it had done previously. By an interesting coincidence his first official duty was to write the Thanksgiving proclamation. His own occasion for thanks at his recovery was redoubled when he found that his brain responded to his heart, and that he could in some measure express the sentiment he felt.

Mr. Seward was broad in his theological views. He went through the ritual of the Church with the same punctiliousness that he observed the ritual of diplomacy; but he complacently ignored narrow theological dogmas. Summing up a little conversation on religion that we had one day, as we rode to the office, he said, "In my view the best preparation for the life hereafter is a good life now and here."

It is a delicate and responsible task to raise the curtain which conceals the domestic life of a great man from public view. The sacred privacy of the family must be respected. It is from within, not from without, that the veil should be lifted. Yet it would be an artificial reticence which forbade one to testify to the genial and delightful character of Mr. Seward in his domestic relations. It was not possible for him, through so many years of public life, to maintain the domestic retirement of the private citizen. His home was always more or less open to the public. In Washington this was inevitably the case. A

public man there can never rid himself of the regalia of the state. The word "home" to Mr. Seward was rather a synonym for Auburn. It was a relief to seek every year at intervals the covert of its friendly shade. "Shade" is not a figure of speech, for he would never have a tree on his place cut if he could help it. His home seemed literally set in a grove of tall trees, many of which had grown up with his growth, and were deemed a part of the family heritage.

At his Auburn home it was always a pleasure for him to receive the visits of many old friends who had been identified with him in his early political life. His son, William H. Seward, lived at the old homestead; and among the pleasures which the Secretary of State had in going home were the hours spent with his grandchildren, who were just at the age when children most appreciate the luxury of a grandfather. He became a willing prey to their most exacting and demonstrative affections. There is one scene which comes up whenever I think of his last speech to his townsmen, the composition of which I have previously described. It is the picture of Mr. Seward sitting in the sunny library at Auburn, with a golden-haired little boy burrowing in his lap, one arm around the child, while the other held the manuscript of his speech, which he read and revised under these distracting influences. The little boy pulled at his watch-chain, investigated his pockets, asked innumerable questions, and furnished what would have been to most men formidable interruptions. But no one could have discovered a sign of impatience or of annoyance on the face of the willing victim, nor any intellectual aberration of his mind. The grandfather in him took care of the child, while the Secretary of State went on with his speech.

I often accompanied Mr. Seward in his daily walks at Auburn. His life

had been so long identified with the growth of the town that he made an interesting guide-book. He was not wholly fond of the new architecture; he liked the combination of ancient simplicity with that baronial hospitality which seemed to belong to the old-fashioned estates. On one occasion he criticised an old-fashioned house with a new-fashioned fence, which was of such a light and frivolous character that it gave no indication of the dignity and maturity of the old gentleman who owned it. One Sunday morning, a golden October day, when Auburn was brilliant with autumnal foliage, we walked to the cemetery. "It seems but a few years ago," he said, as we paused by a familiar mound, "since I saw the first grave opened in this ground. Now it is a city of the dead." Then pointing to the grave of his daughter, "There lies the most perfect being I ever knew."

Though Mr. Seward went to Auburn to escape from the pressure of public cares, his large sense of hospitality often led him to invite favorite members of the diplomatic corps to his summer home; and it was a great event for the town when he received there Mr. Burlingame and the Chinese embassy, and entertained them in a style in which republican simplicity was combined with some of the elegance of Oriental hospitality.

Only once did I visit with Mr. Seward his birthplace at Florida, New York, a little town in Orange County, which his birth has hardly rescued from obscurity. The house in which he was born was then standing. It was not like the home of Lincoln or Grant, a log-cabin, but it was a home devoid of all pretension; and the old friends and relatives who recalled the thin, pale, studious schoolboy revealed the humbleness of his early circumstances, and the moral sturdiness of the people among whom he had his origin.

I have dwelt, in these reminiscences,

upon Mr. Seward's personal characteristics rather than upon his public work. One of his distinguishing traits must not be overlooked, his courtesy and gallantry to women. A long and severe sickness which overtook me in Washington, in the summer of 1868, furnished a new insight into his character; and it will be altogether to the advantage of the reader if I drop my pen now, as I did then, and let the woman who picked it up describe her own unique experiences.

Samuel J. Barrows.

II.

TWO MONTHS WITH MR. SEWARD.

It was a hot August morning in Washington, and what that means only one who has spent an entire summer in that now beautiful city can understand. It was not then a beautiful city. There were no pavements, except perhaps on Seventh Street. Cows, geese, and pigs by the score wandered at large; the shade trees that now beautify the streets were unplanted, and few fine residences had been erected. The sun beat down in pitiless fury, and clouds of fine dust filled the air. It was an uncomfortable time for the well and a weary time for the sick, and Mr. Seward's private secretary was that morning taken ill. He insisted that the Secretary of State must be informed without a moment's delay, and I must carry the message.

"I am sorry for your husband, madam, but I am also sorry for myself, for I have never had such an accumulation of work since the war," said Mr. Seward.

"Perhaps I can find some one to take his place," I mildly suggested.

"I do not want any one else. The advantage to me of your husband and his predecessor, Mr. McEwen, is that they bring head as well as hand to their work."

Seeing that he was really disappoint-

ed, and knowing that none of the clerks in the Department could write shorthand, my sympathy got the better of my judgment, and I incautiously said, "If I only knew a little more of stenography, I would gladly do my husband's work till he is better," not dreaming that it was to be a serious illness.

"Oh, do you also write shorthand?" returned Mr. Seward eagerly.

"Only a little," I made haste to reply, trying to beat a hasty retreat from the possibility of being asked to give evidence of my ignorance.

"Well, go right up in the library, and we will see how we get on together."

In vain I urged that I was only beginning the study, that I had never taken a dictation in my life, that I had left my husband ill in bed, that he had not for a moment thought of my remaining, etc. To the first he said that a trial would show whether I was capable; to the last that he would telegraph at once to my husband not to expect me till I came. Then I was shown to a little alcove in the library at the head of a private staircase which led to his room, provided with note-book and pencils, and told to wait till I should hear the "little bell."

It was not long before the tinkle of the famous bell summoned me below, but the call was obeyed with laggard step. Surely this was an ordeal for one who had simply picked up the rudiments of an art which it requires long drudgery to attain.

"Be seated, madam," said the Secretary, pointing to a comfortable chair with a footstool, which I was sure my husband had never needed. "To the minister at St. Petersburg," etc., and then followed a long diplomatic dispatch, full of technical terms, referring to matters of which I had but the dimmest knowledge, names of Russians, instructions for procedure in such and such cases, with corrections and erasures, one after another, in accordance with the frequent

"Strike that out, madam," till the whole was a sea of intermixed shorthand and longhand that would have made an expert smile—or swear. Secretly I was asking myself whether I should ever be able to unravel the tangle in the secluded quiet of my alcove, when the suave voice of the Secretary settled the question by saying, "That is all at present. You may now read to me what you have just written."

That sudden power of speech was given to Balaam's ass was not more wonderful than that by some hocus-focus of magic or inspiration I was able to read off, without break or stumble, the long and involved dispatch which Mr. Seward had dictated. Doubtless it was in part a trick of memory stimulated by the unwonted occasion. But it sealed my fate for the next two months,—months which, for their mingled pleasure, anxiety, and suffering, have never been matched in a not uneventful life.

"That will do perfectly, madam. You may act as my private secretary till your husband's return."

And so I did. If, at the end of that time, a feeling of pride was born as the disbursing agent paid over the full amount of salary for the full amount of work,—work that had often to be carried home and finished at midnight,—surely that pride may be condoned.

Apart from the thought of the home anxiety during that trying time, the remembrance of the insight into the life and character of a man like William H. Seward is unalloyed pleasure. Thrown, through the exigencies of a busy life, into contact with many of the distinguished men of that and later times in Washington, none of them ever impressed me as being more kindly, more genuine, more democratic. Mr. Garfield alone, for whom I did much similar work, could approach him in these respects in my estimation. Mr. Seward's kindness began with the first day's work. At three o'clock he rang his bell, and

when I appeared, note-book in hand, he simply told me that his coupé would take me home. Every day through all the hot August weather, he either sent me home in his carriage or took me when he went himself; sometimes to his own house first, to get some dainty for my sick husband. On cabinet days, when he was likely to be gone an hour or more, he always bade me go out for exercise; and if he chanced to overtake me, as he came back, would pick me up, and tell me as much of cabinet affairs as it was proper for him to divulge. When my husband was able to go out, he sent his barouche that he might go to drive, and a man to carry him down-stairs and up again; and though it was an unusually busy day, he considerably said to me, "Jump into the office carriage, drive home, and go out with your husband; it will double his pleasure to have you there."

A simple noon luncheon of bread and meat, with chocolate or coffee, was usually served to Mr. Seward in an adjoining room, to which he always invited me; but I seldom accepted unless he would otherwise have been alone, as he had a dread of solitude ever after the time of the assassination. On such occasions he was as genial and delightful as if he had been entertaining the English minister. I remember one day his telling about the purchase of Alaska, which had recently been effected, and his saying that I should probably live long enough to have the value of Alaska appreciated, though he never should. He added that if he had not become weary of the discussion which the purchase had excited, he should have advised the further acquirement of Greenland and some other territory. Another time he told me about a trip which he had taken the previous day with President Johnson. He thought the President was an unhappy and lonely man. To cheer him up, Mr. Seward had taken his own carriage and servant and a ham-

per of luncheon, and he and the President had driven quietly a long distance into the country, and had spent a Sunday afternoon together, away from all the cares and pomp of state. "I think it did the poor man good," said Mr. Seward.

It was a time of wars and rumors of wars. There were revolutions in South America, excited times in Japan, trouble in Russia, and complications in Brazil which became serious through the attitude of the American minister. One day Mr. Seward overtook me on my way from a flying visit to my home, as he was returning from a cabinet meeting. He signaled to me to wait, and took me into his coupé. As soon as I was seated he said, "Well, I hope I have to-day warded off a war with Brazil." He then went on to describe the heated cabinet meeting and the opinions of certain of the members. Then he laughed, and said, "But they say one must never tell a woman secrets, and here I am telling you *state secrets!*" But his lightness of tone seemed to imply that he had not much to fear from the revelation.

Often in dictating private letters he would say, "It seems to me it would be more interesting for you to know what you are writing about," and he would hand me the personal letters to himself that came from ministers abroad, who wrote of life behind the scenes in royal courts; or sometimes it would be delightful correspondence from distinguished persons in this country, with many of whom he kept up a very close intimacy. The letters which he wrote in reply were a pleasant contrast to the more formal diplomatic correspondence. I recall one day especially, when he had a very troublesome dispatch to send to Japan, one that he dictated several times before it was worded to his satisfaction. A more nervous man would have been fretted and tired by it, for it involved heavy responsibility. But

no sooner had he dictated the usual formal close to the dispatch than he went on, as though it were all one subject, "My dear Nellie, — Who has been daring to kill my little Nellie's chickens?" and then followed a charming letter to his grandchild. I smiled as I followed his voice with my pencil. "You smile, madam," he said. "You wonder how I can go from serious things to light. But it was not a light thing to the little girl to lose her pets. Then, again, it is the power of habit. When I first assumed this position, I could not sleep nights for the sense of responsibility. Now I have learned that it is better to do my best, and then sleep. It is easier to bear responsibility when one has slept well."

This very change in correspondence tended also to lessen the mental strain, for strain it was to the end. His work never became mere formal routine. I wish, as a proof of this, that I could recall his opinions and the interest he expressed when there once came up a question of trouble between missionaries and some Eastern nation. He had a sympathetic heart beneath his undemonstrative exterior. He was not himself especially witty, but he had a keen sense of wit in others, and had a large fund of anecdote. I can still hear his little chuckle of amusement as he recalled an incident in his early days, during one of the presidential campaigns. I think it must have been after the war with Mexico, but I am not sure. Any way, "Peace" was one of the watch-words, and it was used on banners and on transparencies, and wherever it could be brought in. An illiterate little tailor in the same town with Mr. Seward, not wishing to be outdone in the way of display, had made a brilliant transparency for his shop window, and called Mr. Seward in to witness the lighting of it. It was put in place, the light set behind it, and they stepped out on the sidewalk to see the effect, where, in glowing

letters of light, were the words, "*Peace and plenty.*"

One day, after I had taken notes for several hours, so many that I must transcribe most of them at home to have the work ready for the engrossing clerks the next morning, I was summoned downstairs by the musical tinkle of the little bell. Mr. Seward knew that my notebook was full, and he was such a reasonable and compassionate man that it seemed to me something unusual must have occurred if I were to be asked to do more. But no one hesitated when the summons came from the Secretary's room. In a moment I stood before him, equipped for writing.

"Sit down, madam." I sat down, and watched his face, round which a pleasant smile was playing. He took up a pair of scissors from the desk, and cut a strip from the margin of a dispatch that was lying before him. Then he took his pen, which he could only use with pain and weariness, and wrote the date and his own name upon it. Turning toward me, he handed me the scrap of paper, saying, "Here is a little fly from the city of the great philosophers. Keep it. Long after I am gone, that little fly will remind you not only of Athens, but of the time that you helped me here." It lies before me now, the time-yellowed strip of paper, with the green, gauzy wings of the insect which had been unconsciously folded within the dispatch, and the words, "*Athens, August 8, 1868, William H. Seward,*" still distinct, as he said, "long after he is gone." To say that its weight in gold would not purchase this trifle would be a light estimate to put upon it.

It was a constant surprise to see how respectful the Secretary was to suggestions from others. He was never overbearing nor arrogant to those with whom he was in daily association. It is not the place of a clerk to call in question the work of his superior, and such ques-

tioning would rarely be borne with good grace by great men. But as an evidence of his sincere modesty, let me recall an incident that occurred after I had been some time in the office and was more conversant with the work, and had learned to read a little between the diplomatic lines. Interesting negotiations were going on with reference to a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. Diplomacy had an opportunity for wearing its softest velvet gloves. Every step seemed to be taken with a cat-like tread. After the coming and going of various representatives and a great deal of discussion, much of which Mr. Seward related to me as we were drinking chocolate together during a frightful thunder-storm, he began an important dispatch on the subject. He worded it very carefully, but at the close of the first version came the command, "Cross that all out, madam." This was repeated I know not how many times. I think no other dispatch, while I was there, was re-dictated so often. At length he was satisfied, and I returned to my alcove to transcribe it. When I came to a certain passage, I was morally sure that the words did not say what he meant them to imply. I tripped down the stairs, tapped at his door, and was admitted. I read the notes aloud slowly and asked if they were right. "Yes, madam, that is quite right." A little chagrined, I went back to my desk. The more I studied the passage, the more convinced I was that it wholly misrepresented the Secretary's meaning. I plucked up courage and went down again, this time having transcribed the sentence, which was rather involved. I laid it before the Secretary, and asked him to read it himself. He glanced hastily through it, and said, "Why, yes, that is right; of course it is." My humiliation increased, and I slunk up the stairs like one caught in a meddling plot. But when I began to write again, my common sense would not let me go on. I *knew* it was wrong.

I re-wrote the entire dispatch in long-hand, went down-stairs, asked for audience with Mr. Seward, and, overwhelmed with blushes and apologetic feelings, asked the privilege of telling him where I thought the dispatch was wrong. "Certainly," was the gracious response. I read it as it was written.

"Now what would you have me say instead?" he asked.

With my heart in my mouth, lest after all I might be wrong, I told him what I supposed the meaning ought to be, but that the involution of the sentence made it read just the contrary. He paused a moment, and wrinkled his brow in thought. "You are right, madam," he cried, and instantly changed the entire passage, and re-dictated it, so that there was no possibility of a misunderstanding. I was about to retire, when he called me back, and frankly said, "Let me thank you; and if in addition it is any satisfaction to you to know it, let me tell you that you are the first woman in the United States to know of these proceedings, and you may have the further satisfaction of knowing that you have saved the Secretary of State from a serious mistake." A less modest man would have held his peace; a less honest one would have laid the blame on the amanuensis; a less approachable man would have frozen any attempt on the part of a subordinate to set him right in a verbal error.

My memory of Mr. Seward at his office is much more cheerful than of him in his home. The shadow left by the death of a beloved wife and daughter seemed to linger in the house, while the ever-present sentinel, pacing back and forth before the door, though suggesting security from rough-handed invasion, yet gave an oppressive air to the place. Within it was quiet and solemn, the only noisy members of the family being a number of rare foreign birds which, from their great cage in the bay-window, used to scream with delight when Mr. Seward

came home at night. I have watched him feed them and talk to them with as much gentleness and interest as any woman could have done. So far as I remember, these were his only pets. At public receptions, of course everything was brilliant and attractive to the world at large; but though these were as agreeable as such gatherings usually are, we felt that we lost *our* Mr. Seward then. He belonged to the world, and seemed much farther off than in the retirement of the office, with the neighboring city sleeping in the quiet of sultry summer heat.

It was so warm during the time I was employed with him at the Department that every one who could get away had fled northward or to the cool depths of Virginian forests, and we had few interruptions in our work from outsiders. It went on smoothly and swiftly, unbroken save when Mr. Seward himself paused for a few moments' rest and chat. My husband was eventually able to be sent to the country, — a mere skeleton in frame, but with new life and hope beating in veins and heart. Of course I was detained at his post, for, as it was the summer vacation, not a substitute was to be found in the city. Phonographers were not so numerous then as they are now. But there came a day when I was summoned to Delaware by the severe illness of a sister. The telegram followed me to the Department of State. I laid it before Mr. Seward. The look of distress on his face was genuine. He was sorry for me in my sorrow, — sorry that he must act as a master, and not as a friend. He could not be left without an amanuensis.

"I will try once more to find some one to take my place," I said.

Again and again I had tried, but in vain. When the Secretary was at cabinet meeting, that day, I went down town, and fortunately found a young man who understood shorthand, who was willing to come and relieve me for a month. He

met me at the Department, and I introduced him to Mr. Seward, who forthwith dictated a letter to him and sent him to a desk to write it out. I flew to my alcove, put my papers to rights, and made ready to leave by the night train for Wilmington. While busy about this I was called to the Secretary's room. "Madam," said Mr. Seward, "I will send for the young man and dictate another letter to him, and I wish you to stay here to see how we get on." The messenger was told to call the new amanuensis. He came in as though he had peas in his shoes. He sat down, and Mr. Seward began to dictate and the young man to write. I could see that his hand trembled, and that he did not cross out the words when Mr. Seward changed the form of sentences. It was not a long letter. When the "yours truly" was reached, Mr. Seward in the kindest tones said, "Please read to me what you have written." The youth began. He tried a dozen times, Mr. Seward patiently helping him, suggesting what the word which he could not decipher might be, and in no way showing impatience or disgust. The tyro went to another room to transcribe his notes. Mr. Seward turned to me, as I sat there with grief tugging at my heart, and said very quietly, "Well, madam, how do you think we get on?"

"Oh, Mr. Seward," I cried, "he will never do! I will stay; only give me plenty of work to do. Do not let me have one moment to think."

In the most sympathetic terms, Mr. Seward deplored the necessity which compelled him to accept my services under the circumstances, but it was plainly my duty to stick to my post, since my sister needed my presence only, not my care. After it was decided that I should stay, Mr. Seward's thoughts reverted to "the poor young man," as he called him. "It seems," said he, "almost unfair to turn him off with such a slight trial. What shall we do with him?"

"I brought him, and I will dismiss him," I said.

I had no bowels of compassion for such incompetency, especially when it stood so painfully in my way. But it was evident that the Secretary could not bear to hurt his feelings. I hunted him up, told him that Mr. Seward was not quite satisfied, and that he might go. Instead of being overwhelmed with reproaches, I was met by beaming smiles, and never have I seen so good a personification of the way Christian must have looked when his burden fell off at the wicket-gate.

Mr. Seward heeded my request. I was so busy for the entire day that I had not a moment in which to ask myself what were the chances for life and death in that neighboring State. It was only at night, when I had to find my way to my lonely home, that I realized how much I was sacrificing for the sake of filling my husband's post. I felt almost like a prisoner of state.

The next day one of the congressional reporters returned from his vacation, and, learning that I had been seeking him, called at the State Department, and sent in a note saying that he was at liberty to serve Mr. Seward. Mr. Seward read the note, and asked, "Shall we try him, madam?" "Oh, yes," I begged. The dispatch which was dictated to him was of course mere play to the expert. Mr. Seward's face shone. "Now, madam, I am happy to say you may go to your sister. Take the coupé, and drive right to the station." I looked up at the clock; it was on the stroke of twelve. "The train is just leaving the depot. There will be no other until Monday morning," was my mournful reply. That day, however, closed my duties as private secretary to the Secretary of State, and I think it is the only time that the office has been even temporarily filled by a woman.

After Mr. Seward had made his journey round the world, and had nearly fin-

ished his history of that remarkable experience, I was again summoned to him when he was living in Auburn. This time it was not the tinkle of the little bell, whose tones are still so pleasant to memory, but a telegram, saying that he would like my assistance in going over the book and finishing its preparation for the press. The message was long in reaching me, as I chanced to be in Quebec when it was sent, and it was not forwarded. The delay led him to feel that it was impossible to find me, and some one else was engaged. Not knowing this, when the message finally found me, I hurried on to Auburn. The cordial greeting that I received from the poor sick man, the warm assurance that his first choice as an as-

sistant was "that little woman," as he told me they used to call me at the Department, was ample satisfaction for the journey. That was my last sight of the honored man. He was at his summer home by the side of one of the peaceful New York lakes. We spent a delightful day with him, and left at eventide. He was sitting on the piazza, faithful friends round him, a fair picture spread before him. His head and heart were unchanged, but the poor limbs were all stricken, and the devoted servant-man who for so many years had ministered to him was like a mother to him then. He could not take our hands, nor even nod his head: but when we turned for one more good-by look, he was still smiling, and so I ever picture him.

Isabel C. Barrows.

THE CHRISTMAS OF 1888.

Low in the east, against a white cold dawn,
The black-lined silhouette of the woods was drawn;
And on a wintry waste
Of frosted streams and hillsides bare and brown,
Through thin cloud-films a pallid ghost looked down,—
The waning moon, half-faced!

In that pale sky and sere, snow-waiting earth,
What sign was there of the immortal birth?
What herald of the One?
Lo! swift as thought the heavenly radiance came,
A rose-red splendor swept the sky like flame,
Up rolled the round, bright sun!

And all was changed. From a transfigured world
The moon's ghost fled, the smoke of home-hearths curled
Up the still air unblown.
In Orient warmth and brightness, did that morn
O'er Nain and Nazareth, when the Christ was born,
Break fairer than our own?

The morning's promise noon and eve fulfilled
In warm, soft sky and landscape hazy-hilled
And sunset fair as they:

A sweet reminder of His holiest time,
 A summer-miracle in our winter clime,
 God gave a perfect day.

The near was blended with the old and far,
 And Bethlehem's hillside and the Magi's star
 Seemed here, as there and then :
 Our homestead pine-tree was the Syrian palm,
 Our heart's desire the angels' midnight psalm,
 Peace and good-will to men !

John Greenleaf Whittier.

TICONDEROGA, BENNINGTON, AND ORISKANY.

EVER since the failure of the American invasion of Canada, it had been the intention of Sir Guy Carleton, in accordance with the wishes of the ministry, to invade New York by way of Lake Champlain, and to secure the Mohawk Valley and the upper waters of the Hudson. The summer of 1776 had been employed by Carleton in getting together a fleet with which to obtain control of the lake. It was an arduous task. Three large vessels were sent over from England, and proceeded up the St. Lawrence as far as the rapids, where they were taken to pieces, carried overland to St. John's, and there put together again. Twenty gun-boats and more than two hundred flat-bottomed transports were built at Montreal, and manned with 700 picked seamen and gunners ; and upon this flotilla Carleton embarked his army of 12,000 men.

To oppose the threatened invasion, Benedict Arnold had been working all the summer with desperate energy. In June the materials for his navy were growing in the forests of Vermont, while his carpenters with their tools, his sail-makers with their canvas, and his gunners with their guns had mostly to be brought from the coast towns of Connecticut and Massachusetts. By the end of September he had built a little fleet

of three schooners, two sloops, three galleys, and eight gondolas, and fitted it out with seventy guns and such seamen and gunners as he could get together. With this flotilla he could not hope to prevent the advance of such an overwhelming force as that of the enemy. The most he could do would be to worry and delay it, besides raising the spirits of the people by the example of an obstinate and furious resistance. To allow Carleton to reach Ticonderoga without opposition would be disheartening, whereas by delay and vexation he might hope to dampen the enthusiasm of the invader. With this end in view, Arnold proceeded down the lake far to the north of Crown Point, and taking up a strong position between Valcour Island and the western shore, so that both his wings were covered and he could be attacked only in front, he lay in wait for the enemy. Wilkinson, who twenty years afterward became commander-in-chief of the American army, and survived the second war with England, was then at Ticonderoga, on Gates's staff. Though always personally hostile to Arnold, he calls attention in his Memoirs to the remarkable skill exhibited in the disposition of the little fleet at Valcour Island, which was the same in principle as that by which Macdonough won his brilliant

victory, not far from the same spot, in 1814.

On the 11th of October, Sir Guy Carleton's squadron approached, and there ensued the first battle fought between an American and a British fleet. At sundown, after a desperate fight of seven hours' duration, the British withdrew out of range, intending to renew the struggle in the morning. Both fleets had suffered severely, but the Americans were so badly cut up that Carleton expected to force their rear the next day, and capture them. But Arnold, during the hazy night, by a feat scarcely less remarkable than Washington's retreat from Long Island, contrived to slip through the British line with all that was left of his crippled flotilla, and made away for Crown Point with all possible speed. Though he once had to stop to mend leaks, and once to take off the men and guns from two gondolas which were sinking, he nevertheless, by dint of sailing and kedging, got such a start that the enemy did not overtake him until the next day but one, when he was nearing Crown Point. While the rest of the fleet, by Arnold's orders, now crowded sail for their haven, he in his schooner sustained a desperate fight for four hours with the three largest British vessels, one of which mounted eighteen twelve-pounders. His vessel was woefully cut up, and her deck covered with dead and dying men, when, having sufficiently delayed the enemy, he succeeded in running her aground in a small creek, where he set her on fire, and she perished gloriously, with her flag flying till the flames brought it down. Then marching through woodland paths to Crown Point, where his other vessels had now disembarked their men, he brought away his whole force in safety to Ticonderoga. When Carleton appeared before that celebrated fortress, finding it strongly defended, and doubting his ability to reduce it before the setting in of cold weather, he decid-

ed to take his army back to Canada, satisfied for the present with having gained control of Lake Champlain. This sudden retreat of Carleton astonished both friend and foe. He was blamed for it by his generals, Burgoyne, Phillips, and Riedesel, as well as by the king; and when we see how easily the fortress was seized by Phillips in the following summer, we can hardly doubt that it was a grave mistake.

Arnold had now won an enviable reputation as the "bravest of the brave." In his terrible march through the wilderness of Maine, in the assault upon Quebec, and in the defense of Lake Champlain, he had shown rare heroism and skill. The whole country rang with his praises, and Washington regarded him as one of the ablest officers in the army. Yet when Congress now proceeded to appoint five new major-generals, they selected Stirling, Mifflin, St. Clair, Stephen, and Lincoln, passing over Arnold, who was the senior brigadier. None of the generals named could for a moment be compared with Arnold for ability, and this strange action of Congress, coming soon after such a brilliant exploit, naturally hurt his feelings and greatly incensed him. Arnold was proud and irascible in temper, but on this occasion he controlled himself manfully, and listened to Washington, who entreated him not to resign. So astonished was Washington at the action of Congress that at first he could not believe it. He thought either that Arnold must really have received a prior appointment, which for some reason had not yet been made public, or else that his name must have been omitted through some unaccountable oversight. It turned out, however, on further inquiry, that state jealousies had been the cause of the mischief. The reason assigned for ignoring Arnold's services was that Connecticut had already two major-generals, and was not in fairness entitled to any more! But beneath this alleged reason there lurked

a deeper reason, likewise founded in jealousies between the States. The intrigues which soon after disgraced the Northern army and imperiled the safety of the country had already begun to bear bitter fruit. Since the beginning of the war, Major-General Philip Schuyler had been in command of the Northern department, with his headquarters at Albany, whence his ancestors had a century before hurled defiance at Frontenac. His family was one of the most distinguished in New York, and an inherited zeal for the public service thrilled in every drop of his blood. No more upright or disinterested man could be found in America, and for bravery and generosity he was like the paladin of some mediæval romance. In spite of these fine qualities, he was bitterly hated by the New England men, who formed a considerable portion of his army. Beside the general stupid dislike which the people of New York and of New England then felt for each other, echoes of which are still sometimes heard nowadays, there was a special reason for the odium which was heaped upon Schuyler. The dispute over the possession of Vermont had now raged fiercely for thirteen years, and Schuyler, as a member of the New York legislature, had naturally been zealous in urging the claims of his own State. For this crime the men of New England were never able to forgive him, and he was pursued with vindictive hatred until his career as a general was ruined. His orders were obeyed with sullenness, the worst interpretation was put upon every one of his acts, and evil-minded busybodies were continually pouring into the ears of Congress a stream of tattle, which gradually wore out their trust in him.

The evil was greatly enhanced by the fact that among the generals of the Northern army there was one envious creature who was likely to take Schuyler's place in case he should be ousted from it, and who for so desirable an ob-

ject was ready to do any amount of intriguing. The part sustained by Charles Lee with reference to Washington was to some extent paralleled here by the part sustained toward Schuyler by Horatio Gates. There is indeed no reason for supposing that Gates was capable of such baseness as Lee exhibited in his willingness to play into the hands of the enemy; nor had he the nerve for such prodigious treason as that in which Arnold engaged after his sympathies had become alienated from the American cause. With all his faults, Gates never incurred the odium which belongs to a public traitor. But his nature was thoroughly weak and petty, and he never shrank from falsehood when it seemed to serve his purpose. Unlike Lee, he was comely in person, mild in disposition, and courteous in manner, except when roused to anger or influenced by spite, when he sometimes became very violent. He never gave evidence either of skill or of bravery; and in taking part in the war his only solicitude seems to have been for his own personal advancement. In the course of his campaigning with the Northern army, he seems never once to have been under fire, but he would incur no end of fatigue to get a private talk with a delegate in Congress. Like many others, he took a high position at the beginning of the struggle simply because he was a veteran of the Seven Years' War, having been one of the officers who were brought off in safety from the wreck of Braddock's army by the youthful skill and prowess of Washington. At present, and until after the end of the Saratoga campaign, such reputation as he had was won by appropriating the fame which was earned by his fellow-generals. He was in command at Ticonderoga when Arnold performed his venturesome feat on Lake Champlain, and when Carleton made his blunder in not attacking the stronghold; and all this story Gates told to Congress as the story of

an advantage which he had somehow gained over Carleton, at the same time anxiously inquiring if Congress regarded him, in his remote position at Ticonderoga, as subject to the orders of Schuyler at Albany. Finding that he was thus regarded as subordinate, he became 'restive, and seized the earliest opportunity of making a visit to Congress. The retreat of Carleton enabled Schuyler to send seven regiments to the relief of Washington in New Jersey, and we have already seen how Gates, on arriving with this reinforcement, declined to assist personally in the Trenton campaign, and took the occasion to follow Congress in its retreat to Baltimore.

The winter seems to have been spent in intrigue. Knowing the chief source of Schuyler's unpopularity, Gates made it a point to declare, as often and as loudly as possible, his belief that the State of New York had no title to the Green Mountain country. In this way he won golden opinions from the people of New England, and rose high in the good graces of such members of Congress as Samuel Adams, whose noble nature was slow to perceive his meanness and duplicity. The failure of the invasion of Canada had caused much chagrin in Congress, and it was sought to throw the whole blame of it upon Schuyler for having, as it was alleged, inadequately supported Montgomery and Arnold. The unjust charge served to arouse a prejudice in many minds, and during the winter some irritated letters passed between Schuyler and Congress, until late in March, 1777, he obtained permission to visit Philadelphia and vindicate himself. On the 22d of May, after a thorough investigation, Schuyler's conduct received the full approval of Congress, and he was confirmed in his command of the Northern department, which was expressly defined as including Lakes George and Champlain, as well as the valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk.

The sensitive soul of Gates now took
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fresh offense. He had been sent back in March to his post at Ticonderoga, just as Schuyler was starting for Philadelphia, and he flattered himself with the hope that he would soon be chosen to supersede his gallant commander. Accordingly, when he found that Schuyler had been reinstated in all his old command and honors, he flew into a rage, refused to serve in a subordinate capacity, wrote an impudent letter to Washington, and at last got permission to visit Congress again, while General St. Clair was appointed in his stead to the command of the great Northern fortress. On the 19th of June, Gates obtained a hearing before Congress, and behaved with such unseemly violence that, after being repeatedly called to order, he was turned out of the room, amid a scene of angry confusion. Such conduct should naturally have ruined his cause, but he had made so many powerful friends that by dint of more or less apologetic talk the offense was condoned.

Throughout these bickerings Arnold had been the steadfast friend of Schuyler; and although his brilliant exploits had won general admiration he did not fail to catch some of the odium so plentifully bestowed upon the New York commander. In the chaos of disappointment and wrath which ensued upon the disastrous retreat from Canada in 1776, when everybody was eager to punish somebody else for the ill fortune which was solely due to the superior resources of the enemy, Arnold came in for his share of blame. No one could find any fault with his military conduct, but charges were brought against him on the ground of some exactions of private property at Montreal which had been made for the support of the army. A thorough investigation of the case demonstrated Arnold's entire uprightness in the matter, and the verdict of Congress, which declared the charges to be "cruel and unjust," was heartily indorsed by Washington. Never-

theless, in the manifold complications of feeling which surrounded the Schuyler trouble, these unjust charges succeeded in arousing a prejudice which may have had something to do with the slight cast upon Arnold in the appointment of the new major-generals. In the whole course of American history there are few sadder chapters than this. Among the scandals of this eventful winter we can trace the beginnings of the melancholy chain of events which by and by resulted in making the once heroic name of Benedict Arnold a name of opprobrium throughout the world. We already begin to see, too, originating in Lee's intrigues of the preceding autumn, and nourished by the troubles growing out of the Vermont quarrel and the ambitious schemes of Gates, the earliest germs of that faction which ere-long was to seek to compass the overthrow of Washington himself.

For the present the injustice suffered by Arnold had not wrought its darksome change in him. A long and complicated series of influences was required to produce that result. To the earnest appeal of Washington that he should not resign he responded cordially, declaring that no personal considerations should induce him to stay at home while the interests of his country were at stake. He would zealously serve even under his juniors, who had lately been raised above him, so long as the common welfare was in danger. An opportunity for active service soon presented itself. Among the preparations for the coming summer campaign, Sir William Howe thought it desirable to cripple the Americans by seizing a large quantity of military stores which had been accumulated at Danbury in Connecticut. An expedition was sent out, very much like that which at Lexington and Concord had ushered in the war, and it met with a similar reception. A force of 2000 men, led by the royal governor, Tryon, of North Carolina fame, landed at Fair-

field, and marched to Danbury, where they destroyed the stores and burned a large part of the town. The militia turned out, as on the day of Lexington, led by General Wooster, who was slain in the first skirmish. By this time Arnold, who happened to be visiting his children in New Haven, had heard of the affair, and came upon the scene with 600 men. At Ridgefield a desperate fight ensued, in which Arnold had two horses killed under him. The British were defeated. By the time they reached their ships, 200 of their number had been killed or wounded, and, with the yeomanry swarming on every side, they narrowly escaped capture. For his share in this action, Arnold was now made a major-general, and was presented by Congress with a fine horse; but nothing was done toward restoring him to his relative rank, nor was any explanation vouchsafed. Washington offered him the command of the Hudson at Peekskill, which was liable to prove one of the important points in the ensuing campaign; but Arnold for the moment declined to take any such position until he should have conferred with Congress, and fathomed the nature of the difficulties by which he had been beset; and so the command of this important position was given to the veteran Putnam.

The time for the summer campaign was now at hand. The first year of the independence of the United States was nearly completed, and up to this time the British had nothing to show for their work except the capture of the city of New York and the occupation of Newport. The army of Washington, which six months ago they had regarded as conquered and dispersed, still balked and threatened them from its inexpugnable position on the heights of Morristown. It was high time that something more solid should be accomplished, for every month of adverse possession added fresh weight to the

American cause, and increased the probability that France would interfere.

A decisive blow was accordingly about to be struck. After careful study by Lord George Germaine, and much consultation with General Burgoyne, who had returned to England for the winter, it was decided to adhere to the plan of the preceding year, with slight modifications. The great object was to secure firm possession of the entire valley of the Hudson, together with that of the Mohawk. It must be borne in mind that at this time the inhabited part of the State of New York consisted almost entirely of the Mohawk and Hudson valleys. All the rest was unbroken wilderness, save for an occasional fortified trading-post. With a total population of about 170,000, New York ranked seventh among the thirteen States; just after Maryland and Connecticut, just before South Carolina. At the same time, the geographical position of New York, whether from a commercial or from a military point of view, was as commanding then as it has ever been. It was thought that so small a population, among which there were known to be many Tories, might easily be conquered and the country firmly held. The people of New Jersey and Pennsylvania were regarded as lukewarm supporters of the Declaration of Independence, and it was supposed that the conquest of New York might soon be followed by the subjection of these two provinces. With the British power thus thrust, like a vast wedge, through the centre of the confederacy, it would be impossible for New England to coöperate with the Southern States, and it was hoped that the union of the colonies against the Crown would thus be effectually broken.

With this object of conquering New York, we have seen Carleton, in 1776, approaching through Lake Champlain, while Howe was wresting Manhattan Island from Washington. But the plan was imperfectly conceived, and the co-

operation was feeble. How feeble it was is well shown by the fact that Carleton's ill-judged retreat from Crown Point enabled Schuyler to send reinforcements to Washington in time to take part in the great strokes at Trenton and Princeton. Something, however, had been accomplished. In spite of Arnold's desperate resistance and Washington's consummate skill, the enemy had gained a hold upon both the northern and the southern ends of the long line. But this obstinate resistance served to some extent to awaken the enemy to the arduous character of the problem. The plan was more carefully studied, and it was intended that this time the coöperation should be more effectual. In order to take possession of the whole State by one grand system of operations, it was decided that the invasion should be conducted by three distinct armies operating upon converging lines. A strong force from Canada was to take Ticonderoga, and proceed down the line of the Hudson to Albany. This force was now to be commanded by General Burgoyne, while his superior officer, General Carleton, remained at Quebec. A second and much smaller force, under Colonel St. Leger, was to go up the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario, land at Oswego, and, with the aid of Sir John Johnson and the Indians, reduce Fort Stanwix; after which he was to come down the Mohawk Valley and unite his forces with those of Burgoyne. At the same time, Sir William Howe was to ascend the Hudson with the main army, force the passes of the Highlands at Peekskill, and effect a junction with Burgoyne at Albany. The junction of the three armies was expected to complete the conquest of New York, and to insure the overthrow of American independence.

Such was the plan of campaign prepared by the ministry. There can be no doubt that it was carefully studied, or that, if successful, it would have

proved very disastrous to the Americans. There is room for very grave doubt, however, as to whether it was the most judicious plan to adopt. The method of invading any country by distinct forces operating upon converging lines is open to the objection that either force is liable to be separately overwhelmed without the possibility of reinforcement from the other. Such a plan is prudent only when the invaded country has good roads, and when the invaders have a great superiority in force, as was the case when the allied armies advanced upon Paris in 1814. In northern and central New York, in 1777, the conditions were very unfavorable to such a plan. The distances to be traversed were long, and the roads were few and bad. Except in the immediate neighborhood of Albany and Saratoga, the country was covered with the primeval forest, through which only the trapper and the savage could make their way with speed. The Americans, too, had the great advantage of operating upon interior lines. It was difficult for Burgoyne at Fort Edward, St. Leger before Fort Stanwix, and Howe in the city of New York to communicate with each other at all; it was impossible for them to do so promptly; whereas nothing could be easier than for Washington at Morristown to reach Putnam at Peekskill, or for Putnam to forward troops to Schuyler at Albany, or for Schuyler to send out a force to raise the siege of Fort Stanwix. In view of these considerations, it seems probable that Lord George Germaine would have acted more wisely if he had sent Burgoyne with his army directly by sea to reinforce Sir William Howe. The army thus united, and numbering more than 30,000 men, would have been really formidable. If they had undertaken to go up the river to Albany, it would have been hard to prevent them. If their united presence at Albany was the great object of the cam-

paign, there was no advantage in sending one commander to reach it by a difficult and dangerous overland march. The Hudson is navigable by large vessels all the way to Albany, and by advancing in this way the army might have preserved its connections; and whatever disaster might have befallen, it would have been difficult for the Americans to surround and capture so large a force. Once arrived at Albany, the expedition of St. Leger might have set out from that point as a matter of subsequent detail, and would have had a base within easy distance upon which to fall back in case of defeat.

It does not appear, therefore, that there were any advantages to be gained by Burgoyne's advance from the north which can be regarded as commensurate with the risk which he incurred. To have transferred the Northern army from the St. Lawrence to the Hudson by sea would have been far easier and safer than to send it through a hundred miles of wilderness in northern New York; and whatever it could have effected in the interior of the State could have been done as well in the former case as in the latter. But these considerations do not seem to have occurred to Lord George Germaine. In the wars with the French, the invading armies from Canada had always come by way of Lake Champlain, so that this route was accepted without question, as if consecrated by long usage. Through a similar association of ideas an exaggerated importance was attached to the possession of Ticonderoga. The risks of the enterprise, moreover, were greatly underestimated. In imagining that the routes of Burgoyne and St. Leger would lie through a friendly country, the ministry fatally misconceived the whole case. There was, indeed, a powerful Tory party in the country, just as in the days of Robert Bruce there was an English party in Scotland, just as in the days of Miltiades there was a

Persian party in Attika. But no one has ever doubted that the victors at Marathon and at Baunockburn went forth with a hearty godspeed from their fellow-countrymen; and the obstinate resistance encountered by St. Leger, within a short distance of Johnson's Tory stronghold, is an eloquent commentary upon the error of the ministry in the estimate of the actual significance of the loyalist element on the New York frontier.

It thus appears that in the plan of a triple invasion upon converging lines the ministry were dealing with too many unknown quantities. They were running a prodigious risk for the sake of an advantage which in itself was extremely open to question; for should it turn out that the strength of the Tory party was not sufficiently great to make the junction of the three armies at Albany at once equivalent to the complete conquest of the State, then the end for which the campaign was undertaken could not be secured without supplementary campaigns. Neither a successful march up and down the Hudson River nor the erection of a chain of British fortresses on that river could effectually cut off the southern communications of New England, unless all military resistance were finally crushed in the State of New York. The surest course for the British, therefore, would have been to concentrate all their available force at the mouth of the Hudson, and continue to make the destruction of Washington's army the chief object of their exertions. In view of the subtle genius which he had shown during the last campaign, that would have been an arduous task; but, as events showed, they had to deal with his genius all the same on the plan which they adopted, and at a great disadvantage.

Another point which the ministry overlooked was the effect of Burgoyne's advance upon the people of New England. They could reasonably count upon

alarming the yeomanry of New Hampshire and Massachusetts by a bold stroke upon the Hudson, but they failed to see that this alarm would naturally bring about a rising that would be very dangerous to the British cause. Difficult as it was at that time to keep the Continental army properly recruited, it was not at all difficult to arouse the yeomanry in the presence of an immediate danger. In the western parts of New England there were scarcely any Tories to complicate the matter; and the flank movement by the New England militia became one of the most formidable features in the case.

But whatever may be thought of the merits of Lord George's plan, there can be no doubt that its success was absolutely dependent upon the harmonious coöperation of all the forces involved in it. The ascent of the Hudson by Sir William Howe, with the main army, was as essential a part of the scheme as the descent of Burgoyne from the north; and as the two commanders could not easily communicate with each other, it was necessary that both should be strictly bound by their instructions. At this point a fatal blunder was made. Burgoyne was expressly directed to follow the prescribed line down the Hudson, whatever might happen, until he should effect his junction with the main army. On the other hand, no such unconditional orders were received by Howe. He understood the plan of campaign, and knew that he was expected to ascend the river in force; but he was left with the usual discretionary power, and we shall presently see what an imprudent use he made of it. The reasons for this inconsistency on the part of the ministry were for a long time unintelligible; but a memorandum of Lord Shelburne, lately brought to light by Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, has solved the mystery. It seems that a dispatch, containing positive and explicit orders for Howe to ascend the Hudson, was duly drafted, and, with many other papers, awaited the

minister's signature. Lord George Germaine, being on his way to the country, called at his office to sign the dispatches; but when he came to the letter addressed to General Howe, he found it had not been "fair copied." Lord George, like the old gentleman who killed himself in defense of the great principle that crumpets are wholesome, never would be put out of his way by anything. Unwilling to lose his holiday, he hurried off to the green meadows of Kent, intending to sign the letter on his return. But when he came back the matter had slipped from his mind. The document on which hung the fortunes of an army, and perhaps of a nation, got thrust unsigned into a pigeon-hole, where it was duly discovered some time after the disaster at Saratoga had become part of history.

Happy in his ignorance of the risks he was assuming, Burgoyne took the field about the 1st of June, with an army of 7902 men, of whom 4135 were British regulars. His German troops from Brunswick, 3116 in number, were commanded by Baron Riedesel, an able general, whose accomplished wife has left us such a picturesque and charming description of the scenes of this adventurous campaign. Of Canadian militia there were 148, and of Indians 503. The regular troops, both German and English, were superbly trained and equipped, and their officers were selected with especial care. Generals Phillips and Fraser were regarded as among the best officers in the British service. On the second anniversary of Bunker Hill this army began crossing the lake to Crown Point; and on the 1st of July it appeared before Ticonderoga, where St. Clair was posted with a garrison of 3000 men. Since its capture by Allen, the fortress had been carefully strengthened, until it was now believed to be impregnable. But while no end of time and expense had been devoted to the fortifications, a neighboring point which commands the whole position had been

strangely neglected. A little less than a mile south of Ticonderoga, the narrow mountain ridge between the two lakes ends abruptly in a bold crag, which rises 600 feet sheer over the blue water. Practiced eyes in the American fort had already seen that a hostile battery planted on this eminence would render their stronghold untenable; but it was not believed that siege-guns could be dragged up the steep ascent, and so, in spite of due warning, the crag had not been secured when the British army arrived. General Phillips at once saw the value of the position, and, approaching it by a defile that was screened from the view of the fort, worked night and day in breaking out a pathway and dragging up cannon. "Where a goat can go, a man may go; and where a man can go, he can haul up a gun," argued the gallant general. Great was the astonishment of the garrison when, on the morning of July 5th, they saw red coats swarming on the top of the hill, which the British, rejoicing in their exploit, now named Mount Defiance. There were not only red coats there, but brass cannon, which by the next day would be ready for work. Ticonderoga had become a trap, from which the garrison could not escape too quickly. A council of war was held, and under cover of night St. Clair took his little army across the lake, and retreated upon Castleton in the Green Mountains. Such guns and stores as could be saved, with the women and wounded men, were embarked in 200 boats, and sent, under a strong escort, to the head of the lake, whence they continued their retreat to Fort Edward on the Hudson. About three o'clock in the morning a house accidentally took fire, and in the glare of the flames the British sentinels caught a glimpse of the American rear-guard just as it was vanishing in the sombre depths of the forest. Alarm guns were fired, and in less than an hour the British flag was hoisted over the empty

fortress, while General Fraser, with 900 men, had started in hot pursuit of the retreating Americans. Riedesel was soon sent to support him, while Burgoyne, leaving nearly 1000 men to garrison the fort, started up the lake with the main body of the army. On the morning of the 7th, General Fraser overtook the American rear-guard of 1000 men, under Colonels Warner and Francis, at the village of Hubbardton, about six miles behind the main army. A fierce fight ensued, in which Fraser was worsted, and had begun to fall back, with the loss of one fifth of his men, when Riedesel came up with his Germans, and the Americans were put to flight, leaving one third of their number killed or wounded. This obstinate resistance at Hubbardton served to check the pursuit, and five days later St. Clair succeeded, without further loss, in reaching Fort Edward, where he joined the main army under Schuyler.

Up to this moment, considering the amount of work done and the extent of country traversed, the loss of the British had been very small. They began to speak contemptuously of their antagonists, and the officers amused themselves by laying wagers as to the precise number of days it would take them to reach Albany. In commenting on the failure to occupy Mount Defiance, Burgoyne made a general statement on the strength of a single instance, — which is the besetting sin of human reasoning. "It convinces me," said he, "that the Americans have no men of military science." Yet General Howe at Boston, in neglecting to occupy Dorchester Heights, had made just the same blunder, and with less excuse; for no one had ever doubted that batteries might be placed there by somebody.

In England the fall of Ticonderoga was greeted with exultation, as the death-blow to the American cause. Horace Walpole tells how the king rushed into the queen's department, clapping his

hands and shouting, "I have beat them! I have beat all the Americans!" People began to discuss the best method of reëstablishing the royal governments in the "colonies." In America there was general consternation. St. Clair was greeted with a storm of abuse. John Adams, then president of the Board of War, wrote, in the first white heat of indignation, "We shall never be able to defend a post till we shoot a general!" Schuyler, too, as commander of the department, was ignorantly and wildly blamed, and his political enemies seized upon the occasion to circulate fresh stories to his discredit. A court-martial in the following year vindicated St. Clair's prudence in giving up an untenable position and saving his army from capture. The verdict was just, but there is no doubt that the failure to fortify Mount Defiance was a grave error of judgment, for which the historian may fairly apportion the blame between St. Clair and Gates. It was Gates that had been in command of Ticonderoga in the autumn of 1776, when an attack by Carleton was expected, and his attention had been called to this weak point by Colonel Trumbull, whom he laughed to scorn. Gates had again been in command from March to June. St. Clair had taken command about three weeks before Burgoyne's approach; he had seriously considered the question of fortifying Mount Defiance, but had not been sufficiently prompt. In no case could any blame attach to Schuyler. Gates was more at fault than any one else, but he did not happen to be at hand when the catastrophe occurred, and accordingly people did not associate him with it. On the contrary, amid the general wrath, the loss of the Northern citadel was alleged as a reason for superseding Schuyler by Gates; for if he had been there, it was thought that the disaster would have been prevented.

The irony of events, however, alike ignoring American consternation and

British glee, showed that the capture of Ticonderoga was not to help the invaders in the least. On the contrary, it straightway became a burden, for it detained an eighth part of Burgoyne's force in garrison at a time when he could ill spare it. Indeed, alarming as his swift advance had seemed at first, Burgoyne's serious difficulties were now just beginning, and the harder he labored to surmount them the more completely did he work himself into a position from which it was impossible either to advance or to recede. On the 10th of July his whole army had reached Skenesborough (now Whitehall), at the head of Lake Champlain. From this point to Fort Edward, where the American army was encamped, the distance was twenty miles as the crow flies; but Schuyler had been industriously at work with those humble weapons the axe and the crowbar, which in warfare sometimes prove mightier than the sword. The roads, bad enough at their best, were obstructed every few yards by huge trunks of fallen trees, that lay with their boughs interwoven. Wherever the little streams could serve as aids to the march, they were choked up with stumps and stones; wherever they served as obstacles which needed to be crossed, the bridges were broken down. The country was such an intricate labyrinth of creeks and swamps that more than forty bridges had to be rebuilt in the course of the march. Under these circumstances, Burgoyne's advance must be regarded as a marvel of celerity. He accomplished a mile a day, and reached Fort Edward on the 30th of July.

In the mean time Schuyler had crossed the Hudson, and slowly fallen back to Stillwater, about thirty miles above Albany. For this retrograde movement fresh blame was visited upon him by the general public, which at all times is apt to suppose that a war should mainly consist of bloody battles, and which can seldom be made to understand the

strategic value of a retreat. The facts of the case were also misunderstood. Fort Edward was supposed to be an impregnable stronghold, whereas it was really commanded by highlands. The Marquis de Chastellux, who visited it somewhat later, declared that it could be taken at any time by 500 men with four siege-guns. Now for fighting purposes an open field is much better than an untenable fortress. If Schuyler had stayed in Fort Edward, he would probably have been forced to surrender; and his wisdom in retreating is further shown by the fact that every moment of delay counted in his favor. The militia of New York and New England were already beating to arms. Some of those yeomen who were with the army were allowed to go home for the harvest; but the loss was more than made good by the numerous levies which, at Schuyler's suggestions and by Washington's orders, were collecting under General Lincoln in Vermont, for the purpose of threatening Burgoyne in the rear. The people whose territory was invaded grew daily more troublesome to the enemy. Burgoyne had supposed that it would be necessary only to show himself at the head of an army, when the people would rush by hundreds to offer support or seek protection. He now found that the people withdrew from his line of advance, driving their cattle before them, and seeking shelter, when possible, within the lines of the American army. In his reliance upon the aid of New York loyalists, he was utterly disappointed; very few Tories joined him, and these could offer neither sound advice nor personal influence wherewith to help him. When the yeomanry collected by hundreds, it was only to vex him and retard his progress.

Even had the loyalist feeling on the Vermont frontier of New York been far stronger than it really was, Burgoyne had done much to alienate or stifle it

by his ill-advised employment of Indian auxiliaries. For this blunder the responsibility rests mainly with Lord North and Lord George Germaine. Burgoyne had little choice in the matter except to carry out his instructions. Being a humane man, and sharing perhaps in that view of the "noble savage" which was fashionable in Europe in the eighteenth century, he fancied he could prevail upon his tawny allies to forego their cherished pastime of murdering and scalping. When, at the beginning of the campaign, he was joined by a party of Wyandots and Ottawas, under command of that same redoubtable Charles de Langlade who, twenty-two years before, had achieved the ruin of Braddock, he explained his policy to them in an elaborate speech, full of such sentimental phrases as the Indian mind was supposed to delight in. The slaughter of aged men, of women and children and unresisting prisoners, was absolutely prohibited; and "on no account, or pretense, or subtlety, or prevarication," were scalps to be taken from wounded or dying men. An order more likely to prove efficient was one which provided a reward for every savage who should bring his prisoners to camp in safety. To these injunctions, which must have inspired them with pitying contempt, the chiefs laconically replied that they had "sharpened their hatchets upon their affections," and were ready to follow their "great white father."

The employment of savage auxiliaries was indignantly denounced by the opposition in Parliament, and when the news of this speech of Burgoyne's reached England it was angrily ridiculed by Burke, who took a sounder view of the natural instincts of the red man. "Suppose," said Burke, "that there was a riot on Tower Hill. What would the keeper of his majesty's lions do? Would he not fling open the dens of the wild beasts, and then address them thus? 'My gentle lions, my hu-

mane bears, my tender-hearted hyenas, go forth! But I exhort you, as you are Christians and members of civilized society, to take care not to hurt any man, woman, or child!'" The House of Commons was convulsed over this grotesque picture; and Lord North, to whom it seemed irresistibly funny to hear an absent man thus denounced for measures which he himself had originated, sat choking with laughter, while tears rolled down his great fat cheeks.

It soon turned out, however, to be no laughing matter. The cruelties inflicted indiscriminately upon patriots and loyalists soon served to madden the yeomanry, and array against the invaders whatever wavering sentiment had hitherto remained in the country. One sad incident in particular has been treasured up in the memory of the people, and celebrated in song and story. Jenny McCrea, the beautiful daughter of a Scotch clergyman of Paulus Hook, was at Fort Edward, visiting her friend Mrs. McNeil, who was a loyalist and a cousin of General Fraser. On the morning of July 27th, a marauding party of Indians burst into the house, and carried away the two ladies. They were soon pursued by some American soldiers, who exchanged a few shots with them. In the confusion which ensued the party was scattered, and Mrs. McNeil was taken alone into the camp of the approaching British army. Next day, a savage of gigantic stature, a famous sachem, known as the Wyandot Panther, came into the camp with a scalp which Mrs. McNeil at once recognized as Jenny's, from the silky black tresses, more than a yard in length. A search was made, and the body of the poor girl was found hard by a spring in the forest, pierced with three bullet-wounds. How she came to her cruel death was never known. The Panther plausibly declared that she had been accidentally shot during the scuffle with the soldiers, but his veracity was open to question, and the few facts that were

known left ample room for conjecture. The popular imagination soon framed its story with a romantic completeness that thrust aside even these few facts. Miss McCrea was betrothed to David Jones, a loyalist who was serving as lieutenant in Burgoyne's army. In the legend which immediately sprang up, Mr. Jones was said to have sent a party of Indians with a letter to his betrothed, entreating her to come to him within the British lines, that they might be married. For bringing her to him in safety the Indians were to receive a barrel of rum. When she had entrusted herself to their care, and the party had proceeded as far as a spring, where the savages stopped to drink, a dispute arose as to who was to have the custody of the barrel of rum, and many high words ensued, until one of the party settled the question offhand by slaying the lady with his tomahawk. It would be hard to find a more interesting example of the mushroom-like growth and obstinate vitality of a romantic legend. The story seems to have had nothing in common with the observed facts, except the existence of the two lovers and the Indians and a spring in the forest.¹ Yet it took possession of the popular mind almost immediately after the event, and it has ever since been repeated, with endless variations in detail, by American historians. Mr. Jones himself — who lived, a broken-hearted man, for half a century after the tragedy — was never weary of pointing out its falsehood and absurdity; but all his testimony, together with that of Mrs. McNeil and other witnesses, to the

facts that really happened was powerless to shake the hold upon the popular fancy which the legend had instantly gained. Such an instance, occurring in a community of shrewd and well-educated people, affords a suggestive commentary upon the origin and growth of popular tales in earlier and more ignorant ages.

But in whatever way poor Jenny may have come to her death, there can be no doubt as to the mischief which it swiftly wrought for the invading army. In the first place, it led to the desertion of all the savage allies. Burgoyne was a man of quick and tender sympathy, and the fate of this sweet young lady shocked him as it shocked the American people. He would have had the Panther promptly hanged, but that his guilt was not clearly proved, and many of the officers argued that the execution of a famous and popular sachem would enrage all the other Indians, and might endanger the lives of many of the soldiers. The Panther's life was accordingly spared, but Burgoyne made it a rule that henceforth no party of Indians should be allowed to go marauding save under the lead of some British officer, who might watch and restrain them. When this rule was put in force, the tawny savages grunted and growled for two or three days, and then, with hoarse yells and hoots, all the five hundred broke loose from the camp, and scampered off to the Adirondack wilderness. From a military point of view, the loss was small, save in so far as it deprived the army of valuable scouts and guides.

¹ I leave this as I wrote it in June, 1883. Since then another version of the facts has been suggested by W. L. Stone in Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography*. In this version, Mr. Jones sends a party of Indians under the half-breed Duluth to escort Miss McCrea to the camp, where they are to be married by Mr. Brudenell, the chaplain. It is to be quite a fine little wedding, and the Baroness Riedesel and Lady Harriet Ackland are to be among the spectators. Before Du-

luth reaches Mrs. McNeil's house, the Wyandot Panther (here known by the name of a different beast, *Le Loup*) with his party attacks the house and carries off the two ladies. The Panther's party meets Duluth's near the spring. Duluth insists upon taking Jenny with him, and high words ensue between him and the Panther, until the latter, in a towering rage, draws his pistol and shoots the girl. This version, if correct, goes a good way toward reconciling the legend with the observed facts.

But the thirst for vengeance which was aroused among the yeomanry of northern New York, of Vermont, and of western Massachusetts was a much more serious matter. The lamentable story was told at every village fireside, and no detail of pathos or of horror was forgotten. The name of Jenny McCrea became a watchword, and a fortnight had not passed before General Lincoln had gathered on the British flank an army of stout and resolute farmers, inflamed with such wrath as had not filled their bosoms since the day when all New England had rushed to besiege the enemy in Boston.

Such a force of untrained yeomanry is of little use in prolonged warfare, but on important occasions it is sometimes capable of dealing heavy blows. We have seen what it could do on the memorable day of Lexington. It was now about to strike, at a critical moment, with still more deadly effect. Burgoyne's advance, laborious as it had been for the last three weeks, was now stopped for want of horses to drag the cannon and carry the provision bags; and the army, moreover, was already suffering from hunger. The little village of Bennington, at the foot of the Green Mountains, had been selected by the New England militia as a centre of supplies. Many hundred horses had been collected there, with ample stores of food and ammunition. To capture this village would give Burgoyne the warlike material he wanted, while at the same time it would paralyze the movements of Lincoln, and perhaps dispel the ominous cloud that was gathering over the rear of the British army. Accordingly, on the 13th of August, a strong detachment of 500 of Riedesel's men, with 100 newly arrived Indians and a couple of cannon, was sent out to seize the stores at Bennington. Lieutenant-Colonel Baum commanded the expedition, and he was accompanied by Major Skene, an American loyalist, who assured Bur-

goyne on his honor that the Green Mountains were swarming with devoted subjects of King George, who would flock by hundreds to his standard as soon as it should be set up among them. That these loyal recruits might be organized as quickly as possible, Burgoyne sent along with the expedition a skeleton regiment of loyalists, all duly officered, into the ranks of which they might be mustered without delay. The loyal recruits, however, turned out to be the phantom of a distempered imagination: not one of them appeared in the flesh. On the contrary, the demeanor of the people was so threatening that Baum became convinced that hard work was before him, and next day he sent back for reinforcements. Lieutenant-Colonel Breyermann was accordingly sent to support him, with another body of 500 Germans and two field-pieces.

Meanwhile, Colonel Stark was preparing a warm reception for the invaders. We have already seen John Stark, a gallant veteran of the Seven Years' War, serving with distinction at Bunker Hill and at Trenton and Princeton. He was considered one of the ablest officers in the army; but he had lately gone home in disgust, for, like Arnold, he had been passed over by Congress in the list of promotions. Tired of sulking in his tent, no sooner did this rustic Achilles hear of the invaders' presence in New England than he forthwith sprang to arms, and in the twinkling of an eye 800 stout yeomen were marching under his orders. He refused to take instructions from any superior officer, but declared that he was acting under the sovereignty of New Hampshire alone, and would proceed upon his own responsibility in defending the common cause. At the same time he sent word to General Lincoln, at Manchester in the Green Mountains, asking him to lend him the services of Colonel Seth Warner, with the gallant regiment which had checked the advance of Fraser at

Hubbardton. Lincoln sent the reinforcement without delay, and, after marching all night in a drenching rain, the men reached Bennington in the morning, wet to the skin. Telling them to follow him as soon as they should have dried and rested themselves, Stark pushed on, with his main body, and found the enemy about six miles distant. On meeting this large force, Baum hastily took up a strong position on some rising ground behind a small stream, everywhere fordable, known as the Walloomsac River. All day long the rain fell in torrents, and while the Germans began to throw up intrenchments, Stark laid his plans for storming their position on the morrow. During the night a company of Berkshire militia arrived, and with them the excellent Mr. Allen, the warlike parson of Pittsfield, who went up to Stark and said, "Colonel, our Berkshire people have been often called out to no purpose, and if you don't let them fight now they will never turn out again." "Well," said Stark, "would you have us turn out now, while it is pitch dark and raining buckets?" "No, not just this minute," replied the minister. "Then," said the doughty Stark, "as soon as the Lord shall once more send us sunshine, if I don't give you fighting enough, I'll never ask you to come out again!"

Next morning the sun rose bright and clear, and a steam came up from the sodden fields. It was a true dog-day, sultry and scorching. The forenoon was taken up in preparing the attack, while Baum waited in his strong position. The New Englanders outnumbered the Germans two to one, but they were a militia, unfurnished with bayonets or cannon, while Baum's soldiers were all regulars, picked from the bravest of the troops which Ferdinand of Brunswick had led to victory at Creveld and Minden. But the excellent German commander, in this strange country, was no match for the astute Yankee on his

own ground. Stealthily and leisurely, during the whole forenoon, the New England farmers marched around into Baum's rear. They did not march in military array, but in little squads, half a dozen at a time, dressed in their rustic blue frocks. There was nothing in their appearance which to a European veteran like Baum could seem at all soldier-like, and he thought that here at last were those blessed Tories, whom he had been taught to look out for, coming to place themselves behind him for protection. Early in the afternoon he was cruelly undeceived. For while 500 of these innocent creatures opened upon him a deadly fire in the rear and on both flanks, Stark, with 500 more, charged across the shallow stream and assailed him in front. The Indians instantly broke and fled screeching to the woods, while yet there was time for escape. The Germans stood their ground, and fought desperately; but thus attacked on all sides at once, they were soon thrown into disorder, and after a two hours' struggle, in which Baum was mortally wounded, they were all captured. At this moment, as the New England men began to scatter to the plunder of the German camp, the relieving force of Breymann came upon the scene; and the fortunes of the day might have been changed, had not Warner also arrived with his 500 fresh men in excellent order. A furious charge was made upon Breymann, who gave way, and retreated slowly from hill to hill, while parties of Americans kept pushing on to his rear to cut him off. By eight in the evening, when it had grown too dark to aim a gun, this second German force was entirely dispersed or captured. Breymann, with a mere corporal's guard of sixty or seventy men, escaped under cover of darkness, and reached the British camp in safety. Of the whole German force of 1000 men, 207 had been killed and wounded, and more than 700 had been captured. Among the spoils of victory were 1000

stand of arms, 1000 dragoon swords, and the four field-pieces. Of the Americans 14 were killed and 42 wounded.

The news of this brilliant victory spread joy and hope throughout the land. Insubordination which had been crowned with such splendid success could not but be overlooked, and the gallant Stark was at once taken back into the army, and made a brigadier-general. Not least among the grounds of exultation was the fact that an army of yeomanry had not merely defeated, but annihilated, an army of the Brunswick regulars, with whose European reputation for bravery and discipline every man in the country was familiar. The bolder spirits began to ask the question why that which had been done to Baum and Breymann might not be done to Burgoyne's whole army; and in the excitement of this rising hope, reinforcements began to pour in faster and faster, both to Schuyler at Stillwater and to Lincoln at Manchester. On the other hand, Burgoyne at Fort Edward was fast losing heart, as dangers thickened around him. So far from securing his supplies of horses, wagons, and food by this stroke at Bennington, he had simply lost one seventh part of his available army, and he was now clearly in need of reinforcements as well as supplies. But no word had yet come from Sir William Howe, and the news from St. Leger was anything but encouraging. It is now time for us to turn westward and follow the wild fortunes of the second invading column.

About the middle of July, St. Leger had landed at Oswego, where he was joined by Sir John Johnson with his famous Tory regiment, known as the Royal Greens, and Colonel John Butler with his company of Tory rangers. Great efforts had been made by Johnson to secure the aid of the Iroquois tribes, but only with partial success. For once the Long House was fairly divided against itself, and the result of the present campaign did not redound

to its future prosperity. The Mohawks, under their great chief Thayendanegea, better known as Joseph Brant, entered heartily into the British cause, and they were followed, though with less alacrity, by the Cayugas and Senecas; but the central tribe, the Onondagas, remained neutral. Under the influence of the missionary, Samuel Kirkland, the Oneidas and Tuscaroras actively aided the Americans, though they did not take the field. After duly arranging his motley force, which amounted to about 1700 men, St. Leger advanced very cautiously through the woods, and sat down before Fort Stanwix on the 3d of August. This stronghold, which had been built in 1756, on the watershed between the Hudson and Lake Ontario, commanded the main line of traffic between New York and Upper Canada. The place was then on the very outskirts of civilization, and under the powerful influence of Johnson the Tory element was stronger here than in any other part of the State. Even here, however, the strength of the patriot party turned out to be much greater than had been supposed, and at the approach of the enemy the people began to rise in arms. In this part of New York there were many Germans, whose ancestors had come over to America during the horrors of the Thirty Years' War; and among these there was one stout patriot whose name shines conspicuously in the picturesque annals of the Revolution. General Nicholas Herkimer, commander of the militia of Tryon County, a veteran over sixty years of age, no sooner heard of St. Leger's approach than he started out to the rescue of Fort Stanwix; and by the 5th of August he had reached Oriskany, about eight miles distant, at the head of 800 men. The garrison of the fort, 600 in number, under Colonel Peter Gansevoort, had already laughed to scorn St. Leger's summons to surrender, when, on the morning of the 6th, they heard a distant firing to the east-

ward, which they could not account for. The mystery was explained when three friendly messengers floundered through a dangerous swamp into the fort, and told them of Herkimer's approach and of his purpose. The plan was to overwhelm St. Leger by a concerted attack in front and rear. The garrison was to make a furious *sörtie*, while Herkimer, advancing through the forest, was to fall suddenly upon the enemy from behind; and thus it was hoped that his army might be crushed or captured at a single blow. To insure completeness of coöperation, Colonel Gansevoort was to fire three guns immediately upon receiving the message, and upon hearing this signal Herkimer would begin his march from Oriskany. Gansevoort would then make such demonstrations as to keep the whole attention of the enemy concentrated upon the fort, and thus guard Herkimer against a surprise by the way, until, after the proper interval of time, the garrison should sally forth in full force.

In this bold scheme everything depended upon absolute coördination in time. Herkimer had dispatched his messengers so early on the evening of the 5th that they ought to have reached the fort by three o'clock the next morning, and at about that time he began listening for the signal-guns. But through some unexplained delay it was nearly eleven in the forenoon when the messengers reached the fort, as just described. Meanwhile, as hour after hour passed by, and no signal-guns were heard by Herkimer's men, they grew impatient, and insisted upon going ahead, without regard to the preconceived plan. Much unseemly wrangling ensued, in which Herkimer was called a coward and accused of being a Tory at heart, until, stung by these taunts, the brave old man at length gave way, and at about nine o'clock the forward march was resumed. At this time his tardy messengers still lacked two hours of reaching the fort,

but St. Leger's Indian scouts had already discovered and reported the approach of the American force, and a strong detachment of Johnson's Greens under Major Watts, together with Brant and his Mohawks, had been sent out to intercept them.

About two miles west of Oriskany, the road was crossed by a deep semi-circular ravine, concave toward the east. The bottom of this ravine was a swamp, across which the road was carried by a causeway of logs, and the steep banks on either side were thickly covered with trees and underbrush. The practiced eye of Thayendanegea at once perceived the rare advantage of such a position, and an ambuscade was soon prepared with a skill as deadly as that which once had wrecked the proud army of Braddock. But this time it was a meeting of Greek with Greek, and the wiles of the savage chief were foiled by a desperate valor which nothing could overcome. By ten o'clock the main body of Herkimer's army had descended into the ravine, followed by the wagons, while the rear-guard was still on the rising ground behind. At this moment they were greeted by a murderous volley from either side, while Johnson's Greens came charging down upon them in front, and the Indians, with frightful yells, swarmed in behind and cut off the rear-guard, which was thus obliged to retreat to save itself. For a moment the main body was thrown into confusion, but it soon rallied and formed itself in a circle, which neither bayonet charges nor musket fire could break or penetrate. The scene which ensued was one of the most infernal that the history of savage warfare has ever witnessed. The dark ravine was filled with a mass of fifteen hundred human beings, screaming and cursing, slipping in the mire, pushing and struggling, seizing each other's throats, stabbing, shooting, and dashing out brains. Bodies of neighbors were afterwards found lying in the bog, where

they had gone down in a death-grapple, their cold hands still grasping the knives plunged in each other's hearts.

Early in the fight a musket-ball slew Herkimer's horse, and shattered his own leg just below the knee; but the old hero, nothing daunted, and bating nothing of his coolness in the midst of the horrid struggle, had the saddle taken from his dead horse and placed at the foot of a great beech-tree, where, taking his seat and lighting his pipe, he continued shouting his orders in a stentorian voice and directing the progress of the battle. Nature presently enhanced the lurid horror of the scene. The heat of the August morning had been intolerable, and black thunder-clouds, overhanging the deep ravine at the beginning of the action, had enveloped it in a darkness like that of night. Now the rain came pouring in torrents, while gusts of wind howled through the tree-tops, and sheets of lightning flashed in quick succession, with a continuous roar of thunder that drowned the noise of the fray. The wet rifles could no longer be fired, but hatchet, knife, and bayonet carried on the work of butchery, until, after more than five hundred men had been killed or wounded, the Indians gave way and fled in all directions, and the Tory soldiers, disconcerted, began to retreat up the western road, while the patriot army, remaining in possession of the hard-won field, felt itself too weak to pursue them.

At this moment, as the storm cleared away, and long rays of sunshine began flickering through the wet leaves, the sound of the three signal-guns came booming through the air, and presently a sharp crackling of musketry was heard from the direction of Fort Stanwix. Startled by this ominous sound, the Tories made all possible haste to join their own army, while the patriots, bearing their wounded on litters of green boughs, returned in sad procession to Oriskany. With their commander help-

less and more than one third of their number slain or disabled, they were in no condition to engage in a fresh conflict, and unwillingly confessed that the garrison of Fort Stanwix must be left to do its part of the work alone. Upon the arrival of the messengers, Colonel Gansevoort had at once taken in the whole situation. He understood the mysterious firing in the forest, saw that Herkimer must have been prematurely attacked, and ordered his sortie instantly, to serve as a diversion. The sortie was a brilliant success. Sir John Johnson, with his Tories and Indians, was completely routed and driven across the river. Colonel Marinus Willett took possession of his camp, and held it while seven wagons were three times loaded with spoil and sent to be unloaded in the fort. Among all this spoil, together with abundance of food and drink, blankets and clothes, tools and ammunition, the victors captured five British standards, and all Johnson's papers, maps, and memoranda, containing full instructions for the projected campaign. After this useful exploit, Colonel Willett returned to the fort and hoisted the captured British standards, while over them he raised an uncouth flag, intended to represent the American stars and stripes, which Congress had adopted in June as the national banner. This rude flag, hastily extemporized out of a white shirt, an old blue jacket, and some strips of red cloth from the petticoat of a soldier's wife, was the first American flag with stars and stripes that was ever hoisted, and it was first flung to the breeze on the memorable day of Oriskany, August 6, 1777.

Of all the battles of the Revolution, this was perhaps the most obstinate and murderous. Each side seems to have lost not less than one third of its whole number; and of those lost, nearly all were killed, as it was largely a hand-to-hand struggle, like the battles of ancient times, and no quarter was given

on either side. The number of surviving wounded, who were carried back to Oriskany, does not seem to have exceeded forty. Among these was the indomitable Herkimer, whose shattered leg was so unskillfully treated that he died a few days later, sitting in bed propped by pillows, calmly smoking his Dutch pipe and reading his Bible at the thirty-eighth Psalm.

For some little time no one could tell exactly how the results of this fierce and disorderly day were to be regarded. Both sides claimed a victory, and St. Leger vainly tried to scare the garrison by the story that their comrades had been destroyed in the forest. But in its effects upon the campaign, Oriskany was for the Americans a success, though an incomplete one. St. Leger was not crushed, but he was badly crippled. The sacking of Johnson's camp injured his prestige in the neighborhood, and the Indian allies, who had lost more than a hundred of their best warriors on that fatal morning, grew daily more sullen and refractory, until their strange behavior came to be a fresh source of anxiety to the British commander. While he was pushing on the siege as well as he could, a force of 1200 troops, under Arnold, was marching up the Mohawk Valley to complete his discomfiture.

As soon as he had heard the news of the fall of Ticonderoga, Washington had dispatched Arnold to render such assistance as he could to the Northern army, and Arnold had accordingly arrived at Schuyler's headquarters about three weeks ago. Before leaving Philadelphia, he had appealed to Congress to restore him to his former rank relatively to the five junior officers who had been promoted over him, and he had just learned that Congress had refused the request. At this moment, Colonel Willett and another officer, after a perilous journey through the wilderness, arrived at Schuyler's headquarters, and, bringing the news of Oriskany, begged that

a force might be sent to raise the siege of Fort Stanwix. Schuyler understood the importance of rescuing the stronghold and its brave garrison, and called a council of war; but he was bitterly opposed by his officers, one of whom presently said to another, in an audible whisper, "He only wants to weaken the army!" At this vile insinuation, the indignant general set his teeth so hard as to bite through the stem of the pipe he was smoking, which fell on the floor and was smashed. "Enough!" he cried. "I assume the whole responsibility. Where is the brigadier who will go?" The brigadiers all sat in sullen silence; but Arnold, who had been brooding over his private grievances, suddenly jumped up. "Here!" said he. "Washington sent me here to make myself useful: I will go." The commander gratefully seized him by the hand, and the drum beat for volunteers. Arnold's unpopularity in New England was mainly with the politicians. It did not extend to the common soldiers, who admired his impulsive bravery and had unbounded faith in his resources as a leader. Accordingly, 1200 Massachusetts men were easily enlisted in the course of the next forenoon, and the expedition started up the Mohawk Valley. Arnold pushed on with characteristic energy, but the natural difficulties of the road were such that after a week of hard work he had only reached the German Flats, where he was still more than twenty miles from Fort Stanwix. Believing that no time should be lost, and that everything should be done to encourage the garrison and dishearten the enemy, he had recourse to a stratagem, which succeeded beyond his utmost anticipation. A party of Tory spies had just been arrested in the neighborhood, and among them was a certain Yan Yost Cuyler, a queer, half-witted fellow, not devoid of cunning, whom the Indians regarded with that mysterious awe with which fools and lunatics are wont

to inspire them, as creatures possessed with a devil. Yan Yost was summarily condemned to death, and his brother and gypsy-like mother, in wild alarm, hastened to the camp, to plead for his life. Arnold for a while was inexorable, but presently offered to pardon the culprit on condition that he should go and spread a panic in the camp of St. Leger. Yan Yost joyfully consented, and started off forthwith, while his brother was detained as a hostage, to be hanged in case of his failure. To make the matter still surer, some friendly Oneidas were sent along to keep an eye upon him and act in concert with him. Next day, St. Leger's scouts, as they stole through the forest, began to hear rumors that Burgoyne had been totally defeated, and that a great American army was coming up the valley of the Mohawk. They carried back these rumors to the camp, and toward evening, while officers and soldiers were standing about in anxious consultation, Yan Yost came running in, with a dozen bullet-holes in his coat and terror in his face, and said that he had barely escaped with his life from the resistless American host which was close at hand. As many knew him for a Tory, his tale found ready belief, and when interrogated as to the numbers of the advancing host he gave a warning frown, and pointed significantly to the countless leaves that fluttered on the branches overhead. Nothing more was needed to complete the panic. It was in vain that Johnson and St. Leger exhorted and threatened the Indian allies. Already disaffected, they now began to desert by scores, while some, breaking open the camp chests, drank rum till they were drunk, and began to assault the soldiers. All night long the camp was a perfect Pandemonium. The riot extended to the Tories, and by noon of the next day St. Leger took to flight and his whole army was dispersed. All the tents, artillery, and stores fell into the hands of the Americans. The garrison,

sallying forth, pursued St. Leger for a while, but the faithless Indians, enjoying his discomfiture, and willing to curry favor with the stronger party, kept up the chase nearly all the way to Oswego; laying ambushes every night, and diligently murdering the stragglers, until hardly a remnant of an army was left to embark with its crestfallen leader for Montreal.

The news of this catastrophe reached Burgoyne before he had had time to recover from the news of the disaster at Bennington. Burgoyne's situation was now becoming critical. Lincoln, with a strong force of militia, was hovering in his rear, while the main army before him was gaining in numbers day by day. Putnam had just sent up reinforcements from the Highlands; Washington had sent Morgan with 500 sharpshooters; and Arnold was hurrying back from Fort Stanwix. Not a word had come from Sir William Howe, and it daily grew more difficult to get provisions.

Just at this time, when everything was in readiness for the final catastrophe, General Gates arrived from Philadelphia, to take command of the Northern army, and reap the glory earned by other men. On the first day of August, before the first alarm occasioned by Burgoyne's advance had subsided, Congress had yielded to the pressure of Schuyler's enemies, and removed him from his command; and on the following day Gates was appointed to take his place. Congress was led to take this step through the belief that the personal hatred felt toward Schuyler by many of the New England people would prevent the enlisting of militia to support him. The events of the next fortnight showed that in this fear Congress was quite mistaken. There can now be no doubt that the appointment of the incompetent Gates was a serious blunder, which might have ruined the campaign, and did in the end occasion much trouble, both for Congress and for Washington. Schuy-

ler received the unwelcome news with the noble unselfishness which always characterized him. At no time did he show more zeal and diligence than during his last week of command; and on turning over the army to General Gates he cordially offered his aid, whether by counsel or action, in whatever capacity his successor might see fit to suggest. But so far from accepting this offer, Gates treated him with contumely, and would not even invite him to attend his first council of war. Such silly behavior called forth sharp criticisms from discerning people. "The new commander-in-chief of the Northern department," said Gouverneur Morris, "may, if he please, neglect to ask or disdain to receive advice; but those who know him

will, I am sure, be convinced that he needs it."

When Gates thus took command of the Northern army, it was stationed along the western bank of the Hudson, from Stillwater down to Halfmoon, at the mouth of the Mohawk, while Burgoyne's troops were encamped along the eastern bank, some thirty miles higher up, from Fort Edward down to the Battenkill. For the next three weeks no movements were made on either side; and we must now leave the two armies confronting each other in these two positions, while we turn our attention southward, and see what Sir William Howe was doing, and how it happened that Burgoyne had as yet heard nothing from him.

John Fiske.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES.

MR. BRYCE'S voluminous study of institutions and life in our country appears most opportunely for American readers.¹ To take the nearest reason, — we have just passed through one of our great quadrennial elections, and are still politically minded, but no longer engrossed with the immediate exigency. There is no period so well adapted for the consideration of political principles as that which occurs when the outgoing administration of one great party stays its aggressive power, and the incoming administration of the other has not yet shown its full purpose. But in a wider aspect such a book is especially timely. There is an unmistakable current of thought in the direction of an examination of political ideas. Not only is there a marked increase of special study in academic circles and among those whose pursuits tend to mere speculative

interest, but the common schools are clamoring for text-books and courses of study in civil government, and historical investigation is turning very distinctly to subjects which involve political elements.

To all students thus particularly affected, and to that large body of intelligent Americans whose general interest is only more intensely expressed by these special classes, Mr. Bryce's book will be extremely welcome and very serviceable, not only because it contains the mature judgment of a sympathetic critic, but because through its large groupings and its reiterations of certain leading ideas it formulates the criticism which has been prevalent among thoughtful Americans, and shapes for them more definitely the political evils which have made them uneasy. It is easier, for example, to talk about a book which holds American institutions up to view than to talk about those institutions themselves.

¹ *The American Commonwealth.* By JAMES BRYCE. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

Mr. Bryce has made it easy to talk about his book because he disarms personal criticism at once. He is so fair, so frank, so unfailingly courteous, that it is impossible for an American to be angry with him even when he is saying very disheartening things. He gains the ear of Americans, not by flattering them, but by speaking the truth in kindness; and his evidently earnest desire to understand and to explain wins the reader to his side at once, and converts a possible antagonist or apologist into a companion in study. Perhaps no one cause, if we set aside the paramount one of the generous temper of the book, so makes the American reader a friend of the English writer as the minute thoroughness of the knowledge displayed. To find an Englishman speaking American political language without an English accent is to acknowledge him as naturalized in American thought; and as we are, on the whole, happier interpreters of our earlier colonial history than are English historical writers who have equal access to documents regarding a period when America and England were scarcely yet separate in idea, so it is a supreme advantage to have a contemporaneous critic who knows us as we know ourselves, yet enjoys an outside vantage-ground which we do not possess.

Yet the American reader, before he finishes the fifteen hundred pages set before him, is likely to discover the defect of Mr. Bryce's virtue. He perceives at once that Mr. Bryce means to spare no pains; that he means patiently to sift facts and impressions, and to balance gain and loss with a fair and open spirit; and that he means, to use General Grant's expressive phrase, to fight it out on that line, if it takes all summer. The very leisurely movement of the book is a part of Mr. Bryce's style; it is characteristic of the calm, even flow of his thought. The long summaries with which he condenses his examination of groups of facts are expressive

of the judicial habit which lends so decided a value to the discussion. The foot-notes, dropped to the bottom of nearly every page, illustrate the amount of material which he has gathered, and the modification which his delicate shading of thought constantly makes of some broad generalization. But the load under which writer and reader stagger is too heavy. It cannot be said that any page of the book is dull, or that any one portion of his vast subject is too minutely considered; but when one undertakes so comprehensive a task as the appraisal of a great nation, he is bound, for his own sake as well as for his readers', to consider the bulk of his endeavor, and to ask himself whether the total impression produced is not likely to be vague and unproductive in proportion as the processes by which the result is sought are multiplied. It is not merely that the very bigness of Mr. Bryce's book discourages readers, but the most enthusiastic and conscientious become impatient over the repetitions, the accumulation of illustrations, the lack of compactness of statement.

We regret this the more because, as we have intimated above, Mr. Bryce's book is of the utmost value to American students of American civilization; and we greatly fear that its force is dissipated by its absence of concentration. It is a book which ought to be read and pondered. Instead, it will be dipped into, and many who begin with reading every line will soon find themselves taking a hop, skip, and a jump across the pages. Nor do we think it an answer to this that the book was written for Englishmen. The greatest worth of the work is not that it informs Englishmen about America, but that it enables Americans to understand themselves better. It is rare that an author can thus lay a nation under obligation to him, and we have a right to complain when this obligation is diminished by the author's prodigality.

Now that we have relieved ourselves of the one grievance which the book raises, and have thanked this generous giver by wishing he had given us less, we turn to the more agreeable task of examining the nature of the gift. The first two of the six parts into which the work is divided consist of a full and admirably arranged statement of the national government and the state governments. The American reader will find few facts here not already familiar to him, but he will be interested in reading so orderly and yet almost colloquial a presentation of the subject. He will be amazed at the accuracy and fullness of Mr. Bryce's knowledge; and it really is an evidence of the clearness and comprehensibility of our government as it is found in constitution and administrative order that the whole scheme can be set forth so lucidly and so exhaustively. The most notable fact in Mr. Bryce's exposition is the emphasis which he lays upon the functions of the state governments. He has discovered and recognized for its full value what foreigners are slow to perceive, — that the federal government is but one component part of the system which is to be compared with representative governments in other parts of the world; and though he says what is obvious to Americans, he clears the air for all after-discussions by the very fullness with which he presents this part of his subject.

Yet we are not sure that Mr. Bryce perceives the full meaning of the relation which the States hold to the Union. He has fallen a little into the way of speaking which has so often characterized commentators on the Constitution, and belongs to a too legal interpretation of national life. The Constitution, he says, "is a scheme designed to provide for the discharge of such and so many functions of government as the States do not already possess and discharge." True; but if he had said "cannot possess," he would have struck deeper. The

constitution presupposes the state governments, but with equal force the state governments presuppose some authority in which they find their completion, as the colonies supposed the crown. To our mind, the complete autonomy of separate States was never a part of the consciousness of those States. It was only afterward, in the theory of doctrinaires, that such a notion was broached. And this, we apprehend, had much to do with the determination that the President should be independent in his position; that he should be the choice of the people at large, and not a creature of Congress. There was an instinctive sense that the nation required a representative chief; the very existence of a diversified source of power calls for a unit of expression. The imagination has its part to play in governmental construction, and the growth of the nation in power is attended by a corresponding increase in the dignity of the conception of the President's office. Mr. Bryce says, with great sagacity, "A vigorous personality attracts the multitude, and attracts it the more the huger it grows; while a chief magistrate's influence excites little alarm when exerted in leading a majority which acts through the constitutional organs of government. There may, therefore, be still undeveloped possibilities of greatness in store for the Presidents of the future." He makes this possibility to turn rather upon the personality of the occupant of the chief magistrate's chair, but it seems to us inherent in the office. That is to say, as the tendency of political power is away from the formal institutions of government and toward the spontaneous action of the people, — for this the whole course of Mr. Bryce's study demonstrates, — the chief voice of the people becomes more commanding. It is not too much to say that Mr. Cleveland forced the issue upon which the last presidential and congressional canvass turned.

Mr. Bryce shows his political judgment in his discussion of the question whether or not members of the cabinet should sit in Congress. He refuses to treat the subject either as a panacea for ills or as a mere specific expedient, but recognizes the fact that such a procedure supposes a radical change in existing political methods. But we doubt if the English conception of the cabinet has not somewhat affected his judgment of the body of men who hold the corresponding place in America, and influenced him to depreciate the actual political force resident in them. He sees that they have little direct initiative in legislation, but he overlooks, we think, the force expended in administration. The cabinet is in effect a distribution of the presidential function as executive. The power of the President flows through his secretaries, and as that power increases in importance, so they partake of the increment. The legislative enactment by which, in a certain emergency, the presidential succession falls to the cabinet helps to increase its dignity, and we cannot discover that in the minds of the people the idea of the cabinet has diminished in importance historically. We doubt if there is as keen an interest in the several States when senators are to be elected as there is when the President is making up his "slate."

Like other Englishmen, Mr. Bryce finds it hard to reconcile himself to that custom in our country — for it is only a custom — which requires a representative to be a resident of his district. There is an apparent effort on his part to get rid of his English prejudices in this regard, and to think with Americans, but he is perplexed by two facts: first, that it narrows the choice; and second, that the custom is universally accepted as a matter of course. Why, he seems to ask himself, should Americans, so quick to perceive defects in the working of their political machinery, fail to see this egregious mistake, which keeps first-rate men

out of Congress because they happen to live in a part of the State where their party is in the minority? Nor is it easy to find an answer which does not take for granted a decline in the relative consequence of Congress. Yet we think Mr. Bryce will find the solution in that indestructible, fundamental organization of the republic which he himself has clearly recognized. The States in their relation to the Union symbolize on a large scale the play of centrifugal and centripetal forces. This play goes on in the lower political organisms, even when these are as artificial as congressional districts. The force which keeps alive small political units is the force which makes each unit jealous of its power and function. To go outside of a district for a candidate would be virtually to surrender a right; and this local jealousy of inherent power, though it may occasionally result in a misfortune to the public at large, is too important and radical an element in our political life lightly to be disregarded. The reform of politics constantly calls for the restriction of areas, and in the better period to which we look forward, when the individual voter shall have a fairer show, the neighborhood to be represented will contract or expand as the election has a more or less local significance.

Mr. Bryce's style is usually conversational in its simplicity and naturalness, but it rises now and then to the dignity of real eloquence. Such is the passage with which he closes his chapter on *The House at Work*: —

"I have spoken of the din of the House of Representatives; of its air of restlessness and confusion, contrasting with the staid gravity of the Senate; of the absence of dignity both in its proceedings and in the bearing and aspect of individual members. All these things notwithstanding, there is something impressive about it, something not unworthy of the continent for which it legislates. This huge gray hall, filled with

perpetual clamor ; this multitude of keen and eager faces ; this ceaseless coming and going of many feet ; this irreverent public, watching from the galleries and forcing its way on to the floor, all speak to the beholder's mind of the mighty democracy, destined in another century to form one half of civilized mankind, whose affairs are here debated. If the men are not great, the interests and the issues are vast and fateful. Here, as so often in America, one thinks rather of the future than of the present. Of what tremendous struggles may not this hall become the theatre in ages yet far distant, when the parliaments of Europe have shrunk to insignificance !”

The third and fourth parts of Mr. Bryce's book, those relating to the Party System and to Public Opinion, have the greatest importance for American readers. Both the existing order and the tendency of things are set forth with a fullness and a precision which leave little to be desired. Mr. Bryce is constantly looking for the sources of our political life, and the patience as well as honesty of his search is rewarded by results never before, we think, so satisfactorily obtained by any political pathologist. The whole of this portion is of singular value to thoughtful readers, for it calls them away from appearances to realities, and discloses more specifically than has hitherto been done the main regions of danger in our political system. The only defect which we note is a too faint reference to one healthy sign of our political life ; we mean the ease with which leagues and societies are formed for the accomplishment of political results, not directly selfish, and the persistence with which such organizations are carried on. The gradual transformation of political parties into machines for perpetuating political power has led to the formation of leagues irrespective of party, designed to effect some individual political reform. Such leagues as the Civil Service Reform Association, the Indian Rights

Society, the International Copyright League, illustrate our meaning. These voluntary organizations, in proportion as they are unselfish, not only represent a healthy condition of the public conscience, but they serve to counteract the debasing activity of professional politics. They may be taken as substitutes for parties forced upon us by the withdrawal of parties from principles to places, but we think it is quite as just to regard them as indications of a more flexible working of democratic institutions. Much of the burden of Mr. Bryce's book is to the effect that there is a gradual deepening of the political consciousness of the people, a greater capacity for the exercise of power directly, a less dependence upon the old political machinery. What is the outcome of all this multitudinous assembling and voting which has been going on, until the ballot is as easy to the mind as the pen to the hand ? Is it not in the production of a tissue in the body politic which enters into the entire life ; not a garment which is worn or thrown aside ? Mr. Bryce more than once speaks of the legal habit of mind which Americans have acquired. We are curious to know whether they have not also acquired a voting and a legislative habit more distinctly than other modern nations ; and we are free to conjecture that when we have sloughed off the spoils system, there will be a healthy activity of the political function, which will find its way to desirable results by just such direct ways as the leagues offer. Something of the same process may be noted in the growth of commissions in the executive part of the government.

The last two parts of this work, devoted to Illustrations and Reflections and Social Institutions, are the most readable, and we may add the most grateful. It is by these parts that Mr. Bryce may be said to justify the conclusions which he reaches with regard to the political future of America. The

argument in his mind seems to be: A wide survey of American life discloses certain indestructible elements of nobility which lie at the basis of all progress. The equality postulated in political instruments has become a vital part of the national life. It is no longer a doctrine; it is an unconscious habit. Therefore the grave evils which appear in political and party life cannot be irremediable. The people who bear with them, and even condone them, are in the last resort the judges; and there is reason to believe that there is virtue in the people which will assert itself in the gradual adjustment of instruments and institutions to the need of the higher life.

Thus it comes about that the reader who has accompanied Mr. Bryce through the swamps of political malfeasance emerges into the freer air of popular life with a sense not only of relief, but of courage. He has seen the worst, and bad enough it is; but his companion and friend knew that there was a better view beyond, and his own faith is reassuring. The chapters on the Strength of American Democracy, on the Universities, the Churches and the Clergy, the Pleasantness of American Life, the Future of Political Institutions, and Social and Economic Future are the work not of a mere optimist, who wishes to believe and to prophesy smooth things; they impress one as the conviction of a close observer, who has throughout his studies worked upon the inductive plan, and who has constantly sought to explain Democracy by the American People, not the American People by Democracy. It is impossible to read these chapters and feel merely complacent. They are stimulants to nobler life; they are instinct with a faith in supreme good; and they force upon every American reader a conviction of his responsibility, not of his good fortune alone.

There is one passage in the final chapter which may be quoted both for its melancholy beauty and because it illus-

trates well the subtle character of Mr. Bryce's reflections at the close of his long task. He has been speaking of the vastness of the civilized society of America in the not distant future, and of its probable effect upon literature. He imagines a traveler thirty years hence finding everywhere "nothing but civilization, a highly developed form of civilization, stretching from the one ocean to the other; the busy, eager, well-ordered life of the Hudson will be the life of those who dwell on the banks of the Yellowstone, or who look up to the snows of Mount Shasta from the valleys of California." Then he proceeds:—

"The Far West has hitherto been to Americans of the Atlantic States the land of freedom and adventure and mystery,—the land whose forests and prairies, with trappers pursuing the wild creatures, and Indians threading in their canoes the maze of lakes, have touched their imagination, and supplied a background of romance to the prosaic conditions which surround their own lives. All this will have vanished; and as the world has by slow steps lost all its mystery since the voyage of Columbus, so America will from end to end be to the Americans even as England is to the English. What new background of romance will be discovered? Where will the American imagination of the future seek its materials when it desires to escape from dramas of domestic life? Where will bold spirits find a field in which to relieve their energies when the Western world of adventure is no more? As in our globe, so in the North American continent, there will be something to regret when all is known, and the waters of civilization have covered the tops of the highest mountains."

So far as literature, and not action, is concerned, we conceive that there will be gain, and not loss; for the riches of material are in the blending of the forces of memory and imagination. In another generation, Washington Territory

may be freed from the romantic element which now appeals to the dweller in Massachusetts, but both Washington Territory and Massachusetts will have the historic frontier lighted by the fires of imagination. It must be remembered that the West is not romantic to itself, but to the grandchildren of the pioneers the places covered by civilization will possess in the mirror of time a reflection of themselves full of interest, and capable of lifting their occupiers out of the dull routine of their own everyday life. Walter Scott needed to go back only sixty years in imagination to weave his magic spell, but Scott was the voice of a civilization highly developed. The very development of our American civilization is to give us this advantage, that what was material for prose to our ancestors becomes material for poetry to us.

It is easy to follow Mr. Bryce in the speculations which engage him in the last chapters of his work. He seems almost to be musing by himself, and one hardly likes to break in upon his study. So we will close our very inadequate notes on his great survey of America by listening to the words with which he leaves his readers : —

“In Europe, whose thinkers have seldom been in a less cheerful mood than they are to-day, there are many who seem to have lost the old faith in progress ; many who feel, when they recall the experiences of the long pilgrimage of mankind, that the mountains which stand so beautiful in the blue of distance, touched here by flashes of sunlight and there by shadows of the clouds, will, when one comes to traverse them, be no Delectable Mountains, but scarred by storms and seamed by torrents, with wastes of stone above, and marshes stagnating in the valleys. Yet there are others whose review of that pilgrim-

age convinces them that though the ascent of man may be slow, it is also sure ; that if we compare each age with those which preceded it, we find that the ground which seems for a time to have been lost is ultimately recovered ; we see human nature growing gradually more refined, institutions better fitted to secure justice, the opportunities and capacities for happiness larger and more varied, so that the error of those who formed ideas never yet attained lay only in their forgetting how much time, and effort, and patience under repeated disappointment must go to that attainment.

“This less sombre type of thought is more common in the United States than in Europe ; for the people not only feel in their veins the pulse of youthful strength, but remember the magnitude of the evils they have vanquished, and see that they have already achieved many things which the Old World has longed for in vain. And by so much as the people of the United States are more hopeful, by that much are they more healthy. They do not, like their forefathers, expect to attain their ideals either easily or soon, but they say that they will continue to strive towards them ; and they say it with a note of confidence in the voice which rings in the ear of the European visitor, and fills him with something of their own hopefulness. America has still a long vista of years stretching before her, in which she will enjoy conditions far more auspicious than England can count upon. And that America marks the highest level, not only of material well-being, but of intelligence and happiness, which the race has yet attained will be the judgment of those who look not at the favored few for whose benefit the world seems hitherto to have framed its institutions, but at the whole body of the people.”

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Some Puz-
zling Laugh-
ter.

SINCE it is impossible to know exactly what any other person thinks, knowledge of human nature can be little else than self-knowledge acting under the direction of imagination, which enables a person to see that motives and passions which he has but slightly felt may, under some circumstances, dominate and control other people. He who most perfectly understands himself will generally best understand human character, if he has sufficient imaginative power to apply to the study. But at times that force seems to fail, and then self-knowledge becomes a hindrance rather than a help to the comprehension of minds not our own. We grow stupidly sure, in such hours, that what we would not hold it rational to think or do no one could reasonably think or do. The clue to the labyrinth falls from our fingers, and the secret motive, the Rosamond whom in our Eleanor-like jealousy we seek, stays hidden and safe in the inner circle. Lately, something of that sort happened to me, and I should like to take counsel with the wise about the matter. There is a kind of humor and a sense of the ridiculous which, though always grotesque and often repulsive in its manifestation, is also very pathetic, and has always been very comprehensible to me. It has its birth in the vivid realization of a violent contrast between one's hopes, desires, or expectations and some painful reality. A few rhymes were published soon after the downfall of the Paris Commune, in which occurred a touching specimen of the ghastly mirth that comes when lips quiver through a smile. The lines were supposed to be spoken by a girl, as she went with her lover to the place where they were to be executed together. The time was May, and she and he were to have been

married in June. "Droll," she says, and one fancies the convulsive shrug of her shoulders, — "droll to be *dead*, this bright weather."

My notion has been that only the subject of such experience perceives its drollness. I have thought the outsider could see only the tragedy and feel the pain, but that the sufferer's vision was sharpened by agony till he could recognize the grin with which fate defeated his desires. His laugh and jest appeared to me a defiant answer in kind to this ill-timed merriment on the part of destiny. With this theory still intact in my mind, I went, the other day, to see Verestschagin's pictures. They reminded me that some critic has said that the Russian does not argue nor moralize about wrong or injustice; he merely tells the facts, relying for impressiveness on his marvelous capacity for stating things just as they happen. Verestschagin's paintings incarnate this principle of action. The canvases are crowded with silent forms, each one of which depicts an agony more awful than that shown in Doré's illustrations of hell, because the pain here expressed is that which real beings on this solid earth have been forced to endure. Nor is there in the work of this artist anywhere an alleviating hint that divine justice is inflicting the suffering which his hand has so unrelentingly drawn.

While I was in the gallery, Verestschagin was showing the pictures to the crowd, talking about them in quietly spoken broken English. He paused before one in which the foreground was filled with the figures of men recently slain in battle, and lying on the ground where they had died. In the background, the general, accompanied by officers, was represented riding in front of his victorious army, to whom he was

addressing words of triumphant congratulation. The soldiers were tossing their caps in air, and cheering. They were all seen to be excited with delight. The painter described their wild joy, and added, "I was there myself at the time. I was riding just behind the general. I, too, was very much elated at the victory we had won. But I observed that the dead men on the field were not elated."

This speech seemed to me pregnant with terribly ethical suggestions. It was calmly delivered, and the crowd of hearers broke into a general chuckle, as if it had been a pleasant bit of wit. I went away pondering, seeking to discover the motive of the laughter. Was it due to the persistent levity of that social habit which tries to make of all events, ideas, and human characteristics material for repartee and occasion for a mirth that masks as cleverness,—the habit which induces such constant expectation of epigrams and humorous expressions that men are sometimes led thereby to slip in their understanding, and to laugh at a sentence that has the sound of wit without perceiving that its significance is serious or sad?

Soon after this morning, I chanced to be in the company of some ladies and gentlemen who were discussing Verestschagin's pictures, and his purpose in painting them. I told them what I had heard him say about the corpses that did not share in the triumphant glee of the living soldiers, and when I repeated his words my listeners also laughed. Then I cast about anew for the cause of this phenomenon of amusement. I thought that perhaps it did not, as I had at first deemed, result from the conversational custom of giving a frivolous interpretation to all matters, but that possibly the bare phrases conveyed such images of horror that even though those who heard them could hardly have been translated by the hearing into that inner sense which elevates humor to the

side of tragedy, still their minds were so shocked as to recoil backward with nervous shudders that had the appearance only of mirthful movements.

Later yet I turned on myself accusingly, and wondered if I did not present the most ludicrously-inappropriate mental condition of anybody concerned, since I had taken the thing so seriously, and then, because of my own narrowness of imagination, had been unable to feel that laughter was the proper tribute to Verestschagin's deft phrase. I pass the question on to my readers.

A Common Vice. — If there be one thing in which mankind can be clearly seen to have made progress, it is in gentleness, — what we name humanity. It would to-day be impossible for men in any country calling itself civilized to practice such cruelties toward each other as were once common, even so late as the seventeenth century. That they were common so short a time back is appalling to think of. It was not only in periods of persecution, but every day and in private relations, that men manifested the temper of fiends rather than human beings; and the change that has come over us in this single respect seems to divide us with a sharp line from the men who could torture their fellows in ways we shrink to read of. No more sickening story is there than this record of human cruelty. Man by nature is not gentle, but cruel; the savage is cruel, the majority of children are cruel, — from ignorance and thoughtlessness rather than wanton heartlessness.

But though men are become sensitive where of old they were callous, and would not themselves be guilty of inhumanity to their fellows, or tolerate it in others, they have not yet learned the whole lesson, for they are still brutal to brutes, — to the creatures who have no voice to cry out in protest against their wrongs.

We have societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, associations whose

efforts we hope do something toward awakening the universal sentiment of humanity ; but I wonder how long it will be before so-called civilized peoples cease to amuse themselves at the cost of helpless sufferers. As yet, where field sports are common, those who engage in them do not want to regard the practice as open to question ; they do not think because they will not. I shall not forget a certain beautiful August day, spent on the borders of Somerset and Devon, when for the first and last time I went to a "meet." My companions and I were less intent on the chase than the delights of long hours in that bright sunshine out on the broad, wind-swept moors. It was a good while before the hunt began. The game was not foxes, but deer.

We left our carriage, and roamed about over the heather in the neighborhood of the spot whence the hunt had started. Of the two women in our party one was English, but she had never before been at a deer-hunt. The sportsmen had been lost to sight for some time, and we were standing gazing idly about us, when suddenly against the clear sky line appeared a solitary deer, pausing for an instant, as though uncertain of its best course. Immediately after the huntsmen came riding up, and we two women, filled with love for the beautiful, harmless creature hesitating on the edge of death, involuntarily clapped our hands and cried out to startle it. The deer sprang forward, passing within two yards of us, and plunged down toward the shore, in the direction of Porlock. Doubtless the hunters would have been furious, if they had heard our warning shout. It did no more than delay the fate of the poor beast, which was run down and murdered two or three hours after.

In the evening, a few words were exchanged about the hunt by one of our party and an Englishman present. "Oh, that is all sentiment, you know," said the latter, between a sneer and a laugh, in

answer to F.'s remark. "Of course it is sentiment, — that is, feeling," observed F. ; "the whole matter is concluded by that," and dropped a subject it was useless to discuss.

Mr. Henry James has asserted in one of his essays that English social life is based upon sport, and I take it that his statement is an authoritative one. Then the English are not yet truly civilized. They do not have bull-fights, and so far are in advance of the Spaniards. If Germans and Frenchmen enjoy wolf-hunting and boar-hunting, they have something to say for themselves, since the contest with such formidable beasts is a fairer one.

The cruelties of the chase are practiced not only toward the game, but the horses, who are so often impelled to their own destruction. An English essayist records a conversation between two sportsmen, which he overheard in a railway carriage. One man recounted the story of a run in which, out of the fifteen horses used, eight were killed and five ruined for life. The same man calmly remarked : "It is of no use to keep a horse that has gone through such a day as that. Mind you, one palpitation of the heart is enough for one horse."

But how many minor cruelties other than sportsmen are guilty of, through want of thought and want of self-control !

In a very clever dialogue, invented by Mr. H. D. Traill, between a fox, a horse, a dog, a rabbit, and a cat, in which the subject of conversation is man, the noble horse remarks that man, on the whole, is not so bad as he is weak and lacking in self-control, losing his temper easily over any little obstacle to his hasty desires. Never was truer word spoken. Have we not seen a man lash his horse, for no fault of the beast's, — for nothing but to vent his spite at having been obliged by some person or thing in his way to pull up when he was in a hurry ? For myself, injustice toward a faithful

animal hurts my soul perhaps more than the blow hurts its body. I cannot endure the sight of children tormenting an amiable dog or kitten, because they are untaught to distinguish between a playmate and a plaything. Why should the creatures never have a will and pleasure of their own, even though it be sometimes contrary to ours? There is a kind of thoughtless cruelty very common; that is, the tying up of a dog all night and day, with the exception, perhaps, of a half hour's release from imprisonment. Who is there that could take a young child, every pulse swift with life, every muscle strung ready for active motion, and tie it in a chair or pen it in a corner, and listen unmoved to its lamentable cry for freedom to enjoy its healthy body as nature meant it should? What difference is there in this respect between a young child and a young dog? When both are old, enjoyment for them may come to be repose in an armchair and a kennel.

How to elect a President. — A very simple remedy for present election evils is to be found in proportional representation, — a plan closely analogous to that of choosing by popular vote, except that it is free from the latter's faults. The method proposed by Thomas Hare, of London, and Mr. Andrae, of Denmark, for the selection of delegates or representatives by quotas of voters is equally applicable to the selection of presidential electors. Proportional representation means simply representation in proportion to the number of votes cast as distinguished from the present majority rule, where it is all or nothing. It is secured in this way: divide the whole number of votes cast in any political unit, whether it be a State, county, city, or town, by the number of representatives to be chosen, and the quotient will be the quota or number of votes necessary to elect one representative. This system allows just representation to all parties, regardless of whether they are in the majority or

minority. Whenever any political body casts enough votes to secure one representative, he is chosen, no matter what may become of all the rest. Take the State of New York as an example. In 1884 there were 1,171,312 votes cast for presidential electors. There being thirty-six electors to be chosen, by dividing the whole number of votes cast by thirty-six we have a quotient of 32,536, the quota or number of votes necessary to secure one elector in that State. The Republicans, having cast 562,001 votes, were entitled to seventeen electors, with an unfilled quota or remainder of 8889 votes. The Democrats cast 563,048 votes, which entitled them to seventeen electors, and left an unfilled quota of 9936. The Greenbackers cast 17,002 votes, and the Prohibitionists 25,001. As there are still two electors to choose, and as the votes cast by the two parties last named come nearer to filling the quotas than the Republican and Democratic remainders, they would each be entitled to one elector. Thus the presidential electors of New York would stand, seventeen each for the Republican and Democratic parties, and one each for the Greenback and Prohibition parties. This plan would not be as exact as an honest popular vote, as there would be a loss or gain of an elector depending on the number of votes in the unfilled quotas; but it would be infinitely better than the system now in use, or than such a popular vote as we are likely to have for a long time to come. The gain or loss from the unfilled quotas would be so small, however, when taken the whole country through, that it would not be worth considering. If the number of electors in each State were to be doubled, the quotas would be halved, which would greatly lessen their influence.

Under this system, each party or political body may nominate and vote for its electors as at present. When the votes shall have been counted, the electors

will be apportioned among the several political bodies as their voting strength shall warrant, as in the example given of New York. If any State persisted in clinging to the old method, a constitutional amendment would be necessary, prescribing the manner of choosing presidential electors. It would also be desirable to change the law governing the action of the electors themselves by making a plurality elect instead of a majority, as this system would give electoral votes to the minority or new parties, thus making it more difficult for any party to secure a majority in the electoral college.

This simple plan would as effectually do away with the "colonizing" schemes as would an election by popular vote, since a vote would count just as much in one State as in another; and at the same time it would confine the influence of corrupt voting within the state lines, as it should be. At present there is a great temptation for the Republicans of Ohio and Illinois and the Democrats of Kentucky to send their surplus voters into Indiana, where they may be of use to their respective parties. The fact that it can be done, and that politicians will stop at nothing to gain their ends, is enough to warrant belief in the current stories of political corruption, even if they were not already so well authenticated. By throwing all their strength into New York State, one party or the other may gain thirty-six electoral votes. In 1884 those thirty-six votes went to the Democrats; this year they went to the Republicans; and yet the whole number of popular votes changed in the State was not enough to effect more than one elector, if it did that. The utmost which either party could hope for under the proportional system would be the gain of one or two electors, three at the outside, in any one State. No party would squander the time and

money for one or two electors which was done this year for the thirty-six of New York or the fifteen of Indiana. A large State would have no more influence in the election than a small one, since, when all parties were justly represented, it would be as easy to gain votes in one State as in another.

It is manifest that this plan would be a great gain over our present system. It would correct most, if not all, of the evils of the present method. Every voter in every State would feel that he was voting directly for the President. The result would depend as much upon his ballot as though the decision were by popular vote. There would not be a State in which an elector could not be won or lost according as the parties put forth their best men and best efforts. The famous "close" States, the only ones in which the voters are really allowed at present to exercise the privileges of citizenship, would lose their distinction, and sink to the common level of all the States, since all would be equally "close" and equally uncertain. The stay-at-homes, those first evidences of political dry rot, would come out and vote. The Republicans of Kentucky and Texas and the Democrats of Pennsylvania and Kansas would alike share the responsibility of the whole country in choosing a President. The solid South, that bugbear of our politics, under this system of choosing electors, would immediately disappear, together with many of the attending evils of sectional hatred and race prejudice engendered thereby. Every part of the country and every class of people would have representation in the electoral college according to their voting strength. And above all, this plan would make real what the Constitution of the United States guarantees, — the right of every voter to participate in the election of a President.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Poetry and the Drama. The Strophes of Omar Khayyám, translated from the Persian by John Leslie Garner. (The Corbitt & Skidmore Co., Milwaukee, Wis.) Although Mr. Garner does not say so, his studied silence regarding Fitzgerald's translation and his careful copying, even to typographical effects, of Fitzgerald's manner, point to an effort to render literally what the earlier poet has transfused with his own personality. There is enough likeness in the two renderings, though the translators have not always chosen the same stanzas, to lead us to think Fitzgerald did not wander very far from the Persian's thought, and his form certainly is more impressive than Mr. Garner's, good as the latter is. — The Ulster Guard at Gettysburg, by Henry Abbey. (The Kingston Freeman, Rondout, N. Y.) An occasional poem, which renders not unsuccessfully in verse the adventures of the Guard. — The Poems of Emma Lazarus, in two volumes. (Houghton.) The winning likeness which prefaces this work will linger long in the memory of those who look on it, and will invite many to read the poems who might otherwise shrink, as most do, from tackling the full measure of verse which is gathered after the death of a growing author. We wish that by dates or some special arrangement the development of Miss Lazarus's mind might be more readily perceived; but however one reads this verse, often glowing and impassioned as it is, the nature of the young poet is the resultant of one's reading. It is not so much to be moved by this or that poem as to feel the personality of Emma Lazarus. — The Witch in the Glass, etc., by Sarah M. B. Piatt. (Houghton.) In Mrs. Piatt's poems the reader is quite likely to find what the school-boy finds or misses in his Latin, something *understood*. She starts the reader on the trail of a sentiment, but is not with him always when he comes up with it. Her verse grows more flexible and — with all respect we say it — less morbid. — The Viking, by Elwyn A. Barron. (McClurg.) This drama has the benefit of a somewhat carefully phrased introduction by Mr. Lawrence Barrett. The scene is laid in Norway in 976. The author evidently wrote the play to be acted, and we think he overvalued the declamatory element. — Hesper, by William Roscoe Thayer. (Charles W. Sever, Cambridge, Mass.) Mr. Thayer calls his work "an American drama," and it is true that he has made his plot to turn on the contest for the preservation of the Union, but it is hard to say

wherein the play is characteristically American. The characters are all inspired by the author, and the situations are contrived by him. In other words, the play strikes us as a mechanism for carrying certain more or less obvious truths, but not an organic work of art, justifying itself, and making the reader forget the limitations of the drama. — Volumes seven and eight of Macmillan's uniform edition of Browning's poems embrace *The Ring and the Book*, *In a Balcony*, and *Dramatis Personæ*. — Among the *Millet* and other Poems, by Archibald Lampman. (J. Durie & Son, Ottawa.) There is a frequent loving touch of friendliness with nature in these verses, and a restraint of moralizing which makes the poetry genuine even where it is not noticeably strong. It is not impossible that this writer may yet push into the recesses of poetry. — Verses from *The Valley*, by E. S. Goodhue. (Pacific Press Publishing Company, Oakland, Cal.) — *A Reading of Earth*, by George Meredith. (Macmillan.) The most effective pieces in this volume are the epigrams, the one on Gordon of Khartoum having forceful phrases. But it is in phrases throughout the book that one must look for the poetic touch. The whole temper is so darkly intellectual as to drive poor Poetry almost out-of-doors.

Fiction. First Harvests; an Episode in the Life of Mrs. Levison Gower; a satire without a moral. By F. J. Stimson. (Scribners.) Mr. Stimson, while still using his *nom de plume* J. S. of Dale, at last comes out flatly with his own name, which we think is of service both to himself and to the reader. — *Counter-Currents*, by the author of *Justina*. (Roberts.) A pleasant story of contemporaneous life, in which simplicity of style, good taste, and an agreeable optimism render one for a while not very exacting of the author. — *The Serpent Tempted Her*, by Saqui Smith. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) A feverish story, with all the horror deliberately put into it by the writer, who never felt a particle of the anguish which in his autobiographic method he imagines. — One of the Forty is the translation of Daudet's *L'Immortel*. (Continental Publishing Company, St. Louis.) — *A Christmas Rose, a Blossom in Seven Petals*, by R. E. Francillon. (Harpers.) A spirited story, the scene laid in England the middle of the last century. It is in a falsetto voice, so as to appear a hundred years old. — *Under the Maples, a Story of Village Life*, by Walter N. Hinman. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) A fairly interesting story with a conventionally

improbable plot. — The Professor's Sister, a Romance, by Julian Hawthorne. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) — Florence Fables, by W. J. Florence. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) Sixteen tales, some from actual life, some from the life that never was in heaven or earth. — The Battle of the Swash, and the Capture of Canada, by Samuel Barton. (C. T. Dillingham, New York.) A contribution to the *paulo-post futurum* literature, intended to stir up dull minds to look after our naval defenses. — The latest issue in Ticknor's Paper Series is Edgar Fawcett's *The Confessions of Claud*. Mr. Fawcett's latest novel, however, is *Divided Lives* (Belford, Clarke & Co.), which has strength and character, though the work was evidently done in haste. The story is full of action and dramatic situation, and would make an excellent society play. — Cressy, by Bret Harte. (Houghton.) The reader of this book finds himself in Mr. Harte's topsy-turvy moral world. Things are not what they seem, and as soon as the reader is confronted by one of Mr. Harte's apparently sincere men or women he looks out for a somersault of character. Nothing but the go of Mr. Harte's writing keeps his characters, incidents, plot, and morals from going all to smash before the book is quarter done. — A Stiff-Necked Generation, by L. B. Walford. (Holt.) A domestic novel, with no very serious situations or intricacy of plot. There is a bustling liveliness about this author which almost compensates for wit. — A Village Tragedy, by Margaret L. Woods. (Holt.) A painful and to our thinking entirely unnecessary tale. — His Two Wives, by Mary Clemmer, is the latest issue in Ticknor's Paper Series. — Recent numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library are *The Countess Eve*, by J. H. Shorthouse; *When a Man's Single*, by J. M. Barrie; and *The Peril of Richard Pardon*, by B. L. Farjeon. — The last Balzac volume (Roberts Bros.) is notable as containing two masterpieces, *Louis Lambert* and *Mr. George Frederic Parsons's* introduction to that subtlest of Balzac's creations. No one has approached Balzac with the same insight and analytic power as Mr. Parsons. We shall have occasion later to return to his essay.

Politics, Economics, and Sociology. *Physical and Industrial Training of Criminals*, by Hamilton D. Wey, is one of the monographs of the Industrial Education Association of New York. Gradually the principles accepted for the morally sound are found applicable to the unsound. It is not a bad thing to find the man under the subject. — *Essays on Practical Politics*, by Theodore Roosevelt. (Putnams.) Mr. Roosevelt writes always with freshness, and in this case out of a personal knowledge, which stands him instead of an inconvenient and in-

elastic preconceived system of notions on the subject of practical politics. — *Civics for Young Americans, or First Lessons in Government*; containing a brief description of the different forms of government, and a full and clear explanation of the important clauses of our Constitution, by W. M. Giffin. (Lovell.) In his desire to be interesting and simple, Mr. Giffin makes his book of less use than it might otherwise be. In his desire to lead boys and girls to admire their own country, he uses misleading and disparaging comparisons with other countries. — *Glimpses of the Future*, by D. G. Croly (Putnams), is a series of clever vaticinations on the subject of politics and various social questions. Mr. Croly does not let his imagination fly too high nor too far, and the discussions, thrown into the form of prophecies, have a practical bearing on current issues, since he is concerned in the drift of what is now under the eye. — *True or False Finance*, the issue of 1888, by a Tax-Payer, is Number 55 of *Questions of the Day*. (Putnams.) A party pamphlet, which maintains that "the only present road of escape, for moderate protectionist and for free-trader alike, is through the Democratic party." — *The Economic Interpretation of History*, by James E. Thorold Rogers. (Putnams.) A refreshingly direct, candid, and if you willumptious examination of the social and economic development of the British Empire. Mr. Rogers has earned the right to speak with authority, and he uses it sharply. The lecture form permits him to use directly his own experience and studies more freely than if he were writing a book, for this is a collection of lectures delivered at his college in Oxford. The energy of his style not only carries conviction, but arouses criticism. — *The Chinese and the Chinese Question*, by James A. Whitney. (Tibbals Book Co., New York.) A temperate and thoughtful examination of the conflict of races which the author thinks to be involved in the Chinese question. He has little faith in any change of the Chinese character, and he believes thoroughly in the complete prohibition of Chinese immigration. — *Business*, by James Platt. (Putnams.) This is a book which has been very successful in England, and is regarded by the writer as a plea for the scientific training of the young in a business career. It is, however, only a better book than many in a class which appeals to the young to follow health, education, industry, perseverance, order, punctuality, truthfulness, integrity, and the like virtues, with a sure result of honorable success.

Literature and Criticism. Mr. J. A. Wistach, who some years ago published a translation of Vergil's complete works, now issues a translation of *The Divine Comedy of Vergil's*

great disciple. It is contained in two volumes (Houghton), is in rhyme patterned after the original, is as literal as the translator could make it, and is accompanied by arguments, notes, and illustrations. Mr. Wiltach's comments have an individuality which keeps the reader on the alert. His rendering is often compact and sinewy, and he certainly has blinked no difficulties in his task. He seems, indeed, to invite dangers. His translation ought to receive respectful attention from students of Dante. — *The Phædrus, Lysis, and Protagoras of Plato*, a new and literal translation mainly from the text of Bekker, by J. Wright. (Macmillan.) The translation is idiomatic and clear, but the writer sometimes chooses the less vigorous word, as "requested" for "asked" and "commence" for "begin." — Mr. Charles F. Richardson has completed his work on *American Literature, 1607-1885*, by publishing the second volume on *American Poetry and Fiction*. (Putnams.) It is a running comment on the salient features of the development of American literature in these two directions, with rough-and-ready judgments, often shrewd, but rarely very subtle. Mr. Richardson skims the surface of our literature, and by his manner quite as much as by his words guards the reader against a too elevated conception of the actual accomplishment of literary ideals in America. — *The Complete Poetic and Prose Works of John Greenleaf Whittier*, in seven volumes. (Houghton.) There is a great pleasure to all lovers of good literature when an author who has been writing for sixty years, and has identified himself with his country's name, stops for a while, gathers his work, orders it upon the great lines which it has followed, and sets forth the 'whole body of his writing in definitive shape, with such brief comment as he might use if he were answering the questions of this or that friendly reader. This Mr. Whittier has done, and the result is in four volumes of poetry, arranged under such heads as *Narrative and Legendary, Poems of the Anti-Slavery Conflict, Religious Poems, Poems Subjective and Reminiscent, Personal Poems, and Occasional Poems*. Dates are assigned to each, and head-notes add such slight hints of the origin of certain poems as one naturally desires to possess. In the three prose volumes Mr. Whittier has rearranged previously published matter, and has added a considerable amount chiefly upon the great theme which so occupied his thought, not before collected. Indexes and chronological tables accompany the neat, dignified volumes. — *Paradoxes of a Philistine*, by William S.

Walsh. (Lippincott.) A score of brief essays by a keen-witted lover of literature, whose Philistinism is quite harmless, being rather a cloak than a tissue. — The sixth volume of the *Library of American Literature* contains passages from Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Poe, as well as a host of minor writers. (C. L. Webster & Co.) It would be unsafe, where other considerations, apparently, than those of chronology have determined the contents of a volume, to draw inferences as to the literature contemporaneous with that of these authors; but setting aside the political passages, how meagre is the showing for pure literature, when one has left out of view the greater names given above! The selections from Emerson are more satisfactory, on the whole, than those from Hawthorne, but in all the cases there is a fair exhibition of the range of work. — *Lockhart's Ancient Spanish Ballads and Æsop's Fables* are the latest additions to the charming Knickerbocker Nuggets Series. (Putnams.)

Anthologies. *The Pilgrim's Scrip, or Wit and Wisdom of George Meredith*; with selections from his poetry, and introduction. (Roberts.) The introduction, which is signed M. R. F. Gilman, is an agreeable, well-written account of Meredith's personality and the characteristics of his work. It would be hard to find any modern English writer who would cut up better than Meredith, and we cordially commend this book as a substitute for the more serious undertaking of a full reading of the novels. — *Our Glorified*: poems and passages of consolation especially for those bereaved by the loss of children. Edited by Elizabeth Howard Foxcroft. (Lee & Shepard.) The introduction is a touching memorial of the compiler, a noble and useful woman. — *Songs in the Night Watches, from Voices Old and New*, compiled by Helen H. Strong Thompson. (Baker & Taylor Co., New York.) The selections are poultices for troubled consciences and hurt souls. Some are curative, or at least emollient, but in a good many cases they are mere bread-and-milk poultices for dangerous wounds. — *How Men Propose*; the fateful question and its answer. Love scenes from popular works of fiction, collected by Agnes Stevens. (McClurg.) A most useful book, as useful as was *Slender's Book of Riddles*. We can fancy the owner of a *Complete Letter Writer* and of a *Book of Etiquette* adding this to his collection of necessary hand-books. He will have the advantage that, with the exception of Walter Scott and one or two others, all of the writers quoted use the language of the period.

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THE PEOPLE IN GOVERNMENT.

"I KNOW of no country in which there is so little independence of mind and real freedom of discussion as in America. In any constitutional state in Europe, every sort of religious and political theory may freely be preached and disseminated; for there is no country in Europe so subdued by any single authority as not to protect the man who raises his voice in the cause of truth from the consequences of his hardihood. . . . In America, the majority erects formidable barriers around the liberty of opinion: within these barriers an author may write what he pleases, but woe to him if he goes beyond them." This reproach may have been deserved fifty years ago, when it was uttered by De Tocqueville. At that time the government of the United States was still an experiment, and a lurking consciousness of this fact in the minds of most Americans made them not only jealous, but fearful, of any opinions which seemed to menace the security of republican institutions. At that time, also, our country received very little respect or consideration abroad.¹ We shared in the contempt with which popular government was generally regarded after its failure in France, despite the blood that was shed to sustain it; and this unfriendly attitude of foreign powers tended to increase among

us that sense of weakness which begets intolerance. De Tocqueville's assertion on this point is confirmed by other authorities: by Dickens, for example, whose American Notes were published about the year 1840. Even after all just allowance has been made for his prejudice against things American, as well as for his inherent love of caricature and exaggeration, — even then it must be admitted that Dickens, certainly an acute observer, corroborates the French philosopher.

But the times of which they treated, and it is to be hoped the intolerance of which they complained, belong to a past that is already remote. Since then we have attained the maturity of experience. Our government has withstood a shock which every sensible man in Europe was sure would be fatal in one way or another to the integrity of the Union; and now, having made good our position among the nations of the earth, we can afford to look about us, and even to search, if need be, the foundations upon which we rest. The young men just growing up and beginning to take part in public affairs are free from political prejudices, perhaps one might say from political principles, to an extent that is with us unprecedented. They come upon the stage too late to share in the passions

¹ Mrs. Frémont gives an amusing instance of this. When James Monroe was our Minister to England, he found himself placed, at the first state dinner which he attended, near the foot

of the table, on each side of him being representatives of two small German principalities, neither of which, he said, was so large as his own farm in Virginia.

which the civil war excited, and at a time when no new issues have arisen that are sufficient to arouse their enthusiasm.

It is plain, however, that social questions of the greatest moment, soon to become political questions, are looming into view; and the solution of them may put our government to a test even more severe than that which it has already survived. In view of this possibility, it behoves every man, while he has time, to set his house in order, to clear his mind of cant, to discover what he really holds to be true in political and social science, so that, if ever the emergency arises, he may be able to speak, to vote, to act, if need be to fight, intelligently and conscientiously. It would be a miserable situation to find one's self hesitating about first principles when the time for deliberation had passed, and the moment of action had arrived.

The first and perhaps the greatest difficulty that any one encounters who begins to ponder upon forms of government is the political capacity of the people. The term "people" has diverse meanings. When it is used with regard to an aristocratic form of government, it usually indicates the great mass who have no part in ruling the country. In Mr. Gladstone's mouth it means the middle classes; in Lord Salisbury's, the lower classes. When the word is employed with respect to the United States, it commonly means the whole voting population, possibly the whole adult population; for women have an indirect political influence. Even when thus used, however, it is chiefly the uneducated class that is intended, simply because this class is by far the more numerous, and it is in this last sense that the word is here employed. "The common people," as the familiar phrase is, would perhaps hit my meaning more exactly.¹

Political writings are full, on the one hand, of contemptuous condemnation; on the other, of praise bestowed upon the people as a governing power. No wonder that the student finds his brain in a whirl when he attempts to reconcile these conflicting views, or to understand how it is that great authorities can differ so widely on this vital point. Innumerable wise men, from Plato down, have discoursed upon the incapacity of the people to make, much more to execute laws. They are the "many-headed multitude" whom it is the privilege and duty of the instructed few to govern. Nor is it easy to meet the stock arguments advanced by the opponents of the people, considered as a depository of political power. Government, they say, is the most difficult, the most delicate task that men are called on to perform: it requires all, and more than all, the knowledge, experience, and acuteness that the ablest and best informed members of the community possess. How then can it safely be entrusted to the people? "It is impossible," says De Tocqueville, "after the most strenuous exertions, to raise the intelligence of the people above a certain level. Whatever may be the facilities of acquiring information, whatever may be the profusion of easy methods and cheap science, the human mind can never be instructed and developed without devoting considerable time to these objects. The greater or the less possibility of subsisting without labor is therefore the necessary boundary of intellectual improvement. This boundary is more remote in some countries, and more restricted in others; but it must exist somewhere as long as the people are constrained to work in order to procure the means of subsistence; that is to say, as long as they continue to be the people."

the limitations of the class which they designate. Still, the words have a well-recognized, if somewhat indefinite meaning.

¹ I am well aware that "people" and "common people" are loose terms, and that it would be very difficult to describe with any accuracy

The most important political function of the people is their selection of representatives and of executive officers by ballot; but here again they are, we are told, and it must be admitted with some truth, conspicuously incompetent. "Long and patient observation," De Tocqueville continues, "and much acquired knowledge are requisite to form a just estimate of the character of a single individual. Men of the greatest genius often fail to do it, and can it be supposed that the vulgar will always succeed? The people have neither the time nor the means for an investigation of this kind. Their conclusions are hastily formed from a superficial inspection of the more prominent features of a question. Hence it often happens that mountebanks of all sorts are able to please the people, whilst their truest friends frequently fail to gain their confidence."

On the moral side, the case made out against the people, or rather against the greater part of any people, is scarcely less strong. It seems to be true that the standard of conduct, the ideal to which most persons desire to conform, in appearance if not in reality, is higher than they would be disposed to make it themselves; in other words, it is imposed upon them by a more virtuous minority. This is the doctrine of the remnant, which has been stated with so much force by Mr. Matthew Arnold. "Perhaps you will say," Mr. Arnold remarks, "that the majority is sometimes good; that its impulses are good generally, and its action is good occasionally. Yes, but it lacks principle, it lacks persistence; if to-day its good impulses prevail, they succumb to-morrow; sometimes it goes right, but it is very apt to go wrong." Such, roughly summarized, are the familiar arguments and assertions which tend to show the folly of depositing political power in the hands of the people.

On the other side, we have the grand

principle upon which all democracy proceeds, namely, that "the great heart of the common people," as the phrase goes, is always in the right. It was upon the common people that Abraham Lincoln relied for support, and in a very true sense for guidance. According to this doctrine, the majority of any race to which it has hitherto been applied are, in the main, good, well-meaning persons. The drift, therefore, of a society like our own is in the right direction, and every great change is an improvement, because the majority rule. This theory is in the air; it is the one upon which every American citizen has been suckled, so to say; there is no necessity for explaining or elaborating it.

In this confusion of axioms and arguments, can the student discover any principle according to which the two conflicting theories can be harmonized, or any solid ground upon which he can accept one theory and reject the other? He is told that the people are incapable of exercising political power rightly, and again that political power is safe only in their hands; that the majority are always morally corrupt, and again that the political instincts of this same majority are sound and just. The first two of the four propositions just stated are absolutely inconsistent with each other, but this is not true of the last two propositions. The majority may be, in a sense, morally corrupt, and yet remain politically sound. In what sense are the majority morally corrupt, and how far, within what limits, are they politically sound? The answer to these questions must be sought in the fundamental qualities of human nature. Both of the propositions in question are true, but neither of them is true in the sweeping sense commonly given to it. Mr. Arnold and others of his way of thinking, when they say that the majority are always corrupt, have in mind chiefly, if not entirely, "personal morality," as it is called. One might accept the doctrine of the rem-

nant, and still believe that the people constitute the proper depository of political power. The difference between man as a political agent and man as an individual is almost equal to the difference between knowing what is right and doing it. The citizen may be morally corrupt, so far as his personal conduct is concerned, and yet be capable of giving a just opinion in a matter which does not immediately affect his own interests or passions. When we say that the majority are morally corrupt, we imply that so far as concerns the kind of duties which we have in mind, man has a natural impulse to go wrong; and those who hold that in political matters the majority are sound mean that in such matters man has a natural impulse to go right. In either case, it is a question of tendency, not of an invariable habit; and the theory of democracy is that the political instincts of the majority are on the whole sounder than those of the more virtuous minority. They are sounder because in the case of the majority the natural impulses have free play. There is also this great but collateral advantage ascribed to a democratic form of government, namely, that whereas in an aristocracy the selfishness of the few works to the detriment of the many, in a democracy this selfishness of the many (who govern) works to the advantage of the many. In other words, the powerful lever of selfishness is made to operate in harmony with, instead of in opposition to, the generous impulses. Thus democracy has the advantage of position, and can afford to make many mistakes which would ruin an aristocracy. But the mere fact that a democracy, in legislating, legislates for itself is not, and would not be considered by its advocates a sufficient reason for entrusting it with the functions of government. It must be shown, not merely that the people will naturally desire to look out for their own interests, but that they have sufficient wisdom and virtue

to perceive what their highest interests are, and to take that course, often a self-denying one, which will ultimately subserve them. Besides, there are minorities and foreign nations to be dealt with, so that mere selfishness, however enlightened, would make a very inadequate equipment for the governing power. The ability of the people to rule must, as I have said, be based upon their natural impulses to go right.

But it may be objected that there are no "natural impulses" or instincts; that this is a mere phrase, without any corresponding reality. Certainly, it must be admitted that there is no such thing as man in a state of nature. The most primitive tribes have unnatural customs, — customs, that is, which are not founded on animal necessities. Nevertheless, although there be no such thing as man in a state of nature, there is the nature of man and there are natural impulses. Every human being has, for example, a natural impulse to cherish and protect his offspring. We can imagine a particular individual failing, from fear or from some other motive, to defend his child, but such a failure would not be the result of his first impulse, however degraded he might be. This instinct, if it may be called such, man shares with the lower animals. (There is another which he also has in common with them, namely, the impulse to resent an injury or an insult, though fear, affection, respect, or avarice may act as a restraint. With this last instinct, if it may be called such, I am not now concerned, but it may be touched upon later.)

These natural impulses, of which an illustration has just been given, and upon which the supposed political infallibility of the people is based, may be summed up in the single word "pity." To pity is natural to man, whether the object of commiseration be his own child, some other human being, or a dumb animal in distress, — natural in the sense that it is his first impulse; and if he

is restrained from acting to relieve or to benefit the object of his pity, it is by an afterthought in the form of some selfish consideration. On the other hand, when a man's passions are excited, the case is reversed: the first impulse is to gratify them, and he is restrained, if restrained at all, by an afterthought, the suggestion of morality or of prudence. These two facts or principles of human nature constitute the logical basis of the two theories, first, that the political instincts of the majority are sound; and secondly, that the majority of any people are morally corrupt. The first proposition is true, so far as the political instincts have to do with questions that concern primarily a duty to others, and the second will be found true so far as what has been called personal morality is concerned.

The doctrine of pity here set forth is of course new only in the limitations put upon it, for it is the main doctrine of Rousseau.

"Man has by nature," he declares, "one virtue only, but that one is so obvious that the greatest traducer of the human race was unable to deny its existence. I speak of pity, a quality which must needs be found in a creature who is weak and subject to a thousand ills. Pity is universal, invaluable, because it is independent of reason; and so natural that the very beasts of the field give lively proofs of possessing it. I will not stop to speak of the tenderness of mothers for their children, or of the dangers that they will brave in defending them. . . . Even the author of the fable of the Bees, forced to recognize in man this quality of compassion, departs for once from the cold and analytical style to which he is accustomed, and paints a pathetic picture of the captive, who, looking between the bars that confined him, saw a ferocious beast tearing a child from its mother's breast, and crushing its tender limbs with his teeth. What agitation does he not undergo, this mere

spectator of an event in which he has no personal interest. What pain does he not feel from his inability to aid the fainting mother or the dying child!

"So pure and strong is this natural impulse of pity, so anterior to all reflection, that the most depraved habits of living hardly suffice to destroy it. How often do we see at the theatre a spectator moved to tears by the fictitious misery of the stage, who, if he were himself in the place of the tyrant exhibited would overwhelm his enemies with even greater cruelty! . . . Mandeville clearly saw that with all their morality men would never have been anything better than monsters, if nature had not given them pity in support of reason; but he did not perceive that from this quality alone spring all those social virtues which, he contends, are unnatural to man. What are generosity, mercy, and philanthropy but pity in its practical application to the weak, to the culpable, to humanity in general! Even love and friendship are in reality the effect of this emotion constantly exercised upon one particular object. To desire that a fellow-being should not suffer, — is not this to desire that he should be happy?

"If it be true that compassion is merely an emotion, which we feel when, in imagination, we put ourselves in the place of another, and this emotion is vigorous though feebly realized in the savage, and weak but fully realized in the civilized man, — if this be true, it only adds to the force of what I have said. In fact, pity will be so much the stronger in proportion as the spectator identifies himself with its object; and it is plain that this identification is infinitely more close in a state of savagery than it is in a state of reason. . . . It is philosophy that isolates."

It is a strange fact that although the influence of Rousseau is greater at the present time than it was fifty years ago, — greater in the sense of being more widely extended, — yet his reputation as

a political thinker is now very slight. To defend the philosophy of Rousseau requires, such are the fashions of the day, almost as much hardihood as to admire the poetry of Pope or the rhetoric of Macaulay. Two causes have contributed to this low estimation of an author once held in such high repute. In the first place, Rousseau's *Man in a State of Nature* — and it is with this creation that his name is chiefly identified — has been exploded completely and consigned to the limbo of unrealities. "No general assertion as to the way in which human societies grew up is safe," Sir Henry Maine says, "but perhaps the safest of all is that none of them were formed in the way imagined by Rousseau." In the second place, popular government is now everywhere closely associated with representative government, which Rousseau detested. Upon a superficial view, it would seem, then, that Rousseau's influence is at an end; but the truth is that the gist of his philosophy remains, and was never before so widely disseminated. Not in the United States alone, but in England, we find the theory that the instincts of the people form the proper source and guide of political action. *Man in a state of nature*, or rather the notion of such a being, has disappeared, but the natural impulses of mankind remain, and must ever remain.

It is Rousseau who has reduced to a political principle the doctrine of the natural impulses, of pity; but, as the reader does not need to be reminded, this doctrine is recognized in all systems of philosophy,¹ and it is now more firmly established than ever before, both on the historical and on the psychological side. It is treated as a fundamental principle by Darwin, who thus sums

¹ The emotion of pity is analyzed with different results by various philosophers, some believing it to be purely selfish in its origin, as if no one felt pity for another except by imagining himself a possible sufferer from the like evil. But this controversy need not be considered here.

up his view of the subject: "Philosophers of the derivative school of words formerly assumed that the foundations of morality lay in a form of selfishness, but more recently in the 'greatest happiness' principle. According to the view given above, the moral sense is fundamentally identical with the social instincts; and in the case of the lower animals it would be absurd to speak of these instincts as having been developed from selfishness or for the happiness of the community. They have, however, certainly been developed for the general good of the community. . . . Finally, the social instincts, which no doubt were acquired by man, as by the lower animals, for the good of the community, will from the first have given to him some wish to aid his fellows and some feeling of sympathy. Such impulses will have served him at a very early period as a rude rule of right and wrong."²

It is clear that the people, as distinguished from the educated minority, are far stronger in the natural impulses than the latter class. Education and the conventionalities of civilized life undoubtedly tend to weaken, or at least to restrain, natural impulses, both good and bad. It is for this reason that those who pin their faith to the political instincts of the majority look with some suspicion upon the educated class, as being tainted with a certain unsoundness; as having lost, in greater or less degree, that magical something which gives the ignorant man his superiority. Mr. Gladstone's *Classes against the Masses* is perhaps the latest example. Rousseau puts the matter in his usual sweeping and indiscriminate fashion, taking no account of the moral convictions, as they might be called, which education

² In Hazlitt's *Principles of Human Action*, a highly valuable but neglected essay, there is a striking argument to prove the natural disinterestedness of the human mind, which might be quoted in support of the position here taken, but it will not bear sufficient condensation for that purpose.

always should, and sometimes does supply : —

“It is only suffering in the abstract which disturbs the tranquil repose of the philosopher, or drags him at an untimely hour from his bed. You are perfectly safe in murdering your fellow-creature beneath his academic window, for he has but to reason a little, covering his ears with his hands, and behold he has stifled the natural impulse to identify himself with your victim. The savage lacks this admirable talent; being deficient in reason and sagacity, he stupidly gives himself over to sentiments of humanity. If a riot be impending in the streets, the populace assemble, but the prudent citizen takes himself off; it is the *canaille*, the fishwomen, who interfere, separate the combatants, and prevent the honest fellows from cutting each other's throats.”

But to say that natural impulses are strongest in the uneducated is not equivalent to asserting that education is a bad thing, although I am aware that some philosophers have gone so far as this. The true end of education is of course to eradicate or restrain the natural impulses which are bad, and to fortify those which are good; or, as has already been suggested, to supply their place with convictions which form an inherent part of the character, and which are more rational, and therefore, perhaps, more trustworthy. This is the ideal result, but not a common one, and it implies much more than mere intellectual training. The acquirement of knowledge does not bring it about. In the first quarter of the present century, there was a revival in England of the notion that knowledge includes virtue, and that academies, workingmen's institutes, high schools, and libraries are sufficient to regenerate society; but the falsity of this theory is apparent. There is, consequently, to repeat the assertion, some ground for suspecting in political affairs the so-called educated class. What that class

has lost is certain, — the pristine strength of its natural impulses, — but what it has gained is matter of uncertainty. A famous writer once declared, speaking of the Bible, that no single book can withstand “the wild, living intellect of man.” That same intellect busies itself with the defense and development of error as well as of truth, and education often stifles some good natural impulse by means of a fallacious but seemingly logical system. Malebranche, one of the most tender-hearted of men, did not hesitate to strike a small dog which had the misfortune to belong to him. The great philosopher had adopted the theory that brutes are mere automata, without real feeling, and so it was nothing to him that the animal howled when he was beaten. The Inquisition affords a wider and more striking illustration. This was a measure which approved itself to a learned, refined, and in some respects humane minority; but, had it been submitted to the uneducated instincts of the people, it would have been rejected with horror.

It might be well to gather up at this point the threads of the argument. We started with the familiar propositions that —

- (1.) The political instincts of the people are sound.
- (2.) The people are, by reason of ignorance and unwisdom, incapable of governing well.
- (3.) The majority of every people are morally corrupt.

It has been shown that all of these apparently inconsistent propositions are true in a restricted sense. It is true that so far as concerns a man's duty to himself or even to his neighbor, when his passions are aroused, the majority of any people are corrupt; it is true that for many functions of government knowledge and wisdom are required, which it is impossible that the people as a whole should possess; finally, it is true that in such political matters as concern an

individual's or a nation's duty to another, the "great heart of the common people" is sound and trustworthy, because it is guided by natural impulses, by what may be called the instinct of pity. If the question were as to the emancipation of slaves, as to the duty of going to war for the sake of preventing or revenging an injustice, or as to the treatment of any particular class in the community, the people would be most likely to take the right view. But if the point at issue were, for example, a financial one, such as the relative advantages of free trade and protection, or the desirability of a double standard in money, the opinion of the people would be without value, right or wrong by accident. If, then, "the great heart of the common people" be a sound basis, it is also a restricted one. It justifies the people in exercising some, but not all, of the functions of government. *Vox populi* is *vox Dei* within limits.

There is one other ground, although, I believe, it has never yet been put forward, upon which the political capacity of the people in certain directions may properly be rested. The fact has been alluded to already that, beside the instinct of pity, man, in common with the lower animals, has a natural impulse to resent an injury or an affront; and it is upon this impulse that, in the last analysis, the honor both of individuals and of nations is based. The rough in the street, in whom the instinct in question is stifled by no considerations of thrift or "respectability," has therefore a sense of personal honor more nearly like that of the highest than of any other class in society. In the really educated man the instinct of resenting an insult becomes a conviction of what is due to his self-respect, losing its spontaneous character, and acquiring the obligation of a duty.

But in the intermediate, the middle class, as it is called in England, and the common-schooled but uneducated class,

as it has been called in this country, the fighting impulse is much weaker. The intermediate man hates a "row;" violence is inconsistent with his idea of respectability; and he counts the cost and reckons up the consequences of a blow. This coldness on his part arises from no lack of courage; "he has given his proofs," as the French say, on a thousand battle-fields; but his natural impulse to resent an affront has been weakened by the process of civilization. Now, in nine cases out of ten the propriety of going to war is essentially the same question as that of resenting a personal insult, or avenging or preventing a personal injury, and will be decided by every citizen upon similar grounds. It follows, then, that in questions of this character the people, meaning the great mass of the uneducated, will take a soldier-like view, and will commonly be found at one with the aristocracy, if any such exist in the country concerned. For an illustration of this fact one need look no further than England. During many years it has been made the reproach, whereas in truth it is the high honor, of the conservative party that their foreign policy has found in the mob its most numerous and most enthusiastic supporters. A street row, originating in an affront, is begun and conducted upon precisely the same principles as a war between two great powers. Such considerations as these are obvious enough, but they are commonly overlooked. "The bane of philosophy," Mr. Walter Bagehot acutely remarked, "is pomposity; people will not see that small things are the miniatures of greater; and it seems a loss of abstract dignity to freshen their minds by object-lessons from what they know."

Candid supporters of the two theories which I have now examined, and to some extent harmonized, must occasionally have felt a misgiving that their opponents were right, after all, or at

least that something substantial was to be said on that side. Such a misgiving would be founded in fact; and indeed it is preposterous to suppose either that the much-vaunted and widely held political capacity or the equally celebrated political incapacity of the people could be a mere delusion. There must be a basis of truth for each contention; and if that basis has been ascertained correctly in the foregoing analysis, then it follows that the people will, as a rule, decide rightly so far as questions of humanity, of justice, and, generally speaking, of war are concerned, but that so far as ordinary business questions of government or the selection of repre-

sentatives may be involved, the people are unfit to govern.

The inquiry here undertaken is important and fundamental, but it is a narrow one. No attempt is made to ascertain who "the people" are, or what degree of education removes a man from this class, or what weight the people really exercise in our government, or how completely their will is expressed. Finally, it does not follow that a particular system of government should be discarded so soon as it is found to be in any respect illogical or even absurd. The choice to be made is a choice of evils. All forms of government are bad, but the worst is better than anarchy.

H. C. Merwin.

PASSE ROSE.

XXIII.

THE king had risen from table, and entered his cabinet.

One might have known this from the murmur of voices in the dining-hall, indicating that the officers of the palace had succeeded their royal master at table; for when the king was eating, the silence of the room was broken only by those who served, and by the voice of the clerk on the estrade, reading from the Frankish chronicles or the works of the saints. One might have known it also from the demeanor of those who crossed the court without. The boldest inmate of the palace, seeing the curtain drawn aside from the circular window over the south portal, hurried about his business with the conscious air of one who is observed; for this window was like the lens of a telescope, and this curtain like the cap which covers the lens. When the curtain was drawn aside, one knew the king's eye was there.

A single door, covered by a tapestry

sown with lions and bordered with marigolds, gave access to the room from the royal sleeping-chamber. A chair standing habitually in the embrasure of the window, a stool and reading-desk near the chair, a wooden bench beside the fireplace, and two cushions of silk on the floor were its only furniture. Smoke had darkened the rafters overhead, their gilded edges and the rosettes painted in orange on the pale sea-green of the intervening spaces being scarcely visible. A single window, too, lighted the room; but this window redeemed it. Gloomy and dark within as the tube of the telescope, through this its lens one saw, below, the court; above, beyond the roofs, a green circle of wooded hills; and, higher still, the heaven-fields, which the king loved to scan at night, when the watchman cried the hours to the stars.

Spread open upon the reading-desk lay the king's favorite book, the City of God, of St. Augustine, from which a clerk was reading aloud in slow, monot-

onous tones, glancing between the periods from the immobile figure in the chair to a young girl, who, seated on the cushion at its feet, caught every word as it fell from his lips. A tunic of white silk shot with silver threads, which glistened like frost, reached to her feet, and descended in rolls to the wrists, where it ended in broad bands of fine pearls. A like band terminated the garment at her throat; and still another, narrower, but with larger pearls, spaced at equal intervals, confined a thin veil about the temples. This veil, covering the hair and shoulders, and embroidered with flowers of a lustrous white silk, sparkled in the sun, which, now nearly vertical, began to enter the window, creeping slowly up the carved pillars of the king's chair to the crystal balls which terminated its arms. Her hands clasped about her knee, her eyes riveted upon the reader's face, the young girl listened intently, unmindful of the king's gaze, her whole attention absorbed by what she heard.

"Who, indeed, can enumerate all the great grievances with which human society abounds in the misery of this mortal state? Who can weigh them? Hear how one of their comic writers makes one of his characters express the common feeling of all men in this matter: 'I am married: this is one misery. Children are born to me: they are additional cares.' What shall I say of the miseries of love, which Terence also recounts? — 'slights, suspicions, quarrels.'"

Sighing at these words, as if they were her own utterance, the listener lifted her eyes to the king, and, seeing his clear, penetrating gaze fixed upon her, blushed, and turned her face to the window.

Her body was frail, and slender as a flower's stem, and his rugged and robust, like a stout blade beaten into shape under the blows of a forging hammer: the eyes of each were great and gray, but hers soft as a falcon in

mew, and his keen as a hawk trussing; her skin, softer than the tissue of her silken garment, was scarcely less white, and his, bronzed by many winds and suns, was darker than the brown mustache which, thick and strong like the brows and hair, overshadowed the firm lines of the mouth. Where the subtle likeness between the two hid were hard to say, though it struck the shallowest observer at a glance.

His hands resting on the crystal balls, the king watched the averted face, while the voice of the reader pursued its even way: —

"Who ought to be, or who are, more friendly than those who live under the same roof? And yet, who can rely even upon this friendship, seeing that secret treachery has often destroyed it, producing enmity even more bitter than the amity was sweet" —

"Turn over some pages," said the clear voice of the king. It was scarcely four years since the conspiracy of his first-born.

Startled by this interruption, the clerk hastened to obey, fumbling the leaves of the manuscript between his thick fingers, and casting furtive glances from its yellow pages to the king, — that king so imposing to the historian, the creator rather than the product of an epoch, greater in authentic annals than in the epics to which his greatness gave rise, a sun shining between the two nights of barbarism and feudality.

At the sound of the king's voice, the young girl had looked up quickly, but the eyes she sought were far away upon the hills. Of what was he thinking? Of that nest of Bavarian hate and perfidy mothered by Luitberg, who had never forgotten his insult to her race in the divorce of her sister and the overthrow of the house of Lombardy? But this nest of conspiracy had been destroyed, and its inmates had followed the Lombard kings and the dukes of Aquitania into the tomb of the monastery. Did

he hear beyond those hills, from the heart of Germany, the sullen murmur of moving peoples? But this murmur was hushed. One by one his envying enemies, Saxon, Tartar, and Slav on the north and east, Lombard, Saracen, and Aquitanian on the south and west, holding France as in the jaws of a vise, had been reduced to vassalage. The Saxon dream of independence was over, and their tireless leader, discouraged at last by reverses, had been baptized at Attigny. Thrice conquered, the Huns lay powerless between the newly constituted duchies of Frioul and Bavaria. Not in vain had the Holy Pontiff appealed to the Frankish monarch; he feared no longer to see the Saracen under the walls of Rome, or the galleys of Irene in the Bay of Tarentum. Irene herself trembled in her palace of Byzantium; for the tread of Frankish horsemen was heard on the banks of the Save, and terror reigned in Thrace and Macedonia.

Although the clerk, having discovered a more agreeable chapter, continued tranquilly his reading, the king was apparently not listening. Did he see beyond those hills the shadows of great disasters yet below the horizon? But the Western Church and State were unifying, their Eastern rivals disintegrating. If this church was still blinded by superstition, if this monarchy was still weighted by abuses, yet decay had given place to organization, sterility to life; if this kingdom was yet to be torn in fragments, its hitherto fluctuating boundaries had become fixed. The sun rose on a world of hope. The prophetic dream of the Thuringian Bazine, mother of Clovis, on the night of her nuptials, had been fulfilled, — her race had descended into the cloister, then the sepulchre of incompetency and fallen greatness; and now was being accomplished that other prophecy, of Strabo, who foresaw in Gaul the seat of a great empire.

Ordinarily the king observed with in-

terest what was passing in the court below, now filling with the motley concourse of strangers come to witness the approaching *fêtes*. The vast buildings surrounding the palace, erected for the accommodation of those who for any cause of interest or shelter flocked to the royal residence, overflowed with visitors from every part of the kingdom, curious to see the booty and captives which the young king of Italy brought his father. Never had the city swarmed with so many people, never had so many illustrious personages gathered in the capital of the Western world. Neustrian and Austrasian lords, who for so long had mutually despised each other, the one for his effeminacy, the other for his barbarism, now united under a single sway, mingled freely with polished Southern nobles and blunt warriors from provinces beyond the Rhine. The most extravagant stories of the riches of the *ring*, plundered by the victorious Pepin, circulated from mouth to mouth; descriptions of the Hunnish captives, their savage appearance, braided locks, and dress of furs, were on every tongue. One could scarcely wait to see these spoils of conquest, to gloat over these haughty prisoners. Tables were being placed in the streets, before the doors of the houses; the buildings were being decorated with colored cloths; and from the lofty poles erected between the palace and the gate of Colonia were to be displayed enormous paintings, representing the history of the world from the temptation of Paradise to the present time. Already workmen were preparing in the great square the tribunes from which the court was to witness the entry, and trenchers at which the army was to feast by torchlight after the *Te Deum* in the basilica of the Mother of God. These streets were soon to be strewn with flowers, these tables to be covered with chased dishes filled with meats and running with wine, this square to resound with shouts of rejoicing; and

every eye was beginning to glitter with the feverish light of impatience and expectation.

So many people circulated about the gate and filled the court that none gave heed to a girl, who, pressing through this concourse of curious loiterers, made her way to the door under the south gallery, where the guards with difficulty prevented the crowd from invading the palace itself. She had dismounted from her horse in the street, and, guided by the exclamations and fragmentary sentences of those about her, advanced resolutely to the bronze gates, where the crowd was densest. These gates opened upon the spacious stairway leading from the gallery to the audience-chamber.

"They say the king is there," said one, pointing to the window above.

"Is it true the army is but a day's march — *Seigneur!* take thine elbows from my ribs!" exclaimed another to his neighbor, who was forcing his way excitedly towards the soldier guarding the door.

"Let him pass!" cried a third, holding back. "I heard him tell an officer that his wife was lost in the press."

Passe Rose turned, and saw *Werdric*. He also recognized her, but at the same moment a cry arose from behind, and the surge of the crowd swept them asunder. This cry was due to the opening of the gates leading to the stables, whence a troop of horse issued into the court, already thronged. It was the royal guard going out to meet the young king, on the road to *Colonia*. Beset by the swaying mass and excited by the tumult, the horses threatened to trample those nearest them underfoot, and their leader called to those about the gates to clear a passage with their lances. Seeing the attention of all diverted and the bronze doors momentarily deserted, *Passe Rose* pushed the heavy panel far enough to slip within, and without pause or deliberation ran up the broad stairs she saw before her. At their summit

extended a long corridor, down which she advanced hurriedly, till the clamor of many voices and the metallic ring of dishes caused her to retreat. Passing thus quickly from the noise and light without into the gloom and solitude within, she heard every heart-beat, and felt her courage desert her. At the sound of approaching footsteps, she began to run, and at the first door she met glided behind its tapestry screen. This door gave access to the great hall where the noble youth of the kingdom assembled to listen to the teachings of the school of the palace, and adjoined the private apartments of the king. *Passe Rose* had no sooner lifted the curtain than she saw a page, who, sitting on the floor, at the entrance of the passage to the king's chamber, was amusing himself with a parchment, from which hung a multitude of tasseled strings. Seeing that she was observed, she went forward timidly, gaining courage, however, at sight of the pretty face of the boy. The latter, whose duty it was to summon the chaplain when the king had finished his reading, occupying himself with no business but his own, evinced only a lively curiosity in the young girl, whose presence promised to relieve the tedium of his waiting. *Passe Rose*, on her side, having no fear of a boy, approached with all the unconcern she could affect, smiling, her eyes fixed upon the silken fringe, but alert for every sound.

"What hast thou there?" she asked, stooping over the parchment in the boy's hands.

"The Oracle of Truth," he replied, looking up into her face.

"The Oracle?" whispered *Passe Rose*, glancing sidewise through the doorway. "Pray what is that?"

"Choose one of these strings," said the boy. *Passe Rose* reached out her hand. "Nay, shut thine eyes, then choose, and I will tell thee what will befall."

"Canst thou read?" asked Passe Rose, observing the characters on the parchment.

"Nay, but I know the answers by heart. This one with the blue string reads thus: 'Beware: after honey, gall!' But choose; only close thine eyes."

Forgetting for the moment her purpose, and fascinated by the mysterious parchment, Passe Rose shut her eyes, and, first signing herself, touched one of its pendent strings. "What is it?" she asked, opening her eyes and bending forward with anxiety.

The boy clapped his hands, laughing. "The yellow, the yellow! What luck! See!" pointing with his finger, — "'A great happiness is on its way to thee.'"

Passe Rose stood up, her eyes dilating, her bosom swelling. She could not speak. This great hall was not large enough for her to breathe in. Stooping quickly, she kissed the boy's face, then disappeared in the corridor which led to the chamber of the king.

"Ho! Knowest thou not he is within?" called the page. Passe Rose neither paused nor turned. "Ho, I tell thee!" he called again, springing to his feet. But Passe Rose had already disappeared. "Seigneur!" cried the boy, terrified by such audacity, and running across the hall to tell the chief of the pages that a strange girl had entered the sleeping-chamber of the king.

On emerging from the obscurity of the passage-way into the light, Passe Rose was still smiling. She paused a moment on the threshold of the chamber, then stepped upon its mosaic floor, and stood still again. The room was empty, yet, as when gazing at the altar in the chapel of Immaburg, sure of some invisible presence, she searched its length and breadth, her heart beating fast with expectation and her members numb with awe. Before her was the king's bed, low and wide, with its ermine cover and pillows of brodered

silk, partly concealed by curtains hung from swinging rods. On the floor beside it stretched the red skin of a fox, and upon the table stood the king's cup and the candelabrum, whose six candles of wax indicated the hour of the day; for the king had not yet received the famous brass water-clock, damaskeened with gold, presented to him by the Caliph Aroun-al-Raschid, whose falling balls sounded the hours night and day. Three of these candles were already consumed; it would therefore be more than an hour before the king would send for his chaplain. From the bed Passe Rose's eyes followed the tapestry which hid the wall to the height of her shoulders, and above which a carved shelf made the circuit of the apartment. Behind the objects upon this shelf the walls displayed flowers, painted in red and yellow and other colors, of such marvelous forms and hues that Passe Rose could think of nothing but the beautiful fields of Paradise. Moreover, above the door opposite her she saw an image of the blessed St. Martin, who divided his cloak with a beggar; and the face of this image, rudely carved though it was, certainly smiled upon her, while its lips, albeit of wood, moved visibly, as if saying, "A great happiness is on its way to thee." Persuaded that the saint really addressed her, she approached, her two hands crossed upon her bosom, when she perceived that the sounds came from within the door, and suddenly, —

"Turn over some pages," said a clear voice, as it were at her very side.

She started back, but catching sight again of the encouraging countenance of the saint, murmured a quick prayer, and advancing to the door laid her ear close to the golden lions of the tapestry. Some one was speaking. She held her breath, and listened.

"But now as regards loftiness of place, it is altogether ridiculous to be so influenced by the fact that the demons in-

habit the air, and we the earth, as to think that on that account they are to be put before us; for in this way we put all the birds before ourselves. But the birds, when they are weary with flying, or require to repair their bodies with food, come back to the earth to rest or to feed, which the demons, they say, do not. Are they therefore inclined to say that the birds are superior to us, and the demons superior to the birds? But if it be madness to think so, there is no reason why we should think that, on account of their inhabiting a loftier element, the demons have a claim to our religious submission."

This passage excited in *Passe Rose* so lively an interest that she forgot everything. Her face flushed redder than the fabric next her cheek, and in her eagerness to catch every word she parted the fringe, revealing to the reader a pair of dark eyes, which glistened like dewdrops among the silk marigolds of the tapestry. Disconcerted by this apparition, the clerk paused.

"Read on," said the king sharply.

The clerk would have obeyed, but the place was lost; in vain did he seek it with his finger, for he could not wrest his eyes from the girl's face; so that the king, following his gaze, and turning quickly, discovered *Passe Rose* standing terrified in the doorway.

Whether because his face inspired confidence (for in the presence of some we are at our best, as in that of others every good quality deserts us without reason), or whether because her courage rose when put to the proof, no sooner did the king's eye meet hers than her terror left her, and with a firm step she advanced into the room, rendering gaze for gaze. She had taken no thought of what she should say, but, going in, she remembered how, when a little girl dancing before Queen Hildegard at the Easter fêtes, a young chamberlain came with a message, and, bending upon one knee, said, "In the name of God, who suffered for us, I

salute you;" and how the queen made answer, "In the name of God, who was our ransom, hail." These fine words came back to her and were on her lips as she approached, when, just beyond the king's chair, she saw Agnes of Solier, and stopped, mute and staring. A hundred times the space in which *Passe Rose* stood thus trembling like a tense bowstring would not suffice to tell all she felt and saw in that moment of silence, though in reality it was but the length of two breaths. All which before had seemed sure and easy became suddenly hopeless and of no avail, while every evil fear she had once lightly set aside was uppermost. How could she contend with a king's daughter? She had killed the queen's favorite! What if, as the prior had said, the papers were of other matters? Who would then believe her? Where were her witnesses? It was perhaps a dream, and she made a little movement of the fingers, to feel whether the wounds caused by the Saxon's knife were still there; seeing at the same time the white hands of Agnes of Solier and her own, brown with toil and stained with blood. A confused recollection of what the clerk had read crossed her mind. "Demon of hell," whispered a voice in her ear, "the abbot, the prior, the monk, will swear to it, and the captain also, whom thou hast possessed." "Aye, whom I possess," she replied; and she heard the page saying to her, "A great happiness is on its way to thee." She repeated the words softly, "A great happiness, a great happiness," as if they could conjure away her fears, clinging with her eyes to the king, and resisting with all her strength the challenging gaze of Agnes of Solier. The latter, no less surprised than *Passe Rose*, stared back in wonder.

"Who art thou, and what dost thou wish?" asked the king, astonished at her sudden appearance and agitated face.

At the sound of his voice, the words

broke like a torrent from *Passe Rose's* lips: "This one I found by the fish-ponds," — she had thrust the papers in his hand, — "and this the Saxon gave the monk for the prior. Read, read!" and drawing the cord through the wax seal with her trembling fingers, she spread the parchment on his knee. "I was in the tower; there came two, the prior and another, — then the Saxon maid who sat at supper at *Immaburg*. I heard what they said. Look! there are the prints of her knife! The knife was for thee."

"Peace!" exclaimed the king, rising to his feet, and crushing the parchment in his hand. It was a cry rather than a command, for, incoherent as were the words he heard, they were sharper than any knife to his pride. He stood for a moment in doubt, and then, as if convinced by the girl's fearless manner, sank back into his chair, opening the papers slowly, and fixing from time to time, as he read, a searching look upon *Passe Rose*. Her heart was beating violently, but her fear was over, and she watched the king's face boldly. Every trace of anger and distress had fallen from it, as a mantle falls from the shoulder to the ground. He neither started nor frowned, as she had thought to see him do; nevertheless, she was content, for his eyes were good to look at, and she felt the happiness of which she had been foretold running, as the tide runs in the sea-meadows, to her finger-tips. She wished to laugh aloud, to dance, to sing, and at the same time tears of which she could give no account dimmed her vision, causing the garnet in the clasp of the king's cloak to swell and glisten like a bubble of blood. She heard the clerk closing his book and retiring softly behind her, but when the king turned to *Agnes of Solier* with a sign that she should go also, *Passe Rose* reached out her hand.

"I pray thee let this lady listen," she said entreatingly.

Surprised beyond measure, the king knit his brow, looking from *Passe Rose's* eager face to the flushed countenance of *Agnes of Solier*, who had risen to her feet, and stood beside his chair, her hand resting upon his.

"Speak on," he said, feeling the hand trembling upon his own.

Anxious lest his patience should be exhausted, divided in her mind as to what was trivial and what important, *Passe Rose* began, — relating her meeting with *Gui of Tours* in the wood of *Hesbaye*, her adventure in the abbey and consultation with the sorceress (though this were a forbidden thing), and then her return to the abbey at midnight to tell *Friedgis* what the gospels had said, and how the captain had promised to seek the Saxon maid in the household of the king. "It was going down the hill after the prior was gone that I found the paper," she said, pointing to the parchment, "for the moon came up while I was hid."

So candid was her speech and so eager her haste that the king listened in silent wonder, though he saw her oft bewildered between two stories, one for him and one for *Agnes of Solier*. But here she paused, and a sob rose in her throat.

"Father and mother have I none," she continued, "because of the pest; and they being dead, I went wherever the wind blew, with dancing-girls and jugglers, — it was then I danced at *Chasseneuil*, before *Queen Hildegard*, — and afterwards with merchants. But I parted from these at the fair of *St. Denis* because of a certain Greek," — here *Passe Rose* looked full at *Agnes of Solier*; "for love is like God's winds, coming at no man's bidding and dispelled by no command, except it be the Christ's, as told in the gospels. Afterwards, till now," — for the first time she hesitated, — "I lived with *Werdric*, the goldsmith of *Maestricht*, and his wife, *Jeanne*, till — till I came to *Immaburg*."

"What brought thee to Imbaburg?" interrupted Agnes of Solier quickly.

The question was rude, and Passe Rose grew hot and cold by turns. A defiant light flashed in her eyes, but she kept them fixed upon the king. "If one should mock thee to thy face, what wouldst thou do?" she said, lip and voice quivering together.

"By the Lord of heaven!" exclaimed the king, startled by this unexpected question, but liking well her boldness, "were I the stronger" —

"Nay, the weaker."

Perplexed, the king observed her in silence.

"When I returned from the abbey," continued Passe Rose in a hard voice, "the night was far gone, and the goldsmith met me at the garden gate. 'Wanton!' he said. For that reason," looking at Agnes of Solier, "I left my home, wandering two days in the wood of Hesbaye, and came to Imbaburg, as thou sawest, not knowing where I was. There it was I first saw the Saxon maid. She came by stealth into the strangers' hall, and gave these papers to the monk as he sat by the fire, bidding him deliver them to the prior. Why I took them from him I know not, except it were God's will, for I thought no more of them till yesternight, being distraught at what the page told me."

"What did he tell thee?" asked Agnes of Solier.

"That thou wert a king's daughter, and betrothed to Gui of Tours."

The king's face flushed red, but Agnes of Solier, pale as the holy napkin, neither spoke nor stirred.

"What happened at supper thou knowest," continued Passe Rose.

"But what happened afterwards I know not!" cried Agnes of Solier, torn between her jealousy and her pride.

"I am come to tell thee," answered Passe Rose with dignity. "When thou wert gone, I said to the captain, 'Though I were the meanest slave in the kingdom,

what God hath given the king's daughter he hath given to me, and I yield it to none except at his altar.' With that I ran to the chapel to pray and seek counsel of the priest. But because in my anger I had cast down the image of the Virgin above my bed, God would not listen to me; the priest at Imbaburg is witness that he took away my senses, and when I got them back I was in the wagon on the high-road. Dost thou remember how the stream was swollen at the ford? I was there, and while they sounded the water I heard the voices of women in the wagon next to mine. One said that the heart of the captain was plainly mine, and could not be had of me for all the gold of the Huns."

"Insolent!" murmured Agnes of Solier, tightening her fingers on the king's hand. But the king, chary of words, waited.

"Another," pursued Passe Rose, "replied that it were easier for a dancing-girl to give herself to a captain than for a king's daughter to forget an injury. 'Mark well what I tell thee,' she said: 'one hath his heart; the other will have his head.' 'Liar!' I said to myself. 'What a king's daughter will do I know not, but what a dancing-girl can do I will show thee.' So, when the ford was passed, I cut a hole through the skins with my knife, and went mine own way."

A gesture of surprise escaped the king, who had risen from his chair, and was pacing slowly to and fro between the door and the window. At this moment the troop was filing through the archway into the square, and the Gascon, followed by the prior, was opening the wicket gate leading to the room where the body of Rothilde lay.

It were idle to deny that Passe Rose was conscious of the greatness of her action, for even the angels serve God with pleasure; and if it be that they rejoice over the sinner's repentance, some echo, as it were, of this rejoicing

is borne to the soul which doeth well, for its encouragement and satisfaction. Yet so little did *Passe Rose* think to win applause that she mistook the king's gesture for a sign of impatience. "I am coming to it fast," she said, pointing to the parchment, and hurrying on to tell how she hid in the sheepfold; how Jeanne came, bereft of reason and without the power to know her own; and all she saw and heard from the tower while Jeanne slept.

Not once during this recital did the king cease his walk or lift his eyes from the floor till *Passe Rose* told how *Friedgis* was slain: "I heard a sword drawn, and the rustle of leaves underfoot; afterwards, from the wood, a cry — and then the Saxon maid said" —

She stopped short. The king stood before her, his brow knit as with pain, his face gloomy with suppressed passion. "Well, what said she?" he asked, fixing upon *Passe Rose* his piercing eye.

"Bring me now thy Greek, and I will show him the way to the king's bed."

The king drew himself up to his full height. For a moment he was silent, his eyes shining with points of flame. Then he struck his palms together, whispering a few words to the page who at this signal came in haste from the adjoining room, and, returning to the window, gazed thoughtfully into the court.

Passe Rose, motionless, stood speechless. It was one of those silences which one does not dare to break. "Continue," said the king at length, in a calm voice.

"When the Saxon was gone into the wood, the prior concerted with his companion how they should get the papers from the captain that night, by fair means or foul," pursued *Passe Rose*, stealing a glance at *Agnes of Solier*. "'Ask her where this captain lies,' said the soldier. 'Nay,' replied the prior, 'it will alarm her. Hist! she comes.'"

"Aye, she comes," murmured the king, beckoning to *Passe Rose*. "See."

Obedying his motion, she approached, holding her breath with the presentiment of impending shock. The throng had followed the troop into the square, and the court was empty. From the farther angle a litter, borne by soldiers, issued from the shadow of the gallery. Over the litter a cloth was spread, and on the cloth a cross glistened in the sun.

Passe Rose, leaning forward, drew a quick breath. "The Saxon!" she whispered.

"Slain, yesternight, by the monk."

"By the monk!" gasped *Passe Rose*.

"Yonder, in the square."

"Nay, it was I!" she cried vehemently, grasping the king's arm. "Look, the marks of her knife! My mother spake in her dreams when the prior was gone. I laid my hand to her mouth, but it was too late. Before I could get to my knees, she" — pointing to the bier — "was on the stair. I caught the blade in my hand as her blow fell, and then we locked, without breath to speak, she above, and I below. God is my witness I had done her no harm but that I knew she or I must die, and die I would not till the captain was warned, for the prior's words were in my ears. Time was lacking to pray, but I saw the stars, and strained leg and arm till her fingers gave way and my throat was free. Then I stood up alone, — how it happened I know not, but I heard the waters splash, and once a cry." She stopped, her bosom heaving, her eyes fixed upon the litter. "*Jesu!*" she murmured, her voice falling to a whisper, "it was I."

The king regarded her in a stupor of wonder and admiration. He strode back and forth from wall to wall, looking now at *Passe Rose*, and now, uneasily, at *Agnes of Solier*, who, pale and speechless, stared back with eyes of stone. Suddenly, with an abrupt gesture, he stopped before *Passe Rose*.

"If the King of heaven gave thee thy heart's wish, what wouldst thou ask?"

"The reason of my mother Jeanne," said Passe Rose.

The king started. "I will ask it this day in my prayers. And of me," his voice trembling, "what wouldst thou?"

"To give me leave to go in peace to Maestricht, and then to send thither my mother, whom I left in the house by the gate at Frankenburg, for if she see me in the garden combing wool, in my own attire, her reason will return."

"Afterward," said the king, a shadow of vexation passing over his face. Indeed, it were hard to say which was suitor to the other, for his voice faltered, and hers was firm and clear. "That is not all. Afterward," he repeated impatiently.

The color deepened on Passe Rose's cheeks, she trembled violently, and, no longer able to support his gaze, she turned her shining eyes to Agnes of Solier, and threw herself at her feet.

"By the Mother of God!" exclaimed the king, taking Agnes of Solier's hand and seating her in his own chair, "thou art right. She is a king's daughter. Ask her, and thou shalt see what a king's daughter can do." And stooping to Agnes of Solier, he kissed her on the forehead, and left the room.

If love and death could be made subject to will and reason, so that instead of loving love and fearing death, as nature and instinct compel us, we should love death and fear love, then had Passe Rose never gotten from her knees when the Saxon's knife threatened her, nor thrown herself at the feet of Agnes of Solier. But in concerns of love and death nature is stronger than reason, and impulse will countervail consideration; and though at the king's going Passe Rose felt shame drying the source of her tears, and pride nipping the buds of her heart's promise, yet, "If I rise," she said to herself, "all is lost;" and thus bowed down by the weight of her

love, before lesser motives could sway her she felt warm arms pressed about her neck, her face was drawn upwards, and she saw two eyes shining in tears, like her own. No word was spoken. They thought no more of their grief and joy than of the coarse wool and silken tissue which clothed them, but like two naked souls fresh from God's hands gazed at one another.

"Thou hast seen him?" murmured Agnes of Solier. Passe Rose's eyes answered. "And he loves thee—he has told thee"—Passe Rose buried her face in the brodered dress, her shoulders shaken with sobbing. It seemed to her that she could not bear the kiss she felt upon her hair, nor the arms' tender pressure.

"By the Blessed Jesus," she exclaimed, struggling to her feet, "would I might die for thee!"

XXIV.

On the day Passe Rose appeared before the king, the twelve psalms were recited at none, and prayers were said in commemoration of Christ's death, in presence of the royal household, the king himself chanting the epistle before the congregation, who wondered at his fervor. And though no mention is made by the chronicler of Passe Rose, who knelt beside Agnes of Solier in the queen's tribune, I had given less to hear the king's voice than to know what Passe Rose and Agnes of Solier said to God at the moment indicated by the rubric in these words: "Here speak thyself to God, and explain to Him thy need as thine heart shall prompt thee."

The night of that same day, also, when the lights of the palace were extinguished and the city slept, the king rose from bed, walking to and fro like one troubled in mind. But I had given less to know his thoughts than to know of what Passe Rose was thinking, as

she lay in bed that night with Agnes of Solier. Was it for joy, or for the novelty of all about her, or for awe and love of her bedfellow, that she could not sleep? For my part, I think it was because of an image of an angel standing within the curtain rail, whose wings were of silver plates so cunningly riveted that they seemed ready to beat the air; and that in her dreams she took this image for the priest coming with his swinging censor to bless her nuptial bed. Else why, when day was come, did she lie abashed, not daring to move, watching a full hour its silver wings?

There was marveling among the queen's women to see this stranger with Agnes of Solier. Gesualda's eyes were big with wonder, and her tongue could scarce keep pace with her conjectures or with the gossip whispered around her. It was said the king had recognized Agnes of Solier to be his daughter, and had forbidden her marriage through excess of affection, as in times past he had refused Bertrade to Ethelwold of Mercia, and Rotrude to the Emperor Constantine. One pretended that, having proclaimed her his own daughter, he would wed her with a greater than a simple captain; and another, that Gisla, the king's sister, had persuaded her to leave the world, and that to this end the king would give her the abbey of Poitiers. Whether any of these rumors were true or all were false, this is certain (for Gesualda had it from the chief of the pages, while waiting for the queen to go to mass on the morning of Pepin's coming): that after the prayers above mentioned, the king, being alone with the queen in her apartments, sent for both Agnes of Solier and Passe Rose; that these two came hand in hand, and were kissed in turn by the queen; and that the king pressed Passe Rose to ask his favor on whatever her heart desired. Whereupon she made answer that, of all things she had ever desired, to do her own pleasure freely for a whole hour

was the greatest. "At this," said the page, "the king laughed, and gave her his signet ring till night, to work her will with it as she pleased, bidding me to wait upon her."

"Holy Virgin!" gasped Gesualda. "What did she?"

"First, she sent for the young page Gerald, and caused to be written for him an order on the king's treasury for a hundred sous, 'because,' she said, 'of the truth spoken by the oracle.'"

"What oracle?" asked Gesualda.

"All I know I tell thee," replied the page. "At the same time," he continued, "she had another written for a woman living without the gate, by the ford of the Wurm, of the value of a young Breton colt lost in the king's service. Then she inquired for a certain Gascon, captain of the watch, and bade me fetch him. Thou shouldst have seen the fellow when he saw her! For she pretended anger, and, showing him the ring, asked if, being bidden by the king, he would now kiss a demon. At this he began to tremble and stammer, and she to laugh, saying that although her mouth were as full of kisses as her heart with joy, they were not hers to give, but that she would forgive his rudeness if he would bring her a certain goldsmith, by name Werdrie, living in Maestricht, but now searching for his wife Jeanne in the city. While the Gascon was gone she went to the new basilica, leaving me at the door to wait till she was come out again. But I followed her, an easy matter because of the crowd, and saw her at the altar of the Virgin, laying there a collar of gold which she had about her neck."

"I remember — I remember," said Gesualda.

"Listen," continued the page, lowering his voice. "As we came back, the streets being full of strangers, — what thinkest thou? She laid her hand upon one who passed near us. 'Art thou not the Greek expected by the Prior Sergius from Pavia?' she asked. I tell thee the

fellow's eyes shone with pleasure at seeing her. But before he could answer, 'Thy mission is known to the king,' she said. 'Get thee gone, therefore, if thou wouldst save thy life, and endeavor also to save thy soul. This I do for no love of thee, but because thou once lovedst me,' — and left him, white and staring."

"Oh, oh!" murmured Gesualda.

"Afterwards the Gascon came, saying he had the goldsmith below. 'Knowest thou the monk who stabbed the Saxon yesternight?' she asked. At which he replied that he knew him well, having seized him in the act. 'Go loose him,' she said, showing the king's signet again, 'and say to him that, being by age and learning a suitable person, the queen is pleased to write the abbot to make him deacon, that he may the better serve God at the altar. . . . I would have him prior,' she said, turning to me, 'but he is not fit; it were better, therefore, to leave this to God.' Then came the goldsmith, and this man also began to tremble and change color when he saw her, and suddenly fell on his knees, crying, 'Pardon!' 'Speak no more of it,' she said; 'the curse is turned to blessing; but get thy mule ready, for on the morrow I would go with thee to Maestricht, and Jeanne will follow.'"

"Hath she truly gone?" asked Gesualda.

"This very morning — as she said. Here, thy rein!" cried the page, for he stood at Gesualda's stirrup. "The queen comes." As he spoke, the doors were thrown open, and Liutgarde appeared with the king's daughters.

"Is Agnes among them?" asked Gesualda, raising herself on the point of her toe.

"Aye, behind, to the left. See," said the page, steadying the girl with his arm. "Adieu." His eyes lingered on her face. "Adieu," he repeated, seeking her hand under the saddle fringe.

But Gesualda's eyes were fixed upon Agnes of Solier. "By Heaven!" she

said to herself, "she hath been weeping."

Who will may read in the chronicles how Pepin entered Aix with files of captives and chariots loaded with treasure; how the Kan Thudun was baptized and his nobles forswore their idols; how the army feasted under the toss of torches; what largesses were distributed to the Church and among the king's vassals; and how, in memory thereof, Leo caused to be executed the mosaic representing the king receiving from the hand of St. Peter the standard of the empire. But since *Passe Rose* rode that morning from Aix with Werdrick, it were not our business to paint a fleeting pageant. And if any one should deem it strange that she should ride to Maestricht, and not to Frankenburg, where her lover lay wounded, let him remember that in all times when the road is rough and dangers threaten, a woman will win her way in spite of them to the side of her lover; but that when the road is smooth and open, when the wedding train is ready, the horses neighing in the street, and the priest waiting at the parvis door, she will dally at her toilet table and linger with her maids before descending.

If ever a man had paid dear for a hot word spoken in wrath, that man was Werdrick, the gold-beater of Maestricht. Had Jeanne flown at him with reproaches, that morning when the madness of a shameful suspicion got the better of love and reason, grief had been easier to bear. But to see her stealing up the turret stair, listening at every footstep without the gate, and looking up eagerly at the sound of a latch; to see her wits departing with her hope day by day, and yet, from force of habit, her hand still turned to her tasks; to feel her eyes, as he worked on the holy image, watching hungrily its beauty grow under the tool's edge, was almost beyond endurance. Many a man will breathe God's air, close his eyes in sleep and open them again to

the sun, without the knowledge of what these things mean; wrongly believing that in the gold which swells his purse or the wheat which bursts his barn lies the bulk of his happiness. Thus Werdric had lived in joy and peace with his wife Jeanne, not knowing wherein his content lay, till, one morning, he found the kitchen fire dead, and the bench where she was wont to sit empty. But now, returning home from Aix, he thanked God for every breath he drew, and for every sunbeam struggling through the trees; for *Passe Rose* rode before him, as on the morning when he found her, coming from St. Denis' fair, and Jeanne was following but a day's journey behind them.

"It is firmly fixed in my mind," said *Passe Rose*, as they journeyed side by side, "that if the pot is put to boil, and all things made to appear as if nothing had happened, our mother will recover her reason."

At these words, tears filled Werdric's eyes and coursed down the furrows of his cheeks; but there was no bitterness in them. For his heart was swollen with happiness, and when this is the case one has great confidence in God.

Never was *Passe Rose* so surprised as when, opening the garden gate, she saw the geese unpastured and the boy lolling with the maids in the grass. It seemed as if every stick and stone knew of Jeanne's absence. The weeds were growing insolently in the path; the leaves had assembled in companies under the wall, and chased each other at will over the beds; the very pots were dull, as with spleen; and spiders wove in the corners. But forthwith *Passe Rose* set the boy at the weeds and the maids at the pots, and, leaving them to marvel, went up the turret stair to her own chamber. There was the open chest, with the dress she loved flung therein; there among the fragments of the holy image lay her purse on the floor, where it had fallen when she hurled it,

in her rage, at the Blessed Mother of God; and there, too, was the print of her face in the golden sun brodered on her bed-cushion. Surely Jeanne had often come by stealth to gaze at these things, and now for the first time *Passe Rose* saw that this desolation was the work of her own hand. She who had given her pardon to Werdric needed now pardon for herself. "Seigneur Dieu!" she cried, falling on her knees and stifling her sobs in the golden sun. "I was more cruel than he." Whether she prayed while sobbing so heavily I know not, but just then a sound of distant chanting came as it were an answer from heaven itself. She raised her head, listening. "That should be the monks of St. Servais," thought she; and, rising quickly from her knees, pushed wide her window of horn. A flood of sunshine enwrapped her. "Why sing they at this hour?" she cried to a passer-by.

"Knowest thou not the abbot hath gotten his health? The monks give the praise to God."

"Aye, aye, God be praised!" said *Passe Rose*, drying her tears.

XXV.

The next morning came a messenger from the hill to *Passe Rose*, saying the abbot desired to speak with her, much to the astonishment of Maréthruda, who observed everything from her window. For while it was publicly said that Werdric had found *Passe Rose* in the king's palace, as the sons of Jacob had found their brother at the court of Pharaoh; that *Passe Rose* had won the king's favor, and would wed the newly appointed master of the stables, — Robert of Tours being dead in Hungary, — these rumors, so far from appeasing Maréthruda's curiosity, like stones dropped in a water-jar, only caused it to overflow the more. On hearing, in the market-place, that *Passe Rose* was betrothed to the captain

of the king's horse, she had shrugged her shoulders contemptuously, declaring she would credit it when wolves preached to lambs and cabbages had the smell of roses. But when Werdrick showed her a samite cloth woven of six threads in Sicily, the gift of Agnes of Solier for a bridal robe, for the tressed silk of whose girdle he was fashioning two dragons' heads with gaping mouths to hold the strands, she could doubt no longer. "God pardon us!" she thought, as she watched *Passe Rose* go forth mounted upon one of the sleek monastery mules, remembering how she had joined her neighbors in declaring the girl to be a demon.

Half-way up the hill *Passe Rose* bade the messenger ride on before her. "The motion fatigues me," she said. "I will rest here a little, and join thee at the gate." When he was gone she slipped from her seat, tying the mule by the roadside, and went in through the thorn-thicket to where Gui had found her fastening her sandals. There she lingered awhile, listening to the brook's tumble; then went down among the mulberries, to the place where she had sat with her lover. Did she feel nearer to him among these mute witnesses of her first confession? At her approach the mulberry leaves ceased their whispering, and she, observing them all tenderly, stood still in their midst, as if ashamed at all they knew. Regaining the road, she met the herdsmen going with the pigs to the oak feeding-grounds, and citizens coming from the sale of new wine, held every autumn without the abbey gates; these, intent upon their own business, went their ways, with only a glance or common greeting, when it seemed to *Passe Rose* that every one should stop to gaze at her. A sense of superiority lifted her above them all, and she looked with pity to see such sordid cares on the faces of God's creatures. Indeed, the mulberry-trees were far more congenial companions, and,

though ignorant of the price of new wine, were better judges of the fruits which God has planted in his garden.

There were no stars in the water-mirror, as she neared the pond, but the sun shone there, making a golden whirlpool where the waters eddied about the sluice. Her guide, angry because she dallied by the wayside when the abbot was waiting in the orchard, stamped his foot impatiently to see her now gazing stupidly into the pool. But *Passe Rose*, occupied by her thoughts, observing first the bush where she had lain concealed, and then the small gate whence *Friedgis* had issued, paused again under the wall of the Saxon's cell; at which her companion muttered so loudly that she drew a long breath, and followed him in silence. At the orchard gate he left her, and she perceived the abbot on the seat near the cliff's brow, beckoning to her. Advancing under the king's gaze, in his cabinet at Aix, she felt less trouble than now, remembering how this holy man had thought her certainly to be a devil, once dwelling within him. Her step trembled and her cheeks burned, and she covered these with her hands as she knelt down before him. Yet never did penitent bow with greater assurance of pardon, for between her fingers she saw upon the abbot's knees a parchment missive stamped with the king's signet. There was a silence, and then, —

"God has sent thee much sorrow," said the abbot.

"And great joy," she replied, lifting her head. The evidence of it was on her face, and *Passe Rose* was convinced that the abbot knew all that she had ever said or done, for immediately he added, —

"In sorrow we curse God, and in joy we forget him." Then he pointed to Maestricht, spread below on the plain, where the river shone, saying, "When Christ was yet young, as thou art, Satan took him up to such a place as this" —

"Aye, father," murmured Passe Rose quickly.

"Thinkest thou the Tempter showed him lands and gold and honor only, and not love also?" said the abbot.

Though his voice was gentle and his palm rested on her hair, Passe Rose stood up, trembling.

"If thou takest away my love, thou takest the staff from my hand."

The abbot turned away his head, and then, after a little, "God make it to blossom like that of Aaron."

"And give it rain and sun, that it may bear fruit to his glory," added Passe Rose candidly.

"Thine is the age of ready promise," said the abbot, looking at her with a show of severity.

"And great courage, father."

Vanquished by her sturdy confidence, the abbot turned his eyes again to the plain. The sun was struggling with the autumn wind to make the day fair, breaking at times from behind the clouds with a burst of its springtime power. Certainly it did not occur to Passe Rose that, like the sun, she could open to the abbot a vision of spring; for who, in the shadow of a mighty tree, would ever think that its stubborn trunk had once swayed to May winds, or that so rugged a bark was ever smooth and fair? What Passe Rose saw was the king's letter close under her eyes, yet as far from her comprehension as had been the gospel page on the altar of St. Servais. "I will ask leave," she was vowing to herself, "to come to the abbey school, that I may master this mystery;" and at the same time she remembered the ivory tablets sold by the Greek merchant, also an alphabet designed to hang from the girdle, and thought how well they would become her.

Surprising her gaze fixed upon the letter, the abbot took the missive from his knee. "The king," he said, "hath sent hither the silver pyx from his chapel

at Aix. Into whatever place this pyx is carried, there the sick are healed, the barren bear, and reason returns to the witless. Art thou able to fast?" —

"Oh, willingly!" cried Passe Rose.

"And to pass the night in prayer" —

"That is nothing," she interrupted eagerly.

"For to-morrow thy mother returns. At the third hour, by the king's command, the brotherhood will assemble to chant the litanies of Marcellus, which the Virgin taught the saint from her own mouth at Embrun. At that hour the bell will ring in the tower of St. Gabrielle; at its sound, lift thy voice also to heaven." He raised his hand; Passe Rose knelt again. "The peace of God and his angels guard thee."

Passe Rose did not stir. When at last she raised her eyes to the abbot's face, they were shining as never stars shone in the pond. She rose to her feet, yet did not turn to go. A scarlet flush overspread her face. She retreated a step, and paused again, with a wistful glance at the letter of the king.

Opening it, the abbot began to read: "In the name of God and of our Saviour Jesus Christ, Karle, by the will of the Divine Providence, king, to Rainal, abbot of St. Servais: Be it known that our will is that you make preparations to come, the xv of the calends of January, that is to say six days before Noel, to our palace of Aix, there to celebrate the espousals of our faithful vassal, Gui, Count of Tours" —

Here the abbot looked up from the missive.

But Passe Rose, who had gone with her dagger to the Saxon's cell, who, though bred among dancers, bore herself courteously with a king's daughter, had fled; and going down the hill, now walking, now running, sang aloud the *salut* she had sung to Queen Hildegarde, when she danced at Chasseneuil:

"God give thee joy,
And great honor."

XXVI.

Since the world was made, the wise pretend to set Art over against Nature, showing how the latter proceedeth by law, repeating herself by a blind necessity, without admixture of will or purpose. Yet no man twining his hovel with vines, clothing his nakedness with fineries, or fencing his life about with ceremonies, can compare with Nature in enchantments and illusions. No painter will make the flat appear round with greater nicety, no coquette hide a blemish with such delicacy. With a moonbeam she will outdo fancy, and, splitting the sun's rays, weave herself garments of such beauty as puts imagination to shame. When age is written on her face she will wear her gaudiest ribbons, and no flower of the field under the autumn stars would dream that the drops gathering on its petals were the sharp points of her frost arrows. Has any one failed to observe how, like an old woman who tries her wedding dress when her wrinkles are as plenty as its creases, Nature will put on her spring gown when leaves are falling and the ribs of rock appear in the mountain pastures; how she will draw about her passing comeliness a veil of mist so full of glamour that one is forced to believe her youth restored and winter far distant?

In Jeanne's garden the leaves of the carnelian cherries were yellow and specked with black, and their branches ready to shiver at the least breath of the wind; the plum-trees were tired of growing, and no longer strained to reach the top of the wall; shallot and parsley were withered into brown tufts of shrunken leafage; and the apples on the kitchen wall were pinched and lustreless. But none of these things could contend with Nature, bent upon counterfeiting a spring morning. Purple hemp-nettles bloomed along the wall, —

one might think they were May harebells; asters and yellow celandine nodded to each other across the path, as neighbors passing in the street might greet each other with wishes for a long life; hairy heads of grass jostled each other under Maréthruda's window; and everywhere the loriots and the sparrows preened and plumed their feathers wisely, as birds will when the young are grown, and all the screaming and chirping, the worry and fuss, of spring loves and summer cares are over. Under the open kitchen roof the fire blazed on the stone floor, with fagots fit for use hard by; a fleecy steam rose from the pot, and the spoon protruded above the rim, ready for the hand to seize; the geese were at pasture, the two maids washing at the river; Maréthruda was leaning from the window as formerly, when she had news to tell; through the open door came tinkling sounds of tools where Werdric was at work; and by the wooden post under the eaves *Passe Rose* herself sat in the sun, combing wool and watching the shadow of St. Sebastian's tower creeping up the path.

At every sound in the street, Maréthruda, her eyes fixed upon the garden gate, started. "Dieu!" she called to *Passe Rose*, "my tongue cleaves to my mouth; it will not move even to a prayer."

"Leave prayers to the monks," said *Passe Rose*, drawing her comb through the wool, but trembling inwardly; "thy business is to speak some common word, as thy wont is when she returns from market."

"As true as I live, I can think of nothing," replied Maréthruda.

"Say that the abbot hath sent her a tun of beer in exchange for the cheeses."

"That had not occurred to me," said Maréthruda. "Is it sour or honeyed?"

Passe Rose cast a quick glance of scorn at her neighbor; then the comb dropped from her hand in the wool, for

the bell struck in the tower of St. Gabrielle, and immediately the gate opened and Jeanne entered.

Passe Rose could neither stoop to take her comb nor lift her eyes. Every beat of her heart was like the stroke of the bell's hammer. She wished to run and clasp to her bosom the form she knew was standing in the door, and at the same time a cruel thought — "If I show her overmuch love, she will mistrust me" — took all her courage.

"Thou art late, so I put the pot to boil," she gasped, regaining her comb with a desperate motion.

Her eyes riveted upon Passe Rose, Jeanne stood immobile in the archway. In her fingers she held the ragged skirt of her garment. Whether she heard the pot steaming on the tripod, or the click of Werdric's tools, or the burden of the monk's hymn, "Alleluia, song of sweetness," I cannot tell; but at the sound of Passe Rose's voice, she advanced a step timidly, then stood still again. In her eyes one could see the struggle of contending passions, — distrust, desire, fear, and the hunger of love's famine. With a rapid glance about her, she took another step forward, and, seeing Maréthruda, smiled faintly; then, hesitating, retreated again, like an intruder.

It seemed to Passe Rose that God and Maréthruda deserted her; and forgetting both, as also the silver pyx, she rose in her own strength, and went to meet her mother. I know not what mixture of sweet cajolery and commanding willfulness was in her face and motion, but as she drew near Jeanne began to smile, and then to laugh, — a laugh so strangely pitiful that Passe Rose burst into sobbing, and caught her about the neck.

When Maréthruda, hastening from her window, reached the spot, Passe Rose was seated on the garden walk, holding Jeanne to her bosom, and Werdric knelt beside her. "See, her lips

move!" cried Maréthruda, beside herself.

Passe Rose bent her ear and listened. "What says she?" asked Maréthruda excitedly.

And Passe Rose, looking up through her tears, whispered, "That she dreamed the geese had gone astray in the meadow."

He who, before he returned to Paradise, opened by a word the sealed ear to the sounds of this world, and the closed eye to its beauties, might doubtless have set Jeanne's wits aright instantaneously, without leaving them, as it were, to grope first among the geese, and to set themselves in order little by little with the growth of her bodily vigor. But such is the general course of his Providence, — to proceed by gentle stages, and not after the hot desires of our own wills. And if through much longing Passe Rose chafed at the delay in her mother's restoration and the healing of her lover's wound, yet she gathered more happiness by the way than if God had granted her wish as the fays do, in a point of time. Thus a man enters the temple of his joy as he would go to the church of St. Servais, on the hill above Maestricht; seeing first the tower of Gabrielle from a distance, then hearing its bell faintly, afterwards losing all sight of its walls among the oak-trees, till, having passed the ponds, they appear again close at hand, and at last, gaining the steps of the parvis, he lifts the curtain and goes in to the shrine. And it was so that Passe Rose, when Jeanne had left her bed, and the time of the espousals drew near, went up to the public mass said in honor of the silver pyx which had worked her mother's cure. The service had commenced when she reached the church door, so she went forward on the points of her toes, listening to the priest reading the epistle. His voice quivered like a flame; she recognized it well, though it was

new, and as she passed the last pillar she perceived the celebrant was Brother Dominic. Remembering what terror she had thrice caused him, she remained in the pillar's shadow, observing him.

His face had grown thin, changed in some marvelous fashion like his voice. Fascinated, she advanced unawares, and their eyes met. His look passed

from her face as the wind leaves the cheek, and his voice soared higher: —

“Love not the world” —

At these words Passe Rose started, as at a blow.

— “neither the things that are in the world. . . . The world passeth away” —

But Passe Rose, looking up, smiled.
For love abideth forever.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

DEATH IN APRIL.

In low lands where the sun and moon are mute.”

Ave atque Vale.

O MOTHER England, bow thy reverend head
This April morning. Over Northlands wan
Midspring comes back to freshen thee once more,
With daisies on the mounds of thy loved dead,
Like Chaucer's benediction from the dawn,
Or his, ah me! who down thy forest floor
Went yestereven. Now
In vain thou art regirdled, as alone
Of all the elder lands or younger thou
With hawthorn spray canst be, — that weariless
Eternal charm of thine, thou home of blown
Seafarers in the storm through dark and stress.

'Tis spring once more upon the Cumner hills,
And the shy Cumner vales are sweet with rain,
With blossom, and with sun. The burden of time
By eerie woodland messengers fulfills
Our unremembered treasures of pain
With long-lost tales of unforgotten prime;
The stir of winds asleep,
Roaming the orchards through unanguid hours,
Allures us to explore the vernal deep
And unhorizoned hush wherein we wend,
Yet always some elusive weird there lowers,
Haunting its uttermost cloud walls unkenned.

There skirt the dim outroads of April's verge, —
Memorial of an elder age, — gray wraiths
Which went nowhither when the world was young,
Grim ghosts which haunt the marges of the surge
Of latest silence. Beaming sunshine bathes
The wanderers of life, and still among
The corners of the dawn

Lurk these dark exiles of the nether sea,
Unbanished, unrecalled from ages gone.
Disowned ideals, deeds, or Furies blind,
Or murdered selves, — I know not what they be,
Yet are they terrible though death be kind.

Companioned by the myriad hosts of eld,
We journey to a land beyond the sweep
Of knowledge to determine. Tented where
The storied heroes watch aforetime held,
We hold encampment for a night and sleep
Into the dawn; till, restless, here and there
A sleeper, having dreamed
Of music, and the childhood sound of birds,
And the clear run of river heads which gleamed
Along his hither coming through the gloom,
Rouses from his late slumber, and upgirds
Him to look forth where the gold shadows loom.

Ah, Cumner, Cumner, where is morning now?
A nightwatch did he bide with thee, but who
Hath his clear prime? Perchance the great dead Names,
Wide bruited, shall restore thee him, if thou
His captive flight with ransom flowers pursue
And gleaming swallows down the glittering Thames
Where the long sea-winds go.
In vain, in vain! To the hid wells of tears
In their hot waste thou canst not journey so,
Nor make leap up the old desire outworn;
For Corydon is dead these thousand years, —
Dear Corydon who died this April morn.

O mother April, mother of all dreams,
Child of remembrance, mother of regret,
Inheritor of silence and desire,
Who dost revisit now forsaken streams,
Canst thou, their spirit, evermore forget
How one sweet touch of immemorial fire
Erewhile did use to flush
The music of their wells, as sunset light
Is laid athwart the springtime with keen hush?
Being so gracious and so loved, hast thou
In all thy realm no shelter from the night
Where Corydon may keep with Thyrsis now?

Hast thou some far sequestering retreat
We can but measure by the pause and swing
Of old returning seasons filled with change?
When far from this world, whither do thy feet
Lead thee upon the margins of the spring?

Through what calm lulls of weather dost thou range
 In smiling reverie,
 Between the crisp of dawn and noon's white glare?
 Beyond the borders of the wintry sea,
 Remembering those who loved thy garment's hem
 As children love the oxeyes, dost thou there
 Reserve a shadow of content for them?

Belike some tender little grave-eyed boy,
 Of mild regard and wistful, plaintive moods,
 Fondling of earth, darling of God, too shy
 For fellowship with comrades, finds employ
 In undiscoverable solitudes
 Of childhood, when the gravel paths are dry,
 And the still noons grow long.
 In the old garden's nook of quiet sun,
 Where brownies, elfin things, and sun motes throng,
 He builds a hut of the half-brown fir boughs, —
 Whose winter banking for the flowers is done, —
 And there all day his royal fairy house

He keeps, with entertainment of such guests
 As no man may bring home; he peoples it
 As never Homer peopled Troy with kings.
 In the wide morning his unnamed behests
 Strange foresters obey, while he doth sit
 And murmur what his sparrow playmate sings
 From the dark cedar hedge.
 Twin tiny exiles from the vast outland,
 They know the secret unrecorded pledge
 Whereby the children of the dawn are told.
 The toiling small red ants are his own band
 Of servitors; his minstrels from of old —

Light-hearted pillagers of golden shrines —
 The bees were, in the willows; row on row
 Are his the tall white lilacs in the sun,
 And his the stainless roof-work of the pines.
 He in that wide unhaste beats to and fro,
 Borne far a-wind as a poised bird might run,
 Or as a sunburnt shard
 Might gleam, washed over by the glimmering sea:
 A mother hand hath still his doom in guard;
 The sparrow cadence and the lilac's prime
 Go build the soul up of a man to be,
 While yet he kens them not, nor self, nor time.

O mother April, mother of all dreams,
 In thy far dwelling keepest thou for him
 Such hospitable bounty? Hast thou there
 A welcome of seclusion and sweet streams

Of sheer blue waters, at whose running brim,
Under the gold of that enchanted air,
Thy frail windflowers are spread?
Crown with thy smile the end of his rare quest,
And cherish on thy knees that holiest head;
Sweet mother, comfort his dear spirit now
With perfect calm, with long-abiding rest,
And that love thou canst tend him, — only thou!

April, O mother of all the dappled hours,
Restorer of lost days, for whom we long;
Bringer of seedtime, of the flowers and birds;
Sower of plenty, of the buds and showers;
Exalter of dumb hearts to the brink of song;
Revealer of blind Winter's runic words!
Relief from losing strife
To him thou givest, and to us regret.
Wilt thou requicken ever there to life
Our dreams which troop across the burning hills,
Or on some primal bleak windlands forget
Thy yearning children by their woodland rills?

We muse and muse, and never quite forego
The sure belief in thy one home at last.
The years may drive us with dull toil and blind,
Till age bring down a covering like snow
Of many winters, yet the pausing blast
Hath rifts of quiet, and the frozen wind
Zones of remindful peace;
Then, while some pale green twilight fades to gold,
There comes a change, and we have found release
In the old way at thy returning hands.
Forever in thy care we grow not old,
No barrows of the dead are in thy lands.

O April, mother of desire and June,
Great angel of the sunshine and the rain,
Thou, only thou, canst evermore redeem
The world from bitter death, or quite retune
The morning with low sound wherein all pain
Bears part with incommunicable dream
And lisping undersong,
Above thy wood-banks of anemone.
A spirit goes before thee, and we long
In tears to follow where thy windways roam, —
Depart and traverse back the toiling sea,
Nor weary any more in alien home.

With what high favor hast thou rarely given
A springtime death as thy bestowal of bliss!

On Avon once thy tending hands laid by
 The puppet robes, the curtained scenes were riven,
 And the great prompter smiled at thy long kiss;
 And Corydon's own master sleeps a-nigh
 The stream of Rotha's well,
 Where thou didst bury him, thy dearest child;
 In one sweet year the Blessed Damsel
 Beholds thee bring her lover, loved by thee,
 Outworn for rest, whom no bright shore beguiled,
 To voyage out across the gray North Sea;

And slowly Assabet takes on her charm,
 Since him she most did love thou hast withdrawn
 Beyond the wellsprings of perpetual day.
 And now 'tis Laleham: from all noise and harm,
 Blithe and boy-hearted, whither is he gone,
 (Like them who fare in peace, knowing thy sway
 Is over carls and kings,
 He was too great to cease to be a child,
 Too wise to be content with childish things,)
 Having heard swing to the twin-leaved doors of gloom,
 Pillared with autumn dust from out the wild,
 And carved upon with BEAUTY and FOREDOOM?

Awhile within the roaring iron house
 He toiled to thrill the bitter dark with cheer;
 But ever the earlier prime wrapped his white soul
 In sure and flawless welfare of repose,
 Kept like a rare Greek song through many a year
 With Chian terebinth, — an illumined scroll
 No injury can deface.
 And men will toss his name from sea to sea
 Along the wintry dusk a little space,
 Till thou return with flight of swallow and sun
 To weave for us the rain's hoar tracery,
 With blossom and dream unraveled and undone.

We joy in thy brief tarrying, and beyond,
 The vanished road's end lies engulfed in snow,
 Far on the mountains of a bleak new morn.
 Craving the light, yet of the dark more fond,
 Abhorring and desiring do we go, —
 A cruse of tears, and love with leaven of scorn,
 Mingled for journey fare;
 While in the vision of a harvest land
 We see thy river wind, and, looming there,
 Death walk within thy shadow, proudly grim,
 A little dust and sleep in his right hand, —
 The withered windflowers of thy forest dim.

Bliss Carman.

WHY OUR SCIENCE STUDENTS GO TO GERMANY.

THE fact that every year more than one hundred and fifty American students are pursuing their post-graduate studies in German universities is very significant, and it is well worth inquiring why they should prefer to study abroad rather than to attend their own higher institutions of learning. Doubtless each individual is influenced by a variety of causes, but there must be some general cause underlying all cases.

Of the subsidiary reasons, the one of finance is perhaps of importance. One can study three years at a German university for the same price that it would cost him for two years at Harvard, Johns Hopkins, or Cornell. Besides, the great advantage of travel is included in this price. Further, the much greater ease with which the German language can be acquired when once among the people themselves is no mean inducement. Many may go relying upon the mere fact of their having studied in Germany, or their having obtained a German degree, to secure them a good position upon their return. The confidence of these, however, seems to lead to the great cause underlying this migration. Why should our educators and trustees who have the power of appointing to good positions prefer German graduates to such an extent? The answer must be that they are better informed, and that the German university system is superior to ours. If this be so, then the matter is well worth consideration, and steps should be taken to remedy and improve our methods, and place them at least on a par with, if not above, those of our German cousins.

That the Germans possess a much larger number of superior scholars is manifested by the abundance of scientific periodical literature in that country. Wiedemann's *Annalen* in physics

and the *Jahres-Berichte* of the German Chemical Society contain more original matter each month than is published in America during a whole year. Furthermore, on an average, this matter is far more scholarly in character, and indicates a much greater precision of manipulation than is shown in American scientific work. Now it is generally conceded by our foremost educators that true scholarship must be based upon original work. In our larger institutions, post-graduates, if possessed of a requisite amount of proficiency, are immediately set upon investigations; and, judging from the ultimate success which such men attain, they obtain more benefit than through mere study-table reading. So successful is this style of study that the Harvard Law School pursues its instruction now after a seminary method as nearly akin to original investigation as is possible with such a subject.

The large amount of German literature does not, however, come from the pens of a few. Students as well as professors contribute, and though criticism might be made in many cases upon the literary merit, yet the publishers are so capable and successful in selecting the good from the bad that all have their scientific value. In America, on the other hand, surprisingly few men are called upon to make all the advance in science. In the department of physics but six men are prominent from their contributions. This number must remain thus diminutive as long as our professors remain schoolmasters. If professors must hear recitations, must prepare and perform demonstrative experiments, and must continue to hammer knowledge into heads of students who pose like dry sponges, ever ready to take up water, then the time which

they can devote to research must be limited. Of the six prominent American physicists, four are in our larger universities, which are aiming at the German system, and two are in the government service.

If, then, we wish to compete with Germany in science, we must adopt some system which will teach our students not only what has been, but what is liable to be discovered; which will teach them how to look for the latter; and which will give the professors time for private work. These ends are accomplished by the German system, which is substantially the following: The student, upon admission, must have passed a severe gymnasial examination. The certificate which he receives indicates that he has mastered the common elementary studies, and, above all, that he has learned how to study. It is supposed that he has passed the stage where a lesson must be given out to him before he learns it, and that he will spend his time in acquiring additional knowledge from all sources and with only a mere indication of the direction. Upon this supposition is based his whole university course. He will be expected to attend descriptive lectures in his various departments which give the substance of a text-book on the subject, but he will not have to recite nor pass any examinations until he has finished his studies. He is not obliged even to attend these lectures; in fact, he may cut them all. One thing, however, is required: when he comes up for the examination for his degree, he must know a large proportion of the topics treated. The effect of this freedom on the amount of work done by the students is marvelous. The fear of not being able to pass this only examination stimulates to a thorough study of subjects merely hinted at by the instructors. For instance, a short time ago, a German student of physics, hearing his professor speak highly of Maxwell's Treatise on Electricity, pur-

chased the work, and shortly afterwards informed the professor that he intended reading it through during the Easter *ferien*. He was deterred from this only by the professor's voluntary information that Maxwell himself could not read it through in that time.

To be sure, such zeal is not manifested by all, for there are students in Germany as well as in America who attend the university with no intention of studying. Such are the corps-students, whose sole aim seems to be to consume as much beer as possible, and to disfigure their faces as much as their poor swordsmanship will allow. The *Fliegende Blätter*, in one of its jokes, causes a corps-student to say to one of his beer-brothers, "Who ever had such miserable luck as I?" "What's the matter now?" "Why, I went up for my examination yesterday, and had to pass it the first time trying." Again, a stranger in Berlin, upon asking of a student the way to the university, received the reply, "Sorry not to accommodate you, sir, but I'm a student myself." The class of students, however, whose characteristics are thus exaggerated is in no wise to reflect against the German system. The same class exists under all systems.

The student of science, besides hearing the descriptive lectures and preparing himself on the matter treated in them, enters the laboratory. The object of this is to acquaint him with the processes employed in advanced work. If his subject be physics, he occupies himself with measurements; if it be chemistry, he makes qualitative and quantitative analyses; zoölogy has its dissection; geology, its examination of rocks; botany, its analysis of flowers, etc. Great weight is laid upon this portion of the course. Here the student first comes into contact with the instructors, and the latter become acquainted with the different merits of the students. It is here that the students imbibe from

their instructors that which will surely bring out their talents, if they have any.

The attractiveness of most German laboratories, their system and their convenience, exercises a great influence upon the student at this stage. Has he ever so small a spark of liking for the subject, it will be fanned into a flame by the allurements around him. A small boy who first sees a military parade wishes to be a soldier; on his first visit to the seaport he desires to battle with the waves; and he longs for a Bohemian life as he listens to the well-told anecdotes of the commercial traveler. The student is but a large small boy, and his once wild ecstasy has now become a refined enthusiasm.

Two or three years passed in the manner mentioned leave the student equipped with a knowledge of the methods used by those who have preceded him, acquainted with a large number of phenomena and laws, and prepared to enter in earnest upon some original investigation. His time is now given almost entirely to the laboratory. He is brought into very close contact with the head of his department, by whom he is treated with consideration, and from whom he receives valuable suggestions. What few lectures he hears are upon advanced theory. He is probably a member of some departmental society, where subjects of present interest are discussed. This may be *in colloquia*, and the subjects may be abstracts of the current literature. This enables him to become acquainted with what his colleagues are doing. Moreover, in the laboratory he meets men of all ages, each one striving to broaden the domain of human knowledge, and each one exerting an influence that makes the idlest man work.

His research once completed and published, he is prepared to pass his examination and receive his degree. But how different from what he had expected! The things which at the beginning of his course were so difficult to remember

are now but commonplaces. By a true method of study he has obtained a generalizing comprehension, which enables him to grasp his subject by books, chapters, paragraphs, sections, and individual phenomena.

The causes which can effect such a result are varied, and doubtless many are apparently trivial. The diversified reading in the start must teach that ten text-books on physics are not ten new works to be digested, but ten different methods of putting the same matter. To harmonize these methods requires an individual system.

The accuracy required in the laboratory work demands a knowledge of all influencing phenomena, and before corrections can be made ultimate causes must be identified or properly related.

The enthusiasm of a large number of earnest students has untold influence. Not only is a fact once acquired not allowed to be lost, but each individual has some easy method of remembering some difficult point. A poetical friend remembered a difficult mathematical formula, containing fifteen terms, by scanning and rhyming it. Another remembered that the heat produced by an electric current was proportional to the square of the current-strength, because, if proportional to the first power, it would be negative heat, or cold, when the direction of the current was changed.

The superiority of the instructors is the most important factor. The German institution, the *privat-docent*, is very effective in preventing the fossilizing of the professors. Upon showing a requisite degree of scholarship, any student is allowed to give lectures upon any subject in his department. He receives no pay from the university, but if he can succeed in obtaining hearers he is entitled to all the fees. If he is a good lecturer, the attendance increases, and the full professor loses a corresponding number of students. Not only does the latter lose the fees of the

students, but he soon loses his popularity, and the privat-docent is on a fair way to a professorship. There is thus a scientific rivalry continually going on, and the professors are forced to keep themselves well informed. There is a mathematical professor in one of the Bavarian universities who for three semesters had not a single student. All the students who should have attended his lectures preferred to hear a live young privat-docent. Nearly all the present professors have in past years served in this capacity.

From what has preceded it will be seen that the differences between the German and American systems are few and easily set aside. First, the German students are well fitted for the university; secondly, they are required to be independent in their study; thirdly, their laboratory work is more extended and more accurate; and lastly, the professors, being able to do and doing original work, exert an influence which inspires the students to keep on and overcome difficulties.

I believe that the American students in our first-class colleges are as well fitted as the Germans. (The often-made objection that the German gymnasial graduate is to be compared only with our college sophomore might here be raised. This is not well founded, for the average ages of the freshman of both countries are the same; and liberal educators have in practice indicated their opinion that when a student leaves the fitting school he is prepared for the university, and not for the college.)

The amount of laboratory work in American colleges is on an average very small. The smaller colleges dispense with it entirely in most subjects except chemistry. The first-class colleges are introducing more and more each year, and Harvard has very recently put an experimental course into the requirements for admission in physics. In the department of chemistry, the change in

this direction has been most marked. Twenty years ago a college graduate could hardly be found who had taken a course in quantitative analysis. Now the chemical course at Harvard equals that in most German universities.

The chief comparison, however, must be drawn in respect to post-graduate courses, for nearly all the American students abroad belong to this class. The character of the professors and the laboratory surroundings are the prime factors. The professors, unless continually engaged in original research, are not able to give adequate assistance. The laboratory must be well supplied with apparatus, materials, and collections. Nearly every department lacks, at present, some important part. For instance, the physical cabinets are overstocked with demonstrative apparatus, while the student engaging in quantitative work must manufacture everything needed.

American students themselves seem to possess more ability than the Germans. But characteristic American haste more than nullifies this advantage. The American is in too much of a hurry to control any results he may obtain; too ready to consider a felicitous experiment as positive proof of a previously formed theory, and too ready to consider a small influencing condition of no importance. He is also too easily discouraged by first difficulties, and lacks what a Western humorist has termed stick-to-it-iveness. Finally, he almost invariably displays his practical Yankee traits in trying to obtain the largest possible objective for a telescope, disregarding the fact that the brains behind the ocular are the chief thing.

But his faults are remedied when he goes to Germany, and it is to be hoped that in a short time they will not even be allowed to appear in his own country. Every college of importance is rapidly adopting the German system in chemistry, and the same must be done eventually in all departments.

Samuel Sheldon.

A DISSOLVING VIEW OF CARRICK MEAGHER.

I.

PHILOSOPHERS tell us that life is a circle, but it is not often a circle that rounds and completes itself within the observation of a single spectator. The mighty curve stretches forward and backward, but even in the case of our nearest friends it is but a limited zone that falls under our notice.

Many a man, whose taste has led him to observe the varied figures that troop across his path, has been struck with some particular face; has watched it as it lingered, has recalled it as it vanished, and has turned back to the big magic-lantern show amid which we live with the feeling that here was an individuality worthy to be fixed in less fleeting colors. But we cannot fix it. The romancer may shape and pursue through a world of selected adventures the being he has created; but the observer of nature must be content with the brief glimpse afforded him, as his specimen is carried across a microscopic field of vision. And yet this fellow-mortal, of whom we know so little, may be the hero of an epic, but in our hearing that epic will never be sung. He may be the genius who is destined to shake the world, but he has passed beyond our ken ere he puts his hand to the lever. We all have had peeps at possible prodigies, but before anything has occurred to justify our expectation the slide was withdrawn from the magic-lantern and the scene changed.

It was in San Francisco, many years ago. Then Big Bonanza shares went begging at twelve dollars apiece; since then they have commanded thousands; now they are back at tens again. Poor men have become rich, rich men have become poor, and many who were the briskest have stepped aside out of the

ranks. Fifteen years have passed — and that is a long space on a Golden Gate calendar — since Gerald Ffrench was the editor of the Irish Eagle, and filled many columns of that ephemeral sheet with essays on political dynamite.

One morning he had a visitor. There was a sharp knock on the open door of the office, and a voice inquired, —

“Is this the office of the Irish Aigle?”

Gerald Ffrench glanced up, and answered in the affirmative. He was well used to callers in the editorial sanctum, patriots from the Pajaro Valley and other outlying districts, who never visited San Francisco without stopping at the “Aigle” to ascertain if, perchance, that mighty organ of the Pacific coast Nationalists had fulfilled its mission, and driven into the sea the British garrison in Ireland. So, with a cheery tone, as who should say, “England is all right as yet; but wait, we are not idle,” Gerald bade the visitor enter.

The latter came forward briskly, and dropped into the other chair. Ffrench saw at a glance that this was no horny-fisted farmer from Pajaro, no politician from Sacramento, no ditcher from the tule lands. He was an Irishman, of course, — his presence in the Eagle office proved so much, — but so far as Gerald could determine, he was a hitherto undescribed specimen. He was a man of thirty-five or thereabouts, and his light brown hair was long and disheveled. His face was as the face of a Nazarite, for no razor had ever touched it, — a queer, small-featured face, masked by a thicket of whisker, and lit by bright, eager blue eyes.

“Are you the iditor?”

His brogue was distinct and unmistakable, and yet he spoke like an edu-

ated man. Gerald was puzzled. He simply bowed, and waited.

"I've been a journalist, off an' on, for a good many years," the stranger went on. "I'm an Irishman by burruth, though you might n't think it, for I've been so much away from the ould counthry that wandering on a foreign strand has dulled the spache of fatherland."

"I think I should have recognized you for a fellow-countryman," answered Gerald suavely, "and I'm glad to meet a brother journalist, Mr. — Mr." —

"Meagher, sir; me name is Meagher, — Carrick Meagher. It sounds like the name of a town, I know," he went on apologetically; "an' so in wan sinse it is, but it's my name, too."

"Have you been long in San Francisco, Mr. Meagher?" inquired Ffrench, as soon as he had introduced himself to his new acquaintance.

"Not long, sir, not long. I came up from Callao last wake in a sailing vessel. Sartin sarcumstances," he went on, dropping his voice to more confidential tones, "not wholly unconnected wid a distinguished Peruvian family, compelled me to abandon a lukkerative position there, an' once more to clasp to my bussum that chilling but familiar phantom, the wide-wide wurruld."

Meagher was a very little man, but so tiny was the office and so expansive was the gesture that he used to emphasize his words that a whole flock of unsold Eagles came fluttering down from the shelves where they roosted. With a hasty apology he set about remedying the mischief he had caused. As soon as he had finished he resumed his seat.

"And now, Mr. Ffrench, I've come to apply for a position on the staff of the Irish Aigle."

Gerald checked the smile that rose to his lips, and answered gravely. He could not but notice that Meagher's garments, though whole and respectable, were worn with that indescribable touch of deprecation which goes with a single

suit. He had caught a touch of wistfulness in the question, as the little fellow put it, and he fancied that the blue eyes which peered so sharply out of the tangle of straw-colored hair might well have owed some of their eagerness to hunger, — yes, to hunger. There is no city in our civilization where that torture of the destitute does not follow close on empty pockets. Gerald realized that a few weeks ago he had not been many meals ahead himself, and that the Irish Eagle had intervened only just in time.

But was that patriotic bird endowed with power of wing to support a double burden? Its editor might well doubt it. He shook his head, and explained the position to Meagher. The paper had been started quite recently by a little knot of patriots, and it was far from being a paying concern. There was no staff, — only one young editor and one old printer, and the salaries of both were already in arrears. And then, by way of softening the blow, — for that it was a blow the other's face clearly showed, — Gerald applied the styptic generally recommended in California for all wounds of the mind and most wounds of the body: he invited his new acquaintance to come down to the corner and have a drink.

McKeon's bar looked bright and cheerful, and McKeon's "free lunch" was spread with true Californian prodigality. This lunch afforded as good a meal as a man need ask, — soup, joint, vegetables, bread and cheese; but it was "free" only in the sense that all who paid for liquid refreshments were welcome. To the man without a "bit" in his pocket, it was only one degree more substantial than a feast of the Barmecide. He could look, but he could not touch. Mr. Carrick Meagher, however, in right of Gerald's invitation, quickly showed that, brief as had been his sojourn in San Francisco, he was no novice in the mysteries of a free lunch.

But appetite is intermittent, and Meagher, although by no means certain when such another opportunity might arise, was at last compelled to desist. As the pair passed through the saloon, Mr. Martin Doyle accosted Gerald and proffered further hospitality, at the same time requesting the favor of an introduction to his "frind."

Doyle was the president of the Eagle Publishing Company, and the most active of the governing body, which, though it consisted of himself and four friends, was generally known as the "Thryumvirate." The introduction appeared to afford satisfaction both to Mr. Doyle and the stranger, and the former's invitation to "thry a drop o' somethin'" was promptly and cheerfully accepted.

Meagher, fortified by a hearty meal and exhilarated by a little whiskey, became quite talkative; but his talk was interesting even to Gerald, while it seemed to hold Mr. Doyle spellbound. Very soon that gentleman suggested an adjournment to the back-room, where, with a bottle and glasses on the table and a big cigar between his lips, he listened with bated breath to Meagher's accounts of where he had been and what he had seen.

He was last from Peru, as he had told Gerald; he had been employed in some metallurgical works at Callao, and he assured his hearers that he was a first-class practical assayer and mineralogist. He did not touch on the reason why he abandoned the position further than to remark, with his hand on his breast, "A leedy's name must be seered; ye'll excuse me, gentlemen, if I pass that by."

Gerald found it difficult to associate with the tender passion that diminutive figure and quizzical little monkey face, but he was polite enough to smother a laugh; while Mr. Doyle seemed to appreciate the situation, and to respect the other the more for his reticence.

"To be sure, Mr. Meagher, — to be

sure," said honest Martin. "I admire yer delicacy. But tell me, where were ye afore ye went to Peru?"

"I was war correspondent for the Cork Examiner, an' I was shut up in Paris the whole of the siege."

"Do you tell me, now?" asked the wondering Doyle. At this time the great Franco-Prussian struggle was fresh in people's minds, for it was as long ago as '74 that the Irish Eagle flourished.

"I was indade, an' a great deal of trouble I had. No remittances from my paper could I get, an' many a day I walked the boulevards hungry, wondering what was the best thing I could do."

"An' what did ye do?" inquired Doyle with unabated interest, while Gerald experienced a certain relief at learning that his new acquaintance's penniless predicament was nothing new to him.

"Well, I enlisted as a *mobile*: that was four sous a day, an' a loaf of bread, an' a shake-down in the Prince Eugene barracks."

Gerald became grave again, as he realized that this device was impracticable in San Francisco. At the same time, though Meagher was very glib with names, dates, and facts, the young editor began to suspect that the little man was romancing.

"An' ye were a soldier!" cried Doyle admiringly. "Did ye iver kill a Proosian?"

"Never saw wan that I know of till the day they entered the city. No; I was more like a kind of policeman."

At this modest statement Gerald's confidence rose again. If the new-comer had been merely bragging, it would have been so easy to sacrifice hecatombs of foes.

"Then I went a good deal wid the Irish colony, — as many of them as were left," resumed Meagher. "The name I bore was passport enough for that."

"An' d' ye mane to say that ye're related to the great, the immortal pathriot, Thomas Francis Meagher?" inquired Doyle, in a tone of awe-stricken admiration that made Gerald a little uncomfortable. A pretty end it would be to his hospitality if his resignation were to be desired the following day, to make room for this ready-tongued upstart!

But Carrick's answer reassured him. The Irishman might be a great boaster, but he was no liar, even when a lie was to his manifest advantage.

"No, I don't think I am, — I never could trace any relationship, anyhow; but you know yourself that nobody named Meagher need stand long knocking at an Irishman's dure."

"In troth an' he need n't!" answered Doyle with enthusiasm; but he cooled down as he perceived how this deft and destitute little stranger had entrapped him into an admission which it might be inconvenient to live up to and impossible to retract.

Carrick saw his advantage, and drove it home.

"Now, as I'm temporarily embarrassed, — in fact, as I have n't a cint to my name," he began, and Doyle shivered as he prepared to dodge the impending loan, — "I've been thinking I might be able to do something for your paper."

Doyle breathed again. This was a business proposition, which could be met on a business basis.

"Well, I dunno," he said slowly; "money's tight an' pathriots is poor. The Aigle's not to say on a payin' foot-in'. Besides that, Mr. Ffrench here is fully aquil to all the wurruk that is to be done" —

"I don't doubt that at all," interrupted Carrick, with a queer little bow to Gerald, "an' I would n't presume to interfere wid him. But I've been looking at the paper. It wants some fresh departments. What d' ye say to a Paris letter, now?"

"I dunno," answered Doyle slowly. "It sounds big and would look big" —

"To be sure it would, — 'From our own Paris correspondent;' an' it would trate of Irish affairs in the French capital. Paris is full of pathriots."

"Sure I know that," replied Doyle feebly; "but I know no wan in Paris, an'" —

"Ach, if that's all," interrupted Carrick, with an indescribable snort of triumph, "I'll write you a Paris letter ivery wake in your own office. What's wanted for a letter? That ye know the city you're writin' from an' the people in it. Well, I know that, — at laste the Irish colony, an' that's all you have to care about. Then with the French papers to kape me up to the time, — an' those I can get here, — I'll turn ye out such a letter as any wan of your readers would swear came straight from the Boulevard des Italiens, av they'd ever happened to hear of such a place."

Martin Doyle wavered visibly. "An' how much would ye charge for the like?" he asked at last.

Carrick Meagher's sharp blue eyes shot a quick glance through their hairy foliage. He was evidently settling in his own mind the maximum figure which the other might be expected to stand. Nevertheless, the pause was scarcely noticeable, and the answer came unhesitatingly: "Three dollars a letter."

"It's a go," answered Martin, knitting his brows ever so little. "Now let's have wan more drink to wet the bargain, an' then get to wurruk."

Carrick Meagher had gauged his man's financial stature almost to an inch. If he had asked for five dollars, the negotiation would have ended then and there. Martin Doyle had made up his mind to pay two dollars and a half per letter, but he had accepted the proposition, not considering fifty cents worth haggling over.

So Carrick Meagher joined Gerald Ffrench on the staff of the Irish Eagle.

II.

For a few weeks the Paris letters appeared regularly. They were remarkably clever, and, notwithstanding the circumstances under which they were written, had an air of reality which might have imposed on readers far more critical than any for whom they were intended. By degrees, however, the correspondence grew intermittent, and finally ceased altogether. Modest as was the price agreed upon, it was not always paid. Indeed, any one of the "Thryumvirate" would much prefer to spend two dollars over McKeon's bar in treating a creditor than one dollar in paying him.

Carrick Meagher, who was really a brilliant man, soon fell into the ways of the new city, and, without attaching himself to the staff of any particular newspaper, was able to earn a good income by contributing special articles to the various Sunday editions. He had an easy, graphic style, — not particularly polished, but always readable, — and he was an expert on various subjects. At one period of his wandering life he had followed the sea, and he could write with knowledge on ships and sailors. He was a good practical metallurgist, and in California that is a trade which always commands its price. But Carrick refused many tempting offers to resume his old profession, and contented himself with writing about it. His was a vagrant genius, and the independent Bohemianism of the life he led suited him perfectly.

Gerald and Meagher remained fast friends through it all. Even after the latter had left the *Eagle* he was always ready to assist its editor with his advice, or even with his pen when work pressed, and this at a time when every article he wrote commanded fifteen or twenty dollars. In his moments of despondency he liked to entice Gerald away to some congenial haunt, and there discourse of

his broken heart and the beautiful dark-eyed señorita who pined for him in Lima.

"Pobre cita," he would sigh, with a languishing roll of his funny little head. "The love that is sundered by seas an' years hath nothing to live on but thoughts an' tears."

Meagher was fond of interlarding his speech with scraps of verse, few of which Gerald could identify, while most of them were wholly unknown to him; so that he sometimes doubted whether to class these adornments of his friend's conversation as quotations or improvisations.

The true story of Carrick's ill-fated love may as well be set down here, though Ffrench did not learn it till long afterward, — not till H. M. S. *Tenedos* cast anchor in San Francisco Bay, and Ffrench made the acquaintance of a certain lieutenant who had known Meagher in Callao. The Irishman had seen the beautiful daughter of a high Peruvian official, as she drove past him in her carriage on the Paseo de los Descalzos. His combustible heart had taken fire at once, and happening to meet her a few days afterward near his place of business in Callao, he assumed that the lady returned his affection, and had merely sought the port for an opportunity of seeing him. In this conviction he had gone straight to Lima, called upon her father, and requested his daughter's hand. The old gentleman did not look with favor on the suit, and when he had consulted the young girl, and ascertained that she had never heard of her presumptuous wooer, he secured Meagher's dismissal from the government smelting-works, in which the young man was employed, and gave him to understand that his future prospects in Peru were by no means rosy. Under these circumstances, Carrick found it advisable to depart, and he sailed for San Francisco without a single word or a second glance from the lady for whose

sake he had borne so much. But he always kept her memory green, and spoke of her — but never by name — with profound emotion.

Gerald, knowing nothing of all this, sympathized with his friend as one crossed in love and despotically separated from all he held dear; while Carrick, his eyes suffused with tears or blazing with excitement, according to the mood that happened to be uppermost, would bewail his evil fortune or drown his sorrows in whiskey, and sing almost in the same breath *The Girl I left Behind Me*, or a French drinking-song in praise of "*la dive bouteille*."

The little fellow was as honest as the day, profusely generous, and endowed with a mind originally brilliant, and now stored, by reading and travel, with scraps of all sorts of unexpected and fascinating information. These are the equipments of a very agreeable companion, and such Ffrench found him; but Meagher had his drawbacks. He was absurdly theatrical in speech and manner, and this effect was enhanced rather than lessened by his diminutive stature, — he was only just over five feet, — and by the quizzical way his little face peeped out from its jungle of whisker, which nothing would persuade him either to trim or shave.

But such peculiarities were of small moment. Gerald soon ceased to notice them, and the two spent most of their evenings in company. Carrick's stories of travel and adventure, surprising as most of them were, established their truthfulness by various minute details which no repetition could vary. He had endured many buffets from fortune. Once he had been rich, — he had located a gold mine in Mexico; every possible test had borne witness to its value, and he had almost concluded the sale of a half interest for one hundred thousand dollars. But on returning to his location, accompanied by the experts whose report was to be final, he could not find

the mine. The whole face of the country had changed. Carrick's claim had vanished, and the fortune he had so confidently reckoned upon lay buried beneath hundreds of feet of miry, pasty water. A mud volcano had come between Carrick and competence.

On another occasion, he had been enlarging on the advantages of quick and straight shooting. "Niver pull a pistol unless you mane to shoot," he said, "an' niver shoot unless you mane to kill." This maxim he illustrated, as was his custom, by sundry leaves culled from the book of his experience. Gerald ventured to doubt one specially "tall" feat in marksmanship.

"If I had me own gun" — answered Carrick. "But sure I may as well have it as not. I can afford it now. Come along wid me."

He led his friend to an adjacent pawnshop, and there regained possession of a revolver which he had been compelled to pledge in the early days of his destitution. Ffrench witnessed half an hour's practice in a Kearney Street shooting-gallery, and acknowledged that Carrick had not exaggerated his skill with the weapon.

The Irishman was fond of the theatre, and was positively greedy of Shakespearean performances. He was always in his place before the curtain rose, and would sit through the five acts, motionless, silent, his eyes fixed on the stage. He was very critical of the acting in his favorite masterpieces. A popular tragedian arrived from the Eastern States, and gave, in the course of his repertory, two nights of *Othello*, supported by a local company. Carrick was present, of course. Mr. Kemble Scott played *Iago* the first evening, and *Othello* the second. It so happened that after the latter performance Gerald and Carrick Meagher, in search of refreshment on their way home, wandered into the hotel which Mr. Kemble Scott patronized, and there found him.

The actor had met Ffrench in New York during the latter's brief and bright days of splendor. He remembered the young fellow, and greeted him warmly. Gerald took occasion to present his friend, Mr. Meagher, and the great man acknowledged the introduction with a patronizing nod; but Carrick had small sense of reverence, and absolutely no discretion. He had formed a decided opinion as to the merits of the two performances he had seen, and was as ready to discuss them with the person most concerned as he would have been to argue with Herr Wagner on the future of music, or to set right Professor Agassiz on a question of zoölogy. With his wonted volubility Carrick began:—

"I'm glad to mate ye, Mr. Scott. I saw your two impersonations this wake."

"Indeed?" answered the actor, with the stereotyped smile which he reserved for the compliments to which he was well accustomed. "I trust you do not consider your time thrown away?"

"Not completely," was Carrick's unexpected reply. "There were plenty of good pints in your representation of Iago; but your conception of the character of the dusky Moor was altogether erroneous."

Mr. Kemble Scott was completely taken aback.

"Indeed!" he stammered at last. "I trust, Mr.—Mr.—I beg your pardon, but your name escaped me."

"There's me card, sir," responded Carrick, handing the other the bit of pasteboard. "I know how hard it is to catch a name as yet untrumpeted of noisy fame, but for all that there's mine, and it's one I've no call to be ashamed of."

By this time the tragedian had mastered—as he imagined—the script on the card.

"Well, Mr. Meagre"—he began; but a bellow of indignant expostulation from Carrick cut him short:—

"You need n't thry to make fun of

me nor of an honored name, because I ventured to indulge in a bit of just criticism, which, av I'd known ye were so insinative, I'd have kept to meself."

"I beg your pardon," interposed Mr. Kemble Scott, still polite, though by this time he was not certain he had not to do with a madman. "I beg your pardon,"—he scrutinized the card again,— "but if you can pronounce M-e-a-g-h-e-r any way except Meagre"—

"Ye can pronounce it Mar, sir,—same as if it rhymed with 'star,' which you're fond of calling yourself. Mar-r-r-r, av ye plaze, with th' accint on the r, an' good-evenin' to you."

With this Carrick stalked wrathfully from the room, muttering as he went, "I'm wrong to be vexed at the poor fellow, for av he can't read an' can't act it's a bad lookout for him in his ould age."

Gerald lingered to offer the perplexed tragedian such explanations as were possible, and this ended the incident. Meagher, however, absented himself from the theatre during the remainder of Mr. Kemble Scott's engagement. Not even to see his favorite Hamlet would he condone the insult offered to his honored name.

Shortly after this occurrence—the most lasting effect of which was to inspire in Carrick a settled distaste to American actors and all their ways—the Irish Eagle folded its wings, and died without a struggle. Meagher's advice and assistance now became invaluable to Gerald, and it was mainly owing to his friend that the young editor quickly secured humbler but more remunerative employment on the city press.

III.

For two years this oddly assorted friendship had subsisted, unbroken by even the most passing coolness, when a series of events led to a separation

which Ffrench has almost ceased to hope will not prove permanent.

Gerald was attached to a stock and mining journal, and he frequently had occasion to lay under contribution his friend's expert knowledge of the subjects of which it treated. He was accordingly always well pleased to see Carrick enter the office.

Looking in one forenoon, as he often did, Meagher found Gerald seated, pen in hand, surrounded by specimens from an Arizona mine, which it was his immediate duty to panegyricize, or, in the language of the street, to "boom."

The little man dropped into a seat, and heaved a deep sigh.

"I dramed of my pobre cita last night," began Carrick. "Ah, love for a year, a wake, a day, but alas for the love that loves away."

"Bother your pobre cita!" exclaimed Ffrench impatiently. In these moods, as he knew from experience, Carrick could seldom be reckoned on for counsel or assistance.

"Ah, ye're young," said Meagher, not in the least offended; for he had at the service of his friends a temper which nothing could ruffle.

Gerald silently wrote on.

"What are ye doin'? Erectin' a column?" inquired Carrick presently, when the stillness had lasted as long as his voluble nature could endure.

"Trying to," replied Gerald briefly. "I've a notice of this mine to write up for to-morrow's paper."

"This mine!" echoed Meagher, who had amused himself looking over the specimens at Gerald's elbow. "These half dozen mines, you should say."

"Well, I should n't, smarty!" retorted Ffrench, who had been put out by the other's unseasonable love reminiscences. "These are all from one mine."

"Well, they're not; you can't fool me!" cried Carrick, with an awakening of professional interest. "Wan, two, three, four, — these specimens are faked.

They never came from wan mine, nor from ten miles from wan another. It's a salted claim they're playin' on you, my poor Gerald."

"Are you sure?" exclaimed Ffrench, dropping his pen.

"Am I sure?" repeated Carrick disdainfully. "Do I know quartz from bitter spar, an' aither of them from metallic sulphides? What's that? Iron pyrites. An' what's that? Quartzose gangues. An' will you dar' to tell me they all came out of the wan mine? Go 'long wid you!"

"This is serious," said Gerald. "I know Verplanck fancies this mine very much, and is going to put money in it. Suppose we send for him."

The office boy was dispatched to summon the proprietor of the paper; and to him, in more temperate language, Carrick repeated the conclusion he had arrived at from his inspection of the specimens.

Mr. Verplanck knew his informant well, and had often profited by his trained experience in matters of mineralogy. The result of half an hour's conversation was an order to Gerald to tear up the article he had commenced, and begin another, denouncing the Ida mine as one of the biggest frauds that had ever been attempted on California Street.

Mr. Verplanck's virtuous indignation was whetted by the fact that he had himself narrowly escaped becoming a victim, and he instructed Ffrench not to spare his superlatives. Before the hour of next day's "Board" Ida's character was ruined.

But no man can put a stop to a nefarious scheme whereby others expect to profit without making an enemy of some one. The identity of the expert whose timely opinion had dealt a death-blow to this promising swindle was an open secret. Meagher received profuse thanks and other more substantial expressions of gratitude from those whose money

he had saved; but in certain quarters "curses not loud, but deep," were breathed on the "meddlesome little Irishman." Unfortunately, among those whose game he had spoiled were some who were accustomed to carry their irritation beyond the blasphemy point, — men whose path it was dangerous to cross, and who were not wont to stick at trifles in pursuit either of profit or of vengeance.

A few nights after the exposure of the "Ida swindle," as it was called, Gerald and Carrick attended a performance at the California Theatre. They had supper afterward at the Poodle Dog, and it was long past midnight when they turned into Mission Street, on their way home; for the two inseparables roomed together. Mission Street is a lonesome neighborhood after ten or eleven at night, and for block after block the friends had the sidewalk to themselves.

Suddenly, as they passed the corner of Fifth Street, three men sprang out of a dark doorway. Their feet echoed on the deserted pavement, and Gerald turned just in time to see a murderous bludgeon above his head. Instinctively he raised his arm, and caught the blow as it descended. The limb dropped to his side, numb and useless, and a feeling of faintness crept over him. The loaded stick was poised for a second blow. Gerald could only close his eyes and wait for it. He could not stir from the spot; he could not even look to see how it fared with his companion. There was no time to collect his thoughts or rally his energies. Not three seconds had elapsed since he was walking gayly homeward, and now he stood maimed and helpless, expecting nothing but death.

One, two, — sharp and clear rang out the twin reports of a revolver. Ffrench opened his eyes. The blow had not fallen, and the assassin lay writhing at his feet, clutching the heavy "knuckle duster" in his convulsive grasp. In that

moment the young journalist had tasted the bitterness of death.

Carrick Meagher stepped across a second form, prostrate like the other, but motionless, and covered with his pistol a shadowy figure, still visible a dozen paces off, but fast vanishing in the darkness. Gerald found his tongue.

"Shoot, shoot!" he cried, in a trembling voice. "He'll be out of sight!"

Carrick appeared to deliberate a moment, and then returned the revolver to his overcoat pocket.

"An' let him go," he said unconcernedly. "Niver shoot a man unless you've got to, — that's always a good rule. Let's look at these fellows, an' see what's the matter wid 'em."

Matter enough. One lay stone dead, — shot through the heart; and the other, even while they tried to raise him, breathed his last.

As they laid the body down, Carrick noticed that Gerald did not use his left arm.

"What's wrong wid ye? Did he get in a lick at ye?"

"Yes; I stopped the first blow with my arm," answered Gerald.

"An' a good job ye did," replied Carrick. "I dodged the welt that fellow med at me, an' then I pulled iron. Draw quick, shoot straight, — them two mottoes, along with a gun you can depend on, will carry a man across the wurruld."

Gerald's reply, begun in a spirit of incoherent gratitude, was cut short by the sound of footsteps rapidly approaching. A policeman, attracted by the pistol-shots, came up at a run. No doubt it was the fear of some such interruption that had impelled the assailants to choose, instead of firearms, the more silent and no less deadly bludgeon.

"Here, what's the meaning of all this?" inquired the officer as he halted.

"It manes," answered Carrick calmly, "that some of the smarties who tried to put up a job on the Ida have been

trying to put up a job on my frind an' me, but I got the drop on them."

Subsequent investigation proved that Meagher had correctly divined the motive of the attempt on his life at the very instant of its failure.

Other officers were summoned, and the dead bodies were carried away. The policeman who first appeared arrested Gerald and Carrick, and the party retraced its steps to the city hall.

Meagher was uneasy and inclined to be restive under restraint.

"It's all very well for you to talk," he said, in answer to a reassuring remark of Gerald, "but I don't like it. I spent a whole wake in the lock-up at Valparaiso by rason of a scrape that I had no more to do wid than Noah's grandfather; an' I tell ye I don't like it."

But their detention was brief. As newspaper men, both were well known at headquarters, and, late as was the hour, Mr. Verplanck and several substantial citizens soon appeared in response to an urgent message. Bail was quickly arranged, and the friends found themselves at liberty.

"What shall we do now?" inquired Gerald, as they quitted the gloomy building on Kearney Street.

"Go home an' go to bed. What else?" was Meagher's matter-of-fact reply. "Sure it's after three o'clock."

Gerald expressed his willingness to retire, but positively refused to repeat the lonely tramp up Mission Street. He wished to go to a hotel, but it was difficult to make Carrick understand his reasons.

"Is it the other chap you're afraid of?" he asked. "I'll bet you a dollar he's runnin' yet. Av he'd been any less scared, I'd have shot him too."

"No, it isn't the other chap I'm afraid of, but have you no nerves, man? Do you feel like passing the place where those fellows were shot down not two hours ago?"

"Sure they're gone," answered Carrick. "Did n't you see them taken out o' that before we left it?"

At last Gerald carried his point, and Meagher, grumbling at what he called "a sinseless bit of extravagance," secured accommodations at the Occidental.

The inquest completely exonerated the two journalists, and its revelations made a three days' hero of Carrick Meagher, who, however, bore his honors uneasily. As soon as the verdict of "justifiable homicide" had been rendered, he was at pains to ascertain that his bailers had been discharged from their bond. Then he went straight to the Pacific Mail Company's offices and purchased a ticket for Hong Kong.

"What do you want that for?" inquired the bewildered Gerald, when Meagher displayed his purchase.

"I want it to go to China wid, an' that's where I'm going on the very first steamer, an' that's the day after to-morrow."

"What for?" gasped Ffrench.

"Well, several rasons. I've been longer in 'Frisco than I've any business to stay in any wan town; then I've been over a good share of the wurruld, an' niver yet seen a Jap or a Chinaman on his native heath; an' there's another rason."

"What is it?" inquired Gerald.

"Well — niver mind what it is," answered Carrick. "Is n't it enough that I'm blue-moulded for want of a bit of change? Let that content you."

"But it does not content me," urged his friend. "You are doing well here; you're happy and comfortable" —

"Ah," sighed Meagher, "it's little ye know. Pobre cita!"

"Well," pursued Ffrench, "she'll worry you just as much in China as she does here, and you won't have me to talk to. Come, take back your ticket, — you can get rid of it, I'm sure, — and stay where you are. You had no notion of this sudden flitting a week ago."

"Well, I had n't," admitted Carrick, with a burst of candor. "It's this way, Gerald. There's only wan thing in the wurruld I'm afraid of. If they locked me up, I'd die or go out of my head. I could n't stand it."

"But why should they lock you up? You have committed no crime, and a jury has exonerated you."

"I have n't much confidence in a jury," answered Meagher. "I saw too much of them in Ireland when I was a boy. What odds what wan jury says? Did you niver hear of a flaw in an indictment, an' is n't it full as aisy to find flaws in an acquittal? No, I'll skip out to China while I'm free, an' while it won't cost Verplanck nor any one else a cint, as it would av I had to be bailed again."

Gerald lost patience.

"Can't you understand? The law says" — he began, but Meagher interrupted him: —

"What odds what the law says? It's always sayin' wan thing an' manin' another. I've no use for law; I niver had, an' I hate the sight of it. I can't help it; I was born so. I'd like a country where ivery man's hands had to keep his own head, an' where there were wild bastes an' divils instead of lawyers. Day after to-morrow I'll sail for China, an' av ye'll come down an' see me off I'll take it kindly of you, Gerald."

And on the day appointed he did sail. Gerald, with many another friend, was on the wharf when the big steamer moved out, for the little Irishman had become both popular and famous.

Ffrench's eyes grew misty as he watched the small familiar figure, till distance rendered it undistinguishable.

Then he turned slowly away, wondering if they two would ever meet again. He put no faith in Carrick's promises to write, for he observed that the wanderer appeared to have left no correspondents behind him in the various lands he had visited. Ffrench's misgivings were justified. Many a mail came from the distant East, but never a line in the odd, sprawling handwriting which Carrick Meagher affected.

Gerald has paid more than one visit to his Irish home since those "Bonanza Days of the Seventies;" he has made frequent sojourns in the Eastern States; but he has never met his quaint and brilliant friend. He thinks of Carrick Meagher now as of a dissolving view of a very strange humanity; coming out of the unexplored darkness, shining for a brief space with a fascinating lustre, and fading away again into unknowable obscurity. The circle of their two lives touched only at a single point.

Still Gerald cherishes the hope that he may see or hear of him again. No strange and mysterious individuality can arise to defy speculation without bringing up in Ffrench's mind thoughts of the vagrant genius who ate and lived with him for two years in San Francisco. When the young journalist read of the White Pasha who had so wondrously appeared in the heart of Africa, he was seized with a wild idea that this might be his old friend. For Gerald Ffrench is well convinced that this was no ordinary man, and that no commonplace fate awaits him. Some day or another, in some strange and distant country, in some startling, unexpected way, Gerald looks to see written across the history of his times the eccentric signature of Carrick Meagher.

George H. Jessop.

A FRENCH BISHOP OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

THE feelings, thoughts, and prejudices of a past century can be gathered but scantily from the biography of its greatest man. His individuality fills the picture, and leaves little room for a background. On the other hand, the men who walked the streets and talked at the street corners; who ploughed the fields and kept the shops; who fought, and worked, and suffered, — all these are dead, and have left no sign; nothing but a dreary mass of averages, which give as little knowledge of the men themselves as can be gained of Raphael's pictures from a statement of their average length and breadth, and of the average amount of the several colors used in their production. The true likeness of some one poor, plodding French peasant of the fifteenth century, for example, would be priceless; but it must be supplied by the historical novel, not by historical biography. The most that historical biography can do for us here is to tell us of some man not great enough to move apart from the crowd, yet so well known that his separate likeness has been preserved to us. In France of the fifteenth century such a man was Thomas Basin. In his lifetime he was an honored guest at every court and university of Europe, yet so weak was his individuality that the great history, which he believed would be a benefit and a warning to mankind, for several centuries bore another's name.

He was born in 1412, at Caudebec, a thriving little Norman city, built close to the north bank of the Seine, midway between Rouen and Harfleur. His father was a rich grocer, and one of the most considerable men in the town, with business relations throughout Normandy and the rest of northwestern France. When Thomas was three years old, just as the memory of Crécy and

Poitiers was becoming a tradition, Henry V. landed at the mouth of the Seine, barely forty miles from Caudebec, and sat down before Harfleur.

To-day it is almost impossible to imagine the fear then caused in France by the English invasion. The common people conceived of the English as beings hardly human, and pictured them as ferocious wild beasts with long tails, feasting upon men, women, and children. To make the matter worse, Caudebec was filled with cruel and insolent French soldiers, who plundered alike the peasants of the open country and the merchants of the towns. Unhappy, peace-loving John Basin, not knowing whether he ought most to dread the traditional Englishman or the actual Frenchman, packed up the better part of his household goods, and moved five and twenty miles up the Seine to Rouen. Thither had fled every well-to-do family of the Pays de Caux, together with a horde of wretched peasants, who, having left everything behind them, hoped to live on the charity of the rich provincial capital. Famine followed, and then a pestilence, to escape which John Basin went thirty miles farther up the river to Vernon, returning to Rouen when the plague had lessened.

Nowadays war has become so expensive a luxury that it is fought out with vigor to a definite end. In the fifteenth century a king could afford to linger over it, and enjoy it as a recreation after discharging his pressing duties at home. In 1416, Henry V. was too busy to fight, so he put the matter off for a year, leaving the English garrisons at Harfleur and elsewhere to live off the country as best they could. In 1417, he descended again upon Normandy, and drove John Basin southward from city to city, even to Nantes,

on the banks of the Loire. In 1419, it was possible to return to Caudebec with safety. The wave of the English invasion had passed over Normandy, and Henry himself, having organized the provincial administration, was marching on Paris. As he claimed the throne of France by descent, as well as by conquest, he made great show of respecting the liberties of the duchy, often convoked the Estates, and honestly strove to give his new subjects a respectable government. He offered to reinstate every man who would acknowledge him as king. Many of the nobles, most of the burghers, — John Basin among them, — and nearly all the peasants settled down with indifference to a change of masters. Rouen had suffered severely from a long and terrible siege, but the real agony of the duchy was to come later.

From 1419 to 1424 Thomas Basin lived at Caudebec with his family. He was a precocious boy; one of those who delight their mothers' hearts. He had no taste for war, — the home of a rich and prosperous merchant was a poor school in which to learn fighting, — but he felt himself above his father's account-books, and, with a view to the Church, he longed for a university education. His parents assented to his wishes. In the first half of the fifteenth century, not only was the clerical profession far more important than it is to-day, but clergymen absorbed nearly all of what we now call professional life. Physicians seldom were educated men in any real sense; lay lawyers were looked upon with contempt, — at least in Normandy; nearly all teaching was done by men in holy orders, and they had hardly lost their control of literature. Froissart and other chroniclers might, indeed, tell gossip stories about brave knights and fair ladies, but Thomas Basin despised such vulgar tales, and early in life earned the reputation of writing the most elaborate and Ciceronian Latin to be found north of the

Alps. He learned this art at Paris, whither he went in 1424, and where he passed the following six years.

During his stay at Caudebec the English invasion had made a great advance. To revenge the murder of his father by the national party, Philip of Burgundy had allied himself with the English, and thus Henry had secured Paris, with most of northern France. "When God was weary of helping the English," as Commines says, Henry V. died. His brother, John of Bedford, with something of Henry's skill and patience, was trying to hold the friendship of the slippery Philip with one hand, and with the other to drive back the partisans of Charles VII. That wretched man kept himself at a safe distance from the English troops, "drenching his passions in drunkenness and debauchery," as Basin afterwards said, in one of his rare moments of terseness. Paris had always been devoted to the Burgundian party; most of Charles's supporters had been slaughtered by the Burgundians, or driven into exile; and the university, at that time perhaps the greatest in the world, was safe in Anglo-Burgundian hands. At the age of twelve Basin entered it, and was enrolled in the venerable nation of the Normans; so called to distinguish it from the most faithful nation of the Picards, the most honorable nation of the French, and the most steadfast nation of the English. Young as he was to be left alone in so great a city, he was of the usual age at which boys then went to a university. He made great progress under his tutor's care, living in one of the hostels maintained for students' use, and sending a letter now and then to his parents by one of the messengers who plied regularly between the university and the country.

As cities went in the Middle Ages, Paris was a great city, although it stretched only from the Place de la Bastille to the Théâtre Français, from

the Porte St. Martin to the palace of the Luxembourg. Then, as now, it was a world in itself, with its own politics and its own quarrels apart from those of the rest of France. Round about its walls prowled the French partisans, seizing upon all who ventured beyond the gates, and putting to ransom, with strict impartiality, English soldiers, rich French merchants, and the poorest artisans and laborers. Within the city, the Anglo-Burgundian party was in momentary dread of treachery and revolt; alternately shivering at the discovery of some new plot, and gloating over the slaughter of the conspirators. In spite of plots and partisans, however, the English arms advanced, though very slowly and with many set-backs. As the French cause yearly grew more hopeless, the wretched men who at first had fled the city to escape the English found their way back to Paris, one after another, hoping that their presence would pass unnoticed. Seldom was this the case. Even the poorest and meanest among them, even women and young girls, were thrown into prison, until they could beg or buy a pardon. A certain poor baker, going to the door one day, found there his brother William, who had come with his wife to ask for shelter. The couple were half naked and half starved, almost frozen by the cold weather of January. William told his story. He had wandered about for years through Touraine and Berry, trying to earn his living as a vine-dresser; moving about as, in one place after another, food became so dear that he could not buy enough to live upon. The baker knew his duty. He was bound at once to hand the wretches over to the police. Instead of this, he took them into his house, and in a few days the two men were seized and thrown into prison. The baker's petition for pardon is very pitiful. He had intended, so he said, to deliver his brother William to justice; "but because, when the said William arrived,

he was without shirt or hat, and sick of the cold and the want he had endured on his journey, the petitioner therefore believed that if he had surrendered his brother at once, and if his brother had been imprisoned while he was in such condition, he would have fallen into great and grievous sickness. Moreover, the petitioner had the fullest intention to deliver up the said William as soon as he should be a little recovered." The English took pity on them, and released them both. As Basin walked about the narrow streets of Paris, he saw hundreds of his countrymen, tied together like dogs, and dragged to imprisonment or to execution. In spite of all the fierce hatreds of civil war, of Burgundian and Armagnac, the national feeling began to show itself. Though the French partisans were undoubtedly more cruel than the English, yet the poor country folk came to feel that all would go well if once the English were driven home.

As the minds of men became unsettled by the great suffering about them, they grew to look for some fearful catastrophe. Early in 1429, Basin stood in a huge crowd for five hours together, listening to Friar Richard, a follower of Bernardino of Sienna, who declared that Antichrist was born already, and that the day of judgment was close at hand. In order to get standing-room near the scaffold from which he preached, men and women went to the spot over night, and slept upon the ground. The young student saw the huge bonfires made by the terrified people of their trinkets and their charms, the bustles of the women and the gaming-tables of the men. In three weeks the preacher had so grasped the hearts of the people of Paris that the authorities of the university, suspecting his politics rather than his theology, drove him from the city. After he left Paris, he joined himself to Charles VII. The infuriated people then called down upon him the

curse of God and the saints, and went back to their dice and their finery, out of sheer spite against the preacher. At about the same time, in Picardy, another friar preached with great zeal against the high head-dresses then worn by ladies of fortune. With promises of absolution, he persuaded the little boys in the streets to hoot at any such head-dress that they saw. As the chronicler remarks, however, the ladies were much like snails: when disturbed, they drew in their horns, but thrust them out again as soon as their tormentor was gone away. This friar became involved in some obscure heresy, and was burned at Rome shortly afterwards.

Friar Richard was hardly out of Paris when news of another sort came to terrify the Burgundians. The English army before Orleans was routed, the English fortresses on the Loire were retaken, and, greatest wonder of all, Charles himself was actually marching on Rheims. A rumor went about that the French armies were led by a young peasant girl. At first the skeptical believers in Antichrist thought this part of the story apocryphal, but in three months' time they were wild with terror, and the peasant girl was battering the Porte St. Honoré. Nothing but the unspeakable cowardice of Charles kept Thomas Basin from seeing Joan of Arc enter Paris in triumph, one day in early September, 1429.

Before the authorities of the university were called upon to take part in her trial and condemnation, Basin had left Paris, having made such rapid progress in his studies as to need a special dispensation from the rule which required all masters of arts to be eighteen years of age. At Louvain, where Philip of Burgundy had just founded a university; at Pavia, where there was a scholarship in the gift of the chapter of Rouen; and at Bologna, where the papal court was then established, he pursued his theological studies. The mediæval stu-

dent, unlike the English and American student to-day, felt it a necessity of a liberal education to go from one university to another. In 1438, Basin took his degree in canon law, and returned to Rouen, where his family was then settled.

Great changes had come upon Normandy during the last eight years of Basin's absence. Although Charles VII. had retreated across the Loire, after his failure before Paris in 1429, yet his partisans had always kept a foothold in the north, and had ravaged the country, declaring they would rather see it a desert than abandoned to the English. In 1435, Philip of Burgundy made peace with Charles, but nothing was further from the mind of the astute duke than really to drive out the English. His change of policy served only to give Paris back to the French, and to transfer the war into Normandy. Encouraged by the neighborhood of the French troops, driven to despair by the license of the English soldiers, whose discipline had become relaxed since Bedford's death, the Norman peasants rose in hopeless revolt against their foreign rulers. All could have been avoided, says Basin, had there been in France any faith, any patriotism, or any military discipline. Five hundred lances, with the people's help, could have recovered the whole kingdom; but the nobles feared the consequences to themselves, if the people should discover their own strength. The peasants' condition, indeed, was indescribably wretched. The fields they once had cultivated were now a tangled thicket. In the morning they went with fear and trembling a few yards from the walls of the city where they had taken refuge. At every moment they looked up from their work to the tower where the watchman stood, as in Ezekiel's day, ready to blow the trumpet if the sword came upon the land. So often was it blown that at its sound, not only men, but cattle and pigs and sheep, fled

pell-mell to the city's gates. The enemy might be an English brigand or a French one; the English government could not altogether exterminate the one, while nearly all Charles's most trusted lieutenants were brigands by profession. In the slang of that day, they were called *écorcheurs*, skimmers or flayers. When, by a rare chance, one of these unspeakable ruffians was threatened with punishment, he had only to present a petition to Charles in order to receive a free pardon. The effrontery of these petitions is almost incredible. In one of them a redoubtable skinner confesses that he has been guilty of "much plundering, putting to ransom, imprisoning of men, women, priests, nobles, burghers, merchants, laborers, and others. He has been a highway robber and a pil-lager of markets and fairs. Perhaps some of his men have occasionally, or even frequently, murdered men, burned houses, and violated women. In such case he has received the said men and given them aid and comfort. Since his youth he has committed many and divers crimes, wrongs, and offenses which it is impossible to mention. Otherwise he is a man of good and notable life and renown and honest conversation; he has served the king honorably, without ever having been guilty of villainy or incurring any reproach." His pardon was forthcoming immediately. Now and then our feelings are relieved by reading that the exasperated peasants caught a skinner at a disadvantage, and stabbed or drowned him out of hand. Unhappily such retri-bution was rare.

Thomas Basin was naturally tender-hearted. Such awful misery distressed him, and, besides, he could find no suit-able position for himself. After pass-ing several months in Rouen, he started again for Italy, late in the summer of 1438. Not daring to venture by the di-rect road, he crossed the Channel to Eng-land, and pursued his journey through the Low Countries and up the Rhine.

He spent a few months at Pavia, then sought the papal court at Ferrara, and followed it to Florence.

Christendom presented at this time the extraordinary spectacle of a Pope and a so-called Ecumenical Council de-voting each other to perdition, while the Pope, loudly protesting his love of Chris-tian unity, was trying to wheedle the Eastern Church into union with the Western. At Ferrara and at Florence, Thomas Basin went in and out daily among the papal councilors and the Greek envoys. Under the government of Cosimo de' Medici, he breathed a lit-tle of the spirit of the Renaissance, as he talked familiarly with Poggio and its first apostles. He stood high in the Pope's favor, and through it, in 1440, he obtained a canonry in the cathedral of Rouen, "with some other ecclesiastical preferments." This was a sufficient in-ducement to return to Normandy, and he went back there at once. In May, 1441, he paid the accustomed fee of one hundred pence to the canons and chap-lains of the church, and took posses-sion of his canonry and prebend, after a dispute with another priest who claimed the same position. His first residence of six months was hardly over, when he was called to a more important duty. Immediately after the loss of Paris, the English, wishing to keep the education of Norman youth in friendly hands, set up a university at Caen, the city farthest removed from the danger of attack. Then, as now, it was not easy to create a real university out of nothing, and the royal council was glad to find at hand a young man at once so well educated and so respectable as Thomas Basin. By its orders the delegates of the four faculties of theology, civil law, medicine, and arts unanimously elected him their rector. His salary was about one hun-dred pounds a year. To eke out his in-come or to add to his importance, he was appointed vicar-general of his dio-cesan, the Bishop of Bayeux. At Caen

he lectured for more than six years on canon law.

In 1444 came the first break in the hitherto uninterrupted misery of Normandy. A truce was agreed upon between the French and the English. In describing its effect, the dry, elaborate Latin of Basin for once grows eloquent: "By reason of their great terror and peril, they [the common people] had long been cooped up within the walls of cities and castles, and, like criminals in prison, they had lived almost without hope in the world. Now they had marvelous joy when they saw themselves liberated from the filthy dungeon they had lived in so long, and loosed from their horrible slavery. They were glad to see the fields, though almost untilled and deserted, the woods, the green meadows, the springs, the rivers, and the brooks; for many men, who never had gone outside city walls, knew of these things by hearsay only, and never had seen them." Even the brigands and the peasants they had tortured feasted and danced together in safety. For a time it seemed that a lasting peace might be made. Basin went as ambassador from the English court to ask Jeanne de France, daughter of Charles VII., in marriage for the Duke of York's eldest son, afterwards Edward IV. The embassy was unsuccessful, but Basin's reputation steadily grew. until, in 1447, being elected Bishop of Lisieux by the unanimous vote of the chapter, he was confirmed by Pope Nicholas V. It is probable, however, that the real choice was made by the English government.

We are apt to think that every priest in the Middle Ages was either a saint or a fiend, either a St. Francis or an Alexander VI. In fact, most clergymen then adopted their profession for much the same reasons that now lead men to become lawyers or physicians. All hoped to make a living; the more ambitious hoped to make a reputation.

And just as nowadays most lawyers and physicians practice their professions honorably and to the public advantage, so most priests then did their duty, and watched their flocks with no more than the ordinary admixture of selfishness, ignorance, and crime. Such an average man was Thomas Basin. Lisieux, lying a few miles southwest of Rouen, was a rich bishopric, and the new bishop kept a very firm hold on his temporalities, heaping up a good fortune from his surplus income. He was chaste and temperate, and ruled his people as well as he could, under a strong sense of responsibility. He was the most prosperous member of his family, and he helped his poor relatives to such offices as he could dispose of, but no doubt he required of them the fidelity that he showed himself. It is curious to note that, while he gives a full list of his academic degrees, he never tells us how or when he took holy orders.

The first duty of every suffragan of the Archbishop of Rouen was to give a "past," or banquet, to the archbishop and chapter. Basin said that if the chapter preferred a round sum of money to the feast, he would not object to pay the reasonable equivalent. His proposition met with favor, and the terms were almost arranged when an unexpected difficulty arose. The archbishop demanded a large share of the commutation money. As he could hardly have eaten more than a minor canon, the chapter refused to grant his demand unless he would give his portion to the library; and when they found him inexorable, they notified Basin that perforce they must eat the past. It was now his turn to delay, and, though demanded by committee after committee, the past was still uneaten in 1451, four years after his consecration. Tired of waiting, the exasperated chapter then patched up its differences with the archbishop, and brought suit for the past. Basin was forced to give way, and the meal was

accordingly eaten in great state at his palace in Rouen.

Long before this happened, Basin was called upon to settle a matter of more general interest. A soldier, desiring absolution for crimes like those mentioned above, offered to the church at Bernay, as the price of his pardon, a reliquary containing some hair. The soldier stoutly affirmed that this hair belonged to the Blessed Virgin, and that he had stolen it, reliquary and all, in the pillage of a church, which, for obvious reasons, he declined to name. Although the good people of Bernay were most anxious to believe his story, they felt the need of confirming the authenticity of the relic by their bishop's certificate. Basin found within the reliquary a statement concerning the hair in question, written "in antique characters;" he duly confirmed this statement, and quite possibly the relic is venerated to-day. It did not occur to any one that the receiver of a stolen relic might find it less efficacious than would a more innocent possessor.

More serious matters now pressed upon Basin. War had begun again, chiefly through English fault. English discipline had broken down. Civil war was impending at home, and the soldiers abroad, half fed and unpaid, roamed about the country as masked banditti. On the other hand, the vigor of Arthur de Richemont, who now governed the ? imbecile Charles, had created a regular army in France, paid and disciplined, vastly superior to anything that England could put into the field. In May, 1449, messengers rushed into Rouen at five o'clock in the morning, and announced that the French had taken Pont de l'Arche, a few miles up the river. There was a wild scene in the castle when the news arrived. The English governor, Somerset, raved like a madman, and rushed shouting from room to room, dragging out of bed his half-awakened followers, one after another. His wife followed him in her night-gown,

screaming that all was lost; yet she had the kindness and the quick wit to save her French physician from her husband's blind fury, by hiding him in the curtains of her chamber. When the disturbance was at its height, Basin arrived with two other bishops, members of the duke's council. Basin says that their arrival was opportune, and that they brought to the duke's great sorrow "some cheer and consolation of good hope, like a useful medicine." As the duke must have known the hollowness of their sympathy, it is rather singular that he should have been brought to a better frame of mind by "their discourse and sweet exhortation." Basin saw that the day of the English had gone by, and he set out at once for Lisieux. Two years before he had sworn fealty to Henry VI., and there is no reason to doubt the good faith of his service, but we may be quite sure that he did not grieve for the necessity which forced him to change his allegiance. In August, the French appeared before Lisieux. The walls were weak and the English garrison was small. The French citizens, who had shivered with horror at the tales of French cruelty, dared neither to open the gates nor to defend themselves. Even the English garrison besought the bishop to save their lives; and so, though he might have taken refuge in his strong castle, near by, he went forth from the city gates, followed by his priests, and met Dunois, St. Pol, and the other French captains. The treaty he obtained gave safe retreat to the English, ample protection to the French, and full confirmation of the rights and privileges of the bishop. He was very proud of this exploit, and boasted of the good advice he afterwards gave to the seasoned French generals. Certainly there was some reason for his satisfaction.

The English lost ground in Normandy almost daily. In October, Charles himself marched against Rouen, though

he was very careful to keep a safe distance between his precious person and the English troops. Their demoralization, however, and the skill of his lieutenants insured his success. After thirty years of captivity, the Norman capital opened its gates to receive a French king. The streets were hung with rich blue cloths; the windows were filled with burghers' wives and daughters. Here the life of some saint was acted out "very authentically;" there stood two young girls, holding in a silken leash the king's emblem, a flying stag, so contrived mechanically that it knelt to Charles as he passed by. Attended by his generals and the nobles of his court, escorted by two hundred burghers of the city, under a golden-fringed canopy of vermilion satin, the king rode slowly through the shouting streets, from the Beauvais gate to the cathedral porch. As he heard the minstrels play and the little children cry "Noël!" in his welcome, we wonder if he dared turn his head, just before he reached the cathedral, and look over his right shoulder up a certain narrow street, toward the old marketplace of Rouen. Joan of Arc had been burnt there eighteen years before, but it is to be feared that Charles was too brutish and selfish to know shame even for his treatment of her.

In the years that followed, Basin reaped the full reward of his adroit change of party, — a change common to nearly all the leading men of Normandy. His brother was ennobled; he himself was made a privy councilor and pensioned. "When, on account of the affection, zeal, and wisdom we have always shown concerning our native land, we had given not a little help to this work and enterprise, it came to pass that an exceeding good report and high opinion of our lowliness and littleness were spread abroad through all parts of France," said the complacent bishop. One thing alone arose to disturb his peace. The Dauphin, Louis, then on the worst of

terms with Charles VII., sent secret letters to the leading men of Normandy, begging them to join in an intrigue to secure for him the government of the duchy, now freed from the English. To Basin he offered honors and an increased pension, but the bishop was too loyal and too prudent to yield. He was in cruel straits, for he was almost sure to survive Charles, a man ten years his senior, and ruined by early and late debauchery. He cast in his lot with the king, however, and forwarded the Dauphin's letters to court. Of course Louis found him out at once.

In 1461, Charles died at his castle of Mehun sur Yèvre, having starved himself to death, for fear he might be poisoned by Louis, who was undoubtedly plotting against his father from his retreat at the court of Burgundy. With fear and trembling, Basin set to work to ingratiate himself with the new king. At first he met with some success, and even went so far as to offer the king a good deal of advice on the proper method of governing France. He soon found out, however, that "the king's horse carried the whole royal council on his back," as one of Louis' servants pithily observed.

Matters went from bad to worse, in Basin's opinion. Before long the king, "without any regard whatever for divine worship or religion," forbade all persons, including priests, from hunting, even over their own land. This was not all. Nobles and prelates had had the right to transport their wine throughout France without the payment of any dues. The king, "confounding and perverting all laws, divine and human," took this privilege away from them, and put them on a level with the rest of his subjects. The wrath of Basin knew no bounds; he could not speak respectfully even of the king's devotions, and he described him as visiting "I don't know what oratory of the Blessed Mary, for the sake of worship or

some superstition." It must be admitted that some of the king's remedial measures would hardly commend themselves to a modern statesman. In order to repopulate unhappy Paris, he declared it a sanctuary for all murderers and thieves who were willing to live there, and, as a special favor to faithful Tournai, he pardoned in one act of amnesty over four hundred cut-throats and other criminals, thus restoring them to their sorrowing families. It is reported that Tournai was not grateful for this act of clemency.

Several years passed before the Duke of Burgundy and the other great French nobles found out how wide was the difference between Louis XI. and his father. When, at last, the unwelcome discovery was made, they rallied about Charles of Berry, Louis' younger brother, who had inherited nearly all of his father's cowardice, indecision, and sloth. "I love France so well," said Charles the Bold, "that for one king it has, I would it had six." The League of the Public Weal, as they called their alliance, at first was able to get the upper hand of Louis, and the treaty of Conflans, in 1465, gave Normandy to Charles of Berry. On his arrival at Rouen, he was duly installed with great state, being wedded to the duchy by Basin himself, and receiving a ring in token of the marriage. After the ceremony was over, a chronicle was read to the people, which told how a certain second son of a certain king of France succeeded in wresting the crown from his avaricious elder brother. The moral was obvious, and must have commended itself highly to Louis. Basin devoted himself at once to the cause of Duke Charles, and became one of his most trusted counselors.

Louis XI. was a man born to prove that honesty is not always the best policy. False and treacherous as were many of his contemporaries, beside him they appear the victims of their confid-

ing innocence. Often forced to sell his promises very cheap, he never failed to make a profit out of the transaction. It is impossible not to admire the unwearying subtlety by which the king, apparently so weak, triumphed over his enemies, so many and so strong. The treaty of Conflans was not three months old, the honeymoon of Duke Charles and his bride was hardly begun, before "the public weal had become the private weal," as a chronicler puts it. With fresh promises, Louis bought up two of the rebels, and loosed them upon his brother. Charles of Berry ran away at once, after dispatching Basin to ask aid from Philip of Burgundy.

The bishop could get no help for his master, but he was treated with marked distinction at the Burgundian court. By the duke's request, he consecrated as Bishop of Liege Louis of Bourbon, the gentle prelate of Quentin Durward. Most of his time he passed, pleasantly enough, at his old university of Louvain. Before long Louis granted a universal amnesty, and after much hesitation, in a moment of homesickness Basin committed the unspeakable folly of trusting his royal master's word. Scarcely had he crossed the frontier, when his retreat was cut off, and he was ordered to proceed at once to Orleans to meet the king. He begged that he might at least make some stay at Rouen, where he had "a very noble house, — yea, many houses." Louis yielded only so far as to let him enter the city after dark, to leave it on the morrow at daybreak. He never saw Normandy again. His temporalities were given to Charles d'Albret, who, as the bishop tells us, "put them to what uses he would, having cast the fear of God behind him. Afterwards, having had some quarrel with the king, he was beheaded and quartered, last summer, at Poitiers. Yet I humbly pray that God will have mercy upon him, and pardon his sins and shortcomings."

When Basin reached Orleans and

tried to get speech with the king, Louis scowled fiercely at him, snapped out a word or two as he passed him by, and cut off all chance for further conference. "There was near the king's person at this time," says Basin, "on very intimate and friendly relations with him, and held in high honor, one Master John Balue, whom he had lately made Bishop of Evreux, and for whom, two years later, he secured the bishopric of Angers and a cardinal's hat. Although this man was not considered by discreet persons to be eminent either for culture or for good conduct, yet, through the pressing necessity of the case, we sought to wait upon him and gain his acquaintance, in order that we might find in him a mediator and intercessor with the king. Wherefore, we humbly besought him for this thing only: that the royal clemency would allow us to live quietly in our diocese, and serve the household of Christ therein according to our calling. But what efforts the same Balue made to gain this favor we never could know exactly. By the testimony of many persons we learned that he merely pretended to help us, and that in reality he was playing the part of a traitor rather than that of a faithful friend. At first, before he got the bishopric of Angers and the cardinal's hat, this same Balue, then Bishop of Evreux, sought our bishopric, because it was esteemed to yield a larger income and to be of greater dignity than his own bishopric of Evreux. Wherefore, to accomplish his purpose, he brought it about that we should be sent to Perpignan, though we thought we had secured him to plead our cause with the king, and to that end had given him an ample present. Such, however, is wont to be the faith and craftiness of courtiers."

After following the king about for several months, Basin was told by another of the king's favorites that he must go at once to Perpignan, on the borders of Spain. On account of its

fiery climate, the Spaniards called Perpignan the graveyard of the French, and there is little reason to doubt that Louis hoped it would become the grave of a man no longer young. In vain Basin begged for some poor bishopric in Auvergne or Dauphiny, in vain he asked leave simply to visit Lisieux. The most he could obtain was the promise of a salary, not a penny of which was ever paid to him. In April, 1467, he was rudely bidden to leave the court at once. He passed fourteen months at Perpignan, acting as chancellor for the provinces of Roussillon and Cerdagne, and discharging his duties to the satisfaction of all the people. It was a healthy summer, as summers went in so hot a place, yet two thousand people were sick of the fever, and five hundred of them died. Basin himself was far from well. Day after day he longed for permission to go home, but no word came to him, and he believed himself forgotten; he did not know the devilish ingenuity of Louis in torturing those whom he hated.

Early in the spring of 1468, letters reached Basin directing him to return to court; but by the time he could comprehend his good fortune, these orders were countermanded, and he was sent on an embassy to Barcelona. On his return to Perpignan, he learned that fresh orders had been dispatched by Louis, forbidding him to leave Perpignan on any terms. The hottest season of the year was approaching, and the wretched man was in despair. He saw himself, as he said, "condemned, not only to exile, but to everlasting punishment; chained in that hot and burning region as in a globe of hottest fire, which is said to be the greatest and bitterest punishment of lost souls." He could bear the king's caprices no longer. No official notification of the royal commands had been received, and Basin fled for his life, through Languedoc, across the Rhone, and over the mountains of Dauphiny to Geneva. The king's messen-

ger followed him, but Basin naturally declined to trust himself again in France. Yolande of Savoy, although she was Louis' sister, would not enforce the royal orders. Geneva was a safe refuge from a French king's wrath in the fifteenth century as well as in the eighteenth.

The court of Savoy was brilliant and much given to all sorts of pleasure. Mummeries were common, and even bishops took part in the revels. One of these entertainments was the drama or "morality" of St. Susanna, a performance which must have been calculated to arouse a curious combination of religious and sensual emotions. Basin was in too much trouble, as we may imagine, thoroughly to enjoy diversions like these. A powerful party had been formed at the French court, with the object of seizing his bishopric. His enemies told the king that Basin had instigated Yolande's brothers-in-law to take up arms against France, and they persuaded Louis, if indeed he needed any persuasion, to seize Basin's own brothers and throw them into prison. The bishop knew very well that the object of these plots was to make him resign his bishopric, but, now that he was out of Louis' reach, he declined to yield. In order to prove his innocence, he left the territory of Savoy, and went to Basle. His unhappy brothers, after lingering for some time in prison, at length were released.

Basin's enemies now tried another plan. They forged a certificate of his death, and begged the Pope to fill the vacancy; at the same time sending a royal missive to the chapter of Lisieux, ordering it to proceed with the election of a new bishop. Neither the Pope nor the chapter was deceived, however, and the conspirators were only laughed at for their pains. In the mean time Basin continued to beg Louis to grant him the pardon solemnly promised before his return to France. For a moment, indeed, it seemed that he might be suc-

cessful. In a freak which it would require a treatise on psychology to explain, Louis had thrust himself into the power of his greatest enemy, Charles the Bold. Basin had always been a favorite at the court of Burgundy. He rushed from Basle to Ghent, and besought Charles to intercede for him. The duke did so, but Louis, who had already escaped from Charles's clutches, was angrier than ever. When Basin learned that the king was inexorable, he went again to his beloved Louvain.

The attempt to gain possession of the revenues of Lisieux, begun by D'Albret and Balue, was now continued by several brothers named Mannoury. "There was a youth, born in our diocese," says Basin, "one of the king's body-guard, the baser and degenerate son of an unrighteous and crime-loving father. He had a brother, whom we had lately ordained priest, — a youth almost without education, in life and habits so utterly infamous and dissolute that by many he was esteemed to be weak-minded and crazy." The plan of the Mannourys was audacious enough. Balue, Basin's last persecutor, had sold his royal master to Charles of Burgundy at Péronne. When he was safely out of Charles's hands, Louis had revenged himself by shutting Balue up in a small cage, placed in a dungeon of the castle of Onzain. The Mannourys represented to Louis that Basin was Balue's accomplice. The king knew perfectly well that the cardinal had betrayed Basin, and that the story was preposterous. He was pleased to give it credit, however, and he swore, with great appearance of honest indignation, that he never would forgive a man who had sought his life. Still, the poor bishop was so homesick that he would not submit to his banishment, and he besought his former master, Charles of Berry, Louis' brother, to intercede in his behalf. The choice of a mediator was not happy. Charles hated Louis with all the hatred of which so

imbecile a boy was capable. Louis hated Charles with the whole might of his malignant nature. When these two hopeful brothers met, as each of them remembered well how their common father had murdered John of Burgundy, at the bridge of Montereau, they conversed only through a small opening in a very stout wooden grating. To such a brother Louis was not inclined to grant much; and even when at length he found himself able to dispense with these formalities of intercourse, he yielded only so far as to promise Basin a bishopric in Languedoc, if he would surrender Lisieux. Basin would not accept the compromise. His life at Louvain was as pleasant as the life of an exile can be; wherever educated men were found, he was sure of a cordial welcome.

Even now he had not lost all hope of softening the heart of Louis. To the Sire de Châtillon, a favorite at court, he gave two thousand crowns, but he could get nothing but permission to come to Orleans, and there abide the king's pleasure. As he could have gone to Orleans quite as well without permission, and as he retained vivid recollections of his visit there six years before, he declined to enter France. One after another his persecutors had been removed. D'Albret had been quartered, Balne was caged in a miserable dungeon, and the Mannourys were dead. One of the brothers had fallen in battle, another in a brawl; still another was reported to have drowned himself. "In behalf of all our persecutors, we humbly pray for the divine mercy, that those who still live may be led to that true repentance which alone can obtain remission of sins, and that to those who have passed from this world God may be gracious and merciful. *Although, for the sake of a complete history, we have been compelled to tell of the wrongs they have done us, we grieve for their wickedness and the peril of their souls rather than for the pain and the insults they have

inflicted; and though they have been our enemies without a cause, we shall never cease to pray for them, according to the gospel teaching of our Redeemer." A curious mixture of conscious Christianity and unconscious cant.

Though all the other enemies of Basin were dead, the king was still bent upon revenge and hungry for the revenues of Lisieux. Even his power was insufficient entirely to confiscate ecclesiastical property. Again he tried to induce the Pope to nominate a new bishop, but the Pope was friendly to Basin. Then he seized those brothers of Basin whom he had before imprisoned, and, along with them, other relatives and friends of the refugee. They were threatened with torture, heavily fined, and released only in order to visit the bishop and beg him to resign his bishopric into the king's hands.

Basin was sorely distressed. The verse of Scripture which declares that the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep seemed to forbid his resignation: but he reflected, with some acuteness, that in this case it was the shepherd only who was threatened, while the sheep were quite safe. "No one in his senses can deny that a bishop may corporeally desert his flock, when he is personally sought by the oppressors, and when the faith and the safety of his flock are not imperiled. For this the blessed Augustine says expressly, and the Angelic Doctor after him. It is expressly asserted in chapter seven of his *Secunda Secundæ*, where this matter is treated in the text and in the notes, and this opinion is supported by authorities and examples, among which is the uncontrovertible command of our Saviour to his apostles: 'If they persecute you in one city, flee into another.'" Fortified by reasoning like this, Basin yielded at last to the entreaties of his brothers. In March, 1474, he went to Rome. Here, as elsewhere, he was received with the highest honor. The Pope offered him

a patriarchate; he was willing even to intercede for the bishop with the king. But by this time poor Basin had had enough of intercession; he definitely laid down his bishopric of Lisieux, accepting in its stead the archbishopric of Cæsarea, *in partibus infidelium*. For this surrender he received some money and a pension.

It is pleasant to know that the last years of his life were calm and peaceful. For some time he lived at Treves and at his beloved Louvain. When, in 1477, his old enemy, Louis, invaded the Burgundian territory, after the death of Charles the Bold, he took refuge in Utrecht, being a friend of its bishop, David of Burgundy, illegitimate son of Philip the Good. At Utrecht he lived quietly in a "most convenient and most pleasant house, a large part of which we ourselves caused to be built for the gratification of our old age." In 1483, he heard of the death of Louis XI., after the prayers of nuns and hermits, the holy oil flask of Rheims, and "many terrible and marvelous medicines" had been tried in vain for the king's relief. Louis' son, Charles VIII., probably in good faith, asked Basin to return to France, but the old man refused.

Basin had never been a slothful man. Now that his pastoral labors were ended, he devoted himself with great energy to literature. He prepared an elaborate history of the reigns of Charles VII. and Louis XI., availing himself freely of this opportunity to express his opinion of the latter monarch: "For we fear that if we shall relate all his acts of meanness, craft, perfidy, cowardice, wrong-doing, and cruelty, they will not be believed by some who shall read these writings. But since ancient authors have written not only the lives of men eminent in virtue and wisdom and useful to the nation, but also the lives of those infamous for their iniquity and for the foulness of their vices (such as Caligula, Nero, Domitian, Commodus,

and many others), we have therefore dared to describe the king's acts and to write the history of his times." Beside this, his great work, Basin wrote a voluminous apology for his course in abandoning his flock at Lisieux, wherein, among other things, he shows how much better was the condition of the Druids among the Gauls than was that of Christian priests under Louis XI. He refuted the opinion of a Carthusian monk of Ruremonde, who maintained that Antichrist had been born in 1472, and that his advent would be manifested in 1504 by the appearance of three comets. In 1490, he published an elaborate treatise against the "rash and damnable opinions" of Paul of Middleburg, the foremost of these being a belief that Jonah passed three whole days and three whole nights in the whale's belly, and not two nights and three days, according to the orthodox belief.

With some of his family gathered about him, Basin lived quietly to a good old age. He died on December 3, 1491, and was buried at Utrecht, in the choir of the church of St. John. In spite of his long exile, he never forgot his native Normandy. By his will he left a sum of money to the clergy of his own cathedral of Lisieux, and in a window of his old parish church at Caudebec stood for many years his likeness in stained glass.

When he was seventy-six years old, a curious fancy took him. The Scriptures tell us that the Children of Israel rested in forty-two places on their journey to the Promised Land. "All things happened to them as a type," and so the old man wrote a "Short discourse of the wanderings and of the forty-two resting-places which in the desert of this life fell to the lot of Thomas, whom Bishop of Lisieux, now Archbishop of the Palestinian Cæsarea, as through faith he traveled to the real and true Land of Promise during seventy-six years." In order to come out exactly even, he left

out some places and set down others more than once, "as I remember that I read was done in the catalogue of the resting-places of the Children of Israel." He closed the Short Discourse with these words: "Almighty and merciful God, who hast taught thine unworthy servant that in the desert of this world I have no abiding city, but must seek in heaven a city whence I can neither need nor wish to depart, teaching me this by giving me many various mansions in the same desert, and by keeping me from unnumbered evils as I journeyed along,

grant that in the journey of this mortal life, through faith in thy love and through observance of thy commandments, I may be kept even to the end in thy holy household, and at length, when the course of this journey is run, that I may enter the true Land of Promise, the heavenly kingdom, thy holy city Jerusalem, and that there, with all thy saints and elect, I may be filled forever with the vision and enjoyment of thy blessed Godhead: through our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be praise, honor, and glory forever. Amen."

Francis C. Lowell.

HANNAH CALLINE'S JIM.

IN TWO PARTS. PART SECOND.

IV.

ABOUT two o'clock one misty, moonlight night in October, Mary Frances was awakened by the shutting of the side gate, that led from the flower-garden in front to the back yard. This gate, which was overlooked by Mary Frances's bedroom window, was, more accurately, a sort of door in a high plank wall, and when it shut it struck the wall with a dull sound that was unmistakable. Mary Frances heard this sound twice, as if some one had entered, and then gone back again after a few moments.

When she heard the sound the second time, she rose and looked out of the window, and saw a dark figure—whether man or woman she could not tell—flit past the mimosa-tree, and disappear around the bay-window. She woke her father out of a sound sleep to tell him all this, and Mr. Newsome, failing to persuade her that she had had the nightmare, armed himself with a pistol, and proceeded to search the house, fol-

lowed by Mrs. Newsome with an umbrella, and Mary Frances with a boot-jack; but nothing out of the way could be discovered.

Early next morning, however, Mary Frances descried, in the middle of the flower-border in the back yard, a rough stick, broken from some tree or shrub, and stuck upright in the earth. When she jerked it out of the ground, a coarse white thread followed the stick, and drew after it something that glittered in the sunlight. Mary Frances, stooping to examine this glittering something, was astonished to find her diamond ring. It was covered with dirt, but it was her ring, for there were her initials, M. F. N., on the inside. She rushed into the house and proclaimed her discovery, but no inquiry availed to throw any light on the mystery. It could only be surmised that whoever it was that came through the gate in the middle of the night must have come with the purpose of returning the ring in this secret fashion. Mr. Newsome had a strong suspicion that this person might be Hannah Calline, but nei-

ther she nor Jim Brand could be found. "The rascal has skipped from justice," Mr. Newsome said, "and Hannah Calline has followed him. Heaven help her! I don't suppose we shall ever see her again."

Time passed, and on a dismal, rainy day in March an old negro woman, ragged and haggard, rang timidly at the back gate, and asked to see Mrs. Newsome.

"Miss Louisa, is you done furgot me?" said the poor creature tremulously, seeing that Mrs. Newsome did not recognize her.

"Oh, Hannah, is *this* you?" Mrs. Newsome exclaimed in distress. She saw that Hannah was in some great trouble, and she made her sit down by the fire, while Mary Frances brought a glass of wine.

Hannah Calline was glad to sit down, for she was very weak and tired. She was trembling, and the muscles of her face quivered so that at first she could not speak; but when she had swallowed the wine, she said, with a long sigh, "I'se had a heap o' trouble, Miss Louisa; an' Mars Dan'l, he tole me ter come back, an' I come."

"That is right," said Mrs. Newsome. "What has been the matter?"

Hannah Calline hardly seemed to hear her. "Honey, did you git yo' ring?" she asked eagerly, turning to Mary Frances, who held up her finger, on which the ring sparkled. "Yes! yes!" said Hannah Calline. "I prayed ter Gawd, an' I made sho' you'd not miss hit ef I stuck hit up 'mongst yo' flowers. I sneaked in by night, cawse I wuz fair 'shamed ter come by day an' own up Jim stole dat ring. I did n' know hit when I quit dis house. but I foun' hit out afterwuds, an' I ain' had no peace o' mind tell I fotch hit back. Jim wuz skeered ter sell hit in Mobile, an' the nex' day after I fotch hit back we went ter a place in Massisip they calls Corinth. An' Jim, when he foun'

out I had brung back dat ring — dat wuz de fust time Jim beat me."

"Beat you? The first time?" repeated Mrs. Newsome, aghast.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried little Mary Frances.

"Yes, Miss Louisa," said Hannah Calline mournfully. "I'se been disapp'inted in Jim. I'se 'bleedged ter own up, I'se disapp'inted in Jim. But I ain' raised him, an' dat's a comfort."

"And where is he now?" Mrs. Newsome asked.

Hannah Calline lifted her ragged shawl, and wiped her eyes, as she answered brokenly, "Jim — he's jailed fur life".—

Mary Frances crept to her side, and whispered, "Don't cry. My popper will get him out."

"Bless yo' soul, honey, dere ain' no jedge nur lawyer kin git Jim out. Jim an' some yothers broke inter a place an' stole some things, an' dey proved on him strong. An' I dunno ez I want Jim turned loose; he mought keep on in his sins; but shet up ez he is, he kin study on 'pentance. Hit warn't me raised Jim, Miss Louisa; but I rekin Miss Patty done de best she could," and Hannah Calline sighed. "I come away after I seed de las' of Jim. I went ter see him in de jail, an' what you rekin Jim said ter me? He *cussed* me, Miss Louisa, Jim *cussed* me, an' he said he did n' b'lieve I wuz his mammy." And Hannah Calline covered up her face.

"Well, Hannah," said Mrs. Newsome, after a painful pause, "you have other children who will be good to you."

Hannah Calline shook her head. "I dunno; I dunno ez they *kin* mek up fur hit all," she answered, with a kind of gasp. "I'se been through a sight o' trial sence las' I see you, Miss Louisa. I'se gone hungry an' I'se gone cold; I'se slep' on de bare flo' an' lived in de rain, an' I'se wuked harder fur Jim than ever I had ter fur ole marster: an'

fur all dat, Jim have *beat* me, time an' agin. An' I warn' niver struck a lick in my life, 'ceptin' de time *dat man*, Walsin'ham, wuz cussin' his luck wid Kaintuck niggers."

"Why did you submit to such treatment?" asked Mrs. Newsome.

"I ain' niver owned hit befo'," Hannah Calline made reply. "When de neighbors said Jim beat me, I tole 'em dey *lied*. But nothin' ain' niver hu't me lak dem words he said ter me in jail — Lawd A'mighty, honey, is you cryin'? You need n' fret; hit wuz de Lawd's will. I 'se boun' ter be thankful I foun' Jim, any way. I wuz n't niver gwan be satisfied ontel I foun' him; 'peared lak dat what freedom wuz fur. On'y I doan want ter go back ter de plantation jes' *yit*. Dey was always sot beginst me huntin' Jim. I wants ter stay 'long o' you an' Mars Dan'l ontel I gits qualified, sorter."

So once again a place was made in the Newsome household for Hannah Calline, and once again Mary Frances had the pleasure of replenishing the forlorn creature's wardrobe.

The man that drove Mrs. Newsome's carriage at this time was a negro, who was called Jay. In point of style, Jay was decidedly inferior to Jim Brand. He was short of stature and slouching in his gait, and he lacked that air of confidence in himself which gave to Jim Brand so imposing an appearance on the carriage-box; and though, like Jim Brand, he could read and write, in cookery he had no skill to speak of, neither did he understand the fluting-irons. Nevertheless, Jay was diligent and obliging, and it was long before Mrs. Newsome had any cause to find fault with him. He had entered her service in January, and from that date until began the warm days in April Jay pursued a blameless course; but when afternoon drives became the order of the day, Jay informed Mrs. Newsome, one Friday morning, in his most respectful manner,

that he could not drive the carriage that afternoon.

Mrs. Newsome inquired if he were ill; but no, Jay said he was very well. He had a round, honest, good-natured face, and did not shrink from meeting Mrs. Newsome's eyes, yet evidently he was unwilling to give his true reason. He had an engagement, he stammered.

"You have an engagement to drive my carriage," said Mrs. Newsome. "I don't understand this, Jay, and I don't like it."

"Yes 'm," sighed Jay humbly, and looked distressed. "I 'se 'bleedged ter give hit up, for this day."

"Very well," Mrs. Newsome assented, finally. She reflected that Jay, on the whole, had given satisfaction, and she was willing for this once to excuse him, without inquiring too closely.

She had almost forgotten the affair, when, the next Friday, Jay again respectfully begged leave to absent himself. Mrs. Newsome very naturally felt annoyed, but this time also she consented. When the third Friday came, and the same request was made, she was indignant.

"Is this to happen *every* Friday?" she demanded.

"'Spect it is, ma'am," Jay sighed. "It is come ter be a standin' engagement."

When Mr. Newsome was informed of this, he remarked that Jay might find it lead to a walking engagement. "It is some political society has got you in its clutches, I 'll bet my head," he said to Jay.

"No, sir; 't ain't politics, Mr. Newsome," Jay declared. "I ain't got no money ter waste on politics."

"What, then, is it?"

But on this point Jay remained obstinately silent; though when threatened with dismissal, he begged so piteously to be retained that Mr. Newsome had not the heart to refuse him.

The following Friday, however, to

Mrs. Newsome's surprise, Jay did not present his usual petition for leave of absence.

"What?" said she. "Has that engagement come to an end?"

"Fur de present," answered Jay dejectedly.

"And when is it to be renewed?"

Mrs. Newsome was disposed to rally him on his Friday outings. But Jay had perfect manners; his bearing said plainly that Mrs. Newsome might condescend to jest with him, but that he could not presume to jest with her. He answered, with a sober solemnity, —

"At the Lawd's will, ma'am."

Several weeks went by, and still Jay did not renew his customary request on Friday; and as he became, if possible, more assiduous than ever in the performance of his duties, the Newsomes now hoped that at last they had secured a coachman whom they could regard as a fixture in their establishment.

But there came a cloud over this happy state of things: Jay had the misfortune to incur Hannah Calline's suspicion.

Since her return, Hannah Calline had kept very much to herself. The cook and the house-girl derided her countrified ways, and taunted her with her lack of spirit in clinging to the family of her former owners; but Hannah Calline knew her friends, and was faithful to them. She had looked upon Jay with favor because of the respectful consideration with which he treated a poor old woman, who might be, as he explained, the age of his mother, if his mother were living; but Jay's "manners" counted for nothing, in her estimation, when she discovered that he had made off with one of the nine baked apples she herself had set on the tea-table just half an hour after Mrs. Newsome returned from her drive. What it was that required Jay's presence in the dining-room, a few minutes later, was more than Hannah Calline could divine; she only knew that eight apples remained where there had

been nine, and she immediately counted the spoons. The spoons were found to be all right, but the missing apple gave Hannah Calline great distress. She kept her trouble to herself, however, and decided to watch Jay; and watch him she did, as the poor fellow was soon painfully aware.

"What makes Jay look so uneasy?" Mrs. Newsome asked.

"Dunno 'm," Hannah Calline answered.

A few days later, she went to Mrs. Newsome with the information that a silver fork was missing. "Miss Louisa, does you 'spect I tuk hit?" she asked piteously.

"No," Mrs. Newsome assured her. "It may be in the kitchen or the pantry. It will be found."

But the fork was not found.

"Jay got dat fork," Hannah Calline insisted. "Dat what mek him gwan 'bout so oneasy."

Mrs. Newsome was very loath to believe this; and she preferred to wait for developments rather than accuse him unjustly.

No such scruples had Hannah Calline; she taxed Jay openly with the theft, which Jay indignantly denied. "His ole miss what raised him had larnt him better then ter steal."

This denial, so far from convincing Hannah Calline, determined her to search the little room over the stable, assigned to Jay. She knew the room well; it was the same Jim Brand had occupied. There was a closet beside the chimney, the door of which was nailed up. Hannah Calline had never seen the inside of this closet, for it was made fast during Jim Brand's occupancy. But she did not stop to consider this. Armed with a hatchet, she was proceeding to burst open the door, when Jay came in.

"You better quit dat," he counseled. "You gwan git yo'sef in trouble, medlin' wid white folks' do's. Dat been nailed up ever sence I been here, an'

what 's inside don't consarn you nur me."

"I boun' ter see what's inside," said Hannah Calline. It lent energy to her purpose to find Jay no whit disconcerted by her proceeding. "Brazen raskil!" thought Hannah Calline.

When at last she had the door open, she stood an instant, dazed at what she saw; then, with a cry of rage, and joy, and wonder, she dragged forth a small, hair-covered trunk. With as little ceremony as she had used in regard to the closet door, she burst open the lid, and before Jay had time for further speech she held aloft in her left hand an ancient brown satin dress; the next instant, with blazing eyes, she sprang upon him, and collared him with her right hand. Rage lent her strength. "You thief! You thief!" she shrieked, and shook him violently.

"Lemme go! Oh, Lawd, lemme go!" pleaded Jay, with a face of abject terror.

But Hannah Calline held on grimly.

"Whey dem chickens, you thief?" she shouted. "An' whey dat baked apple an' dat silver fork, you eberlastin', owdacious thief?"

The hubbub brought the other servants, and finally Mrs. Newsome and Mary Frances, upon the scene.

"You tell me you dunno?" stormed Hannah Calline, too much beside herself to feel the restraint of any presence. "I'll *mek* you know!" And she shook him again.

"I 'clar' ter gracious, Miz Newsome," said Jay appealingly, "I ain't niver seed dat trunk befo'."

"No; you ain' seed dat trunk, nur de coob o' chickens lef' in yo' charge, 'bout a year ago! I wonders I ain' seed de favor o' you befo', you owdacious wagabone!"

"Let him go, Hannah," Mrs. Newsome commanded.

"No, Miss Louisa, I ain' gwan let him go tell I done shuk de truth outen

him. You kin read, you nigger; read me *dat*!" Hannah Calline shouted, still holding Jay by the collar, while she thrust the lining of the brown satin waist under his eyes.

"Oh, Lawd! Lawd!" cried Jay fearfully, as his reluctant glance encountered the words, "Miss Patty Larkin. Her dress." "'Spect I gwan crazy! Who is you? Lemme go! Lemme go!"

For answer Hannah Calline jerked him fiercely, and the missing fork dropped upon the floor.

"*Dar*, now, Miss Louisa!" cried Hannah Calline in triumph.

"Oh, Jay!" said Mrs. Newsome.

"I 'clar' ter gracious, I ain't stole hit!" Jay asseverated.

"Oh, no!" retorted Hannah Calline. "You jes' *borry'd* hit. Git out!"

"I ain't stole hit!" Jay insisted. "It was puore accident. But none o' you ain't gwan b'lieve me. You sen' fur my ole miss, Miz Newsome, up here on Palmetto Street; *she* kin tell you this one nigger doan steal. Fur Gawd's sake, fur my ole miss' sake, doan sen' me ter jail!" he pleaded, dropping on his knees.

"Get up, Jay," said Mrs. Newsome. "Don't make the matter worse by denial. Since the fork is recovered, you may go your way in peace. But I cannot keep you in my service. I will pay you what is due you, but you must go at once."

Jay made no further entreaty. He took the money Mrs. Newsome paid him, thanked her humbly, and departed, the picture of woe.

"Well, thang Gawd," said Hannah Calline, "I got some comfort: dat thief what stole my brown satting Miss Patty Larkin give me, I'se seen him *shamed good*."

V.

The rest of that eventful day was spent by Hannah Calline in airing the

brown satin and muttering thanksgiving that Mars Dan'l and Miss Louisa were rid of that nigger Jay forever; for Hannah Calline thought never to see him more.

But strange tidings came next day. Betimes, in the morning, the door-bell rang with a vigorous peal, and the house-maid admitted a little old white-haired woman, who demanded to see Mr. Newsome. The house-maid delivered her card with some trepidation, for there were rumors afloat concerning this strange woman calculated to raise the hair on an African's head; but Mr. Newsome, reading the name "Mrs. Lassiter," descended with alacrity to see her. He remembered her encounter with Jim Brand on the Bay Shell Road, and he expected interesting developments.

Mrs. Lassiter had come on business, and she proceeded immediately to unfold the purpose of her visit. "I am the owner of a negro, sir," said she, "that has gotten into trouble" —

"Pardon, madam," Mr. Newsome interrupted, smiling, yet somewhat startled. "I must remind you of a certain date in our history" —

"Precious little I care for that!" she retorted. "All the rest are gone, and I submit; but this one I bought with good, hard money of my own saving, and I say he *belongs* to me so long as I live."

"And has he deserted you?" Mr. Newsome asked, humoring her whim. He had now no doubt that she was demented.

"Deserted me! I'd like to see him desert me! No! Jim knows better. Jim is your carriage-driver" —

"I beg pardon," said Mr. Newsome. "A year ago we had a carriage-driver named Jim, — Jim Brand."

"A precious rascal he to go unchanged!" she cried, springing from her chair, and clenching her small fists. "If he lived with you, he robbed you."

"He did," said Mr. Newsome; "but

he has met his deserts since then: he has been sentenced for life."

"Heaven be praised!" ejaculated Mrs. Lassiter, dropping into her chair again. "A bad negro. He robbed me. It was to enlighten you about Jim Brand that I came; but I've something to say first about your other coachman, the other Jim" —

"Jim Brand was the only coachman we've had named Jim."

"Jim, Jim, Jim," repeated Mrs. Lassiter irritably, "who drove your carriage yesterday or the day before."

"He called himself Jay, — Jay Beal, if I remember."

"Well, Jim or J., it's all the same. There were so many Jims on the place we had to distinguish them, and this one we called J. B. L., and then J. for convenience, but *Jim* is his name, and I know him for an honest negro. Appearances may be against him, but Jim does n't steal."

"Appearances *are* against him," said Mr. Newsome. "It's a strong case."

Mrs. Lassiter rose abruptly, with a look of keen distress, and walked to one of the windows, where she stood some moments silent, with her back to Mr. Newsome; but she returned with a resolute air.

"I am going to make a humiliating confession," she said. "I am very poor, as you see, but that's not the point. I am also old and feeble, and there is nothing I can do to help myself. Once I had property, but it's all gone. I'm alone in the world, with nobody to take care of me but J. B. L. It seems to me that's fair, since I paid good money for him when he was no manner of use to me. A puny little rickety-legged baby, bereft of his mammy, — nobody would be bothered with him until I was called a fool for laying out good money in a sorry bargain. But it eased my heart in a heavy hour; and here am I to-day, a poor old penniless woman, tottering to her grave, and I say

I bought Jim out of pity, and he has no right to freedom until I die. And Jim is n't ungrateful; he works for my support. This is hard on a proud woman, sir, but I've said to myself it may be borne among strangers. Two years ago I had still a little left of my once ample means, but the last is gone. Some diamonds I had saved in case of need were stolen from me by Jim Brand. Now I am destitute, and if J. B. L. did not work for me—I should starve." After a moment's pause she continued: "I'm here to-day to see Jim righted. Jim did n't steal that fork. I've been ill the last three weeks, and he brought me a baked apple, which he stole, if you will, from your table; and in his haste he took away the fork, which he tried time and again to return, but that old woman you have here kept so close a watch he never found a chance, and he carried the fork about with him for fear of its being lost. I raised Jim myself. I can vouch for his principles. Don't you believe *me*?"

"But, my dear madam," said Mr. Newsome, who could not surrender his conviction on demand, "why did n't he make known your case, and *ask* for the apple?"

"Because I have forbidden him to speak of me, or my needs, or my whereabouts!" she answered fiercely. "And Jim is a simple soul; he knows only to obey."

"We should have been happy to be of service to you, madam"—

"*You* owe me nothing!" she interrupted with violence; "but Jim pays a debt of gratitude I need not scruple to accept. He does the best he can. He has never let me miss my drive, when I could take it."

"Ah? That explains!" interjected Mr. Newsome.

"It does n't explain half!" retorted the old lady fretfully. "J. B. L. is suspected of having stolen a little old hair trunk; and there has been much

ado about a coop of chickens, concerning which he knows nothing, neither do I. But since you say Jim Brand was your coachman a year ago, I'll warrant *he* knows what became of the chickens, and how that trunk found its way into that closet. It was Jim Brand, and nobody else, that stole that trunk,—what for, or how, I don't know; but that brown satin dress I know, and I must see it,—the dress and the old woman who claims it."

"Jim Brand's mother"—Mr. Newsome began.

"No such thing! If she was worth having for a mother, that rascal was sharp enough to pass himself off for her son; for he knew the whole story, and how I had tried to find Jim's mother, and failed. But Jim Brand's mother died in Kentucky, and I saw her buried; it was just after I married Dr. Penniman"—

"I beg pardon!" interrupted Mr. Newsome. "The name on your card"—

"Mrs. Lassiter. Did never you hear of a woman marrying twice? I married Dr. Penniman, and a life I led of it, between his property and mine; and I was cheated by his lawyer."

"So you are Miss Patty Larkin, whom poor old Hannah Calline talks of?"

"I was—a long time ago."

"If you will wait"—said Mr. Newsome, as he left the room.

He ordered a cup of coffee for Mrs. Lassiter, and, hastening up-stairs, told his wife and little Mary Frances the strange story.

"Then it was all a mistake about Jim Brand being Hannah Calline's son!" cried Mary Frances. "And this new Jim is the *real* Jim? I'm so glad!"

"Not so fast, my little daughter. We'll wait until that queer old woman down-stairs has seen Hannah; and we'll go down and witness the interview."

But Hannah Calline was hard to persuade to that interview. "Lawd save

us, Mars Dan'l!" she pleaded. "Doan you know dat's a kunjer-woman? She's mo'n five hund'ed years ole, dat same little ole woman down-stairs. She's de one what rides on de Bay Shell Road ev'y Friday. Hit's a onlucky day, but hit suits her, 'long o' her bein' a kunjer-woman. Folks tell me thet onct she wuz rich in lan' an' niggers, but now she ain' got mo'n one po' nigger thet is too skeered ter b'lieve he's free. She kunjered him, sho'ly; an' how I know but she gwan kunjer me, 'long o' dat nigger Jay?"

At last, however, upon the repeated assurance that under the circumstances it was impossible that she should be "kunjered," Hannah Calline produced the brown satin, and followed Mr. and Mrs. Newsome and the little Mary Frances into the "kunjers-woman's" presence.

The cup of coffee had refreshed Mrs. Lassiter, and she looked less wan and weary. When she had acknowledged the introduction to Mrs. Newsome and Mary Frances, she turned and stared eagerly at Hannah Calline, who held up the brown satin as a shield between herself and the fearful mistress of magic.

What thoughts, what memories of hopes long vanished, of dead-and-buried joys, clung round that frayed and faded garment! The lines of Mrs. Lassiter's face softened as she looked at it.

"Patty Larkin's dress!" she sighed. "You need not turn the lining to show me her name; I should know that dress anywhere. Poor Patty Larkin! A young woman she was, when she wore that dress."

"She wuz middlin' on, an' past her prime," murmured Hannah Calline, as if involuntarily.

"I say she was *young*," repeated Mrs. Lassiter, — "a baby, compared to what she is now. I suppose you'd like to hear the story of that bit of finery poor Patty Larkin never wore but once?" she said, turning abruptly to

Mary Frances, whose face was aglow with the keenest interest. "Well, it was a great while ago, and Patty Larkin was a happy woman when she put it on for the first and last time. She wore it in honor of the return of an old friend who had been a wanderer fifteen long years, — a friend who was more than a friend, though neither he nor she had ever acknowledged as much; but all the world was welcome to know who it was Patty Larkin had waited for, when she put on that brown satin dress, one happy day in June. But before she could dress for him again a great calamity befell, — no matter what, no matter how, — and Patty Larkin gave up her long-delayed chance of happiness to watch over a poor, forlorn, demented creature who had no other friend. May be she was n't wise; may be she had as good a right to accept happiness as to accept duty; but that's no matter now. The sight of that brown satin made her miserable, yet it was precious in her sight, and therefore she made a strange disposition of it: she gave it to a poor negro mother, forced to part from her little child."

"Whey Miss Patty now, in Gawd's name, mistis?" entreated Hannah Calline, in spite of fear.

A moment the faded old woman looked at her in silence. "Hannah Calline?" she said, and smiled. "Am I so changed?"

Hannah Calline staggered back, threw up her arms, uttered a hoarse cry, and fell at Mrs. Lassiter's feet, her face to the floor. "Miss Patty! Miss Patty! Miss Patty!" she wailed.

"Get up!" said "Miss Patty," but Hannah Calline would not lift her face.

"I 'se 'shamed of myself forever!" she moaned. "De Lawd is blinded my jedgment ter mek me always misdoubt. Folks telled me you wuz a kunjer-woman, an' I b'lieved 'em, tell now I 'se 'shamed ter look you in de face. An' dar wuz Jim, my Jim, what I wuz so

sot beginst. You done yo' best, Miss Patty, but Jim ain' no credit ter yo' raisin'."

"I know better! Get up from there, Hannah Calline!"

Hannah Calline, obeying the voice of authority, slowly gathered herself up, and stood with clasped hands and bowed head. "I ax yo' pardin, Miss Patty," she said humbly.

"Not Jim Brand, you benighted creature!" declared Mrs. Lassiter, bringing her fist down upon her knee with emphasis. "That rascally Penniman nigger! He's a sharp one, but he never fooled me. He was cunning enough to pass himself off for your son; and I'll warrant he made you work for him! Oh, he knew all about Hannah Calline's Jim; he knew I had tried my best to find you for the real Jim, until I gave you up for dead and gone. No! *your* son Jim is the simple-witted creature you called a thief yesterday, because he had one of the Newsomes' silver forks in his possession; and that brown satin" —

Then once again "Miss Patty" gave her evidence, and once again was Hannah Calline convicted of a "blinded jedgment."

"Lemme sed down, Miss Louisa, please, ma'am," she said faintly, as she sank upon the rug. "I'm pow'ful weak, an' dat s'prised hit doan seem lak I kin ratly on'erstan' — 'bout Jim. You 'll hatter 'splain agin, Miss Patty, honey."

But "Miss Patty's" excitement had spent itself; she leaned back in her chair exhausted, and a few slow tears rolled down her withered cheeks. "I'm an old woman," she said. "I've seen a world of sorrow and trouble, and I'm left alone, too poor to live, too old to work. Jim is the last piece of property remaining to me, and now I must give him up."

"Lawd, Miss Patty, ain' you 'shame' ter talk so?" Hannah Calline remonstrated. "You sho'ly doan b'lieve we gwan quit you, me an' Jim? Ef hit be Jim?" she added, still in a state of confusion.

"Of course it's Jim," said Mrs. Lassiter fretfully. "Don't you suppose I know what I'm talking about? Jim Brasswood first, then Jim Larkin, and he might have been Jim Penniman and Jim Lassiter, I suppose, as well, only he got the initials J. B. L. fitted to him. Come with me, and you shall see."

So Hannah Calline put on her capacious bombazine bonnet, and went with "Miss Patty" to "ax pardin of Jim."

"'Pears lak the Lawd ain' got no use fur dish yer ole nigger, 'ceptin' jes' ter mek a fool of her," she said, between tears and laughter. "Jes' ter think o' me jukin' *my* Jim aroun', an' tellin' him he wuz a lie an' a thief! Well! de Lawd be thanked for all his blessin's! An' doan you cry, Miss Mary Frances, honey; you ain' seed de last o' Hannah Calline *yit*."

Elizabeth W. Bellamy.

COÖPERATION.

To cancel wrong it ever was required
The wrong should be forgiven, and forgot:
Ah, see, how well have thou and I conspired,
Since I forgive, and thou rememberest not!

Edith M. Thomas.

FROM VENICE TO ASSOS.

IN the course of the year 1881, — the first of three during which archæological investigations were carried on at Assos, in the southern Troad, — there were in all ten young Americans present at various times upon the ground, and more or less directly concerned in the work. One was a boy under the charge of the heads of the expedition, and returned to America early in the summer. The two chiefs were the salaried agents of the Institute of Archæology. They had some previous acquaintance with the site, acquired during a yachting cruise in Greek waters, and they continued during the whole three years in charge of the excavations. It is no part of my present plan, nor indeed within the powers of any but professional archæologists, to give any account, even in outline, of their achievements. They have already made their report, in part, with pencil and pen; and the monumental work which is to embody all the important results of the expedition will no doubt eventually see the light.

The rest of us had at least one bond of sympathy in our ludicrous and helpless ignorance of land, people, and language, and of the work we proposed to do. We had all seven volunteered at a uniform monthly salary of 0 medjids, 0 metalliques (Turkish currency, one medjid = 80 metalliques = about 80 cents), with moderate rations of native food and Lesbian wine while in active service. Not all this number were ever in Assos at one time, and the extraordinary size of the staff was largely due to accidental causes. Nearly all of us closed our connection with the work in that year, as we and the Institute both found it a relation too expensive to be maintained longer.

Two of the seven, M. W. and C. H. W., were young architects, intimate

friends of our junior chief, F. H. B. No one who knows him will wonder that they followed to the world's end for love of adventure and of his companionship. J. S. D. was a most indefatigable geologist, who, both in 1881 and 1882, made summer trips to the Troad from his German university. J. H., a Williams graduate and ex-teacher, had accompanied that nineteenth-century paladin, William J. Stillman, to Crete, where their excavations were prevented and their stay cut short on account of a perverse belief on the part of the Turks that wherever Stillman did the subsoiling something younger and more explosive than archaic pottery was sure to appear. This comrade had learned the art of photography from his former chief, and if any apparatus had arrived for him would have been the photographer of the expedition. In fact, he acted in that capacity the next year, during vacations from his professorial duties at Roberts College, Constantinople. Lastly there were three Harvard graduates: E. R. and C. W. B. fresh from college, while the writer had spent five or six years in the exposition of the *Æneid* and *Iliad* Alpha Beta Gamma in a high-school class-room.

Any one of my comrades could unfold quite as varied and curious a tale of experience as mine, and it is to be hoped that the survivors will some day do so. A few of my own reminiscences, especially so far as they illustrate the educational effects of such a tour, are presented in this article, chiefly in journal form. Some of our rambles in Lesbos, the Troad, and other parts of Asia Minor may form the subjects of one or two subsequent papers. The author spent very little time in active service at Assos. He was usually either wind-bound or recovering from malarial fever

in Mitylene, or else engaged in excursions about the Troad.

April 24, 1881.

In the window of the Albergo Aurora, on the Riva, Venice.

Five years have hardly left a trace on the gray swan of the lagoons. The same struggle with the gondolier at the station, ending, of course, as of old, in the imposition of a second oarsman, and their utter refusal to follow the windings of the Grand Canal through the city. The coasting vessels, with their faded gay sails and swarthy chattering crews, still line the Riva beneath our window. The rosy-faced urchins still alternately turn "cartwheel" along the hot stone pavement, and come up, cringing and drawing a doleful face, with dirty paw outstretched to the passers-by: "No father nor mother! Nothing to eat for three days! For the Lord's love, a penny!"

The Fräulein has prospered. The tiny parterre front, where our half dozen from Bohemia, breakfasting *à la carte*, made the only rush in Antonio's easy day, is but the reading-room now, and the London Times and Punch intimate that the Milordi have dispossessed us even in this little hostelry.

Ah, yes, there is a grand *table d'hôte* up-stairs, and the Fräulein's round, ruddy face beams down through a long double line of Teutons to where I sit, at the "parting of the ways;" for all to the right are English or American, opposite is the only French family, and over my shoulder the gondolier of the hotel, in his blue and white uniform, now begirt with waiter's apron, lets fall in my ear his soft, caressing "Comanda, Signore?"

I succeeded in securing a Greek teacher, and have taken a few lessons during the week spent here. Our first interview occurred in his school-room, in the presence of half a dozen roguish

Venetian urchins, who did not conceal their delight at so novel an interruption, and at the efforts of the blonde Inglese to make known his wishes in their native speech. It was easy to imagine myself in the Venice of five or six centuries ago, and in the presence of one of those Hellenic exiles of that day, who brought to the Occident the first dim knowledge of ancient Greek. The learned Professor Triantofillis — thin, nervous, keen-eyed, and not opulent — is a Bœotian, and has devoted less time to teaching me the rudiments of Romaic than to a thunderous defense of his countrymen against the slanders of Herodotos and the prejudice of all historians since. His own epoch-making work will show conclusively that the common people of Thebes fought gallantly against Xerxes under other standards than their own, and that only the oligarchs "medized." He grew red and furious over this patriotic harangue in Italian, our only common language.

The professor introduced me to his "most diligent pupil," a short, stout, lugubrious little Venetian of twenty Novembers. He has clung to me ever since, courteously suffering me to pay his boat-fares, entrance-fees, etc., all over Venice, though he too is a professor, lives in a picturesque palace on the Grand Canal, and has published a volume of verses. These bear the fitting title of *Cosucie* (Wretched Little Things), and are full of "sighs," "tears," "melancholy," "mother's kiss," "darksome night," etc. They have been read or recited to me day by day and eke by night, in a long-drawn, high-pitched tremolo, until at last, this afternoon, sitting on the sand at the Lido, I mustered all my Italian, and freed my heart to him.

It is insufferable that young Italians, for whose chief benefit all the great wars of the century have been fought out, who see their country, free and united, waiting for them to make her strong and pure, must spend their efforts

in love-sick canzones and mock-melancholy. It seems as if they were all at it, except those too sensual to seek any intellectual life at all. Real melancholy is a disease, which every sufferer had best keep secret; and this maudlin literary pretense of it is sickening indeed! Who can spare the time nowadays to hear a fellow-mortal drawl his rhymes about his sensations on a foggy night?

But my damnatory remarks were received in half-tearful resignation, as merely one more fated blow upon the long-suffering, misunderstood poetic soul!

Venice revisited has somehow lost its veil of romance. One is painfully conscious that all its inhabitants are keeping shop for us, and trading upon a sentiment which they neither share nor understand. Only the pictures of Tiziano and the glorious eyes of the native women, still dreaming of the vanished splendor of their city, do not disappoint the memory.

May 2d, 8 P. M.

On board the *Narenta*, in the harbor of Corfu.

At Trieste, looking back over the Adriatic to the far "snow-roofed Apennine," the beaten tracks of Europe seem already closed behind us, and the gates of the East are opening wide. And yet I never walked along the quay, crowded with shipping, without expecting a hail from some sailor cousin or playmate from New Bedford, just arrived in "Try-east."

The distant Albanian mountain peaks on our left have been marching southward all day with us, and we are already in Hellenic waters. The Adriatic has been as tranquil as if we were steaming between the Elizabeth Islands, or crossing Vineyard Sound. The water is of a remarkably deep blue, and seems singularly opaque.

Among the half dozen cabin passengers are two Greeks: a young widow, returning to Athens after five years' absence, and a merchant from Trieste,

a graduate of the Athenian university. They chat glibly together in Romaic by the hour, but the most painful attention fails to distinguish and recognize a single word. They are both glad to assist me in my struggles with the little Romaic grammar of Vincent and Dixon, but do not agree very well as to what is good or vulgar new-Greek. Thus Madame told me to-day that the genitive has wholly supplanted the dative, — that, for example, everybody says *dós mou*, not *dós moi*; and again, that in nouns like *gérôn* (an old man) the accusative plural form, *gérontas*, is always used for the nominative singular. Soon afterward, the young merchant, seeing my grammar in which I had written in these changes, assures me I am grossly misinformed; that he should think himself a barbarian, utterly ignorant of his own language, if he ever said *dós mou* or *o gérontas*.

There seemed to be no opening between Corfu and the mainland as we approached, but a sudden turn brought us very quickly to the harbor. There is a dismantled fortress on the promontory upon the north side of the entrance, and another structure, apparently of recent origin, on a high rock facing it from the southern side. I was told that the Greeks were compelled to destroy the former defenses, and to promise that they should not be rebuilt, when England ceded the Ionian Islands to the kingdom of the Hellenes. In the rosy sunset light, the port and island are quite lovely enough to have been the Scheria of Odysseus' wanderings; though that has always seemed to me to be an isle of enchantment in the wide seas of dreamland, as far beyond recovery as Calypso's or Circe's dwelling-place.

The inhabitants at the present day are said to be quite generally trilingual, as they are largely of Italian stock, and have now learned Greek without forgetting their English. But the voracious swarm of boatmen and hotel-runners,

who were upon us the instant the anchor was dropped, were apparently gifted with all the tongues known to men since the great tower was builded in the plain of Shinar. We did not venture to land, as our steamer was to proceed in the night.

SMYRNA, *May 5th.*

Our voyage was a most tranquil and uneventful one. We passed close to the bare, rocky island of Ithaca, running between it and Kephallenia, in the early morning after we left Corfù. Zante, or Zakynthos, remains in the memory as a lovely picture, and indeed is famed as the garden of the Levant, — “Zante, Fior del Levante,” the most beautiful of all Greek islands. The same afternoon we passed the Strophades, mere naked brown rocks, three or four in number and a few acres each in extent, whence even the Harpies must have been starved out long ago. The coast of the Peloponnesos, during the afternoon, was often very bold, with far-away mountains, doubtless the sentinels of the great Arcadian tableland. In general the mainland appeared bare and desolate, contrasting painfully with the rich vegetation and frequent villages of Corfù and Zante. The same evening we passed Cape Matapan. How strangely has the world’s life shifted and changed since this was the westernmost bulwark of civilization, — the days when the Ionian mariner was bidden “all hope abandon,” as he steered by the promontory toward the setting sun, and, doubling the cape on his return, thanked the gods for his safe arrival once more in the Ægean, where the enlightening worship of Apollo taught the duties of gentleness and hospitality to the savage hearts of men!

Upon going on deck, next morning, we found that the steamer was already approaching Attica. What we ought to have seen and recognized is charmingly detailed in the opening chapter of Mahaffy’s *Rambles and Studies in Greece*; but in truth our Romaic fellow-passen-

gers were almost as ignorant of the details of the panorama as the barbarian stranger, and we were hardly sure of a single height until the Acropolis of Athens came into view. We had only a few hours in the harbor of Piræus before a steamer started for Smyrna; and the hurried flight through Athens, with a small party of fellow-voyagers of various nationalities, left an impression almost as dreamy and unreal as did Tito Melema’s moonlight visit, though we feared only the sailing of our galley, and were safe from his dread of capture by the Turks.

At Corfù, C. W. B., who had been staying over for a few days upon the island, came on board the *Narenta*; and in the harbor of Athens we were joined by E. R. and his bride, who had arrived there by a different route. Together we enjoyed the sail across the Ægean, while the islands, which had been of old the stepping-stones of Phœnicians and Ionians from continent to continent, rose up before us, one after another, through the luminous haze. During a very brief stop in the harbor of Chios we could see the tents of the inhabitants, who are encamped in the cemeteries and open fields; the city having been almost completely destroyed by the earthquake, a few weeks ago. Here we saw a number of islanders in the picturesque native costume, with long black hair falling over their foreheads from beneath the heavy drooping fez.

When we anchored here, we were at once besieged by boatmen, guides, interpreters, and hotel-runners, far more numerous and rapacious even than at Corfù or Athens. It appears to be a regular Levantine custom for steamers to anchor in mid-harbor, or even outside the bar, leaving the passengers free to reach the shore as best they may.

Our hotel windows look upon the broad promenade on the water-front, where men of all the nations of the earth seem to be passing in endless suc-

cession. To-morrow morning we are to devote to the bazaars, the afternoon to the dervishes.

SMYRNA, May 6th.

Our persistent little volunteer guide, the "geborener Hamburger," was lying in wait for us near the hotel, this afternoon, when we sallied forth again after lunch, and, coolly appropriating our party, carried us off in triumph, remarking that we were just in time to see the dervishes. As we plodded over the rough stones, through the hot and narrow streets, files of camels glided noiselessly by us, half a dozen lashed together, the last perhaps with a tinkling bell. The countless dogs have a lean, wild, wolfish look. The little Turkish girls, the most angelic-looking children we have ever seen, clatter about fearlessly upon wooden sandals or clogs, in their gauzy, bright-colored dresses. The red fez is so nearly universal here that our European hats seem grotesquely out of place. The endless diversity of costume, the babel of tongues, the wealth of color, of which we have read in every book upon Eastern life, remain indescribable.

We finally entered at a stone gateway, and crossed a small court, along one side of which, behind an iron fence, was a row of gravestones with Turkish inscriptions, several of them surmounted by a carved fez, colored red. We turned into a paved alley, on the right of which we could look into the mosque windows, while on the left were three rooms with open doors. Within these sat the dervishes, cross-legged, on divans against the wall, smoking and drinking coffee. Mr. and Mrs. E. R. accepted an earnest invitation to come in, and were offered coffee and cigarettes.

After fifteen or twenty minutes our guide told us it was time for the service to begin; so we passed around to the mosque door, took off our shoes, and climbed a steep, narrow staircase on the left of the entrance to a rough wooden gallery. Here we crouched on sheep-

skins, and leaned over a railing a foot high. The mosque was about as large as a New England village church. On a low dais opposite the door the priests were taking up their positions, bowing to earth, then kneeling upon leopard-skins. A circle of leopard, panther, and sheep skins extended quite about the area, and the worshipers, gradually dropping in, took their places upon them. There was the utmost variety of costume and apparent rank, but evidently all were equal here. One handsome gray-bearded gentleman was, as we thought, an officer in the Turkish army. Next him was a wild-looking Arab, with gay turban and his brown legs bare. Each one bowed to earth before seating himself. Opposite us was a close lattice, behind which a few women came in to look on. Near the door, an archway opened into a little chapel or shrine, a step or two higher than the mosque floor, and within were two catafalques, as we imagined. High up on the mosque walls were a series of texts in gilt on circular black panels within yellow rings. Over our heads was a small, very low dome, from which a glass chandelier, filled with candles, hung by a green iron chain.

After a few minutes' sombre chanting by the chief priest, all began to repeat together, over and over,

"*Lá illáh il Alláh! Lá illáh il Alláh!*"

This continued nearly half an hour. The chief priest, in black robes, his fez bound about with a white turban, held a long black rosary, and from time to time interrupted with a few words and set a more rapid movement. The other priests were in various colors. One was in coarse brown, like a Capuchin, with bare brown feet.

As the chant grew faster and louder, the worshipers rocked to and fro, still in their kneeling posture. Two, who had places just below the dais, occasionally shrieked out in most discordant tones; but neither these nor a responsive chant

of the priests checked the monotonous rush of the ever-repeated prayer. These two we designated as the "old and the young fanatic." Our guide told us afterward that these were the second priest and his son. The elder one became so excited that he would sometimes beat the time with his hands, but all the rest kept theirs placidly folded in their laps.

Around the door gathered a group of the lovely little girls, with bare feet, wondering eyes, flowers in their hair, their soft robes of green and yellow clinging about them, and gazed in at the swaying, moaning worshipers. Among them we saw one black child, crouched upon the step, with her chin in her hand. Beyond the children we could see one or two of the quaint gravestones, and some bright green shrubbery with yellow flowers.

Just beside us a boy of four or so, in Turkish dress, was sitting looking over the gallery rail. Presently one of the little girls, who had been leaning like a graceful statue against the doorway, with hands clasped behind her head, clambered up the stairs, and called him softly. The boy, passing down the staircase with her, left her at the door, and touched on the shoulder one of the men, who made room for him in the ring of worshipers. Here he also began to sway and chant with inaudible baby voice!

A moment later all rise, and join hands in a circle, within which stand seven priests. They step backward and forward, as they slowly revolve. The child is in the outer circle, and imitates the long steps of his elders as well as he can. The "old fanatic" is also among the twenty common worshipers of the outer circle, and his strange, wild cries ring out occasionally above the monotonous chant.

Now the two circles fuse into one. Each man has his right arm about a neighbor's waist, and the left hand over the shoulder of his comrade on the other

side. A tall young barefoot boy, who just now comes in, seeing he has taken a place in the ring between two gentlemen, bows down to kiss each one on the breast. One after another the priests pass within the circle, until again there are seven, and among them stands the child. The chant is like a deep, hoarse bark. They clasp each other's hands, and swing them together.

Once more there is a change. The barking has become a strange, eager panting. The circular dance ceases; the ring is broken. The priests gradually approach the altar, but stand quietly, facing the door. The lay worshipers gather into a line near the door, looking toward the priests. The rhythmic moan or panting grows still wilder and faster. The air is heavy and hot. One or two can hardly stand, and sway mechanically with closed eyes. The weird cries of the "old fanatic" are answered by short choruses from the priests. The child is still kneeling in the centre of the mosque floor. One priest runs up and down before the line of weary moaners, and beats time by clapping his hands.

Now there is a long, solemn solo. All kneel. Suddenly the service is at an end. With a prostration to earth, as at the beginning, the devotees slip quietly out. A few tarry before the shrine which we noticed beside the door, bowing twice before it, kneeling in two rows, and chanting.

We are glad to hurry out into the sunshine, and find we have all been much affected and excited by the ceremony.

MITYLENE, Tuesday, May 10th.

Last Saturday afternoon, leaving E. R. and his wife at the hotel in Smyrna, C. W. B. and I took the Constantinople steamer, which stops here on her way north. It was dark and stormy when we approached Lesbos, and as the steamer stops but a few minutes outside the harbor, and we are still quite unable to understand any spoken Greek, we

were in a state of growing anxiety and trepidation. However, as soon as the anchor-chain ran out, a young Greek clambered nimbly aboard, and, approaching us with a confident look in his soft dark eyes, uttered a laborious "How-do, gen'l'men," and presented a letter of introduction: "This is George: good boy, George. F. H. B." In the boat alongside we were affectionately welcomed by the young chief himself, in command of the queer little two-sticker, *Mezethra* (Cream-Cheese), with a crew of one, his slave boy *Costanti*. The curious name of the Americans' boat excites much mirth and wonderment among the Greeks. It is a tribute to the chief delicacy we have as yet discovered in *Mitylene*.

Upon landing, we trudged sleepily through one or two rough, stony streets, and stumbled up a flight of stone steps into a small house, whose chief furniture seemed to be hammocks and trunks. The first words we heard were a doleful "Hundred 'n' ninety-one, hundred 'n' ninety-two!" from the inner room, in the familiar tones of the youngest member of the party. We did not long need any explanation as to the nature of the game he was pursuing. The evening meal was not especially memorable, but we were "at supper," *Polonius*-like, all night, and every night under that roof.

The chief is in *Smyrna*, and will go from there to *Constantinople*, where it is hoped the firman, including permission to excavate, will soon be secured. Until then no digging can be done, and the only work now going on, or likely to be done soon, is the survey and large map of *Assos*, upon which the two engineers have been busy for some weeks. *Mitylene* is their base of supplies, though thirty miles away, and the *Mezethra* returned loaded this morning to *Assos*, where *M. W.* had meanwhile been left alone in charge. *F. H. B.* is at a loss to know why we three Harvard men have been hurried across Europe, and says he can make no earthly use of us.

C. W. B. and *E. N.* have returned north to-day with him, but by his advice I have remained here to devote all my energies to *Romaic Greek*, as his greatest lack at present is an interpreter.

MITYLENE, May 19th.

The *Mezethra* arrived again last Sunday, the 15th, under command of Captain *Maxwell Wrigley*, — stately, straight, and jolly, six feet two, architect, artist, banjoist, yachtsman, bicyclist, and prince of good fellows, — and manned by the sturdy *Mitylenæan* boy *Costanti*, bare-legged, curly-headed, and sun-browned. The latter is fast bound to the *Assians* by written contract for a term of months, and is to be paid only for faithful service to the end of that time.

The boat is already loaded with provisions, a keg of wine, etc., and *Costanti* mounts guard over it by day, while *Max* and I sleep soundly in it at night, despite the chatter and singing of the Greek sailors and boatmen all about us. The *Etesian* winds are blowing steadily "dead ahead," and the *Mezethra* will not sail against the wind, as she blows off to leeward rather more than she gains on her tacks; so we linger reluctantly from day to day.

We are both very fond of children. *Max's* banjo and sketch-book draw all our little neighbors to the steps of our palace. We had a lawn-party there this afternoon, having issued informal invitations to *Kalliôpe*, *Eriphyle*, *Chairéklea*, and several other little maids whose illustrious Hellenic names we have not yet the privilege of knowing. I am trying vainly, with the aid of unlimited oranges and very limited Greek, to approach our artist musician in popularity, but the daughters of *Sappho* are still true to the nobler arts of life.

The old woman from whom the palace is hired lives next door, — or rather, she and her half dozen daughters live in the yard between the two houses; weaving, spinning, washing, and knitting

from dawn till dusk. They welcome cordially any attempt to practice upon them the Romaic absorbed in the long daily conferences with George, but it is very slow and uncertain work as yet, despite their ingenuity in pantomime and their merry perseverance.

Our neighbors are all Greeks, and nearly all very poor. Of the men we see little. The women sit in groups upon rocks in the middle of the steep, narrow streets, knitting and chatting. Just a few steps up the hill is a marble fountain at the wayside, and all day the girls and women come in long procession, bringing upon their shoulders jars which have not changed in the least from the shapes of twenty-five centuries ago.

George shows toward us a devotion and deference not unlike the behavior of an intelligent animal. Very soon after the noon meal he comes puffing and perspiring up the hill, in the hot sun; and if there are no errands to run for us in the town, and no one will talk or read with him, he coils down in the shade and goes to sleep.

He is the pharmacist at the Greek hospital, and devotes his mornings to duty there; the rest of the day to his dear Americans. He is working away patiently at his Ollendorff, in the hope that he may some time understand our talk. He is a native of a village in the interior of the island, and in the rude two-room cottage which is his official residence he makes a home for his small brother, Aristides, and for an earnest, manly little hunchback from the same hamlet. This crippled boy is the best pupil in the excellent Greek gymnasium here, and hopes eventually to earn a hundred medjids a year as a country schoolmaster in some Greek community of Lesbos.

It is wonderful to see how much the Rayahs are doing for their own education and improvement, despite all the oppression and exactions of their Mos-

lem masters. The local church, schools, hospital, and other charities are all apparently well sustained.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. are very pleasantly settled here, in a comfortable house at the top of the hill, above the Entomological Palace. There is an understanding with their host that any of their friends may have a "shake-down" upon the sitting-room floor whenever they desire. Our traps are gradually ascending the hill, as we intend to abandon the palace. From the veranda of the upper house there is a clear view of the city, of the broad channel which divides us from Asia, and of the mountains in the Troad and Mysia. Nearest of all, and just below us, lies the basin of the southern harbor. The northerly one is little used, and the ancient breakwater which protected it is fallen into decay. We have not discovered any trace of the canal which once united the two ports. The point of the peninsula between the harbors is occupied by the picturesque little Genoese fortress, whose Turkish garrison now holds the wealthy and numerous Rayah population in easy subjection.

The Mussulman quarter is on the further side of the town, nearer the northern harbor. We occasionally saunter through their principal street. The Turks sit smoking their nargilehs before the shop doors. Their heavy, expressionless faces, the few half-grunted words, the faded brilliancy of their turbans and robes, make an effect totally different from the throng of spare, alert, "glancing-eyed" Greeks who chaffer and laugh about the busier harbor.

The Rayahs curse the Turks in a general way under their breath, and nearly every one with whom we become acquainted quotes a stanza whose origin we have not discovered:—

“Ὅπου Τοῦρκος, οὕτε φύσις
Ὅυτε κοινωγία θάλλει.
Τὸν Παράδεισον εἰς Ἄϊδην
Τὸ θηρίον μεταβάλλει!

"Where the Turk is neither nature
Nor society can flourish :
Paradise into a Hades
By the beast is metamorphosed !"

And yet Rayah and Ottoman often hobnob together pretty freely in the cafés and at the shop doors. In many cases, such apparent friendship may be only the fawning of the supple, quick-witted Hellenes upon their duller masters, but we do not think there is a very fierce hatred toward the individual Mussulman. Of course the Greeks feel bitterly that the revenue extorted from their rich island is mere tribute, for which no pretense of any benefit in return is offered. No portion of the taxes is devoted to the material or moral welfare of the Christian population. The Turk never even builds roads, and the harbor is rapidly filling up, and will soon be useless.

Our days here are all very much alike ; full only of reading and study, of chats among ourselves and chaffering with the natives. There is a dreamy charm about our life in this glorious climate, this clear, dry, luminous air, through which Ida and the peaks of Mysia stand forth in firm outlines, and seem only a league or two away.

There are hardly any remains of antiquity to be seen here. The famous theatre has been robbed of its stone for the benefit of the modern city, until little more is visible than a curving hollow in the hillside. The ruins of one temple, of late and coarse construction, have been unearthed in the town, and drums, capitals, etc., from it are lying about neglected in the street. The Greek inhabitants could undoubtedly point out the exact location of some classical structures which they have hit upon in digging cellars and sinking wells, but to make them known under present conditions would entail a probable loss of property, and possibly a forfeiture of life or liberty, to gratify the avarice of some powerful Turk.

The bit of ancient art we most desire to carry off with us is a little bas-relief from a dog's grave, with a poetical tribute to the virtues of the dead pet. This stone was discovered and is owned by a well-to-do miller in the suburbs, who says he will not part with it unless to give it to the museum in Athens.

The Assos party has been enabled to transact business here chiefly by the eager helpfulness of M. Photion, until lately the American consular agent at Mitylene, an honorary office which he hopes soon to regain. He speaks French, and some English. The pioneers of our party have denominated him Photion the Great (*ὁ μέγας*), to distinguish him from a young Greek friend at Assos, Photion or Photiades the Good (*ὁ καλός*), of whom they tell incredible tales. They say he makes no attempt to learn English nor to teach them Greek ; that he comes in to leave flowers for them early in the morning, and slips away unseen ; that they frequently discover favors which he has done them, and which were never intended to come to their knowledge.

Assos, May 25th.

Yesterday morning, we — J. H., who arrived a few days ago, E. R., who goes to visit Assos for a few days, and myself — determined to embark with our gallant captain and his crew, and to head for Assos, even if we had to row the whole thirty miles against this unceasing Tramontana. We pulled out of Mitylene harbor at 10.30. It was hot and calm, hardly a ripple upon the water. Though we hoisted sail, we scarcely stirred for two hours, drifting about within a stone's-throw of the little ruined tower on the point. The water was wonderfully clear, and many yards beneath us we frequently saw stones which looked precisely like fragments of architectural carving. A slight breeze finally sprang up, not quite contrary to our course, and by dark we had made nearly twenty miles. Laying to behind

some little islands on the Lesbian shore, we slept soundly, wrapped in our blankets, in the bottom of the boat, under the stars.

At seven this morning we were up and starting again, and all the morning the stately rock of Assos, the acropolis of all the southern Troad, rose before us higher and higher above the sparkling blue waters.

This afternoon we have taken a hasty scramble among the ruins. The classic city was built upon terraces, connected by flights of steps, on the hillside facing the sea. The chief temple crowned the great hill, seven hundred feet, at least, above the water's edge. From the temple site the vessels in the little port seem almost at our feet, for the average descent is more than twenty degrees. The great gate of the city opened to the westward, and the road outside it is still piled with numberless sarcophagi of immense size, which were once arranged upon several terraces lining the highway. The theatre is quite stripped of stone, the orchestra being occupied by a cow-yard, and looks like a mere hole in the hillside. The most striking remains now above ground are the Hellenic walls, large portions of which are yet standing.

The wretched little Turkish town Bechram is on the northern slope of the ridge, looking down into the valley of the Touzla, or Satnioeis, which flows

through a fertile plain close behind the Acropolis. The Americans, however, are lodged in one of the three or four warehouses which compose Bechram Scala, the little landing-place at the water's edge. We occupy two rooms in the newest of the buildings. The Acropolis is shut from our view by a cliff of red clayey rock, just above our heads, but we can look across the strait to the mountains of northern Lesbos, nine miles away, with a white village or two clinging to their sides.

The port is merely a small, shallow basin surrounded by a long pile of stones, but affords shelter to the coasting vessels which carry cargoes of acorns to the Smyrna market. Among and around the warehouses there is hardly more than room enough to walk about comfortably between cliff above and sea below. The fountain of the hamlet is under our window, — a tiny rill flowing from a hole in the rock. Just now thousands of locusts are drowning in the little rock basin beneath it, and every inch of ground is brown with them. Dogs and chickens are all about, and a long file of camels have crowded in to discharge their load of acorns and spend the night. So with all these, the half dozen Americans, the few Greeks and many Turks, this bit of earth clinging to the foot of the great cliff is covered to overflowing with living creatures to-night.

William Cranston Lawton.

THE TRAGIC MUSE.

VIII.

[Continued.]

AT this Mrs. Dallow turned away, leaving Nash the impression that she probably misunderstood his speech, thinking he meant that he drew from the living

model, or some such platitude; as if there could have been any likelihood that he drew from the dead one. This, indeed, would not fully have explained the abruptness with which she dropped their conversation. Gabriel Nash, however, was used to sudden collapses, and

even to sudden ruptures, on the part of his interlocutors, and no man had more the secret of remaining gracefully with his ideas on his hands. He saw Mrs. Dallow approach Nick Dormer, who was talking with one of the ladies of the embassy, and apparently signify to him that she wished to speak to him. He got up, they had a minute's conversation, and then he turned and took leave of the secretary's wife. Mrs. Dallow said a word to her brother, Dormer joined her, and then they came together to the door. In this movement they had to pass near Nash, and it gave her an opportunity to nod good-by to him, which he was by no means sure that she would have done if Nick had not been with her. The young man stopped a moment; he said to Nash, "I should like to see you this evening, late; you must meet me somewhere."

"We'll take a walk — I should like that," Nash replied. "I shall smoke a cigar at the café on the corner of the Place de l'Opéra; you'll find me there." Gabriel prepared to compass his own departure, but before doing so he addressed himself to the duty of saying a few words of civility to Lady Agnes. This proved difficult, for on one side she was defended by the wall of the room, and on the other rendered inaccessible by Miriam's mother, who clung to her with a quickly-rooted fidelity, showing no symptom of desistance. Gabriel compromised on her daughter Grace, who said to him —

"You were talking with my cousin, Mrs. Dallow."

"To her rather than with her," Nash smiled.

"Ah, she's very charming," said Grace.

"She's very beautiful," Nash rejoined.

"And very clever," Miss Dormer continued.

"Very, very intelligent." His conversation with the young lady went lit-

tle further than this, and he presently took leave of Peter Sherringham; remarking to him, as he shook hands, that he was very sorry for him. But he had courted his fate.

"What do you mean by my fate?" Sherringham asked.

"You've got them for life."

"Why for life, when I now lucidly and courageously recognize that she is n't good?"

"Ah, but she'll become so," said Gabriel Nash.

"Do you think that?" Sherringham inquired, with a candor which made his visitors laugh.

"You will — that's more to the purpose!" Gabriel exclaimed, as he went away.

Ten minutes later Lady Agnes achieved a rupture with Mrs. Rooth's amiability and withdrew with her daughters. Peter had had very little talk with Biddy, but the girl kept her disappointment out of her pretty eyes and said to him —

"You told us she did n't know how — but she does!" There was no suggestion of disappointment in this.

Sherringham held her hand a moment. "Ah, it's you who know how, dear Biddy!" he answered; and he was conscious that if the occasion had been more private he would have lawfully kissed her.

Presently three others of his guests departed, and Mr. Nash's assurance that he had them for life recurred to him as he observed that Mrs. Rooth and her daughter quite failed to profit by so many examples. The Lovicks remained — a colleague and his sociable wife — and Peter gave them a hint that they were not to leave him absolutely alone with the two ladies. Miriam quitted Mrs. Lovick, who had attempted, with no great subtlety, to engage her, and came up to Sherringham as if she suspected him of a design of stealing from the room and had the idea of preventing it.

"I want some more tea; will you give me some more? I feel quite faint. You don't seem to suspect how that sort of thing takes it out of you."

Sherringham apologized, extravagantly, for not having seen that she had the proper quantity of refreshment, and took her to the round table, in a corner, on which the little collation had been served. He poured out tea for her, and pressed bread and butter upon her, and *petits fours*, of all which she profusely and methodically partook. It was late; the afternoon had faded, and a lamp had been brought in, the wide shade of which shed a fair glow upon the tea-service, the little plates of comestibles. The Lovicks sat with Mrs. Rooth at the other end of the room, and the girl stood at the table, drinking her tea and eating her bread and butter. She consumed these articles so freely that he wondered if she had been in serious want of food — if they were so poor as to have to count with that sort of privation. This supposition was softening, but still not so much so as to make him ask her to sit down. She appeared, indeed, to prefer to stand; she looked better so, as if the freedom, the conspicuity of being on her feet and treading a stage, were agreeable to her. While Sherringham lingered near her, vaguely, with his hands in his pockets, not knowing exactly what to say and instinctively avoiding, now, the theatrical question (there were moments when he was plentifully tired of it), she broke out, abruptly, "Confess that you think me intolerably bad!"

"Intolerably — no."

"Only tolerably! I think that's worse."

"Every now and then you do something very clever," Sherringham said.

"How many such things did I do today?"

"Oh, three or four. I don't know that I counted very carefully."

She raised her cup to her lips, looking at him over the rim of it — a pro-

ceeding which gave her eyes a strange expression. "It bores you, and you think it disagreeable," she said in a moment — "a girl always talking about herself." He protested that she could never bore him, and she went on: "Oh, I don't want compliments — I want the truth. An actress has to talk about herself; what else can she talk about, poor thing?"

"She can talk sometimes about other actresses," laughed Sherringham.

"That comes to the same thing. You won't be serious. I'm awfully serious." There was something that caught his attention in the way she said this — a longing, half hopeless, half argumentative, to be believed in. "If one really wants to do anything, one must worry it out; of course everything does n't come the first day," she pursued. "I can't see everything at once; but I can see a little more — step by step — as I go: can't I?"

"That's the way — that's the way," said Sherringham. "If you see the things to do, the art of doing them will come, if you hammer away. The great point is to see them."

"Yes; and you don't think me clever enough for that."

"Why do you say so, when I've asked you to come here, on purpose?"

"You've asked me to come, but I've had no success."

"On the contrary; every one thought you wonderful."

"Oh, they don't know!" said Miriam Rooth. "You've not said a word to me. I don't mind your not having praised me; that would be too *banal*. But if I'm bad — and I know I'm dreadful — I wish you would talk to me about it."

"It's delightful to talk to you," Sherringham said.

"No, it is n't, but it's kind," she answered, looking away from him.

Her voice had a quality, as she uttered these words, which made him ex-

claim, "Every now and then you say something!"

She turned her eyes back to him, smiling. "I don't want it to come by accident." Then she added, "If there's any good to be got from trying, from showing one's self, how can it come unless one hears the simple truth, the truth that turns one inside out? It's all for that — to know what one is, if one's a stick!"

"You have great courage, you have rare qualities," said Sherringham. She had begun to touch him, to seem different: he was glad she had not gone.

For a moment she made no response to this, putting down her empty cup and looking vaguely over the table, as if to select something more to eat. Suddenly she raised her head and broke out with vehemence, "I will, I will, I will!"

"You'll do what you want, evidently."

"I will succeed — I will be great. Of course I know too little, I've seen too little. But I've always liked it; I've never liked anything else. I used to learn things, and to do scenes, and to rant about the room, when I was five years old." She went on, communicative, persuasive, familiar, egotistical (as was necessary), and slightly common, or perhaps only natural; with reminiscences, reasons, and anecdotes, an unexpected profusion, and with an air of comradeship, of freedom of intercourse, which appeared to plead that she was capable, at least, of embracing that side of the profession she desired to adopt. He perceived that if she had seen very little, as she said, she had also seen a great deal; but both her experience and her innocence had been accidental and irregular. She had seen very little acting — the theatre was always too expensive. If she could only go often — in Paris, for instance, every night for six months — to see the best, the worst, everything, she would make things out, she would observe and learn, what to do,

what not to do: it would be a kind of school. But she could n't, without selling the clothes off her back. It was vile and disgusting to be poor; and if ever she were to know the bliss of having a few francs in her pocket, she would make up for it — that she could promise! She had never been acquainted with any one who could tell her anything — if it was good or bad, or right or wrong — except Mrs. Delamere and poor Ruggieri. She supposed they had told her a great deal, but perhaps they had n't, and she was perfectly willing to give it up if it was bad. Evidently Madame Carré thought so; she thought it was horrid. Was n't it perfectly divine, the way the old woman had said those verses, those speeches of Célie? If she would only let her come and listen to her once in a while, like that, it was all she would ask. She had got lots of ideas, just from that; she had practiced them over, over and over again, the moment she got home. He might ask her mother — he might ask the people next door. If Madame Carré did n't think she could work, she might have heard something that would show her. But she did n't think her even good enough to criticise; for that was n't criticism, telling her her head was good. Of course her head was good; she did n't need to climb up three hundred stairs to find that out. It was her mother — the way she talked — who gave that idea, that she wanted to be elegant, and very moral, and a *femme du monde*, and all that sort of stuff. Of course that put people off, when they were only thinking of art. Did n't *she* know, Miriam herself, that that was the only thing to think of? But any one would be kind to her mother who knew what a dear she was. "She does n't know when it's right or wrong, but she's a perfect saint," said the girl, obscuring considerably her vindication. "She does n't mind when I say things over by the hour, dinning them into her ears

while she sits there and reads. 'She's a tremendous reader; she's awfully up in literature. She taught me everything herself — I mean all that sort of thing. Of course I'm not so fond of reading; I go in for the book of life.' Sherringham wondered whether her mother had not, at any rate, taught her that phrase, and thought it highly probable. "It would give on *my* nerves, the life I lead her," Miriam continued; "but she's really a delicious woman."

The oddity of this epithet made Sherringham laugh, and altogether, in a few minutes, which is perhaps a sign that he abused his right to be a man of moods, the young lady had produced a revolution of curiosity in him, reawakened his sympathy. Her mixture, as it spread itself before one, was a quickening spectacle: she was intelligent and clumsy; she was underbred and fine. Certainly she was very various, and that was rare; not at all, at this moment, the heavy-eyed, frightened creature who had pulled herself together with such an effort at Madame Carré's, nor the elated "phenomenon" who had just been declaiming, nor the rather affected and contradictory young person with whom he had walked home from the Rue de Constantinople. Was this succession of phases a sign that she really possessed the celebrated artistic temperament, the nature that made people provoking and interesting? That Sherringham himself was of that shifting complexion is perhaps proved by his odd capacity for being of two different minds at very nearly the same time. Miriam was pretty now, with likable looks and charming usual eyes. Yes, there were things he could do for her; he had already forgotten the chill of Mr. Nash's irony, of his prophecy. He was even scarcely conscious how much, in general, he detested hints, insinuations, favors asked obliquely and plaintively: that was doubtless also because the girl was so pretty and so fraternizing. Perhaps,

indeed, it was unjust to qualify it as roundabout, the manner in which Miss Rooth conveyed to him that it was open to him not only to pay for lessons for her, but to meet the expense of her nightly attendance, with her mother, at instructive exhibitions of theatrical art. It was a large order, sending the pair to all the plays; but what Sherringham now found himself thinking about was not so much its largeness as that it would be rather interesting to go with them sometimes, and point the moral (the technical one), showing her the things he liked, the things he disapproved. She repeated her declaration that she recognized the fallacy of her mother's views about "noble" heroines and about the importance of her looking out for such tremendously proper people. "One must let her talk, but of course it creates a prejudice," she said, with her eyes on Mr. and Mrs. Lovick, who had got up, terminating their communion with Mrs. Rooth. "It's a great muddle, I know, but she can't bear anything coarse — and quite right, too. I should n't, either, if I did n't have to. But I don't care where I go if I can act, or who they are if they'll help me. I want to act — that's what I want to do; I don't want to meddle in people's affairs. I can look out for myself — I'm all right!" the girl exclaimed, roundly, frankly, with a ring of honesty which made her crude and pure. "As for doing the bad ones, I'm not afraid of that."

"The bad ones?"

"The bad women, in the plays — like Madame Carré. I'll do anything."

"I think you'll do best what you are," remarked Sherringham, laughing. "You're a strange girl."

"*Je crois bien!* Does n't one have to be, to want to go and exhibit one's self to a loathsome crowd, on a platform, with trumpets and a big drum, for money — to parade one's body and one's soul?"

Sherringham looked at her a moment. Her face changed constantly ; now there was a little flush and a noble delicacy in it.

"Give it up ; you're too good for it," he said, abruptly.

"Never, never — never till I'm pelted !"

"Then stay on here a bit ; I'll take you to the theatres."

"Oh, you dear !" Miriam delightedly exclaimed. Mr. and Mrs. Lovick, accompanied by Mrs. Rooth, now crossed the room to them, and the girl went on, in the same tone : "Mamma, dear, he's the best friend we've ever had ; he's a great deal nicer than I thought."

"So are you, mademoiselle," said Peter Sherringham.

"Oh, I trust Mr. Sherringham — I trust him infinitely," Mrs. Rooth returned, covering him with her mild, respectable, wheedling eyes. "The kindness of every one has been beyond everything. Mr. and Mrs. Lovick can't say enough. They make the most obliging offers ; they want you to know their brother."

"Oh, I say, he's no brother of mine," Mr. Lovick protested, good-naturedly.

"They think he'll be so suggestive, he'll put us up to the right things," Mrs. Rooth went on.

"It's just a little brother of mine — such a dear, clever boy," Mrs. Lovick explained.

"Do you know she's got nine ? Upon my honor she has !" said her husband. "This one is the sixth. Faney if I had to take them over !"

"Yes, it makes it rather awkward," Mrs. Lovick amiably conceded. "He has gone on the stage, poor dear boy ; he acts rather well."

"He tried for the diplomatic service, but he did n't precisely dazzle his examiners," Mr. Lovick remarked.

"Edmund's very nasty about him. There are lots of gentlemen on the stage ; he's not the first."

"It's such a comfort to hear that," said Mrs. Rooth.

"I'm much obliged to you. Has he got a theatre ?" Miriam asked.

"My dear young lady, he has n't even got an engagement," replied the young man's unsympathizing brother-in-law.

"He has n't been at it very long, but I'm sure he'll get on. He's immensely in earnest, and he's very good-looking. I just said that if he should come over to see us you might rather like to meet him. He might give you some tips, as my husband says."

"I don't care for his looks, but I *should* like his tips," said Miriam, smiling.

"And *is* he coming over to see you ?" asked Sherringham, to whom, while this exchange of remarks, which he had not lost, was going on, Mrs. Rooth had, in lowered accents, addressed herself.

"Not if I can help it, I think !" Mr. Lovick declared, but so jocosely that it was not embarrassing.

"Oh, sir, I'm sure you're fond of him," Mrs. Rooth remonstrated, as the party passed together into the ante-chamber.

"No, really, I like some of the others — four or five of them ; but I don't like Arty."

"We'll make it up to him, then ; we'll like him," Miriam declared, gaily ; and her voice rang in the staircase (Sherringham went a little way with them), with a charm which her host had not perceived in her sportive note the day before.

IX.

Nick Dormer found his friend Nash, that evening, on the spot he had designated, smoking a cigar, in the warm, bright night, in front of the café at the corner of the square before the Opéra. He sat down with him, but at the end of five minutes he uttered a protest

against the crush and confusion, the publicity and vulgarity, of the place, the shuffling procession of the crowd, the jostle of fellow-customers, the perpetual brush of waiters. "Come away. I want to talk to you, and I can't talk here," he said to his companion. "I don't care where we go. It will be pleasant to walk; we'll stroll away to the *quartiers sérieux*. Each time I come to Paris, at the end of three days, I take the boulevard, with its conventional grimace, into greater disfavor. I hate even to cross it, and go half a mile round to avoid it."

The young men took their course together down the Rue de la Paix to the Rue de Rivoli, which they crossed, passing beside the gilded railing of the Tuileries. The beauty of the night—the only defect of which was that the immense illumination of Paris kept it from being quite night enough, made it a sort of bedizened, rejuvenated day—gave a charm to the quieter streets, drew our friends away to the right, to the river and the bridges, the older, duskier city. The pale ghost of the palace that had died by fire hung over them awhile, and, by the passage now open at all times across the garden of the Tuileries, they came out upon the Seine. They kept on and on, moving slowly, smoking, talking, pausing, stopping to look, to emphasize, to compare. They fell into discussion, into confidences, into inquiries, sympathetic or satiric, and into explanations which needed in turn to be explained. The balmy night, the time for talk, the amusement of Paris, the memory of young confabulations, gave a quality to the occasion. Nick had already forgotten the little brush he had had with Mrs. Dallow, when they quitted Peter's tea-party together, and that he had been almost disconcerted by the manner in which she characterized the odious man he had taken it into his head to present to her. Impertinent and fatuous she had called

him; and when Nick began to explain that he was really neither of these things, though he could imagine his manner might sometimes suggest them, she had declared that she did n't wish to argue about him or ever to hear of him again. Nick had not counted on her liking Gabriel Nash, but he had thought it would n't matter much if she should dislike him a little. He had given himself the diversion, which he had not dreamed would be cruel to any one concerned, of seeing what she would make of a type she had never encountered before. She had made even less than he expected, and her implication that he had played her a trick had been irritating enough to prevent him from reflecting that the fault might have been in some degree with Nash. But he had recovered from his resentment sufficiently to ask this personage, with every possible circumstance of implied consideration for the lady, what *he*, on his side, had made of his charming cousin.

"Upon my word, my dear fellow, I don't regard that as a fair question," was the answer. "Besides, if you think Mrs. Dallow charming, what on earth need it matter to you what I think? The superiority of one man's opinion over another's is never so great as when the opinion is about a woman."

"It was to help me to find out what I think of yourself," said Nick Dormer.

"Oh, that you'll never do. I shall worry you to the end. The lady with whom you were so good as to make me acquainted is a beautiful specimen of the English garden-flower, the product of high cultivation and much tending; a tall, delicate stem, with the head set upon it in a manner which, as I recall it, is distinctly so much to the good in my day. She's the perfect type of the object *raised*, or bred, and everything about her is homogeneous, from the angle of her elbow to the way she drops that vague, conventional, dry little 'Oh!' That sort of completeness is

always satisfying. But she did n't understand me. I don't think they usually understand."

"She's no worse than I, then."

"Ah, she did n't try."

"No, she does n't try. But she probably thought you conceited, and she would think so still more if she were to hear you talk about her trying."

"Very likely — very likely," said Gabriel Nash. "I have an idea a good many people think that. It appears to me so droll. I suppose it's a result of my little system."

"Your little system?"

"Oh, it's nothing wonderful. Only the idea of being just the same to every one. People have so bemuddled themselves that the last thing they can conceive is that one should be simple."

"Lord, do you call yourself simple?" Nick ejaculated.

"Absolutely; in the sense of having no interest of my own to push, no nostrum to advertise, no power to conciliate, no axe to grind. I'm not a savage — ah, far from it — but I really think I'm perfectly independent."

"Oh, that's always provoking!" laughed Nick.

"So it would appear, to the great majority of one's fellow-mortals; and I well remember the pang with which I originally made that discovery. It darkened my spirit, at a time when I had no thought of evil. What we like, when we are unregenerate, is that a new-comer should give us a password, come over to our side, join our little camp or religion, get into our little boat, in short, whatever it is, and help us to row it. It's natural enough; we are mostly in different tubs and cockles, paddling for life. Our opinions, our convictions and doctrines and standards, are simply the particular thing that will make the boat go — *our* boat, naturally, for they may very often be just the thing that will sink another. If you won't get in, people generally hate you."

"Your metaphor is very lame," said Nick; "it's the overcrowded boat that goes to the bottom."

"Oh, I'll give it another leg or two! Boats can be big, in the infinite of space, and a doctrine is a raft that floats the better the more passengers it carries. A passenger jumps over from time to time, not so much from fear of sinking as from a want of interest in the course or the company. He swims, he plunges, he dives, he dips down and visits the fishes and the mermaids and the submarine caves; he goes from craft to craft, and splashes about, on his own account, in the blue, cool water. The regenerate, as I call them, are the passengers who jump over, in search of better fun. I turned my somersault long ago."

"And now, of course, you're at the head of the regenerate; for, in your turn, you all form a select school of porpoises."

"Not a bit, and I know nothing about heads, in the sense you mean. I've grown a tail, if you will; I'm the merman wandering free. It's a delightful trade!"

Before they had gone many steps further Nick Dormer stopped short, and said to his companion, "I say, my dear fellow, do you mind mentioning to me whether you are the greatest humbug and charlatan on earth, or a genuine intelligence, that has sifted things for itself?"

"I do puzzle you — I'm so sorry," Nash replied, benignantly. "But I'm very sincere. And I *have* tried to straighten out things a bit, for myself."

"Then why do you give people such a handle?"

"Such a handle?"

"For thinking you're an — for thinking you're not wise."

"I dare say it's my manner; they're so unused to candor."

"Why don't you try another?" Nick inquired.

"One has the manner that one can;

and mine, moreover, is a part of my little system."

"Ah, if you've got a system, you're no better than any one else," said Nick, going on.

"I don't pretend to be better, for we are all miserable sinners; I only pretend to be bad in a pleasanter, brighter way, by what I can see. It's the simplest thing in the world; I just take for granted a certain brightness in life, a certain frankness. What is essentially kinder than that, what is more harmless? But the tradition of dreariness, of stodginess, of dull, dense, literal prose, has so sealed people's eyes that they have ended by thinking the most normal thing in the world the most fantastic. Why be dreary, in our little day? No one can tell me why, and almost every one calls me names for simply asking the question. But I keep on, for I believe one can do a little good by it. I want so much to do a little good," Gabriel Nash continued, taking his companion's arm. "My persistence is systematic: don't you see what I mean? I won't be dreary — no, no, no; and I won't recognize the necessity, or even, if there is any way out of it, the accident, of dreariness in the life that surrounds me. That's enough to make people stare; they're so stupid!"

"They think you're impertinent," Dormer remarked.

At this his companion stopped him short, with an ejaculation of pain, and, turning his eyes, Nick saw, under the lamps of the quay, that he had brought a vivid blush into Nash's face. "I don't strike *you* that way?" Gabriel asked, reproachfully.

"Oh, me! Wasn't it just admitted that I don't in the least make you out?"

"That's the last thing!" Nash murmured, as if he were thinking the idea over, with an air of genuine distress. "But with a little patience we'll clear it up together, if you care enough about it," he added, more cheerfully. He let his friend go on again, and he continued:

"Heaven help us all! what do people mean by impertinence? There are many, I think, who don't understand its nature or its limits; and upon my word, I have literally seen mere quickness of intelligence or of perception, the jump of a step or two, a little whirr of the wings of talk, mistaken for it. Yes, I have encountered men and women who thought you were impertinent if you were not so stupid as they. The only impertinence is aggression, and I indignantly protest that I am never guilty of *that* clumsiness. Ah, for what do they take one, with *their* presumptions? Even to defend myself, sometimes, I have to make believe to myself that I care. I always feel as if I didn't successfully make others think so. Perhaps they see an impertinence in that. But I dare say the offense is in the things that I take, as I say, for granted; for if one tries to be pleased, one passes, perhaps inevitably, for being pleased above all with one's self. That's really not my case, for I find my capacity for pleasure deplorably below the mark I have set. That's why, as I have told you, I cultivate it, I try to bring it up. And I am actuated by positive benevolence; I have that pretension. That's what I mean by being the same to every one, by having only one manner. If one is conscious and ingenious to that end, what's the harm, when one's motives are so pure? By never, *never* making the concession, one may end by becoming a perceptible force for good."

"What concession are you talking about?" asked Nick Dormer.

"Why, that we are only here for dreariness. It's impossible to grant it sometimes, if you wish to withhold it ever."

"And what do you mean by dreariness? That's modern slang, and it's terribly vague. Many good things are dreary — virtue and decency and charity, and perseverance and courage and honor."

"Say at once that life is dreary, my dear fellow!" Gabriel Nash exclaimed.

"That's on the whole my most usual impression."

"*C'est là que je vous attends!* I am precisely engaged in trying what can be done in taking it the other way. It's my little personal experiment. Life consists of the personal *é*xperiments of each of us, and the point of an experiment is that it shall succeed. What we contribute is our treatment of the material, our rendering of the text, our style. A sense of the qualities of a style is so rare that many persons should doubtless be forgiven for not being able to read, or at all events to enjoy us; but is that a reason for giving it up — for not being, in this other sphere, if one possibly can, a Macaulay, a Ruskin, a Voltaire? Ah, we must write our best; it's the great thing we can do in the world, on the right side. One has one's form, *que diable*, and a mighty good thing that one has. I'm not afraid of putting all life into mine, without unduly squeezing it. I'm not afraid of putting in honor and courage and charity, without spoiling them; on the contrary, I'll only do them good. People may not read you at sight, may not like you, but there's a chance they'll come round; and the only way to court the chance is to keep it up — always to keep it up. That's what I do, my dear fellow, if you don't think I've perseverance. If some one likes it here and there, if you give a little impression of solidity, that's your reward; besides, of course, the pleasure for yourself."

"Don't you think your style is a little affected?" Nick asked, laughing, as they proceeded.

"That's always the charge against a personal manner; if you have any at all, people think you have too much. Perhaps, perhaps — who can say? Of course one is n't perfect; but that's the delightful thing about art, that there is always more to learn and more to do;

one can polish and polish, and refine and refine. No doubt I'm rough still, but I'm in the right direction: I make it my business to take for granted an interest in the beautiful."

"Ah, the beautiful — there it stands, over there!" said Nick Dormer. "I am not so sure about yours — I don't know what I've got hold of. But Notre Dame *is* solid; Notre Dame *is* wise; on Notre Dame the distracted mind can rest. Come over and look at her!"

They had come abreast of the low island from which the great cathedral, disengaged to-day from her old contacts and adhesions, rises high and fair, with her front of beauty and her majestic mass, darkened at that hour, or at least simplified, under the stars, but only more serene and sublime for her happy union, far aloft, with the cool distance and the night. Our young men, gossiping as profitably as I leave the reader to estimate, crossed the wide, short bridge which made them face toward the monuments of old Paris — the Palais de Justice, the Conciergerie, the holy chapel of St. Louis. They came out before the church, which looks down on a square where the past, once so thick in the very heart of Paris, has been made rather a blank, pervaded, however, by the everlasting freshness of the great cathedral-face. It greeted Nick Dormer and Gabriel Nash with a kindness which the centuries had done nothing to dim. The lamplight of the great city washed its foundations, but the towers and buttresses, the arches, the galleries, the statues, the vast rose-window, the large, full composition, seemed to grow clearer as they climbed higher, as if they had a conscious benevolent answer for the upward gaze of men.

"How it straightens things out and blows away one's vapors — anything that's *done!*" said Nick; while his companion exclaimed, blandly and affectionately —

"The dear old thing!"

"The great point is to do something, instead of standing muddling and questioning; and, by Jove, it makes me want to!"

"Want to build a cathedral?" Nash inquired.

"Yes, just that."

"It's you who puzzle *me*, then, my dear fellow. You can't build them out of words."

"What is it the great poets do?" asked Nick.

"*Their* words are ideas — their words are images, enchanting collocations and unforgettable signs. But the verbiage of parliamentary speeches!"

"Well," said Nick, with a candid, reflective sigh, "you can rear a great structure of many things — not only of stones and timbers and painted glass." They walked round Notre Dame, pausing, criticising, admiring, and discussing; mingling the grave with the gay and paradox with contemplation. Behind and at the sides, the huge dusky vessel of the church seemed to dip into the Seine, or rise out of it, floating expansively — a ship of stone, with its flying buttresses thrown forth like an array of mighty oars. Nick Dormer lingered near it with joy, with a certain soothing content; as if it had been the temple of a faith so dear to him that there was peace and security in its precinct. And there was comfort, too, and consolation of the same sort, in the company, at this moment, of Nash's equal response, of his appreciation, exhibited by his own signs, of the great effect. He felt it so freely and uttered his impression with such breadth that Nick was reminded of the luminosity his boyish admiration had found in him of old, the natural intelligence of everything of that kind. "Everything of that kind" was, in Nick's mind, the description of a wide and bright domain.

They crossed to the further side of the river, where the influence of the Gothic

monument threw a distinction even over the Parisian smartnesses — the municipal rule and measure, the importunate symmetries, the "handsomeness" of everything, the extravagance of gaslight, the perpetual click on the neat bridges. In front of a quiet little café on the right bank, Gabriel Nash said, "Let's sit down" — he was always ready to sit down. It was a friendly establishment and an unfashionable quarter, far away from the Grand Hôtel; there were the usual little tables and chairs on the quay, the muslin curtains behind the glazed front, the general sense of sawdust and of drippings of watery beer. The place was subdued to stillness, but not extinguished, by the lateness of the hour; no vehicles passed, but only, now and then, a light Parisian foot. Beyond the parapet they could hear the flow of the Seine. Nick Dormer said it made him think of the old Paris, of the great Revolution, of Madame Roland, *quoi!* Gabriel Nash said they could have watery beer, but were not obliged to drink it. They sat a long time; they talked a great deal, and the more they said the more the unsaid came up. Presently Nash found occasion to remark, "I go about my business, like any good citizen — that's all."

"And what is your business?"

"The spectacle of the world."

Nick laughed out. "And what do you do with that?"

"What does any one do with a spectacle? I look at it."

"You are full of contradictions and inconsistencies. You described yourself to me half an hour ago as an apostle of beauty."

"Where is the inconsistency? I do it in the broad light of day, whatever I do: that's virtually what I meant. If I look at the spectacle of the world, I look in preference at what is charming in it. Sometimes I have to go far to find it — very likely; but that's just what I do. I go far — as far as my

means permit me. Last year I heard of such a delightful little spot; a place where a wild fig-tree grows in the south wall, the outer side, of an old Spanish city. I was told it was a deliciously brown corner, with the sun making it warm in winter! As soon as I could I went there."

"And what did you do?"

"I lay on the first green grass — I liked it."

"If that sort of thing is all you accomplish, you are not encouraging."

"I accomplish my happiness — it seems to me that's something. I have feelings, I have sensations: let me tell you that's not so common. It's rare to have them; and if you chance to have them it's rare not to be ashamed of them. I go after them — when I judge they won't hurt any one."

"You're lucky to have money, for your traveling-expenses," said Nick.

"No doubt, no doubt; but I do it very cheap. I take my stand on my nature, on my disposition. I'm not ashamed of it, I don't think it's so horrible, my disposition. But we've befogged and befouled so the whole question of liberty, of spontaneity, of good-humor, and inclination and enjoyment, that there's nothing that makes people stare so as to see one natural."

"You are always thinking too much of 'people.'"

"They say I think too little," Gabriel smiled.

"Well, I've agreed to stand for Harsh," said Nick, with a roundabout transition.

"It's you, then, who are lucky to have money."

"I have n't," Nick replied. "My expenses are to be paid."

"Then you too must think of 'people.'"

Nick made no answer to this, but after a moment he said, "I wish very much you had more to show for it."

"To show for what?"

"Your little system — the æsthetic life."

Nash hesitated, tolerantly, gayly, as he often did, with an air of being embarrassed to choose between several answers, any one of them would be so right. "Oh, having something to show is such a poor business. It's a kind of confession of failure."

"Yes, you're more affected than anything else," said Nick, impatiently.

"No, my dear boy, I'm more good-natured: don't I prove it? I'm rather disappointed to find that you are not worthy of the esoteric doctrine. But there is, I confess, another plane of intelligence, honorable, and very honorable in its way, from which it *may* legitimately appear important to have something to show. If you *must* confine yourself to that plane, I won't refuse you my sympathy. After all, that's what *I* have to show! But the degree of my sympathy must of course depend on the nature of the manifestation that you wish to make."

"You know it very well — you've guessed it," Nick rejoined, looking before him in a conscious, modest way, which, if he had been a few years younger, would have been called sheepish.

"Ah, you've broken the scent with telling me you are going to return to the House of Commons," said Nash.

"No wonder you don't make it out! My situation is certainly absurd enough. What I really want to do is to be a painter. That's the abject, crude, ridiculous fact. In this out-of-the-way corner, at the dead of night, in lowered tones, I venture to disclose it to you. Is n't that the æsthetic life?"

"Do you know how to paint?" asked Nash.

"Not in the least. No element of burlesque is therefore wanting to my position."

"That does n't make any difference. I'm so glad!"

"So glad I don't know how?"

"So glad of it all. Yes, that only makes it better. You're a delightful case, and I like delightful cases. We must see it through. I rejoice that I met you."

"Do you think I can do anything?" Nick inquired.

"Paint good pictures? How can I tell, till I've seen some of your work? Does n't it come back to me that at Oxford you used to sketch prettily? But that's the last thing that matters."

"What does matter, then?" Nick demanded, turning his eyes on his companion.

"To be on the right side — on the side of beauty."

"There will be precious little beauty, if I produce nothing but daubs."

"Ah, you cling to the old false measure of success. I must cure you of that. There will be the beauty of having been disinterested and independent; of having taken the world in the free, brave, personal way."

"I shall nevertheless paint decently if I can," Nick declared.

"I'm almost sorry! It will make your case less clear, your example less grand."

"My example will be grand enough, with the fight I shall have to make."

"The fight — with whom?"

"With myself, first of all. I'm awfully against it."

"Ah, but you'll have me on the other side," smiled Nash.

"Well, you'll have more than a handful to meet — everything, every one that belongs to me, that touches me, near or far: my family, my blood, my heredity, my traditions, my promises, my circumstances, my prejudices; my little past, such as it is; my great future, such as it has been supposed it may be."

"I see, I see; it's admirable!" Nash exclaimed. "And Mrs. Dallow into the bargain," he added.

"Yes, Mrs. Dallow, if you like."

"Are you in love with her?"

"Not in the least."

"Well, she is with you — so I perceived."

"Don't say that," said Nick Dormer, with sudden sternness.

"Ah, you are, you are!" his companion rejoined, judging apparently from this accent.

"I don't know what I am — heaven help me!" Nick broke out, tossing his hat down on his little tin table with vehemence. "I'm a freak of nature and a sport of the mocking gods! Why should they go out of their way to worry me? Why should they do everything so inconsequent, so improbable, so preposterous? It's the vulgarest practical joke. There has never been anything of the sort among us; we are all Philistines to the core, with about as much æsthetic sense as that hat. It's excellent soil — I don't complain of it — but not a soil to grow that flower. From where the devil, then, has the seed been dropped? I look back from generation to generation; I scour our annals without finding the least little sketching grandmother, any sign of a building, or versifying, or collecting, or even tulip-raising ancestor. They were all as blind as bats, and none the less happy for that. I'm a wanton variation, an unaccountable monster. My dear father, rest his soul, went through life without a suspicion that there is anything in it that can't be ground into blue-books; and he became, in that conviction, a very distinguished person. He brought me up in the same simplicity, and in the hope of the same eminence. It would have been better if I had remained so. I think it's partly your fault that I have n't," Nick went on. "At Oxford you were very bad company for me, my evil genius; you opened my eyes, you communicated the poison. Since then, little by little, it has been working within me; vaguely, covertly, insensibly, at first, but during the last year or two

with violence, pertinacity, cruelty. I have taken every antidote in life; but it's no use, — I'm stricken. It tears me to pieces, as I may say."

"I see, I follow you," said Nash, who had listened to this recital with radiant interest and curiosity. "And that's why you are going to stand."

"Precisely — it's an antidote. And, at present, you're another."

"Another?"

"That's why I jumped at you. A bigger dose of you may disagree with me to that extent that I shall either die or get better."

"I shall control the dilution," said Nash. "Poor fellow — if you're elected!" he added.

"Poor fellow, either way. You don't know the atmosphere in which I live, the horror, the scandal, that my apostasy would inspire, the injury and suffering that it would inflict. I believe it would kill my mother. She thinks my father is watching me from the skies."

"Jolly to make him jump!" Nash exclaimed.

"He would jump indeed; he would come straight down on top of me. And then the grotesqueness of it — to *begin*, all of a sudden, at my age."

"It's perfect, indeed; it's a magnificent case," Nash went on.

"Think how it sounds — a paragraph in the London papers: 'Mr. Nicholas Dormer, M. P. for Harsh, and son of the late Right Honourable, and so forth and so forth, is about to give up his seat and withdraw from public life, in order to devote himself to the practice of portrait-painting. Orders respectfully solicited.'"

"The nineteenth century is better than I thought," said Nash. "It's the portrait that preoccupies you?"

"I wish you could see; you must come, immediately, to my place in London."

"You wretch, you're capable of having talent!" cried Nash.

"No, I'm too old, too old. It's too late to go through the mill."

"You make *me* young! Don't miss your election, at your peril. Think of the edification."

"The edification?"

"Of your throwing it all up the next moment."

"That would be pleasant for Mr. Carteret," Nick observed.

"Mr. Carteret?"

"A dear old fellow who will wish to pay my agent's bill."

"Serve him right, for such depraved tastes."

"You do me good," said Nick, getting up and turning away.

"Don't call me useless, then."

"Ah, but not in the way you mean. It's only if I don't get in that I shall perhaps console myself with the brush," Nick continued, as they retraced their steps.

"For the sake of all the muses, then, don't stand. For you *will* get in."

"Very likely. At any rate, I've promised."

"You've promised Mrs. Dallow?"

"It's her place; she'll put me in," Nick said.

"Baleful woman! But I'll pull you out!"

X.

FOR several days Peter Sherringham had business in hand which left him neither time nor freedom of mind to occupy himself actively with the ladies of the Hôtel de la Mayenne. There were moments when they brushed across his memory, but their passage was rapid and not lighted up with any particular complacency of attention; for he shrank considerably from bringing it to the proof — the question of whether Miriam would be an interest or only a bore. She had left him, after their second meeting, with a quickened expectation, but in the course of a few hours that flame had

burned dim. Like many other men, Sherringham was a mixture of impulse and reflection; but he was peculiar in this, that thinking things over almost always made him think less well of them. He found illusions necessary, so that in order to keep an adequate number going he often earnestly forbade himself that exercise. Mrs. Rooth and her daughter were there, and could certainly be trusted to make themselves felt. He was conscious of their anxiety, their calculations, as of a kind of oppression, and knew that, whatever results might ensue, he should have to do something positive for them. An idea of tenacity, of worrying feminine duration, associated itself with their presence; he would have assented, with a silent nod, to the proposition (enounced by Gabriel Nash) that he was saddled with them. Remedies hovered before him, but they figured also, at the same time, as complications; ranging vaguely from the expenditure of money to the discovery that he was in love. This latter accident would be particularly tedious; he had a full perception of the arts by which the girl's mother might succeed in making it so. It would not be a compensation for trouble, but a trouble which in itself would require compensation. Would that balm spring from the spectacle of the young lady's genius? The genius would have to be very great, to justify a rising young diplomatist in making a fool of himself.

With the excuse of pressing work he put off his young pupil from day to day, and from day to day he expected to hear her knock at his door. It would be time enough when they came after him; and he was unable to see how, after all, he could serve them even then. He had proposed, impetuously, a course of theatres; but that would be a considerable personal effort, now that the summer was about to begin, with bad air, stale pieces, and tired actors. When, however, more than a week had elapsed

without a reminder of his neglected promise, it came over him that he must himself, in honor, give a sign. There was a delicacy in such discretion, and he was touched by being let alone. The flurry of work at the embassy was over, and he had time to ask himself what, in especial, he should do. He wished to have something definite to suggest before communicating with the Hôtel de la Mayenne.

As a consequence of this speculation he went back to Madame Carré, to ask her to reconsider her unfavorable judgment and give the young English lady — to oblige him — a dozen lessons of the sort that she knew how to give. He was aware that this request scarcely stood on its feet; for in the first place Madame Carré never reconsidered, when once she had got her impression, and in the second she never wasted herself on subjects whom nature had not formed to do her honor. He knew that his asking her to strain a point to please him would give her a false idea (for that matter, she had it already) of his relations, actual or prospective, with the girl; but he reflected that he need not care for that, as Miriam herself probably would not care. What he had mainly in mind was to say to the old actress that she had been mistaken — the *jeune Anglaise* was not such a duffer. This would take some courage, but it would also add to the amusement of his visit.

He found her at home, but as soon as he had expressed the conviction I have mentioned she exclaimed, "Oh, your *jeune Anglaise*, I know a great deal more about her than you! She has been back to see me twice; she does not go to her ends by four roads. She charges me like a grenadier, and she asks me to give her — guess a little what! — private recitations, all to herself. If she does not succeed, it won't be for want of knowing how to thump at doors. The other day, when I came in, she was waiting for me; she had been there for an

hour. My private recitations — have you an idea what people pay for them?"

"Between artists, you know, there are easier conditions," Sherringham laughed.

"How do I know if she's an artist? She won't open her mouth to me; what she wants is to make me say things to her. She does make me — I don't know how — and she sits there gaping at me with her big eyes. They look like open pockets!"

"I dare say she'll profit by it," said Sherringham.

"I dare say *you* will! Her face is stupid while she watches me, and when she has tired me out she simply walks away. However, as she comes back" — Madame Carré paused a moment, listened, and then exclaimed, "Did n't I tell you?"

Sherringham heard a parley of voices in the little antechamber, and the next moment the door was pushed open and Miriam Rooth bounded into the room. She was flushed and breathless, without a smile, very direct.

"Will you hear me to-day? I know four things," she immediately began. Then, perceiving Sherringham, she added in the same brisk, earnest tone, as if the matter were of the highest importance, "Oh, how d'ye do? I'm very glad you are here." She said nothing else to him than this, appealed to him in no way, made no allusion to his having neglected her, but addressed herself entirely to Madame Carré, as if he had not been there; making no excuses and using no flattery; taking, rather, a tone of equal authority, as if she considered that the celebrated artist had a duty toward her. This was another variation, Sherringham thought; it differed from each of the attitudes in which he had previously seen her. It came over him suddenly that so far from there being any question of her having the histrionic nature, she simply had it in such perfec-

tion that she was always acting; that her existence was a series of parts assumed for the moment, each changed for the next, before the perpetual mirror of some curiosity or admiration or wonder — some spectatorship that she perceived or imagined in the people about her. Interested as he had ever been in the profession of which she was potentially an ornament, this idea startled him by its novelty, and even lent, on the spot, a formidable, a really appalling character to Miriam Rooth. It struck him, abruptly, that a woman whose only being was to "make believe," to make believe that she had any and every being that you liked, that would serve a purpose, produce a certain effect, and whose identity resided in the continuity of her personations, so that she had no moral privacy, as he phrased it to himself, but lived in a high wind of exhibition, of figuration — such a woman was a kind of monster, in whom, of necessity, there would be nothing to like, because there would be nothing to take hold of. He felt, for a moment, that he had been very simple not to have achieved before that analysis of the actress. The girl's very face made it vivid to him now — the discovery that she positively had no countenance of her own, but only the countenance of the occasion, a sequence, a variety (capable possibly of becoming immense), of representative movements. She was always trying them, practicing them, for her amusement or profit, jumping from one to the other and extending her range; and this would doubtless be her occupation more and more as she acquired ease and confidence. The expression that came nearest to belonging to her, as it were, was the one that came nearest to being a blank — an air of inanity when she forgot herself, watching something. Then her eye was heavy and her mouth rather common: though it was perhaps just at such a moment that the fine line of her head told most. She had looked slightly *bête* even

when Sherringham, on their first meeting at Madame Carré's, said to Nick Dormer that she was the image of the Tragic Muse.

Now, at any rate, he had the apprehension that she might do what she liked with her face. It was an elastic substance, an element of gutta-percha, like the flexibility of the gymnast, the lady who, at a music-hall, is shot from the mouth of a cannon. He colored a little at this quickened view of the actress; he had always looked more poetically, somehow, at that priestess of art. But what was she, the priestess, when one came to think of it, but a female gymnast, a mountebank at higher wages? She did n't literally hang by her heels from a trapeze, holding a fat man in her teeth, but she made the same use of her tongue, of her eyes, of the imitative trick, that her muscular sister made of leg and jaw. It was an odd circumstance that Miriam Rooth's face seemed to him to-day a finer instrument than old Madame Carré's. It was doubtless that the girl's was fresh and strong, with a future in it, while poor Madame Carré's was worn and weary, with only a past.

The old woman said something, half in jest, half in real resentment, about the brutality of youth, as Miriam went to a mirror and quickly took off her hat, patting and arranging her hair, as a preliminary to making herself heard. Sherringham saw, with surprise and amusement, that the clever Frenchwoman, who had, in her long life, exhausted every adroitness, was in a manner helpless, condemned, both protesting and consenting. Miriam had taken but a few days and a couple of visits to become a successful force; she had imposed herself, and Madame Carré, while she laughed (yet looked terrible too, with artifices of eye and gesture), was reduced to the last line of defense—that of declaring her coarse and clumsy, saying she might knock her down, but that proved nothing. She spoke jestingly enough not to

offend Miriam, but her manner betrayed the irritation of an intelligent woman who, at an advanced age, found herself for the first time failing to understand. What she did n't understand was the kind of social product that had been presented to her by Gabriel Nash; and this suggested to Sherringham that the jeune Anglaise was perhaps indeed rare, a new type, as Madame Carré must have seen innumerable varieties. He guessed that the girl was perfectly prepared to be abused, and that her indifference to what might be thought of her discretion was a proof of life, health, and spirit, the insolence of conscious power.

When she had given herself a touch at the glass she turned round, with a rapid "*Ecoutez maintenant!*" and stood leaning a moment, slightly lowered and inclined backward, with her hands behind her and supporting her, on the table in front of the mirror. She waited an instant, turning her eyes from one of her companions to the other, as if she were taking possession of them (an eminently conscious, intentional proceeding, which made Sherringham ask himself what had become of her former terror and whether that and her tears had all been a comedy); after which, abruptly straightening herself, she began to repeat a short French poem, a composition modern and delicate, one of the things she had induced Madame Carré to say over to her. She had learned it, practiced it, rehearsed it to her mother, and now she had been childishly eager to show what she could do with it. What she mainly did was to reproduce with a crude fidelity, but with extraordinary memory, the intonations, the personal quavers and cadences, of her model.

"How bad you make me seem to myself, and if I were you how much better I should say it!" was Madame Carré's first criticism.

Miriam allowed her little time to develop this idea, for she broke out, at the shortest intervals, with the five other

specimens of verse to which the old actress had handed her the key. They were all delicate lyrics, of tender or pathetic intention, by contemporary poets — all things demanding perfect taste and art, a mastery of tone, of insinuation, in the interpreter. Miriam had gobbled them up, and she gave them forth in the same way as the first, with close, rude, audacious mimicry. There was a moment when Sherringham was afraid Madame Carré would think she was making fun of her manner, her celebrated simpers and grimaces, so extravagant did the girl's performance cause these refinements to appear.

When she had finished, the old woman said, "Should you like now to hear how *you* do it?" and, without waiting for an answer, phrased the last of the pieces, from beginning to end, exactly as Miriam had done, making this imitation of an imitation the drollest thing conceivable. If she had been annoyed, it was a perfect revenge. Miriam had dropped on a sofa, exhausted, and she stared at first, looking flushed and wild; then she gave way to merriment, laughing with a high sense of comedy. She said afterwards, to defend herself, that the verses in question, and indeed all those she had recited, were of the most difficult sort: you had to do them; they did n't do themselves — they were things in which the *gros moyens* were of no avail. "Ah, my poor child, your means are all *gros moyens*; you appear to have no others," Madame Carré replied. "You do what you can, but there are people like that; it's the way they are made. They can never come nearer to the delicate; shades don't exist for them, they don't see certain differences. It was to show you a difference that I repeated that thing as you repeat it, as you represent my doing it. If you are struck with the little the two ways have in common, so much the better. But you seem to me to coarsen everything you touch."

Sherringham thought this judgment harsh to cruelty, and perceived that Miss Rooth had the power to set the teeth of her instructress on edge. She acted on her nerves; she was made of a thick, rough substance which the old woman was not accustomed to manipulate. This exasperation, however, was a kind of flattery; it was neither indifference nor simple contempt; it acknowledged a mystifying reality in the girl, and even a degree of importance. Miriam remarked, serenely enough, that the things she wanted most to do were just those that were not for the *gros moyens*, the vulgar obvious dodges, the starts and shouts, that any one could think of and that the *gros public* liked. She wanted to do what was most difficult, and to plunge into it from the first; and she explained, as if it were a discovery of her own, that there were two kinds of scenes and speeches: those which acted themselves, of which the treatment was plain, the only way, so that you had just to take it; and those which were open to interpretation, with which you had to fight every step, rendering, arranging, doing it according to your idea. Some of the most effective things, and the most celebrated and admired, like the frenzy of Juliet with her potion, were of the former sort; but it was the others she liked best.

Madame Carré received this revelation good-naturedly enough, considering its want of freshness, and only laughed at the young lady for looking so nobly patronizing while she gave it. It was clear that her laughter was partly dedicated to the good faith with which Miriam described herself as preponderantly interested in the subtler problems of her art. Sherringham was charmed with the girl's pluck — if it was pluck and not mere density — the brightness with which she submitted, for a purpose, to the old woman's rough usage. He wanted to take her away, to give her a friendly caution, to advise her not to become a bore, not to expose herself. But she

held up her beautiful head in a way that showed she did n't care at present how she exposed herself, and that (it was half coarseness — Madame Carré was so far right — and half fortitude) she had no intention of coming away so long as there was anything to be picked up. She sat, and still she sat, challenging her hostess with every sort of question — some reasonable, some ingenious, some strangely futile, and some highly indiscreet; but all with the effect that, contrary to Sherringham's expectation, Madame Carré warmed to the work of answering and explaining, became interested, was content to keep her and to talk. Yet she took her ease; she relieved herself, with the rare cynicism of the artist, all the crudity, the irony and intensity of a discussion of esoteric things, of personal mysteries, of methods and secrets. It was the oddest hour Sherringham had ever spent, even in the course of investigation which had often led him into the *cuisine*, as the French called it, the distillery or back-shop, of the admired profession. He got up several times to come away; then he remained, partly in order not to leave Miriam alone with her terrible initiatrix, partly because he was both amused and edified, and partly because Madame Carré held him by the appeal of her sharp, confidential old eyes, addressing her talk to him, with Miriam as a subject, a vile illustration. She undressed this young lady, as it were, from head to foot, turned her inside out, weighed and measured and felt her: it was all, for Sherringham, a new revelation of the point to which, in her profession and nation, a ferocious analysis had been carried, with an intelligence of the business and a special vocabulary. What struck him, above all, was the way she knew her reasons and everything was sharp and clear in her mind and lay under her hand. If she had rare perceptions, she had traced them to their source; she could give an account of what she did; she knew per-

fectly why; she could explain it, defend it, amplify it, fight for it: and all this was an intellectual joy to her, allowing her a chance to abound and insist and be clever. There was a kind of cruelty, or at least of hardness in it all, to Sherringham's English sense, that sense which can never really reconcile itself to serious art and has extraneous sentiments to placate with compromises and superficialities, frivolities that have often a pleasant moral fragrance. In theory there was nothing that he valued more than just such a logical passion as Madame Carré's; but in fact, when he found himself in close quarters with it, it was apt to seem to him an ado about nothing.

If the old woman was hard, it was not that many of her present conclusions, as regards Miriam, were not indulgent, but that she had a vision of the great manner, of right and wrong, of the just and the false, so high and religious that the individual was nothing before it — a prompt and easy sacrifice. It made Sherringham uncomfortable, as he had been made uncomfortable by certain *feuilletons*, reviews of the theatres in the Paris newspapers, which he was committed to thinking important, but of which, when they were very good, he was rather ashamed. When they were very good, that is when they were very thorough, they were very personal, as was inevitable in dealing with the most personal of the arts: they went into details; they put the dots on the *i's*; they discussed, impartially, the qualities of appearance, the physical gifts of the actor or actress, finding them in some cases reprehensibly inadequate. Sherringham could not rid himself of a prejudice against these pronouncements; in the case of the actresses especially they appeared to him brutal and indelicate — unmanly as coming from a critic sitting smoking in his chair. At the same time he was aware of the dilemma (he hated it; it made him blush still more)

in which his objection lodged him. If one was right in liking the actor's art, one ought to have been interested in every candid criticism of it, which, given the peculiar conditions, would be legitimate in proportion as it should be minute. If the criticism that recognized frankly these conditions seemed an inferior or an offensive thing, then what was to be said for the art itself? What an implication, if the criticism was tolerable only so long as it was worthless — so long as it remained vague and timid! This was a knot which Sherringham had never straightened out: he contented himself with saying that there was no reason a theatrical critic should n't be a gentleman, at the same time that he often remarked that it was an odious trade, which no gentleman could possibly follow. The best of the fraternity, so conspicuous in Paris, were those who did n't follow it — those who, while pretending to write about the stage, wrote about everything else.

It was as if Madame Carré, in pursuance of her inflamed sense that the art was everything and the individual nothing, save as he happened to serve it,

had said, "Well, if she *will* have it she shall; she shall know what she is in for, what I went through, battered and broken in as we all have been — all who are worthy, who have had the honor. She shall know the real point of view." It was as if she were still haunted with Mrs. Rooth's nonsense, her hypocrisy, her scruples — something she felt a need to belabor, to trample on. Miriam took it all as a bath, a baptism, with passive exhilaration and gleeful shivers; staring, wondering, sometimes blushing and failing to follow, but not shrinking nor wounded; laughing, when it was necessary, at her own expense, and feeling, evidently, that this at last was the air of the profession, an initiation which nothing could undo. Sherringham said to her that he would see her home — that he wanted to talk to her and she must walk away with him. "And it's understood, then, she may come back," he added to Madame Carré. "It's my affair, of course. You'll take an interest in her for a month or two; she will sit at your feet."

"Oh, I'll knock her about; she seems stout enough!" said the old actress.

Henry James.

BEFORE THE ASSASSINATION.

THE darkest year of Cicero's life was the year, or, more strictly speaking, the period of between ten and eleven months, which he passed at Brindisi, after his return from Dyrrachium. It was far worse than the year of his exile, which he bore so ill, when he was all the time either lamenting that he had not died yesterday, or protesting that he would die to-morrow. Then he could and did hope — even while he professed to despair — that the tyranny of the moment would presently be overpast, and he himself completely restored to the

keen delights, the congenial conflicts, the great and satisfying activities of his Roman life. Then, though worsted for the moment by his political adversaries, he had never so much as dreamed of a foe in his own household. He knew, or thought he knew, himself to be a man exceptionally happy in his private relations; with a wife on whom he leaned, a daughter whom he adored, and a brother whom he trusted implicitly, beside the lifelong friend who lent him a hand in every emergency, and from whom he had no reserves. Now

every week that passed added something to the proof that the wife of almost thirty years had taken advantage of his free-handed recklessness in money matters to overreach and systematically swindle him; the brother whom he had so generously associated with all his own success, and whose freaks of surly ill-temper he had been at such tender pains to soothe and palliate, had quarreled fiercely with him, and was base enough to be trying to do him a deadly mischief with the man on whom, alas, they were all to depend henceforth for the very breath of their civic life.

Cicero's daughter and his friend, indeed, were still and always true: the daughter passionately, the friend calmly, considerately, and wisely. But the marriage which Terentia had arranged for Tullia during her father's absence in the East had justified all Cicero's misgivings. Dolabella had good manners in society; he was not without natural good feeling, as he showed when Tullia died; but he was a man more entirely and, as one may say, triumphantly unprincipled than it is easy now to conceive. He had married Tullia quite simply for her dowry, as the easiest way of raising a considerable sum of money, and he seized and spent the installments of the same even before they were due: so that but for the untiring goodness of Atticus she would have been, in Cicero's enforced absence, positively distressed for money; while to a woman of the fastidious mental and personal refinement which we surely divine in Tullia, life with a man of Dolabella's rooted vices had proved, as her father had foreseen it would, intolerably repugnant.

Politically, that winter of 707 (48-47 B. C.) was to Cicero and men like him, with whom the abstract love of country had been a species of religion, a period of black suspense. Cæsar had followed Pompey into Egypt, and Pompey was dead; but a great mystery hung over

the subsequent movements of the conqueror, — if indeed he were conquering still. We know now that he had to meet an unexpectedly desperate resistance on the part of the republican army and its allies in Egypt, and that he had to encounter Cleopatra; but meanwhile for six months — from December, 706, to June, 707 — not a letter or dispatch from the great general was received in Italy. Should he come back victorious, who could say what the ultimate fate might be, even of those republican leaders who had laid down their arms after Pharsalia: of Cicero, who had returned to Brindisi; of Cassius, who had surrendered the fleet; of Brutus, who had, in some sort, made personal submission? But if Cæsar never came back at all, the doom of these men was sure. Cato would never forget, nor the sons of Pompey forgive.

If we add to so many sources of anxiety and doubt the fact that the climate of Brindisi appears to have been as unwholesome then as it is now, and peculiarly poisonous to Cicero, the miserably morbid condition both of body and mind which the letters of this time betray is, I think, fully accounted for. A great and last reaction was to follow; a final upgathering of all the man's intellectual and moral forces, when his philosophy, so called, took shape, and he taught himself, and did his best to teach other Romans, how to support life without hope, as well as to face death without fear. We like to believe of Cicero, as we would like others to believe of ourselves, that the nobler self was the true self. At all events, we shall not do him the presumable injustice of quoting extensively from the dreary letters of the Brindisi time. A very few short extracts will suffice.

It was in December, 706, that the rumor first reached Marcus that Quintus had sent his son to Cæsar, not merely to make his own peace, but to undermine, if possible, the credit of the brother to

whom he owed so much. "I am told," Cicero writes to Atticus, "that Cæsar and all his friends repudiated his insinuations, but that he still persists on all occasions in saying the most vindictive things about me. It is the bitterest of all my present troubles, and the most incredible thing that ever happened to me." On the 3d of January, 707, we find Cicero making naive avowal of a proceeding at which we stand aghast, but which evidently infringed no code of honor prevailing at the time. A large packet had arrived from Quintus. "I opened it to see if there were any letters for me, and found none, but one for Vatinius and one for Ligurius, which I caused to be delivered. Directly afterward they both came to me in hot indignation, crying out upon the baseness of the man. They then proceeded to read me their letters, in which all manner of opprobrium was heaped upon me. Ligurius was raving. He said he knew that Cæsar disliked Quintus, but that he had shown him consideration, and even supplied him with money, entirely for my sake. Under these painful circumstances I wished to know what he had written to other people. I thought it would be most injurious to him if this villainy of his should get about, for I know his disposition." (One wonders if Cicero thought more leniently of Pomponia at that moment than he had done when starting for Cilicia) "So I send the letters to you," — having, of course, read them himself, — "and if you think it will serve his cause to have them forwarded, why, forward them. They'll not harm me; and as to their having been opened, Pomponia, I believe, has his seal."

The mixture, in this and the letter next to be quoted, of striking magnanimity with what all our own training compels us to consider meanness is amazing. We have to console ourselves as best we can by reflecting that if a perfectly well-bred man of the last cen-

tury B. C. could open letters not addressed to himself, the world must have made some progress.

On the 8th of March, by which time it had become tolerably certain that Cæsar had sustained no permanent check, Cicero writes to Atticus: "You betray some anxiety as to what reason I may be able to give Cæsar for having left Italy at all. I see no need of any new reason. I have written to him repeatedly, and I have said the same thing to many others, — that I could not have endured the odium of staying behind even had I desired to do so, and much more to the same effect. The last thing which I should wish would be for him to think that I had acted on any judgment save my own, in a matter of such importance. And so when I got a letter from Cornelius Balbus the younger, saying that *he*" (Cæsar) "thought that my brother Quintus had 'sounded the trumpet' — those were his words — for my departure, I, who did not then know what Quintus was writing about me to all the world, though he had been extremely taunting and unpleasant to my face, nevertheless wrote to Cæsar as follows: —

"'I am no less concerned on my brother Quintus's behalf than on my own; but I am hardly in a position just now to recommend him to you. So much, however, I do beg you to believe, that he never did anything to shake my allegiance or weaken my attachment to you, but rather to cement our union; and that he was my companion merely, not my leader, when I went away. Deal with him in other respects as your own humanity and regard for himself may dictate, but do not, I most earnestly entreat you, allow me to stand in his way with you.'"

There are a few letters to Terentia of this period; all very short, and stiff, and cold. It is plain that the matter of their divorce was already under consideration, though not effected till the

ensuing year; that the husband and wife had agreed each to provide by will for Tullia and her children, but that Cicero found great difficulty in keeping Terentia to her word. He declined to receive a visit from her at Brindisi, but Tullia did come to him in June; and the saddest letter of the whole year, in view of the calamity that was coming, and which Cicero seems half to have foreboded, is that in which he bitterly reproaches himself for having been too much distracted in mind to get the full comfort of his daughter's presence:—

“My dear Tullia came to me on the 4th of June, bringing your three letters, and telling me all about your great goodness and devotion to herself. Yet I did not enjoy as I ought to have done the nobility, sweetness, and filial affection of the rarest girl alive, so unspeakably did it distress me to see that fine creature involved in misery through no sin of her own, but by my unpardonable fault.”

A greater rascal than Tullia's husband, Cicero elsewhere opines, was never born. “And to think,” we find him writing in July, “of a son-in-law of mine moving for a general repudiation of debts!” For Dolabella had followed the bright example of Clodius, and gotten himself adopted into a plebeian family, that, as tribune of the people, he might be able to further the radical measure aforesaid. Yet all the while he was exerting himself to smooth matters between Cicero and Cæsar; and outside, in the world of men, Dolabella and Cicero never ceased to be on friendly terms. It is only less wonderful than the opening of Quintus's letters.

It was authentically known, soon after this, that Cæsar had completed the circle of his victories by beating Pharnaces and the Pompeian remnant in Asia, and that he was coming home by way of Achaia. Cicero had a passing thought of sending his son to meet the Impera-

tor on his arrival, but eventually decided on the manlier course of going in person; “not altogether without hope,” says Plutarch, “and yet in some fear of making experiment of the temper of an enemy and a conqueror before so many witnesses.” But “Cæsar, as soon as he saw him coming, a good way before the rest of the company, came down from his chariot and saluted him, and, leading the way, conversed with him alone for some furlongs.”

So that trying moment was well over, thanks to the superb address of the master of the world, and the relief of both men was doubtless great. For Cæsar had come prepared to be very conciliatory to the more illustrious of the old optimates; and they,—what better hope, what other hope, had they now, either for themselves or their country, than in him?

There began then for Cicero, with the opening of the year 708, another and an altered life in Rome. What sort of peace he had first made with himself, based on what renunciations, fortified by what resolutions, may best be gathered from the letters of this time to his learned friend Varro, who had commanded two Pompeian legions during the first Spanish campaign, surrendered to Cæsar at Cordova, and was now living in retirement on his estates, absorbed in literary pursuits.

“You must know that, on my return to the city, I made my peace with those old friends, my books: not that we had ever quarreled, but that I felt a little abashed in their presence. For it seemed to me as if I had been disloyal to their precepts when I condescended to mix myself in the turmoil of affairs with associates who afterward proved so treacherous. But my books have forgiven me and restored me to our old intimacy, assuring me at the same time that you, who never swerved from them, have been a wiser man than I. After such a reconciliation, I feel encouraged to hope that

when you and I meet we may be able to make light both of our present anxieties and our forebodings for the future." And in April, toward the close of that second African campaign of Cæsar's, which ended with the battle of Thapsus and the suicide of Cato: "You have my reasons for remaining in Rome; and little by little the daily habit of my life here has dulled the edge of my sensibility. But if I were you, I should stay quietly where you are, until the present excitement is over and we know how this affair has ended. For ended I believe it to be, but much must still depend on the mood of the victor and the turn of events. I have my own ideas about the matter, but still I wait to see. One thing, however, remains for us, — to live in those common studies, which once we pursued for pleasure solely, but now in self-defense. If anybody wants to employ us, I will not say as architects, but as mere workmen in the rebuilding of the republic, why, we must not only not demur, but accept the commission joyfully. If, on the other hand, there is no call for our services, we can, at all events, read and write politics, and discuss questions of morals and of law; influencing the fortunes of the state, if not in the Forum and Senate-House, by our books and our letters, like the learned men of old. Such, at least, is my idea, but I very much wish that you would write me how your own inclination lies, and what you propose to do."

How much was meant by these brave resolves; how strong the rebound, at sixty-one, of Cicero's intellectual energy; what teeming reflections and speculations were his, which would find vent, even though the orator were constrained to be dumb, appears from his extraordinary literary activity of the present year. He began his elaborate essay *De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum*, — On the Highest Good and Evil. He wrote a history of Roman eloquence, the *De Claris Oratoribus*, which he dedicated to Marcus Bru-

tus, — now governor, under Cæsar, of Cisalpine Gaul, — reviewing the political situation in a noble and outspoken preface. He wrote an analysis of the various kinds of eloquence, a sort of manual of public speaking, in the form of dialogues between himself and his son, and projected and composed the introductory essay to a volume of translations from the great Greek orators; and he wrote the panegyric on Cato, to which allusion has already been made. All through the winter, also, Cicero went much into society, and seems to have enjoyed it with almost youthful zest. Oppius and Balbus, Hirtius and Dolabella, and other prominent Cæsarites were living in town, and entertaining at a more magnificent rate than ever before. They all wanted Cicero and his wit at their sumptuous banquets, and he, on his part, professes to have turned epicure, if not Epicurean, and to have enjoyed the same thoroughly. "Don't talk to me," he writes gayly to Papirius Pætus, "of your two-penny pilot-fish and your spiced and potted sardines! I used to condescend to such things once, but it's all altered now. Hirtius and Dolabella are my masters in the art of dining, and my disciples in that of speaking. Surely you must have heard, if you get any news at all, how they are forever spouting in my house, and I supping at theirs. . . . I have eaten more peacocks than you ever ate pigeons." All the letters to Pætus are marked by a charming humor, and the figure itself of the wealthy old patrician, who made so amusing a parade of his own frugality, and had kept out of politics as consistently as Atticus himself, comes out in a most attractive light. "I must confess," runs the earliest letter to Pætus which we possess of this year, "that I seem just now to be treated with no little consideration by numbers of people, but no one of them all is more congenial to me than you. Not so much because of your old and stanch friendship, which is a great thing indeed,

perhaps the greatest of all, but many others have shown me the like. What renders you so attractive, so altogether grateful and delightful, to me is a something peculiar to yourself. It is the quality of your wit, which is not Attic, but even more spicy, — the real old pungent Roman humor. You might not think it, but I get a wonderful pleasure out of *bons-mots* that smack of the soil. They began to go out when foreign fashions were first introduced into the city, and now, since the advent of these men in breeches from beyond the Alps, hardly a trace remains of the sweet old-fashioned gayety."

Cicero's tone with Pætus is always comparatively light, even when he touches on grave matters. "I ask no questions about the future," he says in another letter, "for, in the first place, it is by sheer luck that I have lived for the last four years, — if there be either life or luck in surviving the republic! — and, moreover, I fancy I can pretty well foresee the course of events. The right of the stronger will prevail, and arms will always be the stronger. I must content myself with what is given. The man who cannot ought to die. They are measuring the land about Veii and Capua" (for distribution among Cæsar's veterans). "The latter place is not far from Tusculum, but I have no fear. I shall take my ease while I can, and hope it may last. If it fall out otherwise," he adds with delicate irony, "why, having made up my mind to live nobly, like a hero and a sage, I can surely have no ground of complaint against him who enables me to fulfill my resolution!"

With the opening of spring, Cicero went, as of old, into the country; and never had his beloved villas or his childhood's home appeared to him so fair. Now the letters to Atticus recommence,

the first being dated from the ancestral Arpinum: "It is ten days since we parted, and I am scribbling this note before light, being off for Anagni, which I shall reach to-day. Thence I shall go for one day to Tusculum, and this will bring us to the 28th, which was the day appointed. If only I could fly at once to the arms of my dear Tullia and your Attica's kiss of welcome!"

Later in the season, after a longer stay at the Tusculanum, he writes, "On my soul, Atticus, not this villa in which I revel, not the very Islands of the Blest, can console me for so many days' absence from yourself." And from Antium, by the summer sea, "Nothing could be sweeter than the solitude of this place; . . . nothing lovelier than the house, the shore, the view seaward, the whole situation. But having nothing else to say, and being very sleepy, I will enlarge on this theme no more."

All this time Cicero was writing industriously, and often engaging Atticus to clear up for him, in the libraries of Rome, some doubtful point of history. In the halcyon mood of the moment, he could even write of the brother who had wronged him, cavalierly indeed, but without the bitterness of last year: "Quintus the father shows not the quarter nor the thousandth part of a grain of common sense, exulting as he does over the fact that his son and Statius have become priests of Pan,¹ and so brought a double disgrace upon the family. Philotimus is another."

Cæsar was now once more, for a short time, in the city. The embers of republican resistance in the East had been thoroughly stamped out, and the pang endured by the elder men of seeing him celebrate his fourfold triumph, — the triumph of a Roman over Romans. His generosity to his soldiers had been more than kingly, and his

cense, often of the most degrading description, for the youth of Rome.

¹ The new Lupercal College had been opened in Cæsar's honor; and the Lupercalia, or festivals of Pan, were seasons of organized li-

temper was very gracious. He was planning for the ensuing winter a final campaign against the sons of Pompey in Spain, but he laid his masterly hand, meanwhile, to the administration of home affairs, and seemed in a fair way to reduce their unspeakable chaos to a new and brilliant order. We are dazzled even now by the spectacle of his versatility, when we see how he found time and complaisance to reply quietly in his *Anti-Cato* to Cicero's daring panegyric; and we half understand the acquiescence of the populace in his divine pretensions, when we find him setting the stars in order *en passant*, and bringing the lagging new year up to time by flinging two additional months into the autumn of 708.

Cicero, having concluded his own peace, or rather arranged the terms of his truce with the master, began exerting himself to bring about the reconciliation and restoration of certain of his less practicable friends who were still in exile. Doubtless he craved for himself the moral support no less than the congenial society of these men; but also he had not yet abandoned the hope that they might influence to some extent the policy of Cæsar. There was Marcus Marcellus, consul with Sulpicius in 705, who had resented with so much spirit Cæsar's first decisive aggressions; who, ever since Pharsalia, had been living proudly at Mitylene; and who was one of the very few men against whom Cæsar undoubtedly cherished a deep-seated grudge. Marcellus was cousin to half the patricians in Rome; and when the entire Senate had solicited his recall, and Cæsar had finally granted it, Cicero broke his resolution to speak no more in public, and thanked the autocrat in that exceedingly graceful and flattering address, the *Pro Marcello*, whose authenticity, after long dispute, seems now to be fully established. The spell being broken, he presently undertook the formal defense of Quin-

tus Ligarius, afterwards one of the conspirators against Cæsar, who, as governor of Asia, had made an obstinate resistance there, and was now impeached for having refused to surrender the government of the province to one Tubero, a kinsman of Cicero's own. We seem to see the slight shrug of Cæsar's lordly shoulders when he heard who was to be counsel for Ligarius. "There is no doubt," he observed, — or so we have it in Plutarch, — "that Ligarius is a bad man and my enemy, but why should we not give ourselves the pleasure of hearing Cicero plead once more?" He thought himself proof against the witchery of that silver tongue, but he was mistaken. When, after a subtle passage, of which the purport may be condensed into those words of Portia's, —

God's,

When mercy seasons justice," —

Cicero passed on to an affecting mention of Pharsalia and Pompey's fate, the nervous thrill became too strong for Pompey's conqueror. He changed color, bowed his head, and pardoned his own future assassin.

It was a triumph for Cicero, though not like those of days gone by, when he had swayed the conscript fathers in Senate assembled; and we are not surprised to find him, in the first glow of complacency, extolling Cæsar's clemency to Cæcina, a learned knight of old Etruscan lineage, who had opposed the usurper valiantly, both with sword and pen, but was willing to be reconciled now.

"As for Cæsar," our friend writes from Rome, in the last days of July, "he is by nature mild and merciful. . . . Moreover, the one thing which he admires above all others is a commanding talent of the order of your own. . . . The bitterest enemy of the cause which Pompey sustained, bravely, indeed, but with inadequate preparations, does not say of us that we acted either as bad citizens or as base men; and I have

many a time had occasion to admire the dignity and impartiality of Cæsar himself in this regard. He never speaks even of Pompey otherwise than most respectfully. You will object that he acted harshly enough. Nay, that was the doing of war and of victory, not of Cæsar. And just see what a welcome he gave me! He has made Cassius his legate, Brutus prefect of Gaul and Sulpicius of Greece, and Marcellus, against whom he was peculiarly incensed, he has restored to all his dignities. What is the natural inference?"

And Cæcina replies warmly from his exile in Sicily: "I do not wish, in my trouble, either to stultify myself or grossly to impose on your kindness. In either case, my excuse would have to be that it has been the constant habit of your life to exert yourself so untiringly for your friends that not only do they never think of asking help elsewhere, but they demand your services as their right."

Cicero's divorce was now consummated, and that of Tullia arranged, although the child that was coming was to be born, probably by way of establishing its legitimacy, under Dolabella's roof. Divorce, as we know, was of daily occurrence in Rome, but the society which approved it seems equally to have exacted re-marriage with the least possible delay; so that nothing short of death, we may presume, could have spared poor Tullia a fourth husband from among the Roman nobility. Terentia married at least twice again, and lived, some say, to her hundredth year; but to Cicero, with his exceptionally refined and affectionate disposition, the first thought of separation had been full of distress. "I never could have resolved on such a step," he wrote as late as in October of this year, to Plancius, who had been so good to him in his exile, "if I had not found my home affairs, when I came back, in quite as desperate a condition as those of the

state." Once the scruple silenced, however, and the resolution taken, he had enjoyed, as we have seen, a rather peculiar lightness of spirit; and it is deplorably natural that he should have taken the silliest step of his entire life in choosing a successor to Terentia. Already in the summer, Atticus is proposing candidates for the vacant place; but Cicero rejects with vehemence the idea of paying court to a daughter of Pompey, and says of another lady, whom he is kind enough not to name, that she is the greatest fright ever beheld. Nevertheless, before the close of the year, we find him espousing Publilia, a beautiful heiress of about eighteen, and a ward of his own. There is reason to suppose that the step was deeply distasteful to both of Cicero's children, and that the young wife, as might have been foreseen, showed herself angrily jealous, from the very first, of his devotion to his daughter; but the situation presently resolved itself, and that most tragically. Tullia was confined in January, and as soon as possible — too soon, perhaps — was removed to the villa at Tusculum, where she immediately sank and died. From that hour, Cicero would have none of the vain young woman who had resented his darling's ascendancy; and though barely two months wedded, they lived together no more.

He must have been nearly beside himself in the first dark days of that supreme bereavement. Atticus took him away from Tusculum, and placed at his disposal — for it was long before he could endure society — a quiet lodge of his own, outside the walls of Rome. "A house in the midst of gardens," — this is all we know of the place. The spiritual conflict sustained there was too desperate for any written record, but that Cicero came out of it in some sort victorious, profoundly sad, indeed, and stripped of his last untimely illusions about life, though resolute and calm, appears plainly from the tone of the let-

ters when they recommence. In March we find him at Astura, that gem of an island set in the sweetest of all bays, with the villa-crowned and pine-shadowed heights of Antium in view on the one hand, and on the other the misty glories of the Circean cape. "What you say," he writes to Atticus, "about your longing to have me surmount this grief is like you, and I call you to witness that I have not been false to myself. I suppose that I read over, while I was in your house, every word ever written by any man concerning the mastery of sorrow, but my grief was mightier than all consolation. And then I did what no one, surely, ever did before: I undertook to administer comfort to myself in writing. I will send you the book when my amanuenses have copied it out. You may rest assured that no such Treatise of Consolation was ever written before. All day long I write, producing nothing of importance, yet distracted for the time being, — not much, for the power of my grief is mighty; nevertheless, I do get a certain relief, and I strive with all my might to recover, if not the reality; at least the outward appearance of composure. Sometimes, indeed, the very effort seems a sin, and then again I feel that it would be a sin not to make it. . . . I told you about Brutus's letter. It was very wise, but did not help me much. . . . Do not let Pilia distress herself too greatly. My grief should suffice for us all."

"Pray see that Apuleius, whom I cannot wholly refuse, is put off from day to day. At present I need speak to no one. I can make my way early into the tangled depths of the forest, and wander there all day, if I will. Solitude, as you say, is the best friend."

"I fancied from the beginning of your letter that you had some great piece of news to communicate, though little care I what happens in Spain; but I immediately perceived that you were

only replying to what I had previously said, in your remarks about my public life. You tell me that my home is in the forum. But I have lost both forum and home. No, Atticus, my life is done, — quite done. I knew it in my heart long ago, and now that this last link is broken I confess it freely."

Soon, however, under the kindly law no mourner can evade, the cares of this world begin to intrude upon Cicero's trance of sorrow. Both his own testamentary dispositions and those of Terentia have again to be altered on behalf of Tullia's orphan boy, and the lady is as impracticable as ever; makes trouble about the witnesses, makes trouble about everything. "Was the like ever known?" Cicero writes to Atticus. "She rejects the persons named because she thinks they will wish to know the terms of the wills. Very well; I have no objection. Why cannot she simply do what I have done? I am willing that my will should be read by anybody she may name. She will see that I could not have acted more generously by our grandson."

But his momentary anger fades away, and a few days later we find him writing gently: "What you say about Terentia is quite true, and you express my own feeling. The obligation is a very sacred one. And at any rate, if there is to be any wrong, let it be hers, not mine."

Young Marcus was at this time importuning his father to be allowed to go and serve under Cæsar in Spain. Cicero hated the thought of a son of his own engaged in a war of extermination against the sons of Pompey, but what ground had he for refusing? He suggests to Marcus that it might not be altogether agreeable to find himself anticipated in Cæsar's confidence and outranked on Cæsar's staff by his unfriendly and unscrupulous cousin Quintus. "Sed tamen remisi." ("However, I gave my consent.") But the lad — for

he was not yet twenty-one, and plainly boyish for his years — decided that after all he would rather go to Athens, if he could have an establishment there, like certain other young Romans of fashion. Cicero was only too glad to accept the alternative, and to Athens Marcus went in the course of the spring, very handsomely provided, ostensibly to pursue a philosophical course, but really to a life of idleness and dissipation. His was the prevailing and unmistakable type of the great man's son in all ages; and long afterward, under Augustus, we find him renowned for his heroic potations.

But that which most of all served to distract the thoughts of the bereaved father and revive his energies was the project he had formed of commemorating Tullia's name and graces in such a monument as even the world of Cecilia Metella had not yet seen. The best artists were to be employed, the most beautiful site selected. Filial piety first draws his thoughts to the river-island at Arpinum. "What an ideal spot for a true apotheosis!" But no; Arpinum is too remote and obscure. He thinks of Ostia, and often of Astura, pervaded as its groves must ever be henceforth by Tullia's yearning shade. But in view of the stormy epoch which he forebodes only too surely, Cicero cannot bear to think of his daughter's "fane" exposed to the rude chances of internecine war. He would prefer, upon the whole, a site inside of Rome, in some one of the gardens along the Tiber banks; and of these he names so many as practicable for his purpose that we come to picture the now sullen river as bordered for its entire length, within the city wall, by luxuriant greenery.

Atticus, the wary, trembles to think of the ruinous expense involved in his friend's project, but Cicero will listen to no prudential discussions. "Do not be alarmed at the price put upon the gardens. I can do very well without silver-plate, or sumptuous clothes, or a

variety of pleasant houses, but this thing I must have."

"You ask me what is the utmost I am prepared to give, and how much more I will pay for those gardens of Drusus. I have never said that I would pay any more. I have in mind an ancient villa of Coponius', not very large, and a noble one belonging to Silius; but I do not know what either estate produces, and I suppose one ought to know. Nevertheless, I would pay an unreasonable price for either; that is, I would pay what they are worth to me just now. . . . Do me the justice to acknowledge that I am in my right. I am exceedingly anxious to buy, yet I will not, in the headlong eagerness of my grief, run counter to your advice."

It is plain enough that Atticus continued to put Cicero off, quietly and no doubt conscientiously throwing obstacles in the way of his acquiring one piece of property after another. No traces of the monument have ever been discovered, and whether it was even begun we do not know. If it were, it may well have been leveled, during the next few years, by the fury of Antony.

Some time in March, as we learn from one of the letters of this month to Atticus, the mother of Publilia requests, perhaps demands, to be allowed at least to come with her daughter and pay Cicero a visit; but he curtly refuses to see them, and soon there begin to be allusions to the best manner of repaying the little bride's handsome dowry. In connection with these final efforts after reconciliation, however, and undertaking at one time to promote them, we catch fleeting, tantalizing glimpses of another woman, of whom we would give much to know more. It is one Cærellia, a learned lady of seventy, a correspondent of Cicero's, and a great admirer of his philosophical works, of which she always appears to have advance copies. She was wealthy, also, for she had lent Cicero money, which, after her indiscreet

interference on Publilia's behalf, he dryly requests Atticus to repay. But what would we not give for a few of the notes which had aforesaid passed between him and this clever old creature, to whom we instinctively attribute something approaching one of the French types of the *grand siècle*!

A few more weeks of strict retirement, and the letters of condolence begin to come from the friends of Cicero at a distance. Dolabella writes, and we see from the tone of Cicero's reply that the faithless husband had been shocked and sorry when the sad news came. Cæsar writes from Spain, on the eve of his last great victory; for the decisive battle of Munda was fought a year, almost to a day, before the fatal Ides of March. Once more we marvel at the man's universality, conquering the world, yet neglecting no slightest conventional obligation. Nevertheless, this letter is mentioned coldly. With the shock of the winter, the end had indeed come to the last of Cicero's flattering dreams. The glamour had gone forever from the affairs of this world, public as well as private. The literary work to which he set himself in the ensuing summer was to prove, in the first of the *Questiones Tusculanæ*, that death is no evil; nor have two millenniums of Christianity advanced the world so far but we come to the reading of that chapter to-day with a faint expectation of finding our own hope confirmed by his pathetic words.

Two of the letters of the later spring deserve especial citation, — that of Servius Sulpicius, now governor, as we have seen, of Achaia, and Cicero's reply.

"When the news came," Sulpicius writes from Athens in April, "of your daughter Tullia's death, I was indeed most deeply and painfully moved. I felt that we had sustained a common calamity, and that my sympathy, if I had been there to express it, might have been some support to you. It is a sad and

miserable sort of comfort, at best, which any friend can give, especially those nearest friends of all, who are smitten by the same blow as yourself, and so choked by their own grief, when they attempt to speak, that they seem rather to require consolation themselves than to be in a condition to offer it. Yet certain thoughts have come to me, which I will try to put into as few words as may be; not because I think they would be likely to escape you, but because grief may have blinded you to their force. Why, after all, should you be so profoundly cast down? Consider for a moment how fate has dealt with us. We have already lost what ought to be no less dear to a man than his children, — our country, our pride, our dignities, all. What can one more blow add to a sorrow like ours, or how is it possible for spirits exercised as ours have been not to grow callous and indifferent to what may yet be in store? Is it for *her* you grieve? Yet surely even you must have thought sometimes, as I have often done, that theirs is not the hardest fate just now who have been permitted to pass painlessly out of life. What great inducement had she to live, in times like these? What fact? What hope? What solace of the soul? . . . And I would mention another thought which has fortified me no little, and may possibly have power to soothe your anguish. On my way back from Asia, sailing from Ægina to Megara, I began to take in the view of the regions round about. Ægina was behind me, Megara before, the Piræus on my right, Corinth on my left, — all those glorious cities of the olden time lay there before my eyes in heaps of helpless ruin. And I said to myself, 'Why should we petty creatures mourn the death of any one of ourselves, and how should not our life be brief, when one look of ours can embrace the lifeless remains of so many mighty commonwealths? Collect yourself, Servius, and remember that you are born a man.'

. . . But I am ashamed to go on in this strain, for it seems as though I doubted your own self-command. One thing more I will say, and then have done. We have seen you sustain high fortune very nobly, and win great renown by your bearing in prosperity. Show us that you can equally endure adversity, that your burden has not unduly crushed you; for we would fain not find you wanting in this one of all the virtues. As soon as I hear that you are calmer I will write you about our affairs and the condition of the province."

Who will talk of the Roman hardness after this? The answer of the bereaved father is absolutely simple and unaffected, but in no wise unworthy: —

"I do indeed wish, dear Servius, that you could have been with me in my heavy misfortune. . . . You have really helped me, not only by what you say and the way in which you seem almost to assume my grief, but by the very authority which you use. I know it would be base in me not to bear my trouble in the way you so wisely indicate, and yet, when I think how I lack the consolations which all those others had whose example I try to follow, I am sore oppressed at times, and almost overpowered." Maximas, Paullus, Gallus, Cato, — they all, he says, when stricken in their home affections, could lose themselves in the life of the state, but for him that resource is withdrawn. "And once," he adds, after a few words of irrepressible bitterness over the civic disgrace that had befallen them all, "I had one to fly to, in whom I could rest, in whose sweet society I could lay aside every care; but when this last stab was dealt me, all the old wounds began to bleed afresh." He adds, later on, that he is longing to see Sulpicius, most of all that they may take counsel together about the true bearing to be assumed under the altered conditions of their life. "Everything has to be subordinated to the will of one man, — a wise and generous man, in-

deed, I do not deny it; no foe to me, as I have had good proof, and exceedingly friendly to yourself. Nevertheless, it is a subject for serious consideration what line we are to take, not of action, — there is no question of that, — but of acquiescence in the concessions of his bounty."

Certainly the old wound was aching again when he wrote that final sentence, as also when he began a letter to Atticus from the Tusculanum, in July, with the incisive words: "So Brutus says, does he, that Cæsar will rally to the optimates? Excellent news! But where will he find any, unless he have the grace to hang himself?"

Cicero had had a great shrinking from the sight of Tusculum, and had written, May 15, from Civitâ Lavinia, on the way thither: "I suppose I shall conquer my feeling, and proceed hence to the Tusculan villa. Either I must relinquish that estate once for all, — for my grief will never change, unless it becomes sharper yet, — or I may as well go there now as ten years hence; nor can the associations of that place be any more overpowering than the memories which here beset me, night and day. 'But I had thought,' you say, 'that letters were your solace.' In a case like this, I fear they are the very reverse. I might better have been made of sterner stuff. The cultivated mind is always too sensitive and soft."

Cicero did go to Tusculum, and in the end remained there for some weeks. Atticus paid him a visit there, and later he had the society of Marcus Brutus, with whom he was beginning to be much in sympathy in many ways, and who had also a villa on the same noble hillside. The father's period of open mourning was over, and his regrets were henceforth buried in his heart. He returned to the world, and his letters resumed their ordinary tone.

Before Cicero left Tusculum for Arpinum, the startling news had arrived from Atticus that Marcellus had been

murdered on the eve of setting out for Rome, to avail himself, at last, of Cæsar's reluctant pardon. Cæsar was freely accused of instigating the deed, but Brutus did not believe the charge, nor did Cicero, nor need we. It would have been unlike all that we know of Cæsar's character, while the actual assassin had private grounds of hatred, and killed himself after dispatching his foe. But none the less was the noble ex-consul an irreparable loss to the party which even yet would fain have imposed some check upon Cæsar.

There had been a question of Cicero's addressing to Cæsar an open letter; primarily of congratulation, of course, but also offering certain suggestions concerning the policy of the conqueror. Atticus had been much in favor of the plan, and a rough draft of such a letter appears to have been prepared and submitted to the inspection of Cæsar's particular friends. They, however, had found so much to criticise in the general attitude of the writer, and had suggested so many changes, that Cicero, who had never had much heart in the project, threw it up in disgust. "As to that matter," he says to Atticus, "of addressing a formal epistle to Cæsar, I swear that I find it next to impossible. It is not the sense of ignominy that deters me, as perhaps it ought, for I see no particular ignominy in acquiescence when one has reason to be ashamed even of living. No, it is not that; I should think better of myself if it were. I did actually begin once, and I could think of nothing whatever to say! The suggestions addressed by learned and eloquent men to Alexander had no particular influence on the course of events. . . . I did indeed manage to hew out of the oak some semblance of an image; but wherever I ventured to hint at anything of the nature of reform, the passage was immediately condemned. I am glad

of it. Had the letter been sent, I should assuredly have repented. Do you not yourself know that the aforesaid pupil of Aristotle, by nature as remarkable for modesty as for genius, became haughty, cruel, and ungovernable in temper, the moment he had received the title of king? And do you suppose that the man whose statue has been set up beside that of Romulus is going to take it kindly when I advise moderation?" And a few days later we find the following ironical reference to the same sore subject: "I have passed final sentence on the letter to Cæsar. They do say, indeed, that he has professed his intention of putting off the Parthian expedition until affairs are more settled here, which is precisely what I advised. However, I told him that he might do as he liked, which, of course, was what he was waiting for! He would never have thought of proceeding without my permission! Oh, for Heaven's sake, let us away with all vain pretense, and at least secure a semi-independence by living in retirement and holding our peace!"¹

In the autumn, however, Cicero removed as usual to Rome, and was present at the opening of the Senate, and, as augur, at the consecration of a temple which Cæsar had built and dedicated to Mars. He called the triumph which followed the return from Spain "a ridiculous display," and he chafed at the sight of Cæsar's body-guard, and even at his high-handed manner of prosecuting city improvements. "All is quiet here," he wrote to Cornificius, the governor of Africa, "but you would prefer to see a little honorable and healthful activity." And later, in a letter to the same, we find these ominous words: "Many things go on here which you would not like; some which are not over-pleasing, I think, to Cæsar himself. But it is always the way after a civil

¹ This letter must not be confounded with one, mainly of a literary character, commenting

on certain points in the *Anti-Cato*, which was actually sent soon after Cæsar's arrival.

war. Not only must the arch-victor's will be done, but the caprices must also be observed of those who have helped to win the victory."

The conspiracy against Cæsar was a coalition between two separate parties of malcontents, — the remnant of the old conservatives, who found it practically impossible, despite all their efforts, to adapt themselves to a state of personal subserviency and civic inaction, and the ambitious generals who had accompanied Cæsar on his campaigns, and were not satisfied with their share of the spoil. Our old acquaintance, Caius Cassius, whom we first encountered fighting gallantly in Cilicia, but of whom we learned, so to speak, in infancy that the fault of inferiority "is not in our stars, but in ourselves," may be regarded as the type of the second class of conspirators, as Marcus Brutus was the great exemplar of the first. Early in the year 709, before the death of Tullia, there had been a particularly lively interchange of letters between Cassius and Cicero, who, it appears, had known each other from boyhood. For the most part, I think, the deeper we dip into authentic Roman history and the contemporary writers of Cæsar's time, the more striking do we find the main veracity of that great Shakespearean drama from which most of us derived our first clear impressions of the year 54 B. C. The author of the tragedy of Julius Cæsar not only knew all that was to be known in his time about the men of that great year, but he came much nearer than some scholars will admit to knowing all that is now to be known. Not even the stupendous labors of Mommsen have availed materially to modify the outlines of his Brutus, his Antony, nor yet his Cæsar. But the real Cassius, if not positively misrepresented, appears to have been more, and in some respects other, than the instigator of Brutus in the play. For one thing, he was decidedly literary and

speculative in his turn, and had lately suffered a conversion from Stoicism to Epicureanism, whereon Cicero comments in the letters aforesaid with abundance of pleasant banter. He employs a pompous profusion of philosophical terms, both Latin and Greek, appending, in parentheses, "as your new friends say." "You are, of course, aware that Cælius Insuber, the Epicurean, bestowed the name of *spectra* on those" (invisible images) "which Gargettius, and Democritus before him, had called *εἰδωλα*. Now, even supposing a man to be able to conjure up these spectres before his eyes when he pleases, I fail to see how they can touch the mind. You will have to enlighten me, when you come, as to whether your spectre is so far subject to my control as to come rushing at me the moment I think of you (which would not be so remarkable, indeed, in your case, who are ensconced in my heart of hearts); but will the *εἰδωλον*, say, of the island of Britain fly to my arms when I begin thinking of that?"

"It is hardly possible," Cicero says, in another letter, "to be in earnest about anything without running some risk. 'Then let us have a good laugh,' methinks I hear you say. By Heaven, it is not so easy! Still, what other distraction have we from our present annoyances? 'Where, then, is philosophy?' Well, mine is in the gymnasium, and yours is in the kitchen!"

The later letters to Atticus of the year 709 afford some vivid glimpses of the troubled family affairs of the Ciceros. It appears to have dawned upon the rather mean mind of young Quintus, during that summer in Spain, that he was not, after all, furthering his own cause particularly by his persistent vilification of his uncle. Moreover, being on rather bad terms with his father just then, he perceived that it might be convenient to him, on his return, to have access to his uncle's purse. That Cicero

was under no delusion about the disinterestedness of the young lieutenant's motives will appear from the following letter, dated at Tusculum in July : —

"I had been up before dawn writing against the Epicureans, and I had also dashed off a word to yourself on the same spurt and by the same lamp, and dispatched it. I then went back to bed, but was awakened at sunrise by the arrival of a letter from your sister's son. . . . It begins insultingly enough, though possibly that was unintentional: 'Whatever unhandsome things men may say of you, I' — etc. He insinuates that there is a great deal of hard talk about me which *he*, Quintus, does not countenance! Did you ever hear of such impudence? The rest you can read for yourself, for I have sent you the letter. You will conclude, I fancy, that the rascal has been moved to write me by the highly eulogistic manner in which, as I hear on all hands, Brutus invariably speaks of me; and I dare say he will write you, also, — something for you to pass on to me. What he may have said to his father about me I do not know. He alludes to his mother in the most pious terms. 'I could have wished,' he says, 'for the utmost enjoyment of your society, that I might have been allowed a house of my own, and so I wrote you once before, but you did not see fit to answer the letter. I shall not be able to see much of you, as it is, for *that* house is out of the question for me.' He refers, of course, to the differences between his parents. Now aid me, Atticus, with your counsels. Shall I let him know that I see through his *blague*, and kick the fellow out altogether, or shall I temporize?"

Having failed by this delicate strategy to secure a separate establishment, young Quintus appears to have decided, after his return from Spain, that he might as well go with Cæsar on that Parthian expedition which the fates had already prohibited. Cool as ever, he

applied to his uncle for an outfit, who gave him a *mauvais quart d'heure*, which Cicero describes with much humor to Atticus : —

"Quintus burst in upon me one day, and I inquired to what I owed the honor. 'How can you ask?' says he. 'I have a journey before me, — a difficult and dangerous journey to the seat of war.' 'And what do you wish?' 'I should like to have my debts paid, and something beside for my traveling expenses.' At this point, I adopted your style of eloquence; that is to say, I held my tongue. He proceeded: 'I am very much disturbed about my uncle'" (meaning Atticus). "'How so?' 'He is angry with me.' 'Why do you suffer that?' I inquired. I refrained from saying, 'How do you come to deserve it?' 'I do not intend to suffer it,' he replied. 'I shall remove the cause.' '*A la bonne heure*,' says I; 'but, if it be not indiscreet to inquire, what is the cause?' 'Merely that both he and my mother were displeased at my hesitation about marrying. But nothing makes any difference now. I shall comply with their wishes.' 'Quite right,' I observed, 'and I wish you much happiness. And when is it to be?' 'Having accepted the situation,' he answered, 'I do not in the least care when.' 'Then,' said I, 'I would recommend that it take place before you go away. It would gratify your father, too.' 'Very well,' he answered, 'I will be guided by your advice.' And so the conversation ended."

It must have been about this time that Cicero pleaded his last cause before Cæsar. He defended, from the charge of conspiracy against the ruler, Deiotarus, king of Armenia, — at whose court, the reader may remember, the two young Ciceros had been placed, with their tutor, Dionysius, when Cicero was in Cilicia. Deiotarus was not immediately acquitted, but Cæsar promised to postpone judgment on the case until he should be able to collect further information,

on the way to Parthia; and, propitiated, as he may well have been, by the flattering tenor of the plea for Deiotarus, he graciously proposed to pay Cicero a visit at his villa in Pozzuoli. Nothing shows more clearly how completely royal were the habits which Cæsar had insensibly adopted than, the manner in which this hospitality was both asked and accorded, and our last quotation for the year 55 B. C. shall be from the host's letter to Atticus after the affair was over: —

Pozzuoli, December 18, 709.

"I have had a somewhat troublesome guest; however, all passed off well. When he arrived at Philippus's [the step-father of Augustus], — on the evening of the second day of the Saturnalia, — the villa was so crowded with soldiers that they could hardly be kept out of the dining-room where Cæsar was to sup. There were two thousand men. I

was at my wits' end to know how I should manage the next day, but Barba Cassius came to the rescue, and gave me a detachment of troops. A camp was pitched in the fields, and the villa was protected. Cæsar stayed with Philippus till one o'clock of the third day of the Saturnalia, and refused himself to every one. I fancy he was going over accounts with Balbus. After that, he took a walk upon the beach, and had his bath. . . . I gave him a capital dinner, well served; and 'seasoned, if you will, with good discourse.' His lesser freedmen and slaves had all they wanted, and the higher officers were elegantly entertained. To make a long story short, I behaved like a man. 'T is not the sort of guest whom you entreat to call again, on his way back. Once is quite enough. No serious topic was introduced at table. The talk was entirely literary. What would you have? He was evidently quite satisfied."

Harriet Waters Preston.

IN ECLIPSE.

PRAYER strengthens us; but oft we faint,
And find no courage even to pray:
Oh that in heaven some pitying saint
For me might Ave-Mary say!

For sometimes present pleasures drown
The serious vein, and some dark days
Of great, o'er-mastering anguish frown
Amid the sacred tapers' blaze.

Before the morning-watch I rose —
I say before *this* morn's — to kneel,
But of my voice the fountain froze;
Yea, something seemed my soul to seal.

And now I know what rosaries mean:
That oftentimes the heart is weak,
And could not unto the Unseen
Its dumb petition duly speak.

Yet every bead may count with Him
 Who healed the palsied and the blind,
 Restored the lame and withered limb,
 And lifted the disordered mind,

As mine was then, who had no might
 Of utterance with mine icy lips,
 For one great Shadow veiled the light
 Till hope itself was in eclipse.

Eclipses come, and also pass :
 Let us not dream, like savage men,
 With shouts and cries and sounding brass
 To scare that Shadow off again ;

But take the phases of our thought
 As of the planets. — wanderers they
 Even as ourselves, but better taught,
 Through gloom or glory, to obey ;

As of the Moon, that many times
 Conceals in clouds her crescent sheen,
 But when her fullness cometh climbs
 Above Orion's front, serene.

T. W. Parsons.

KING'S CUP AND CAKE.

FALMOUTH, DISTRICT OF MAINE,
 June 17, 1769.

HONORED GRANDSIR, — The post has at last arrived from Boston, being hindered near a month. We were pleased to receive your esteemed letter, and thankful that you and grandma'am continue in health.

Mother sends her duty to you, and bids me write the news, as she is under a course of mercury, — too weak to hold a pen.

The boys were inoculated five weeks ago come Wednesday, and it went very hard with little Davy. We can but be thankful he lived through it, for of all the folk in town that have been inoculated one in every six has died. I trust when you reflect upon this it will soften

your heart toward the boy, your name-child, for I have a sad story to relate of his misbehavior, and mother says the whole truth must be told.

To begin with, he made an ado last Sunday about going to meeting. Mother was not well, and when she said she would stay at home to read Toogood on Infant Baptism, Davy pleaded hard to stay too. He looked pale, and perhaps father might have let him off if he had n't whispered low to Ezra, —

"I'd be willing enough to go if I could sleep in meetin', the way father does, but I can't sleep a wink."

Father heard that, and took it for sauce. He never owns to closing his eyes in meeting, and we durst not accuse him of it.

"Davy," said he sternly, "buckle your shoes, straighten your wig, and walk along with Ezra."

For Davy's wig, you remember, is ever getting awry and dropping over his forehead.

"Ne'er a one of the other boys wears a wig. I wish I could lay mine off," he whimpered.

But that is impossible, as his head is shaved as smooth as his face. If mother had her way, his hair would grow out, and so would Ezra's, but Grandma'm Hillyer rules us. She says she "cares not what the fashion is; a lad without a wig is no gentleman."

Well, we started forward for meeting, double file, according to our ages; first waiting for Patty, who must needs roll herself in the camomile-bed to give her clothes a fine scent. Then we stopped as usual at Grandsir Hillyer's gate, and he and grandma'm headed the procession — eleven of us in all — toward the new meeting-house, founded on Sander's Hill. We had worshiped in it only four times, and Davy had never been inside it yet, and hung back half scared.

"Come up with me in the gallery," says Sukey, for she feared mischief, and wanted him where the tithing-man could watch him. But Davy scorns the tithing-man, and is ever afraid of being pointed at by his pole. "I'll not sit in your gallery," says he. And father would not have let him, neither. He says his children are best off under his eye.

Still, I wished mother was with us, and I grieved when Madam Jones gave Davy a cooky, which she did for his helping her off her pillion, like the little gentleman he is, though but twelve years old, as you know.

We entered the meeting-house just behind the minister. He is the young Englishman, James Fosdick by name, who pleased you so well a year and more ago; and I must admit he has shown great civility to our family. At

two different times he has given Davy a pistareen for taking his jalap; and last Saturday he helped father set out the cabbages and tobacco, to the admiration of all.

But on the Lord's Day he smiles not till set of sun, and the children are quite afeard of his "preaching face." They suffered much in the old meeting-house, where he could look straight down into our pew with what Ezra calls his "terrible black eyes," albeit they are a sky-blue, as mild as ever was. But in the new meeting-house the pulpit is monstrous high, in the clouds almost, and the children encouraged one another that the parson could n't spy over it.

We all marched up the aisle together, — all but Sukey, who sings in the gallery, — and Grandsir Hillyer's gold-headed cane came down at every step with an aristocratical thud; and grandma'm leaned on his arm, gazing neither right nor left, though she knows she is more looked at than any other woman in meeting, were it only for her wondrous shining mantle. It is of richest plain black satin, with these solemn words wrought in it with white silk: "*The fashion of this world passeth away.*"

As she stood up straight before the whole congregation, her back was a living epistle, and I saw some strangers, awe-struck and surprised, twisting their heads about, that they might follow the text and rightly make it out. And it chimed in uncommon well with the young parson's discourse, which was on the sin of vanity.

Ah me! And there I sat and gazed at the fine ruffles afar off on his bosom, that he had asked me to stitch for him, because none could stitch so true as I; and I gloried in my own work, and forgot that pride goeth before a fall.

Father, tired with hard work, leaned back his head and dropped asleep. — leastways this was the appearance he

presented to us, — and Davy, with mother gone and the parson hid, as he fancied, in regions aloft, took it upon him to cut capers.

Now Davy is not a frolicker in meeting, grandsir, not in general, and I think the new fiddle turned his head, mayhap, a little. Deacon Lunt says it's the "jew's-harp of Satan;" a bad name, and I misbelieve it. But a fiddle does have a squeaky, serapy sound, nevertheless, and Davy is mettlesome; and when the music struck up, his feet and elbows began to jerk finely. After a while this loosened his wig, — for I can't think he untied it o' purpose, — and down it slipped over his little pug nose. Patty, you're aware, is a child that can't stand anything droll; and, taking a mother's place, I had to pinch her arm till it fetched the tears, though my heart smote me for it, too; but it was the only way to stop her giggling. Then I motioned Ezra to pull up the wig, for Davy pretended to be asleep, the rogue, with mouth drawn down to match father's; and he even kept time with him most disrespectfully, a-snoring. Next he was exercised with a cough like Deacon Lunt's, and for that he munched bits of cooky, as the deacon munches hoarhound stick, rolling up his eyes the while in an extra-pious way that nigh upset us all.

I was scared for such wickedness, but the parson kept on quite regular, and I never once thought of *his* spying Davy. But alas and alack! Right in the midst of his usual exhortation, "And now, my poor dying hearers," he stopped short, and called out loud, without warning, —

"*David Gilman!*"

It broke on us like a clap of thunder. Davy, my poor Davy! Ashen-white he turned, and trembled in every limb. Father, roused by the dread voice, if indeed he had been asleep, turned and glared at the boy. Grandsir, in the pew ahead, eyed him askance, and grand-

ma'am's Scripture-mantle quivered with reproaches.

"David Gilman," repeated the parson, "you may come to my house to-morrow morning at nine of the clock."

"T was said and done, and Davy's heart clean broke in less time than a minute. And then the parson went on with "My poor dying hearers," as if nothing had happened.

He is a godly man, and he once told me he loved Davy next to his own little brother that died, so I knew his rebuke was righteous, and not in anger; yet I did think he had more respect for our family than to give it out so loud.

Sure, boys are but mortal, and not to be trusted with seed-cakes in meeting, and my heart ached for the little chap, sitting up there as white and still as an image carven out of stone.

Patty shook with sobs, the other children were nigh scared out of their wits, and there we sat in painful distress, longing for the close of meeting.

It came at last, and we filed home solemnly. Davy's head was low, and as for me, I could see naught but grandma'am's mantle-text, and hear naught but the echo of her strange words: —

"Betsey, the parson did it to stop folks' tongues, so they won't say no more, 'He's courting Betsey Gilman.'"

"Oh, grandma'am!" cried I; for it was all news to me that ever folks had said it.

"Parson's heart's in heaven," thinks I. "He'll not stoop to wed. Or if he does, 't will never be with a humble maid like Betsey."

And then I wept in secret at his disrespect to our family.

We all lived through the nooning, and, being reinforced by pea-porridge, attended second meeting. The children had their catechising quite regular in the evening, only Davy was deeply affected, and could get no farther than "In Adam's fall we sinned all."

At bedtime I promised him I would

plead with mother in his behalf; so when she came into the back room, where I was putting the clothes a-soak for the wash, I said, —

"Mother, if it's any way in reason, I do beg you'll make Davy's peace with the parson, and stop his going there to-morrow."

"No, Betsey," said she, looking white and leaning against the jamb. "Your father and I will not be guilty of screening our children."

I knew it was what she would say, for all she pitied Davy.

Next morning, straightway his chores were done, she bade him don his best clothes and start for the parson's. He came to me in a sad toss.

"Oh, Betsey," said he, "I'll knock on parson's door very easy! His mother is a little deaf, and who knows but I'll get off yet?"

Then he set forth, and my heart went with him as I stood by the wash-board.

He was gone a long time, and when he came back his eyes were red. I left my tub, and put my arms about him.

"How was it, Davy?" said I. "I guess you did n't knock easy enough."

"Yes, I did," said he; "but his mother spied me from the window. She was standing there o' purpose."

"Well, what did the parson say?"

"He did n't say much. 'Repeat the fourth commandment, David.' That was the way he began. And then I had to expound, and tell him what it meant by keeping the Sabbath Day holy."

Here Davy burst forth crying.

"Was that all?"

"No; he asked what mother said about my coming to him; and when I said 'she did n't want to screen me,' that suited him. Why, Bess, he thinks mother is dreadful good, and father too."

"And so they are, Davy; that's true as ever was."

"He said, 'Are you thankful for such parents?' and made me repeat the fifth commandment, with promise. Then he

talked some more," continued Davy, choking. "He did n't want to flog me, Bess, nor he did n't want anybody else to flog me; but I hated to stand there, and him a-talking so long."

"What did he say, Davy?"

"Some was about you. He said you was grand, Bess, and he wished I'd grow up as good."

"Oh, Davy!" cried I, astonished, for I thought the parson knew me better. He has been here times enough, I'm sure; but somehow I must have put on a wrong face to him without knowing it, or he would n't hold to the notion of *my* being good.

"I told him you was the *peace-makingest* sister," said Davy, "and he laughed right out loud and shook hands. But he was awful solemn some of the time. Hoped I'd get a new heart. Hoped I would n't eat any more seed-cakes in meeting. Seed-cakes? I'd rather eat a grindstone!"

"And you'll try to be a better boy?"

"Look here, I want to tell you something!" burst forth Davy, sobbing on my neck. "It's dreadful wicked to say so, Bess, but sometimes I a'most feel as if I hate Adam and Eve! 'T was them that fetched all the trouble into the world!"

"Yes, dear, that's so; but mayhap they never knew the mischief they were doing. And any way, they're dead and gone now, poor things."

"Yes; but if they had n't ate the apple, I should n't have ate the cooky," said the young theologian, and sighed afresh.

I had some ado not to smile; yet his face spoke of sorrow more than anger, and he soon confided to me that he meant to be a better boy.

"But don't you tell Ezra. I won't have him crowing over me!"

I hugged him joyfully, and promised Ezra should n't know. And then I could not forbear praising the parson, with his kind heart for little boys.

"Yes," said Davy, "he's most as good as any of the 'postles. He made his mother fetch me in a treat on a silver salver. Part of it was 'lection cake; but guess what there was to drink in a silver pitcher!"

"Cowslip wine?"

"No, nor yet spruce beer. 'T was *king's cup*, made of lemons and a deal of sugar."

"Lemonade," said I, and could but laugh, for Mrs. Fosdick has English, high-sounding names for simple things.

"'T was king's cup, I tell you," repeated Davy. "Not a grain like lemonade. 'T was the best drink ever was mixed."

"I hope you drank it to her health, with your best bow, Davy?"

"Indeed and I did! Would I forget my manners in the parson's house?"

At that moment, who should appear but the young parson himself, bearing a silver pitcher in his hand, which he set down on the wash-bench, blushing like a girl.

Davy ran off, and there was I, with my clothes a-waiting in the tub; but the parson had a pretty deal to say, and I stood and heard him through.

He had been afeard I would n't like his speaking out in meeting to Davy; but he said he loved the lad like a brother, and wanted to break his stubborn heart and bring him into the kingdom. And I said we would all be willing; and though we had grieved sorely, we never once had blamed God's servant for the means he took.

Then he said more; and mayhap what he said would not edify you and grandma'am. It was not about Davy, nor yet about the New Jerusalem. Some of it concerned the beautiful silver pitcher; and said he, pointing to it with a downcast look, —

"This is an heirloom, my dearest Betsey. My mother humbly prays you will accept it, and condescend to become her daughter-in-law."

The words were low, and his lips trembled with fright. I could have cried for the joy in my heart; but I would listen to no such slack wooing.

"How now?" said I, flinging his speech back in jest. "How could I be daughter-in-law just for your mother's asking?"

"Then let me speak for myself!" he cried, springing forward. "I *will* speak, and no man shall stay me. I that can face a whole congregation, I'll not turn coward for my love of you, Betsey!"

And upon that he did speak, with such burning eloquence that I could find no fitting words to answer his appeal.

Thinking to unloose my tongue, he went to the cupboard, and brought out two pewter mugs.

"Betsey," says he, "may I fill them with king's cup from *our* pitcher; and will you drink a health along with me?"

Then, staying not for a reply, he drained off a bumper, with the toast, "Everlasting joy to *my* Elizabeth!"

"You take much for granted, sir," said I, but a smile slipped out unawares; and what the holy man said then and what he did I deem it foolish to narrate.

Afterward he led me in to mother, who seemed not a whit surprised, though I had forsook my wash-tub; and she blessed us, and sent out for father from the meadow, and he blessed us, too. And then, after a prayer, mother cut in four quarters a slice of aunt Samantha's wedding-cake, and we dispatched it with the last drops of king's cup.

But this is not to the purpose of my letter. Without doubt, what will please you and grandma'am most is to hear that mother hopes this woful affair—I refer now to the rebuke in meeting—may be blessed to little Davy. He behaves ever since uncommon well, and goes about his chores soberly, as if he has a concern on his mind.

So this is all I have to say at present.

With my duty to grandma'am, I remain, honored sir, your most obedient servant and granddaughter,

ELIZABETH GILMAN.

Post Scriptum. The above was written a week ago. The Lord willing, our wedding-day is appointed for September the 5th, and you and grandma'am are respectfully entreated to be present.

Sophie May.

AN OUTLINE PORTRAIT.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD somewhere devotes a grateful sentence to the women who have left a sort of fragrance in literary history, and whose loss of long ago can yet inspire men of to-day with indescribable regret. Magdalen Newport, Lady Danvers, is surely one of these. Donne's dear friend and Herbert's mother, she rivals nearly, in the possibility of that noble epitaph, her unforgotten contemporary, Mary Sidney, for whose grave Ben Jonson penned his everlasting lines. If Dr. Donne's fraternal fame have not quite the old lustre of Sir Philip's, it is at least more honor to own George Herbert for son than to have perpetuated the race of Pembroke; and it is not an inharmonious thing to remember, in calling up a memory as sweet as "Sidney's sister," that Herbert and Pembroke are yet, and have long been, married names.

Magdalen Newport was born in the red morning of the Elizabethan day. The sparse records of her youth leave us but the probable date, 1581-2, of her union with Richard Herbert of Blache-Hall, Montgomery, black haired and bearded, as were all his line, of some learning and of noted courage, and descended from a brother of the great Sir Richard Herbert of Edward IV.'s time. Herself of an illustrious stock, with no sister and an only brother, she could look with the right pride of unfallen blood upon "the many fair coats the Newports bear" over their graves at Wroxeter.

At Eyton, Shropshire, in 1583, her eldest child was born, Edward, afterwards the celebrated Lord Herbert of Cherbury, still the puzzle and delight of Continental critics. He is said to have been a beautiful boy, not very mettlesome, and delicate in health, whose first speculation with his infant tongue was the piercing query, "How came I into this world?" But his next brother, Richard, was of another stamp, and went his frank, flashing, fighting way through Europe, "with scars of four-and-twenty wounds upon him, to his grave" at Bergen-op-Zoom; William, the third son, following in his soldierly footsteps. Charles was reserved and studious, and died a dutiful Fellow of New College, Oxford. Fifth of these Herberts, "a soul composed of harmonies," as Cotton said of him, and destined to make the name welcome among all readers of English, was George, the poet, the tower in Israel, the beloved "parson of Fuggleston and Bemerton." Henry, his junior, with whom George had a sympathy peculiarly warm and long, became in his manhood Master of the Revels, and held the office for over fifty years. "You and I are alone left to brother it," Lord Herbert of Cherbury once wrote him, in a mood more tender and simple than his wont, when all else of that radiant family had gone into dust. Youngest of Magdalen Newport's sons was Thomas, "a posthumous," traveler, sailor, and master of a ship in the war against Algiers. Elizabeth, Margaret, and

Frances were the daughters, of whom Izaak Walton says, with satisfaction, that they lived to be examples of virtue, and to do good to their generation. Margaret married a Vaughan. Let the flippant item be recorded that Frances secured unto herself the patronymic Brown, and was happily seconded by Elizabeth, George Herbert's "dear sick sister," who became Mistress Jones. In the Lymore chancel of Montgomery church, where Richard Herbert the elder is buried, there was erected in 1600 a large alabaster canopied tomb, with two effigies recumbent. Standing all about (a quaint and affectionate boast) are small images of these seven sons and three daughters, — "Job's number and Job's distribution," as Dr. Donne did not fail to note, and as his loyal Walton chronicles after him. But their kindred ashes are widely sundered, and "as content with six foot as with the moles of Adrianus."

Never had an army of brilliant and requiring children a more excellent mother. "*Severa parens*," her gentle George afterwards called her, in his scholarly verses; and such she was, with a mingling of the sweet sagacity and joyousness which made up her character. "God gave her," says one of her two devoted annalists, whom we wish were not so brief and meagre of detail, — "God gave her such a comeliness as though she was not proud of it, yet she was so content with it as not to go about to mend it by any art." Her fortune was ample, her benevolence wide-spreading. All the countryside knew her for the living representative of the famous hospitable houses of Newport and Bromley. "She gave not on some great days," continues Dr. Donne, "or at solemn goings abroad; but as God's true almoners, the sun and moon, that pass on in a continual doing of good, as she received her daily bread from God, so daily she distributed it and imparted it to others." In these years of her wifehood and widowhood,

in Shropshire, at Oxford, in London, she reared her happy crew of boys and girls, in an air of generosity and honor; training them to habits of hardiness and simplicity, and to the equal relish of work and play. "Herself with her whole family (as a church in that elect lady's house to whom John wrote his second Epistle) did every Sabbath shut up the day at night with a general, with a cheerful singing of psalms." One may guess at young Richard's turmoil in the house, and at the little Elizabeth's soft, patient ways, and think of George as the child of content, "the contesseration of elegancies" worthy Archdeacon Oley called him.

The charming mother, a shrewd saint, always fair and stately in person, was not without comic prejudices. "I was once," Edward testifies, "in danger of drowning, learning to swim. My mother, upon her blessing, charged me never to learn swimming; telling me, further, that she had learned of more drowned than saved by it." Though the reason failed to avail with him, he adds, the commandment did; so that the accomplished Crichton of Cherbury, who understood alchemy, broke his way through metaphysics, and rode the Great Horse; the ambassador, author, and beau, to whom Ben Jonson sent his greeting, —

"What man art thou that art so many men,
All-virtuous Herbert?" —

even he lacked, on principle, the one art of keeping himself alive in an alien element, because it had been pronounced less risky to die outright! It was a pretty, feminine paradox, and one which sets down our high-minded Magdalen as altogether human.

When Edward was little more than fifteen, and a student at Queen's College, Oxford, he was wedded to his cousin, Mary Herbert, aged one-and-twenty, an heiress, and almost a philosopher. There was no wild affection on either side, but the marriage promised

well, both being persons of resources ; and no real catastrophe befell either in after-life. Magdalen Newport, much as she desired the match for worldly motives, was too solicitous for her tall dreamer of a son, who underwent the pleasing peril of having Queen Bess clap him on the cheek, not to take the whole weight of conjugal direction on her own shoulders. Without undue officiousness, but with masterly foresight, she moved to Oxford from Montgomery Castle with her younger children, in order to handle Mistress Herbert's husband during his minority. "She continued there with him," says Walton in his *Life of George Herbert*, "and still kept him in a moderate awe of herself, and so much under her own eye as to see and converse with him daily ; but she managed this power over him without any such rigid sourness as might make her company a torment to her child, but with such a sweetness and compliance with the recreations and pleasures of youth as did incline him willingly to spend much of his time in the company of his dear and careful mother."

It was during this stay at Oxford that she contracted the chivalrous friendship which has embalmed her tranquil memory. Dr. John Donne (not ordained until 1614, and indeed not Dr. Donne then at all, but "Jack Donne," as he called his profaner self) came accidentally to the university, during the most troubled year of his early prime, cast his bright eye on excellence, and in his own phrase, cited elsewhere, and as a generality, —

— "dared love that, and say so too,
And forget the He and She."

We can do no better than to quote a famous and beautiful passage, once more from Walton: "This amity, begun at this time and place, was not an amity that polluted their souls, but an amity made up of a chain of suitable inclinations and virtues ; an amity like that of

St. Chrysostom to his dear and virtuous Olympias, whom, in his letters, he calls his saint ; or an amity, indeed, more like that of St. Hierom to his Paula, whose affection to her was such that he turned poet in his old age, and then made her epitaph, wishing all his body were turned into tongues, that he might declare her just praises to posterity."

Donne's trenchant satires, some of the very best in the language, were already written, and he was not without the hint of fame. Born in 1573, he was but ten years the senior of Edward Herbert ; perhaps but another ten years the junior of Edward Herbert's mother. To the son also he was sincerely attached from the first, and had a marked and lasting influence on his mind. Donne had the superabundance of mental power which a competent critic has lately pointed out as the very cause of his failure to become a great poet. He was high-spirited, unworldly, a man of many sides and moods, a lifelong dreamer of dreams, a restless, incisive intelligence, to which his contemporaries, Jonson and Carew at their head, bowed in hyperboles of acclaim. He had a sensitive conscience, often antagonized and often appeased. There was a strain of strong joy in him : he was descended from two merry-hearted gentlemen, John Heywood and Sir Thomas More. If ever man needed vitality to buoy him over sorrows heavy and vast, it was Donne in his "yeasting youth." Thrown from his old landmarks of religion and occupation (under circumstances which it is not expedient to examine here), and unable, despite his versatile and alert genius, to grind a steady living from the hard mills of the world, he was in the midst of a bitter plight, when the friends most worthy of him found a heavenly opportunity which they did not let go by, — the making his acceptance of their favor a rich gift unto themselves. Foremost among them, beside Mrs. Herbert, were Sir Robert Drury and a kinsman, Sir

Francis Wolly, of Pirford, in Surrey, both of whom gave the Donnes the use of their princely houses. John Donne had been in the Chancellor's service, and lost place and purse by his marriage with Anne Moore. No reverses could beat the pathetic cheer out of him. "Anne Donne, undone," was one of his inveterate teary jests over the state of things at home. He wrote once, with sickness, poverty, and despair at his elbow: "If God should ease us with burials, I know not how to perform even that. But I flatter myself that I am dying, too, for I cannot waste faster than by such griefs." Five of his twelve children passed before their father to the grave; and with the youngest-born, in 1617, went his dear and faithful wife, whom he laid to rest in St. Clement Danes.

About the time when the remorseful old queen died disdainfully on her chamber floor, the necessities of this family called for daily succors, and with simple, humble, noble delicacy they were supplied. Nor did they cease. Magdalen Herbert was "a bountiful benefactor, Donne as grateful an acknowledged." His first letter to her from Micham in Surrey, dated July 10, 1607, is made up of terse, tender thanks, in his heart's own odd language. He sends her an inclosure of sonnets and hymns, — "lost to us," says Walton movingly, "but doubtless they were such as they two now sing in heaven." The relationship, close and deferent on both sides, was continued without a breach. Thoreau, quoting Chaucer, saluted his friend, who is yet living: "You have helped to keep my life on loft." No meaner service than this was Magdalen Herbert's to John Donne: she fed more than his little children, clothed more than his body, and fostered in him that faith in humanity which is the well-spring of good works.

He was not a poet of Leigh Hunt's innocent temperament, who could take

benefits gladly and gracefully from any appreciator; his soul dwelt too remote and proud in her accustomed citadels: but this loving vassalage, thrust upon him, he bore with dignity; and no incident in his career outshines his hushed willingness that his friend should be also his preserver. It was something for Magdalen Newport to have saved a master-name to English letters, and kept in his unique place the poet, interesting beyond many, whose force, fantastic but real, swayed two generations of thinking and singing men; it was something, also, to have won in return the words which were his gold coin of payment. Nowhere is Donne's sentiment more genuine, his workmanship more happy, than in the strophes dedicated to her blameless name. There is a lucidity in these verses unsurpassed by the straightforward lyrics of their day. Drayton's self, who died in the same year with Donne, might have addressed to the lady of Eyton his noble lines: —

"Queens hereafter shall be glad to live

Upon the alms of thy superfluous praise!"

Yet in these eulogies, as in most of the graver contemporaneous poems of the sort (those to Lucy, Countess of Bedford, for instance), there is little personality to be detected; the homage has rather a floating outline, an unapproaching music, exquisite and reverent. Donne gives sometimes the large Elizabethan measure: —

"Is there any good which is not she?"

In the so-called *Elegy*, The Autumnal, written on leaving Oxford, he starts off with the well-known cherishable strophe: —

"No spring nor summer beauty hath such
grace

As I have seen in one autumnal face."

The entire poem is a monody on the encroachments of years, and neatly chronological.

"If we love things long sought, age is a thing
Which we are fifty years in compassing;

If transitory things, which soon decay,
Age must be loveliest at the latest day."

The twist of thought in the last lines is entirely characteristic. It strikes the modern ear as maladroit enough that a woman who could have been but a trifle over forty, and a beautiful woman to boot, should have required prosody's ingenious excuses for wrinkles and gaps in the teeth. But no admissions stagger this laureate. The close, however, is perfect, and full of the winning melancholy which was part of Donne's birth-right in art, whenever he allowed himself direct and homely expression:—

"May still

My love descend! and journey down the hill,
Not panting after growing beauties; so
I shall ebb on with them who homeward
go."

Such was John Donne's first known tribute to his friend. But her bays are to be gleaned off many a tree, and she must have cast a frequent influence on his work, which is not traceable now. He seemed to have a Crashaw-like devotion to the Christian saint whose inheritance

"Bethina was, and jointure Magdalo; "

and never could he forget that some one else was Magdalen also, nor fail to dwell on the coincidence and the difference. Again, he cites, and almost with humor, —

— "that perplexing eye

Which equally claims love and reverence."

And his platonic make their honorable challenge at the end of some fine lines:

"So much do I love her choice, that I

Would fain love him that shall be loved of
her."

There was prescience in that couplet. In 1608, almost at the beginning of their intimacy, Magdalen Herbert's widowhood ended, probably while she was at her house in London; and he that was "loved of her" was the brother and heir of Lord Danvers, Earl of Danby, — the kindly stepfather, whose name is among the curious omissions of Lord

Herbert of Cherbury's Autobiography, but to whom, at least, George Herbert was devoted, as his letters show. Sir John Danvers, of Dauntsey, Wilts, was twenty years younger than his wife. It is worth while to quote the very deft and courtly statement of the case made long after by Dr. Donne: "The natural endowments of her person were such as had their part in drawing and fixing the affections of such a person, as by his birth, and youth, and interest in great favors at court, and legal proximity to great possessions in the world, might justly have promised him acceptance in what family soever or upon what person soever he had directed. . . . He placed them here, neither diverted thence nor repented since. For as the well tuning of an instrument makes higher and lower strings of one sound, so the inequality of their years was thus reduced to an evenness, that she had a cheerfulness agreeable to his youth, and he had a sober staidness conformable to her more advanced years. So that I would not consider her at so much more than forty, nor him at so much less than thirty, at that time; but as their persons were made one and their fortunes made one by marriage, so I would put their years into one number, and finding a sixty between them, think them thirty apiece; for as twins of one hour they lived."

We know that Lady Danvers had the "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," which became her, and that she lost none of her influence, none of her serene charm. We learn with sympathy that "sickness, in the declination of her years, had opened her to an overflowing of melancholy: not that she ever lay under that water, but yet had, sometimes, some high tides of it." Death chose Dr. Donne's friend before him, after nearly thirty years of mutual fealty. Her son Edward was already eminent, and wearing his little title of Baron Castleisland; her thoughtful

Charles was dead many a year; her daughters were matrons, and dwelling in prosperity. With but one unfulfilled wish, that of seeing her favorite George married and in orders, and after a life which left a wake of sunshine behind it in the world, very patiently and hopefully, Magdalen Newport, Lady Danvers, entered upon eternity, in the June of 1627.

These rapid, ragged strokes of a pen make her only possible biography. When Walton wrote of her, he had the entire correspondence with Dr. Donne before him. "There were sacred endearments betwixt these two excellent persons," he assures us; but that was a collateral matter, and turning into the highway of his subject, he cited no more of the incidental story we should have been proud to remember. A copy of a song, a reminiscence of the glow and stir of the days through which she moved, a guess through a mist at the blonde head, the half-imperious carriage, the open hand, as she went her ways, like Dante's lovely lady, *sentendosi laudare*, — these are all we have of the Magdalen Newport whom England bore in the golden age. It would be easy, were it quite fair, to throw a dash of color into her shadowy history. One would give much to verify the scene at Eyton, while the news of the coming Armada roused the lion in Drake, and struck terror in the Devon towns; and to hear the young wife, with three lisping Herberts at her knee, beguile them with mellow contralto snatches of Edom o' Gordon, or with the sweet yesterday's tale of Zutphen, where their country's dearest gave his cup of water to a dying comrade. A decade later, before their handsome, bluff father, her other healthful boys stood up to wrestle, and twang their arrows at forty paces; or a rosy daughter stole to his side, and asked him of Spenser's mishaps in Ireland, or of the giant laughter bubbling from the "oracle of Apollo" in a London street. It is to be believed that one

who watched events through Raleigh's dramatic trial, reprieve, and execution, through the amusing Spanish tour of the Prince of Wales, the fever for colonization, the savage sea-fights, the religious divisions, the muttering parliamentary thunders, the national stress and heat of the exciting dawn of the seventeenth century, was not unmindful of all it meant to be alive, there and then. Magdalen Newport's girlhood fell on Lyly's Euphues, fresh from the printers; the Arcadia made the talk of Oxford in her prime; the dusky splendor of Marlowe's Faustus was abroad before her second marriage. She was, surely, aware of Shakespeare, and of the wonder-folio of 1623; of the newest delighting madrigals and antiphons; of rascal Robert Greene's lovable lyrics, and Wyatt's, and heart-whole Drayton's. She wrote no verses, indeed, but her familiars wrote them; her every step jostled a Muse. We may assume that no growth nor decay in literary circles escaped that tender, "perplexing eye." Perhaps it glistened from a bench, in the pioneer theatre of England, on the actors of Volpone; or followed silently, behind the royal group, the first mincings of the first dear Fool in King Lear, one day-after-Christmas at Whitehall. Last of all, for whim's sake, how one would enjoy having the central opinion of young Lady Herbert, or that of little Mistress Donne, concerning the woman they could not but thank and praise! *O viveret Pepys!* It is a cheat of history that it preserves no clearer tint or trace of this chosen passer-by. Such, indeed, she was, and the quiet vanishing name clings to her: the woman of durable gladness, happily born and taught, like the soul of whom Sir Henry Wotton (whom she must have known!) made his immortal song.

In the parish church of Chelsea, on June 8, 1627, she was buried.

"Old age with snow-bright hair and folded palm;"

the final earthly glimpse of her still traditional, still beautiful. On the 1st of July, her beloved liegeman, now Dean of St. Paul's, preached her funeral sermon there, before a vast throng of the great ones of London, the clergy, and the poor. Izaak Walton's kind face looked up from a near pew, whence he saw Dr. Donne's tears and felt his breaking voice. The sermon to which he listened was printed in duodecimo, "together with other Commemorations of Her, by her Sonne G. Herbert," and offered to the public at the Golden Lion in Paul's Churchyard, the same year. It is only the latter part, the postlude, which, without turning from the consideration of its not very adequate scriptural text, deals with the worth of the dead. The mouth of her friend did not belie her, nigh the end of his own pilgrimage. In present grief and among graver memories, he had the true perception not to forget how joyous the other had been. "She died," he said, "without any change of countenance or posture, without any struggling, any disorder, . . . and expected that which she hath received : God's physick and God's music, a Christianly death. . . . She was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, . . . naturally cheerful and merry, and loving facetiousness and sharpness of wit." His own fund of mirth and strength was fast going. Morbid and persistent thoughts beset him from this hour, probably, more than ever, until he had the effigy of himself, painted as he was, laid in sight of his failing eyes, — morbid and persistent thoughts of the ruin which befalls the bright bodies of humanity, sometimes surging up in his lonelier moods, and crowding out the better vision which yet may "grace us in the disgrace of death." His inward eye was drawn strongly to his friend's sepulchre, sealed and sombre before him,

and to what had been her, "going into dust now almost a month of days, almost a lunar year ; which, while I speak, is mouldering and crumbling into less and less dust." But he ended in a wholesomer eloquence, subdued and calm : "This good soul being thus laid down to sleep in his peace, 'I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that ye wake her not !' "

The rare little volume which contains the sermon has also a number of Greek and Latin verses, *Memoriæ Matris Sacrum*, from the filial pen. Strangely enough, nowhere is the sweet and sage poet of The Temple so stiff, so strained, so given to awkward conceits, so out of tune with the austere ideals of classic diction. But inasmuch as George Herbert loved his mother (a fact discoverable with difficulty from the impersonal idiom of the *Parentalia*), there intrudes on his scholar's gait the natural faltering, the sudden pathos of attitude, as he recalls her twofold felicity of life,

*"Quicquid habet tellus, quicquid ut astra,
fruens."*

Of the gracious figure of Sir John Danvers we lose sight. Dr. Donne, we know, died in 1631, whatever was yet of earth in his spirit healed and chastened by long pain. His last remembrance to his friends was his own seal of Christ on the Anchor, "engraven very small on heliotropium stones, and set in gold, for rings." Many of those to whom his heart turned, the "autumnal beauty" scarce second among them, had preceded him out of England. But in traveling toward his Maker, he had the other sacred hope to "ebb on with them," and gloriously overtake them, as he traced the epitaph which covers him in St. Paul's: "*Hic licet in occiduo cinere ; aspicit eum cujus nomen est Oriens.*"

Louise Imogen Guiney.

TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,

AT THE DINNER GIVEN IN HIS HONOR AT THE TAVERN CLUB, ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1889.

A HEALTH to him whose double wreath displays
The critic's ivy and the poet's bays;
Who stayed not till with undisputed claim
The civic garland filled his meed of fame;
True knight of Freedom, ere her doubtful cause
Rose from the dust to meet the world's applause,
His country's champion on the bloodless field
Where truth and manhood stand for spear and shield!

Who is the critic? He who never skips
The luckless passage where his author slips;
Slides o'er his merits, stumbles at his faults,
Calls him a cripple if he sometimes halts,
Rich in the caustic epithets that sting,
The venom-vitriol malice loves to fling;
His quill a feathered fang at hate's command,
His ink the product of his poison-gland,—
Is this the critic? Call him not a snake,—
This noxious creature,—for the reptile's sake!

He is the critic who is first to mark
The star of genius when its glimmering spark
First pricks the sky, not waiting to proclaim
Its coming glory till it bursts in flame.
He is the critic whose divining rod
Tells where the waters hide beneath the sod;
Whom studious search through varied lore has taught
The streams, the rills, the fountain-heads, of thought;
Who, if some careless phrase, some slipshod clause,
Crack Priscian's skull or break Quintilian's laws,
Points out the blunder in a kindly way,
Nor tries his larger wisdom to display.
Where will you seek him? Wander far and wide,
Then turn and find him seated at your side!

Who is the poet? He who matches rhymes
In the last fashion of the new-born times;
Sweats over sonnets till the toil seems worse
Than Heaven intended in the primal curse;
Work, duties, pleasures, every claim forgets,
To shape his rondeaus and his triolets?
Or is it he whose random venture throws
His lawless whimsies into moonstruck prose,
Where they who worship the barbarian's creed
Will find a rhythmic cadence as they read,

As the pleased rustic hears a tune, or thinks
He hears a tune, in every bell that clinks?
Are these the poets? Though their pens should blot
A thousand volumes, surely such are not.

Who is the poet? He whom Nature chose
In that sweet season when she made the rose.
Though with the changes of our colder clime
His birthday will come somewhat out of time,
Through all the shivering winter's frost and chill
The bloom and fragrance cling around it still.
He is the poet who can stoop to read
The secret hidden in a wayside weed;
Whom June's warm breath with childlike rapture fills,
Whose spirit "dances with the daffodils;"
Whom noble deeds with noble thoughts inspire
And lend his verse the true Promethean fire;
Who drinks the waters of enchanted streams
That wind and wander through the land of dreams;
For whom the unreal is the real world,
Its fairer flowers with brighter dews impearled.
He looks a mortal till he spreads his wings,—
He seems an angel when he soars and sings!
Behold the poet! Heaven his days prolong,
Whom Elmwood's nursery cradled into song!

Who is the patriot? He who deftly bends
To every shift that serves his private ends,
His face all smiling while his conscience squirms,
His back as limber as a canker worm's;
Who sees his country floundering through a drift,
Nor stirs a hand the laboring wheel to lift,
But trusts to Nature's leisure-loving law,
And waits with patience for the snow to thaw?

Or is he one who, called to conflict, draws
His trusty weapon in his country's cause;
Who, born a poet, grasps his trenchant rhymes
And strikes unshrinking at the nation's crimes;
Who in the days of peril learns to teach
The wisest lessons in the homeliest speech;
Whose plain good sense, alive with tingling wit,
Can always find a handle that will fit;
Who touches lightly with Ithuriel spear
The toad close squatting at the people's ear,
And bids the laughing, scornful world descry
The masking demon, the incarnate lie?
This, this is he his country well may say
Is fit to share her savior's natal day!

Think not the date a worn-out king assigned
As Life's full measure holds for all mankind;
Shall Gladstone, crowned with eighty years, withdraw?
See, nearer home, the Lion of the Law,—

How Court Street trembles when he leaves his den,
Clad in the pomp of *four* score years and ten!

Once more the health of Nature's favored son,
The poet, critic, patriot, all in one ;
Health, honor, friendship, ever round him wait
In life's fair field beyond the seven-barred gate!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

RENAN'S DRAMAS.¹

RENAN has collected in this volume his several dramas, all, as the title indicates, of a philosophical character, and all of which have appeared since the year 1878. The last two pieces, the *Dialogue des Morts* and the *Prologue au Ciel*, are, as Renan intended them to be, mere fragments; but his *Caliban*, its sequel the *Eau de Jouvence*, *Le Prêtre de Nemi*, and the well-known *Abbesse de Jouarre* (now in its twenty-first edition) would, if we added the *Dialogues Philosophiques*, be sufficient to constitute quite an aggregate of literary work for one man. They excite all the more surprise when we remember that they have been composed in the leisure hours of an Orientalist, who in his two or three lines of work has written almost as voluminously as a Baur or an Ewald.

The slight esteem, however, in which the didactic romance and drama are held, and the effort to-day in all works of a dramatic character, whether novel or play, to avoid, if possible, merely speculative thought, could not have been an incentive to Renan in the composition of his *Drames Philosophiques*. He has felt this, and has prefixed, after the fashion of Racine and Corneille with their *examens*, several prefaces to his more important pieces. In these, the only new matter in the volume, he gives

some of his motives in writing; and in the first advances, somewhat in defense of himself, the plan of a new drama. Renan sees its office in the future as a vehicle of philosophy, since he considers the impartial character of the drama admirably adapted for expressing "the many conflicting opinions in which philosophy consists."

"Truths of this order should be neither directly affirmed nor directly denied; they cannot be the object of demonstration. What we can do is to present them in their different aspects; to show their strength, their feebleness, their necessity, their equivalents. . . . These were the reasons which led me one day to select the form of a dialogue to express certain series of ideas. I found then that the dialogue did not suffice,—that it lacks action; that the drama, free and without local color, in the style of Shakespeare, allows one to give much finer shades. Real history, that which has actually happened, is not alone interesting; along with real history is ideal history, that which has never taken place in the material world, but which to the ideal sense has occurred a thousand times. *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar* are not portraits of Roman customs; they are studies of absolute psychology.

"Modern philosophy will have its last expression in a drama, or rather in an opera; for music and the illusions of

¹ *Drames Philosophiques*. Par ERNEST RENAN. CALMANN LEVY, Editeur. 1888.

the lyric scene would serve admirably to continue the thought at that moment when the word was no longer sufficient to express it. One arrives thus at conceiving, in an aristocratic humanity where persons of intelligence form the public, a philosophical theatre, which would be one of the most powerful vehicles of the idea and the most efficacious agent of a higher culture. Such a theatre would of course have nothing in common with the actual theatre-substitute for the coffee-concert, where the stranger, the provincial, the *bourgeois*, seek only some way of passing an agreeable evening."

This theatre, while it would not supplant the old, would yet modify it, and one would have in the new the equivalent of the aristocratic book, with its few hundred readers only. In this aristocratic theatre, an inner circle could see represented in human masks the conflicting social and moral ideas of the day.

One who has left the little dingy *Maison de Molière*, the *Théâtre Français*, with the feeling that he would never again see such acting unless there, with a sense of almost complete reconciliation for its sake with the theatre in general, would be inclined beforehand to resent the slighting tone in which Renan speaks of this *honnête divertissement*; and unfortunately, a comparison of one of his philosophical dramas, a *Caliban* (suite de *La Tempête* de Shakespeare) with the *Tempest* itself, written largely for the groundling and bourgeois, is possibly the best vindication of the old drama that one needs. The groundling and the bourgeois, with minds little trained to abstract thought, took the greatest interest in life itself, and demanded this in a play for them. But Renan, in spite of his several characters, falls into the inevitable one rut of a didactic play; his persons are, after all, but the masks for a number of brilliant and suggestive abstractions; while in Shakespeare it is the universal human life that we see, the human being superior in its own

illogical, mysterious existence to any of its mere speculative opinions.

There is also an inconsistency, as one would think, in selecting as a model for the new drama which is to take a higher place than the old such plays as *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar*, which form the very essence of the old theatre.

Nevertheless, though it may be the best critique of Renan's theory of the drama to compare his *Caliban* with Shakespeare's, and however inconsistent he may be, we can be sure of finding much interesting matter in Renan's *Caliban*. Renan has written nothing that is dull; he is one of the most subtle thinkers of his age as well as one of its greatest writers, and he who will read these dramas in a sympathetic spirit will be quite sure to find a large fund of literary and philosophical merit in them.

The dramas are by no means narrow in their range, and touch frequently with a profound insight the most prominent political and social as well as religious questions of our time.

Renan, as is clear from this volume, has not allowed himself, like Strauss, to be forced by the opposition to him into the single barren road of a destructive criticism; he has expanded in the liberal atmosphere about him into an "artist" and a man of opinions on all subjects. But though the French reviewers, to whom Renan is first of all the great writer, in noticing this collection of his dramas, have left his theological career almost entirely in the background, for the American and English mind the dramas will probably be most largely of interest as coming from the theologian. The *Abbesse de Jouarre* would hardly convey to us, with our conception of the proper subject matter of a drama, the moral lesson which Renan intended it to convey to his own countrymen; and we could enter only remotely into the political and social significance of *Caliban* and the *Eau de Jouvence*. Renan's aristo-

cratic tendencies, his fear of the people (his Caliban), and his hatred of the bourgeois we have heard of only indirectly, and we shall probably always know him, according to our point of view, either as an "apostate or an infidel," or as the most brilliant figure in the modern literary scientific theology. In this respect alone, how much of historical interest attaches to his person! How much he has seen and gone through since, as an honest, homesick Breton, he came to Paris (1837) at the call of the confessor of Talleyrand, the aristocratic Monseigneur Dupanloup, to enter the seminary of St. Nicolas Chardonnet! Born and brought up in Tréguier, a little town in Bretagne, with the priesthood as his goal in life, and still *im Glauken fest*, he had been spending the vacation with a friend in a neighboring village, when the Monseigneur's dispatch came, — just, he tells us, as "the chimes of the evening angelus were shedding from parish to parish something soft, calm, and melancholy in the air, an image of the life that he was to leave forever."

Catholicism at Paris, Renan had found, as he says, an affair of "girls and wax candles." The study of rhetoric and the humanities at St. Nicolas Chardonnet and the scholasticism at St. Sulpice had given him no comfort. His exegetical and philological studies, however, had required a knowledge of German. At this point he made the acquaintance of Hug, Jahn, Gesenius, Oehlenschläger, and other great names in the freer exegesis of the Bible, and soon found himself taking root in a new world. And although he was first to make his fame as a philologist, and even to react from the revolutionary tone of his contributions at an earlier period to *La Liberté de Penser*, it was with him but a natural development from this time to that moment at which, on the government's refusing to allow him to deliver a certain course of lectures, he

published these as his *Vie de Jésus*. In the artificial conservatism and devotion of the new imperial *régime*, this book, which would have become famous under any circumstances, was read, as all know, to an unheard-of degree for a theological work; and after Strauss's *Life of Jesus* has been the most influential in introducing to the secular world the enormous revolution which two men above all, Schleiermacher and Baur, had effected in the study of the Bible. — a revolution whose world-historical significance in its connection with the whole future destiny of the Christian system is still to appear even more distinctly than it does now.

In Germany Renan has not been needed, as his work could not have taken the form that it did but for German research; but nowhere has he been more widely read except in France. He is to-day the most prominent historical figure in the theological world. Now an old man, his writings properly belong to a greater day than that of the more immediate present, and what he says, as paradoxical or inconsistent as it may often seem, has an universal interest. As a climax to his long labors, on the Beginnings of Christianity, Renan has now written his *History of Israel*; and this, with his *Jour de l'An 1886*, a French version of the prologue in *Faust*, and *Le Prêtre de Nemi*, is his latest word on theology.

The *Prêtre de Nemi* is founded on the tradition of an old temple of Diana on the Lake Nemi, near Alba Longa, according to which the priest, in order to be one legitimately, must with his own hand have killed his predecessor. Renan has wished to develop in this work a thought analogous to that of the old Hebrew expectations of a Messiah; that is, "faith in the definitive triumph of religious and moral progress, in spite of the repeated victories of folly and evil." The priest, a young Antistius, who by an irregular succession has become priest

without killing his predecessor, finds himself officiating in the temple of a cult which he has outgrown. He is, however, too heroic to desert, and makes a complaint of his beautiful associate, the sibyl Carmenta, who shares his, more liberal views, the occasion of some very noble words as to their duty and destiny. "The gods to whom you have made your vows," he says, "exist perhaps no longer, but the divine exists; you belong to it. What would one say, the day on which the sacred virgin of Latium joined the common lot and lost her aureole of virginity? I who am a priest am one forever. I have the right—I am obliged, indeed—to have religion make all the progress possible without destroying it. But I ought not to cease to be a priest. One shall never see Antistius in any other rôle than that of a master of sacred things."

As one may judge from this sentiment, Antistius is much in advance of an age in which human sacrifices are still practiced, and no one has ever expressed more clearly than the young priest has done the dream and aspiration of a reformed religion. The deity cannot be pleased with injustice and crime. The best homage to render to the old, cruel, dark Diana is to deny her existence. Let love take the place of fear, and let even the tradition of a one God be lost, if it is necessary, in the conception itself of the divine; one must at all hazards avoid making God a mere transcript of his own nature, — one who can be moved or brought over by importunities. Even if he heard our prayers, his first duty would most probably be to punish us for them. "Tais-toi! vil intéressé. Adore l'ordre éternel et tâche d'y conformer."

With such views, Antistius soon finds himself brought into sharp conflict with the existing religious order. In the first place, the former priest, Tetricus, had died of rage because Antistius had attained the succession without killing his

predecessor, and then in his associates, Ganeo and Sacrificulus, who valued the emoluments of the priesthood, and would have been the losers by the abolition of human sacrifice, he could not expect friends. Quite as dangerous as these, also, was a demagogue, Cethegus, the Babeuf or the Eud of this ancient community, who wished to destroy all priests as well as tyrants. Moreover, Antistius, by his liberal politics (he is a friend of the Roman) as well as in his religious views, offends the conservatives about Lake Nemi. He struggles from the first against hopeless odds; even so genial a nature as a Metius cannot conceive of a social order on any other basis than that of human sacrifice. Ganeo and Sacrificulus slay their human victims in secret, and in the last act one Casca creates a great deal of popular enthusiasm by the murder of Antistius, — thus becoming priest in his stead.

There could hardly be found a keener satire on religious intolerance, and at this point one might class Renan with such religious reformers as Theodore Parker and the German Tzschirner. But the Prologue au Ciel, written after *Le Prêtre de Nemi*, will not allow this; for it exceeds in its tone anything that Voltaire has ever written, and would seem to indicate that Renan has lost his faith even in the moral order of the universe, — a point of view of which the *esprit gaulois* in its most brilliant moment can hardly commend to any practical way of thinking.

The truth is that Renan, unlike the many other famous men of letters, who from Rabelais to Carlyle have begun as priests or as students of theology, but into whose literary work Christian thought penetrates only indirectly, has entered too deeply into the Christian spirit to be able to make himself independent of it. All of his best thought has been here, and in spite of his renunciation of Christianity on the Acropolis, he has never been able, as he so

often confesses, to accept any other dogma in its place ; he has not the strength to press on, like Kant or Spinoza, into some compact and consistent world outside of the church. Hence the mass of inconsistencies in all that he writes ; his glorification in the same breath and in an exclusive spirit of Hellenic and Christian ideals of life ; his *Prêtre de Nemi*, an elevated religious epic, side by side with his *Prologue au Ciel*, in which Gabriel has just been reading to The Eternal the novels of Alexandre Dumas, Balzac, and Stendahl, *pour vous reposer de Spinoza*, and in which The Eternal laments his imperfections, promises to reform, and is seen smiling with an expression *de bonté et d'ironie tout à fait indicible*, — a dramatic fragment which has the coarseness of one of the old Mysteries and the familiarity of Goethe's *Prolog im Himmel*, without the naive character of the mediæval play or any touch of the latter's sublime mysticism and beauty of form.

But however this may be, we can be sure that a sufficient number of such reflections will be made ; it has become stale, the convicting Renan of inconsistency and irreverence ; and we can afford to dwell on the really exquisite worth of such dramas as the *Prêtre de Nemi* and the *Eau de Jouvence*. As Scherer says of Taine, Renan excites antagonisms ; he is moreover a hopeless skeptic, and this with his charming style leads him into contradictions and daz-

zling half truths. But Renan has that rare Celtic gift, the ability to be as jolly and as frivolous as a buffoon in the days of Turlupin and the Gros-Guillaume, and yet to arrive at very substantial ends. The *Drames Philosophiques*, as all that Renan has written, may swarm with inconsistencies and paradoxes, but they are full, too, of profound and also original thought, and so far as style is concerned he has written nothing better. One can place Renan very high as a writer of French prose, and this is to class him but little after the Greek prose writers. In his dramas, though the transition from his histories to these could not have been an easy one, he shows the same hand of the master. He has done here precisely what he intended to do. His situations are interesting, and though the dialogue is in one or two places, as for instance in *Caliban*, where Jacinto discusses the philosophy of beauty, a little naive, it never seems forced, and though on abstract subjects it moves well-nigh with the rapidity of *Lear* or *Macbeth*, it is never unnatural, never insipid, never inflated ; the use of words is equal to that of Racine's use of them ; and if one compares these dramas with others of their kind, the second part of *Faust*, for example, or with the *Epimenides Erwachen* (Goethe), he will see how good and rational they are, and how much Renan has done to give a certain romantic interest to the ideas of his day.

YOUNG SIR HENRY VANE.¹

WITH the single exception of Cromwell, the greatest statesman of the heroic age of Puritanism was unquestionably

¹ *The Life of Young Sir Henry Vane, Governor of Massachusetts Bay, and Leader of the Long Parliament. With a Consideration of the*

the younger Henry Vane. He did as much as any one to compass the downfall of Strafford ; he brought the military Commonwealth as a Forecast of America. By JAMES K. HOSMER. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

tary strength of Scotland to the aid of the hard-pressed Parliament; he administered the navy with which Blake won his astonishing victories; he dared even withstand Cromwell at the height of his power, when his measures savored too much of violence. After the death of Pym in 1643, Sir Henry Vane, then thirty-one years of age, was the foremost man in the Long Parliament, and so remained as long as that Parliament controlled the march of events. As Baxter said, "he was that within the House that Cromwell was without." Yet before the beginning of his brilliant career in England, this young man had written his name indelibly upon one of the earliest pages in the history of the American people. It is pleasant to remember that this admirable man was once the chief magistrate of an American commonwealth. Thorough republican and enthusiastic lover of liberty, he was spiritually akin to Jefferson and to Samuel Adams. His career furnishes an excellent illustration of Mr. Doyle's remark, that "by looking at the colony of Massachusetts, we can see what sort of a commonwealth was constructed by the best men of the Puritan party, and to some extent what they would have made of the government of England if they could have had their way unchecked."

An adequate biography of this great statesman was a thing much to be desired. Half a century ago, Mr. C. W. Upham contributed to Sparks's *American Biography* a very interesting life of Vane, and about the same time Mr. John Forster, in his *Statesmen of the Commonwealth*, made a sketch characterized by his usual brilliancy. But both these writers indulged themselves in that kind of indiscriminate eulogy which used in those days to be thought necessary for biographers; and by way of foil to their hero, they seemed to feel bound to underrate and misinterpret Cromwell, even as Carlyle seemed to

think he was exalting the great Protector in belittling Vane. The remarkable advance in fairness and breadth of view which historical studies have made within the last fifty years is nowhere better illustrated than in the spirit in which the seventeenth century in England is treated by Masson and Gardiner as contrasted with Macaulay. It is no longer the fashion to depict individuals or parties as wholly saintlike or quite the reverse, and it is beginning to be practically recognized that there are two sides to almost every question.

The need for an adequate life of Sir Harry Vane has been most thoroughly and admirably satisfied by Mr. Hosmer. As a biography and as a historical monograph it deserves to be ranked among the best books of the day. It paints a lifelike picture of the man, and it describes, in a broad, generous spirit and with keen philosophical insight, the causal succession of events in one of the most momentous political contests the world has ever seen. We are getting far enough away from the seventeenth century to realize the critical importance of the struggle in which kingship was struck down in England just as it was attaining unchecked supremacy in all the other great nations of Europe. We can put the Great Rebellion into its proper place in the series of conflicts which have so far resulted in spreading constitutional government far and wide over two hemispheres, and we can begin to see how disastrous in its consequences would have been the victory of the Cavaliers, true and gallant men as most of them doubtless were. Without dealing too much in generalities, Mr. Hosmer's narrative keeps before us the gravity of the issues at stake, while our attention is seldom drawn away from the powerful but quiet and gracious personality that occupies the centre of the canvas. It is customary for great eras to live in the twilight of popular memory in association with some one sur-

passing name, while other heroes of the time are dimly remembered or quite forgotten. The work of these other men gets unconsciously transferred to the credit of the most brilliant or striking hero, as Hamilton, for example, is apt to get associated not merely with his own all-important achievements, but likewise with those of Madison and the Federal Convention generally. In accordance with this labor-saving habit of mind, the Great Rebellion in popular memory means Oliver Cromwell, while such men as Eliot and Pym, Fairfax and Ireton, are passed over; and if Hampden stays, it is partly due to the often-quoted line of the poet Gray. So there are many who know Vane only through Milton's sonnet, itself perhaps the noblest literary tribute ever paid to a statesman. In Mr. Hosmer's pages Sir Harry lives again, one of the brightest figures of the Puritan age, cheerful and affectionate, full of sacred enthusiasm, yet shrewd and self-contained. "He was indeed a man of extraordinary parts, a pleasant wit, a great understanding which pierced into and discerned the purposes of men with wonderful sagacity, whilst he had himself *vultum clausum*, that no man could make a guess of what he intended." So says Clarendon, who loved him not, but could not help admiring the skill which, at the most critical moment of the war, when many stout adherents of the parliamentary cause were inclined to abandon it as lost, all at once brought light out of darkness, as the signing of the Solemn League and Covenant summoned Alexander Leslie and twenty thousand brawny Scots across the border to stand side by side with Cromwell and Fairfax at Marston Moor. In later days it became matter of common report that the northern Covenanters had fallen a prey to the wiles of "that sweet youth," and allowed themselves to be hoodwinked and cozened by "sly Sir Harry," until, in the hope of establishing Presbyterianism south of the Tweed,

they lent themselves to the work of setting the monster Independency upon its feet. Mr. Hosmer carefully examines this charge, and, we think, successfully refutes it. It was neither the first nor the last contract on record which has afterward come to receive conflicting interpretations from the two parties without any tricksome intent on either side. "The Scots," says Mr. Hosmer, "understood that England assumed their own narrow Presbyterianism, with its complete intolerance; Vane and his friends gave the instrument a different interpretation, which they honestly felt it would bear." The amendments which Vane partly succeeded in engrafting upon the Scottish proposals at Edinburgh are sufficient evidence of his straightforwardness. It was plain enough that in making a league to overcome the king, the Scots wanted one thing, while the English wanted another. Vane did not hide this fact; to have emphasized it would have been to forfeit all claim to diplomatic tact. His part in the memorable negotiation is tersely summed up by Clarendon: "Sir Harry Vane was one of the commissioners, and therefore the others need not be named, since he was all in any business where others were joined with him." In the Committee of Both Kingdoms which the league created he was equally effective, and it was mainly through his persistent dexterity that the committee acquired the control of military affairs, and thus gave to the operations of the parliamentary army that unity which they had hitherto lacked.

The first-fruits of Vane's diplomacy were Marston Moor and Naseby, and it would be unreasonable to find fault with Mr. Hosmer for pausing to describe those battles. They are brilliant episodes in his narrative. We have nowhere seen the two battles more lucidly explained. The author has been himself a soldier, and has looked at the ground with a military eye. One quite

envies him the pleasant journey, as on his tricycle he follows the route of the Ironsides over the smooth roads and smiling fields of Merry England. His pages are redolent of the mellow cheer and fragrance of the summer day under that mild northern sun. One catches, with the author, the spirit of the deadly fight, and realizes, as Naseby spire fades away in the distance, the gravity of the crisis and the completeness of the victory. Said stout old Sir Jacob Astley, when the Roundheads took him captive a few months afterward, "Gentlemen, ye may now sit down and play, for you have done all your work, if you fall not out among yourselves."

They were already falling out among themselves; how seriously, Dunbar and Worcester were by and by to show. "Their own generation," says Mr. Hosmer, "believed that the Independents drew their origin from America." Certainly there had been witnessed in Boston, in the year when Harvard College was founded, some noteworthy manifestations of Independency, and scenes had been enacted which had left a deep impress upon Sir Harry's youthful mind. In 1635, the gossips wrote: "Sir Henry Vane hath as good as lost his eldest son, who is gone into New England for conscience' sake; he likes not the discipline of the Church of England; . . . no persuasions of our bishops nor authority of his parents could prevail with him: let him go." The fascinating boy arrived in Boston in October, 1635, and in the following March, having won all hearts, was elected governor of Massachusetts. He witnessed the Pequot war, the beautiful heroism and rare diplomacy of Roger Williams, and the bitter strife which ensued upon the teachings of Mrs. Hutchinson. Mr. Hosmer gives a vivid picture of the life in the little colony, the theological warfare, and the passionate tears of the young man as the difficulties thickened around him. Perhaps his indiscreet threat of an ap-

peal to the throne in favor of the Antinomians, as he sailed for England in the summer of 1637, may have served to hasten the banishment of Mrs. Hutchinson; but the lesson of toleration was already taking shape in his mind, as was clearly shown in his controversy with Winthrop. His friendly relations with Roger Williams began at the time of the Pequot war; and in 1643, when Williams visited England in quest of a charter for Rhode Island, he was Vane's guest at his house in London, and also at his country-seat in Lincolnshire. It was then that Williams wrote that noble book, *The Bloody Tenent of Persecution for Cause of Conscience*, in the preface to which he thus refers to his friend: "Mine ears were glad and late witnesses of an heavenly speech of one of the most eminent of that High Assembly of Parliament: *Why should the labours of any be suppressed, if sober, though never so different? We now profess to seek God, we desire to see light!*" Mr. Hosmer gives in fac-simile a touching letter from Vane to Winthrop in 1645, in which he urges his friends in New England to respect the liberty of conscience.

In 1648, in order to save the cause of liberty from losing to intrigue and chicanery all the ground it had won by the sword, the Ironsides felt themselves called upon to take things into their own hands. This period of the story, extending to the forcible dissolution of the Rump Parliament in 1653, Mr. Hosmer treats under the rubric of American England. For the moment, the spirit of Independency, which reigned supreme in Massachusetts, asserted itself in England in the temporary overthrow of the crown and the aristocracy. In this period Sir Harry appears as the opponent of the extreme measures of his party. He heartily disapproves of such irregular proceedings as Pride's Purge and the execution of the king. Here is shown the strong conservatism of tem-

perament of this law-abiding American-Englishman. He had all the ingrained reverence of our sturdy practical race for constitutional methods, and withal a far-sighted intelligence that could discern ways of settling the difficulty which were for the moment impracticable, because his contemporaries had not grown up to them. In his mind were the rudiments of the idea of a written constitution, upon which a new government for England might be built, with powers neatly defined and limited. One fancies that in some respects he would have felt himself more at home if he could have been suddenly translated from the Rump Parliament of 1653 to the Federal Convention of 1787, in which immortal assembly there sat perhaps no man of loftier spirit than his. It was natural enough that Cromwell, whose stern common sense discerned the practical need of the moment and reluctantly fulfilled it, should cry, "The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" In spite of this antagonism at the supreme crisis, however, the Protector recognized the worth of his opponent, and seems to have borne him no deep-seated ill-will. There was no downright break between them until the Healing Question came up in 1656.

In Vane's last years there seemed to be some good reasons for distrusting his judgment on practical questions. The element of dreamy enthusiasm always

present in him began to come into the foreground as his more sober ideas and plans were thwarted. Some of his latest utterances are like the rhapsodies of the Fifth Monarchists. Herein again appears his spiritual kinship with his friends in Massachusetts. The theocratic ideal of the founders of Massachusetts, as developed freely in the American wilderness, was kept within rational bounds; but if hemmed in by such inexorable circumstances as checked the early growth of republicanism in England, it would very likely have flowered grotesquely enough in Fifth Monarchist vagaries. In Edward Johnson, of Woburn, author of the *Wonder-Working Providence*, there were many of the features of an extreme Fifth Monarchy man.

When Charles II. came back to his father's throne, there was but one thing to be done with such a representative republican as Sir Harry Vane. His head must come off, for there was not room enough in England to hold him and the son of Charles I. at the same time. He died on Tower Hill, with all the fearlessness and charming sweetness that had always marked his life. His memory is a precious possession for all coming generations; and the book in which Mr. Hosmer has told the story of his life, with such warm sympathy and such broad intelligence, is worthy of its subject.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Neglected Virtue. SOME persons are so lucky as to be born into the world in full possession of certain good things which others obtain, if at all, only by long and difficult effort. Sometimes it is external, material goods they are endowed with by Fortune's or Nature's

gift, — wealth, health, and leisure; and sometimes it is certain intellectual powers or temperamental qualities, which are less visible and tangible prizes than the first, but even more serviceable and enduring.

I do not know of any one thing which,

on the whole, conduces more to individual comfort, on the journey through the rough ways of this troubled life, than a hopeful temper, which to the poor is a mine of riches, and to the afflicted the sun that scatters the clouds of night. This temper of hope is one of the few things really worth envy. It often has no basis in religious faith, and has nothing to do with any processes of reason. It belongs to certain favored persons, like the shape of their nose or the color of their eyes, independently of their will or effort. They hope almost as they breathe, naturally and inevitably. They go through life, not as other mortals do, plodding on their feet or rolling in their carriage, but lightly wafted in a balloon; drifting, it may be, with varying air currents, with temporary depressions or threatenings of disastrous collision, yet holding on a buoyant course, and not settling to earth till the gas supply is exhausted. Or we may perhaps figure them as never making descent at all, but rather as throwing out the ballast of the fleshly frame, and soaring upward till lost in the empyrean.

Theirs is the hope which, according to the poet, springs eternal in the human breast; and indeed there must be great force of it present in mankind at large, or the world would not go on. If the unhopeful ones were in the majority, there would come a general slackening and weakening in the world's pulse of life, increasing in fatal ratio. But between the extremes of the few who always hope and the fewer who never hope are the great masses of men whom hope may desert but only intermittently, giving to their pathway light enough to guide their steps.

If we try to account for the singular persistency of hopefulness which some persons exhibit under continued tests of unfavorable circumstance, several things may be said. Their evenly cheerful and sanguine mood may be largely due to

physical vitality; to a strength of nervous constitution that knows nothing of the nameless, indescribable disturbances of equilibrium produced by the sapping of nervous force. Again, the mind that sees all things in light, not gloom, often does so by virtue of its own deficiency. Lack of imagination serves a man's comfort wonderfully well when it shuts his eyes to the misery of the world, so that while he knows of it, and in words laments it, he never realizes it, never feels it as his own. A prosaic quality of mind also lightens a man's individual lot. Imaginative people, by an inward necessity, "look before and after;" they cannot live in the life of to-day only, but also in their life of yesterday and tomorrow; the perspective of existence is lengthened infinitely; and if to-day be sad, its gloom is darkened by the memory of past sorrow and the forecast of suffering to come. Sometimes they thus add unnecessarily to the burden of life; they bear griefs by anticipation which in reality never come. But however unwise or even wrong this may be, it is as natural to the imaginative to suffer vicariously for the world and unreally for themselves as it is natural for the unimaginative to comfort themselves in their more bounded and brighter view. "Minds that have little to confer find little to perceive," wrote Wordsworth, with one of his infrequent happy brevities of expression. It is not cold-heartedness that makes some persons less sensible than others to the miseries of mankind; it is simply lack of ability to realize them fully.

There is one aspect of hope, I think, we are apt to overlook, which is that, for Christians at least, hope is of the nature of virtue. It is a religious man's duty to hope, so far as it is possible, because hope for the world and himself rests on faith in the Almighty wisdom and goodness; and regarding it from this point of view, he may find it easier to hope than he would have supposed.

Religion does not require of us anything impossible or irrational; and if we think a little, we shall remind ourselves that hope is rational. It may not go on in us in the automatic fashion it works in others, but we must remember the saying, "It is a part of probability that many improbable things may happen." We cannot hope without some ground for it, we say; and let us not forget to add that there always is ground for it. For hope is not sight, not fruition; it is expectation and desire waiting hand in hand.

If a man cannot be judged happy till he dies, neither can he be pronounced quite unhappy till that event in life occurs.

For some of us the greater virtues are the easier of attainment. "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity;" yet some of us find less difficulty in being faithful and loving than in being hopeful. The more credit to us if we resolutely put away the hindrances to hopefulness, try to learn the art of living in the present, — *in* it, not *for* it, — avoid the companionship of darker thoughts, and live much with the outdoor world and with little children.

There is much contagion of hopelessness in the air of our deeply questioning and faithless age. We owe it to our fellows to show such hope as is in us. Courage many men are capable of who are not capable of hope. "Hope evermore, O man; for e'en as thy thought is, so are the things that thou seest."

Vocal Culture once more.

— A friend in Munich writes to us: The name of the Italian teacher of singing in Paris, to whom commendatory reference was made by a member of the Club in December last, is Sbriglia. I may add that the discussion of this topic is exceedingly important at the present time, and that the views expressed in the Contributors' Club have gratified many musical people, more especially those

who are interested in vocal culture. A Parisian journal calls attention to A Warning Note, and advises all young Americans who think of coming to Europe for the cultivation of the voice to read it before securing their passage. The evils of false, hasty, and superficial methods of vocal training are making themselves felt more and more, and wherever they prevail lead to a rapid decline of the opera. This is decidedly the case in Munich, where there has been, within a few years, a fatal falling off in the performances of the once famous Hofoper. Since the resignation of Frau Basta there has been no colorature singer on the stage, and, what is worse, the director, Baron von Perfall, does not intend to secure any one in her stead, because, from a Wagnerian point of view, such singing is of little or no account. Whether one is fond of florid music or dislikes it is a matter of taste; but that in a Royal Opera, like that of Munich, there should be no one capable of executing it is a disgrace. It is now impossible, for example, to give such operas as *Rigoletto*, the *Magic Flute*, and the *Huguenots* in Munich without calling in foreign aid, because there is no one there who can sing the parts of *Gilda*, the *Queen of the Night*, and the *Queen of Navarre*. Quite recently, when circumstances rendered it desirable to represent these operas, it was necessary to invite *Madame Biazzi* from Rotterdam to take the aforementioned rôles. If the inhabitants of Munich occasionally get a chance to hear these and other musical productions of a like character, they have to bless their "stars."

Wagner was probably the greatest master of harmony that ever lived, and shows this exceptional power in the grandeur and originality of his orchestral effects. How magnificent are the instruments in *Siegfried*, but how tedious the solo-droning of *Wodan*, and even the recitative monologue of the youthful hero himself! One often wishes that

they would remain behind the scenes, and not interrupt with their monotonous declamation the splendid performance of the orchestra. Wagner, on the other hand, had no appreciation of melody, and no proper conception of the capabilities and limitations of the human voice. The one thing needful for the vocal parts of his musical dramas is not perfect training of the voice, but powerful lungs, such as his countrymen, perhaps more than any other people, are naturally endowed with; but even their pulmonary power is not sufficient to endure, for any length of time, the wear and tear of his superhuman strains.

A musical critic of the Wagnerian school recently spoke of Patti as a wonderful natural singer, but without thorough training. The good man had so long accustomed his mind to the crude Wagnerian conception of vocal culture as to forget that the bird-like ease and evenness with which she pours forth her notes was the highest perfection of art, and would be impossible without the most thorough training. "The art itself is nature." In noticing a concert given, a short time since, by Patti in Albert Hall, the Times remarked that her voice is richer and more beautiful than it was at her *début* in London, more than a quarter of a century ago. This result is due, not so much to excellent natural qualities of voice as to superior instruction according to the rational method of the old Italian school.

Significant for the approaching reaction against the excesses of Wagnerism is the present attitude of many of those who were once its most zealous apostles. I need only instance Friedrich Nietzsche, who was formerly one of the most genial and enthusiastic advocates of this movement, and wrote a book in exposition of the gospel of the so-called Bayreuther Messias; but who, in a recently published *brochure*, entitled *Der Fall Wagner*, is constrained to confess that Wagnerism was one of

his diseases, an infection like measles and scarlet fever, to which all persons are liable in certain stages of their growth and development, but from which he is now wholly recovered, and happily can never take again.

A Weird Wreath. — The inmates of a little cottage near the head-waters of the Susquehanna derived much pleasure during many weeks, indeed during many months, from watching what might truly be called a *Weird Wreath*.

One morning in November, when the last colored leaves were falling from the grove on the steep river-bank, immediately beneath the cottage windows, we were surprised by the sight of a regularly formed wreath, hanging gracefully from a long branch of an oak-tree, perhaps thirty feet from the ground. The tree was very nearly bare; only a few tufts of faded leaves were clinging irregularly to the twigs, here and there.

A few brown leaves will frequently cling to certain trees, beech, white oak, and young maples, several months after the forest is gray and bare. But here was a regular festoon, singularly graceful in outline and rich in leafage, clinging daintily, by some invisible loop at either end, to the long bare branch which supported it, while scarcely a dozen other brown leaves could be seen on the same tree. It was a bit of woodcraft, the like of which we had never beheld before. Grinling Gibbon, that famous English carver in wood, of olden times, might have taken it as a model for one of the garlands so delicately carved by him on tall chimneys in ancient halls of English country-houses. But no human hand had touched this wreath, on the bank of the Susquehanna. It seemed as if autumn, in taking flight, after the Indian summer, had flung this sylvan festoon on the oak limb for our especial gratification. Day after day, week after week, aye, month after month, we watched that brown garland; now wav- ing in the breeze, now powdered with

snow, now dimly seen by moonlight. On mild days, the squirrels, merry creatures, came leaping gayly about it. In severe snowstorms or heavy showers of rain, it would be veiled from our sight, and we would watch anxiously for its reappearance when the storm had passed over. But there it hung, graceful as ever, and again we looked down upon the limpid waters of the Susquehanna, seen through its regular outline. The cottage standing on the brow of the steep bank, one naturally looked down upon grove and river. More than once, on clear moonlight evenings, we noted a bright star reflected in the river, the festoon forming a setting to the gem, — heaven and earth blending together, as they ever do in this world of ours. As the weeks passed, and the garland still hung on the supporting limb, our interest in this weird wreath increased. Every morning we sent it a greeting from our dining-room window, pleased when we found it unchanged. In December a record of its little history was commenced.

December 14th. Wreath still perfect; coloring slightly tinged with pale yellow.

Christmas Day. Wreath still in place, but ruddy brown to-day.

January 15th. No change in our festoon, though often powdered with snowflakes.

April 5th. Buds swelling on all the forest trees; wreath unchanged in spite of all the storms of winter!

May 1st. Oak wreath still full. Green leaves thickening about it. Young oak leaves opening on the same tree, even on the branch from which the festoon is suspended. Willows, alders, aspens, decked in the "glad light green" of spring; the amelanchier on the bank in full flower; wild plum and other fruit trees in blossom. Lilac leaves and others on various shrubs are half size. Younger maples nearly in full leaf. Amid all this gay, cheery throng of

springtide the wreath hangs brown and dull, and still strangely regular in outline.

May 15th. Apple-trees in full bloom. Birds flitting to and fro, gay and busy and musical. Many flowering shrubs out of bloom, white petals strewing the paths. The magic festoon heeds them as little as it heeded the snowflakes of winter.

June 11th. Locusts in full blossom. Wreath unchanged through all these many weeks, in spite of gusts of wind and heavy showers. A mystery.

August 5th. Summer flowers in full splendor. Wreath hanging calm and brown above them.

October 5th. The leaves are coloring in bright flashes, here and there in the valley and along the lake shore. In the village streets they are beautiful. Hills still green. Why this difference? It is seen every year. The maples on low ground are always the first to brighten into red and gold, while those on the hills are unchanged. Our oak is touched here and there with yellow tints, but the brown wreath of last year's leaves hangs unchanged from the same limb.

October 24th. Very high wind. As much of a gale as we ever have in this quiet valley. Brightly colored leaves flying wildly in every direction. Some few trees broken by the blast. A barn blown down. Weird wreath still unchanged!

November 1st. A touch of winter, though we may have a warm Indian summer later in the month. There is much difference in the character of successive years in these highlands, — a difference, at times, of six or seven weeks. We have seen the red maples open their scarlet flowers here on the 22d of March; two years later they only opened the first week in May. We have gathered wild violets and golden dandelions on the 18th of December, amid grass brightly green, by the roadside. The following year our tender plants were

cut off by a heavy frost, the 1st of October. I have seen farmers ploughing on these hills every month in the year, — different years, of course. Our magic wreath little heeds the changing seasons. Has the dryad given it a mystic charm? How can withered leaves, tossed by a hundred gusts, possibly cling for such a length of time to a tree? Every week increases our amazement, as we see the festoon still hanging, with careless ease, from that slender limb. A friend has asked its size; impossible to measure it, as the branch from which it droops so gracefully, though long, is too slender to support a ladder — or a boy! Good judges say it is rather less than three feet in breadth, and about two feet in depth; the ends being daintily attached to the limb, on either side, by some mysterious loop, giving it the form of a regular semi-ellipsis.

December 22d. This evening, looking down the bank from the dining-room window, we again saw a star brilliantly reflected in the river, the brown festoon framing the picture.

January 15th. The second year is rolling onward. Wreath still entire, though slightly less regular. Truly a puzzle, a marvel.

March 21st. The snow has vanished. Robins and other early birds flitting about, singing their morning song from the higher branches of our oak; squirrels leaping merrily to and fro, and running up the gray trunk. Leaf buds are swelling in all directions; another spring is at hand. The wreath unchanged in position and outline, but growing paler in coloring; more gray than brown.

April 7th. The end has come. Weird wreath vanished!

High wind with heavy rain last night. We had a sort of presentiment that our wreath would be blown away. On looking down at the branch where it has hung these *seventeen months*, we missed it. Scrambled down the steep wild bank, through the jungle, in search of

any fragments to be found. Discovered the broken festoon lying on a bed of withered leaves. The mystery of its outline solved at last. Two slender leafy twigs from the parent tree, each inclining towards the other with the natural curve of a semicircle, had become closely entangled together at the ends, thus forming a natural festoon, singularly regular.

But by what means have those broken twigs with their withered leaves — now ghost-like and gray — hung so many months in that graceful festoon, heedless of wind, storm, rain, hail, and snow? A Weird Wreath indeed!

Moral Phys- — A distinguished French-
ognomy.

man recently said that he would rather be a beautiful woman than anything else, if he had his choice; while another asserted that he would be a beautiful woman up to thirty, a general up to sixty, and a statesman the remainder of his life. Henry James draws attention to the fact that London, passing by the most royal social lions, will go to any length to find and to *fête* a beautiful woman. We Americans are not backward in the appreciation of beauty, but the gem is not so rare a one with us as it is across the water. While our women justly rank first in beauty among all intellectual nations, our men are somewhat inferior in what may be called handsome looks. Still there are some uncomely women left to keep the men company, and for the benefit of such a New York specialist advertises her success in treating her sex for ugliness. She warrants to render a down-right ugly woman presentable, and a plain one profitably handsome. The nature of her treatment, like the Loissette system, must be a matter of curiosity to either sex. The fond lover would gladly send, for a small perquisite, the high cheek-bone and receding chin of his Aravilla for treatment; and the anxious mamma, with her eight ducklings of daughters ready to be launched into the

matrimonial pool, would pay right handsomely for "beautiful girls warranted." True, there are some defects of countenance that can and ought to be eradicated, — a squint of the eye, a crooked nose, a poor complexion; all these misfortunes come under the head of therapeutics. But where is that thaumaturgist who can make beautiful a person naturally and obviously ugly, unless he call up the beauty expressive of a mind free from inclination to vice and a heart fine with sympathy? When we come to think of it, is beauty of face an advantage to a woman, on the whole? Of course it is good to look upon; but somehow that kind of food by itself is never nutritive. The hot-house camellia has pride and perfection, but no soul. That is unfortunately the case with the majority of beautiful women, especially with that class known as "society belles." Such as have not the gift of the gods are very apt to make up their deficiencies with amiability, courtesy, and intelligence, so that their loss becomes a general gain. The anecdote told of a distinguished nobleman and his son and heir, meets the point. After the son, with dignity, had refused, at his father's suggestion, to marry the high-born and the wealthy, the father persistently tried again: "Then, if it is beauty you seek, here is the lovely Miss Southampton. Her beauty alone has won her the most noted of suitors."

"But I do not look for beauty any more than I do for fortune. Since I am to marry, I desire only happiness."

"Oh, that is quite a different case! If it is happiness you seek, marry a plain woman, by all means."

Indeed, it is a mooted question whether the fashion be not on the eve of a disruptive change. A prominent scientist argues that a future race of men will be noseless, for in that highly differentiated state the barbaric sense of smell will be gone; then who will need a nose? Proportionately the whole face will un-

dergo a change. However that may be, there is a decided swing in the pendulum of inexorable taste toward stability and plainness. Gingerbread flipperiness in women as well as houses is becoming a recollection. Our girls' colleges are developing broader foreheads, irregular features, indicative of alertness, thought, and capability. While no art can take from us our women's matchless complexions, education does develop the mask face of inane regularity into the speaking countenance of quick beauty. The time has long passed when men doubt that "each state of the human mind and of internal sensation has its peculiar expression in the face," as Lavater puts it. Let the beautiful face show the lines of envy and hatred or the tracteries of passion, as it surely does if the concordant feelings exist, and it becomes repugnant and ugly. Deformity does not then express itself in inborn irregularity of features, but rather in those disagreeable changes that are impressed by constant repetition. So also the changes concomitant with a morally beautiful state impart the stable beauty we most admire. If, then, our New York friend is to make women really beautiful, she must first change moral deformity into moral grace. Character is the photographer, the face the sensitized paper. The process must be frequent before the print be permanent. Even in those beyond the "can't-teach-an-old-dog" line, moral loveliness, the supreme artist, can originate expressions that may become the herald of the noblest form of beauty. The plainest woman need never fear a successful rivalry based on beauty alone, if she carry in her face a harmony of qualities, which is but the natural reverberation of a pure and symmetrical mind.

The Son of Sirach, many centuries ago, gave the unfortunate good cheer when he said, "The heart of man changeth his countenance, whether it be for good or evil; and a merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Science and Philosophy. The Order of Creation; the Conflict between Genesis and Geology. (The Truth Seeker Co., New York.) A succession of papers, by Gladstone, Huxley, Max Müller, Réville, and Mrs. Linton, in which each smashes the other. — The Human Mystery in Hamlet, an attempt to say an unsaid word, with suggestive parallelisms from the elder poets, by Martin W. Cooke. (Fords.) Mr. Cooke's contention that in Hamlet Shakespeare was holding the mirror up to the spiritual life of man in this world cannot be called absolutely new, but his little book is interesting from the variety of lights in which he puts this fact, and also for the skill with which he changes the centre of discussion, and relieves us of the everlasting question, Was Hamlet insane or not? — Ralph Waldo Emerson, Philosopher and Seer, an estimate of his character and genius, by As Bronson Alcott (Cupples & Hurd), is a reissue of the essay with the addition of Alcott's *Ion*, a Monody. — The Soul of the Far East. (Houghton.) In reprinting the papers which appeared under this title in *The Atlantic*, Mr. Percival Lowell has enlarged the scope by important additions, and the more comprehensive and detailed character of the work gives the book a permanent value. It is really a hand-book to the inner life of Japan and China, and ought to do much towards introducing Western people to their neighbors' consciousness. — The Tree of Mythology, its Growth and Fruitage, a study by Charles De B. Mills. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse.) This essay, the author says, seeks to ascertain something of the origin, the nature, and the growth of myth; what it primarily was, and what has come of it. So it deals with myths arising from metaphor, heroic legends, nursery tales, proverbs, and the like. It is for the most part a mosaic of the work of other students, but Mr. Mills occasionally draws upon his own observation and experience, and the reflections and conclusions are his own. He is a sympathetic student. — The Self: What is It? by J. S. Malone. (J. P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.) A philosophical inquiry into the fundamental base of personality, which the writer finds in feeling rather than thinking, and an application to theories of education. The book is racy and readable. Here is an odd sentence from it. The writer is contrasting Jesus Christ with the philosophers: "On the other hand, the unlearned youth, Jesus, who nevertheless became noted at his first sermon on the mount for speaking with

authority, went straight, not to the kitchen, but to the front door, and knocked with authority. The master of the house, Sensibility, opened the door, and embraced the wonderful Stranger at first sight. 'You are welcome! Abide, and be one of my household henceforth and always!' In this view of the case it is not at all likely that the remonstrance or wrangling in the back kitchen of rationality can tend in the least to dislodge the Stranger, especially after such a welcome from the master; such wrangling can amount to no more than the clamor of so many fools." — Living Matter, its Cycle of Growth and Decline in Animal Organisms, by C. A. Stephens. (The Laboratory Co., Norway, Maine.) "The present small volume," says the preface, "is a *résumé* of an extended investigation into the causes of 'old age' and organic death. It is furthermore designed as an introduction to a number of hand-books treating of the re-vitalization of the human organism." The object of the investigation, as presented elsewhere, is to raise the question whether there is any reasonable hope of prolonging life beyond the present time limit, say to a hundred and fifty or two hundred years. Mr. Stephens thinks we can do it; but who wants to be an everlasting grub? — Persons in search of a new religion may find it by applying to Singleton W. Davis, San Diego, Cal., who has written *Sketches of the Scientific Dispensation of a New Religion*.

Music and the Stage. The Dramatic Year [1887-88] is the title of an admirable hand-book, edited by Edward Fuller, and containing brief criticisms of important theatrical events in the United States, by such competent critics as H. M. Ticknor, G. E. Montgomery, L. H. Weeks, B. E. Woolf, and others, with a sketch of the season in London by William Archer. It is at once a record of the stage, and, what is more, a really critical survey of the current drama. (Ticknor.) — Mr. George P. Upton has added to his excellent hand-books another on *The Standard Symphonies*, their history, their music, and their composers. (McClurg.) The authors commented on range from Beethoven to Dvorák, and the treatment is very free from vague, sentimental talk. The young student in music will find the book a most serviceable aid to an intelligent comprehension of the subjects. — *Musical Instruments and their Homes*, by Mary E. Brown and William Adams Brown, with two hundred and seventy illustrations in pen and ink by William Adams Brown; the

whole forming a complete catalogue of the collection of musical instruments now in the possession of Mrs. J. Crosby Brown, of New York. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A sumptuous volume, containing a résumé of information drawn from a great variety of sources, and well classified under the heads of nations and races. The illustrations are very satisfactory, and are treated in a unique fashion by having the accompanying descriptions on the plates written out in a clear but picturesque hand. The book evidently was a labor of love, and the modest tone which pervades both preface and text comes as a surprise, when one looks for an almost pardonable display in so big a volume. — *Laudes Domini*, a Selection of Spiritual Songs, Ancient and Modern, for the Sunday School, edited by Charles Seymour Robinson. (The Century Co.) A book which may be commended on the ground that it is largely a selection from a general hymn-book of such hymns and tunes as come most within the range of children's ideas and taste, and is thus educative. There are besides a few simple melodies and hymns which belong peculiarly to children. — *The Japanese Wedding*: a representation of the wedding ceremony in Japanese high life, arranged as a costume pantomime for public performance at church entertainments, school exhibitions, social gatherings, etc. By W. M. Lawlace. (Harold Rorbach, New York.) An interesting little pamphlet, which not only gives directions for acting, but contains a full narrative of the process of courtship. It takes fifty minutes to be married in Japan.

Books on Art. Portfolio Papers, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton (Roberts), is a selection by the editor from that periodical of a number of notices of artists and pictures, essays and conversations. Mr. Hamerton is a most agreeable writer, and this collection is not one of perfunctory magazine work, but of spontaneous writing, which found occasion rather than inspiration in the necessity of magazine conduct. There is a pleasant little preface, in which Mr. Hamerton gives an account of the origin of the Portfolio; and from time to time in his papers, as in the conversations on book illustrations, he speaks in a very colloquial fashion on topics which have an immediate interest to the large circle of readers who like concrete and close-at-hand illustrations of general principles in art. — Miss Sarah H. Adams has added to her previous favors in making Hermann Grimm's books known to Americans by translating his *The Life of Raphael*. (Cupples & Hurd.) An interesting feature of the work is the closing section, *Four Centuries of Fame*, in which the impression made by Raphael on painters and critics is recorded. Grimm,

in this as in other books, regards his subject not as an object, but as a subject, and evidently proposes to himself to account for Raphael. Hence one gets a good deal of Raphael and Grimm.

Text-Books and Educational Helps. A Text-Book of General Astronomy for Colleges and Scientific Schools, by Charles A. Young. (Ginn.) Intended for use in the general, and not the higher, mathematical or physical courses. Its use calls for only the most elementary knowledge of algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, and it is greatly to be hoped that so convenient a text-book will do something toward stimulating the study of astronomy as an essential part of a liberal education. The interest of specialists ought not to mislead our higher universities into neglecting the more general treatment of the subject. — *The Writer's Handbook*, a Guide to the Art of Composition; embracing a general treatise on composition and style; instruction in English composition, with exercises for paraphrasing; and an elaborate letter-writer's vade-mecum, in which are numerous rules and suggestions relating to the epistolary art. (Lippincott.) An English book, which seems to imply a degree of docility and dull seriousness on the part of English aspirants for literary fame which we fear is rather lacking in our light-minded people. — A selection from Lessing's prose writings, under the title of *Ausgewählte Prosa und Briefe*, has been edited, with notes, by H. S. White, of Cornell. (Putnams.) It does not include the *Laokoön*, but may well be taken as leading up to it. It was a happy idea to include enough of his letters to give some notion of Lessing's character. — *The Kinder-Garten: Principles of Fröbel's System*, and their Bearing on the Education of Women; also *Remarks on the Higher Education of Women*. By Emily Shirreff. (Bardeen.) A suggestive little book, in which the relation of the kindergarten to the higher education of women is clearly established and made very fruitful. The author recognizes well the nature of an education which trains the imagination and will, and does not confine itself to the understanding, the meanest faculty, as De Quincey says, of the human nature. — *The First Three Years of Childhood*, by Bernard Perez; edited and translated by Alice M. Christie, with an introduction by James Sully. (Bardeen.) A physiological-psychological study, collecting about itself a great variety of incidents. It is difficult for one not wedded to this general philosophic scheme to resent an implication that children are simply the young of the human animal. — Report of the Commissioner of Education for 1886-87. (Government Printing Office.) Except for brief ab-

stracts from reports of State Boards, the volume is almost wholly statistical. — The Bureau of Education has issued also *The History of Education in North Carolina*, by Charles Lee Smith, and *Industrial Education in the South*, by Rev. A. D. Mayo. This latter monograph is taken up mainly with a forcible appeal to the Southern people to make industrial training a constituent part of education, and the writer rests his argument on broad grounds of philosophy, and not on mere expediency. — *Sonnen-schein's Cyclopædia of Education*; a Handbook of Reference on all Subjects connected with Education (its History, Theory, and Practice), comprising articles by eminent educational specialists: the whole arranged and edited by Alfred Ewen Fletcher. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) This is an English work imported for use in this country, and is serviceable for informing readers upon educational affairs in England; but it is very meagre as regards the United States, and not always accurate nor brought to date. It illustrates the insularity of the English mind that a "Cyclopædia" like this should be so incomplete in its account of two countries, Prussia and the United States, which have made more distinct contributions to primary education than has England itself.

History. In the series *Epochs of Modern History*, the latest volume is *The English Restoration and Louis XIV.*, from the Peace of Westphalia to the Peace of Nimwegen, by Osmund Airy. (Scribners.) The blending of European history in this double treatment strikes us as novel and suggestive. It is not often that an English or a French writer of an historical period gives adequate presentation of anything but his own national movement; whereas the philosophic student is on the lookout for those general movements which affect contemporary nationalities. — John Brown, by Dr. Hermann von Holst, edited by Frank Preston Stearns. (Cupples & Hurd.) The body of this book is an essay by Von Holst, translated by Mr. P. Marcon; but Mr. Stearns has also written a preface and compiled an appendix, which are, in part, replies to the criticisms of Nicolay and Hay and others. — *The Story of Mexico*, by Susan Hale. (Putnam's.) A volume in *The Story of the Nations* series. There is a specially human interest attaching to this volume, for Miss Hale introduces the reader to the subject by a narrative of her personal approach to the country, and she closes by forecasting briefly the future of the country. It is impossible for the people of the United States to avoid feeling differently toward Mexico than toward any other of the contiguous states and nationalities. Mexico is the younger sister of the country. —

English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages, translated by Lucy T. Smith from the French of J. J. Jusserand. (Putnam's Sons.) The reader interested in the manners and customs of England during the fourteenth century will find a great deal of curious and entertaining matter in this volume.

Biography. *Authors at Home*, edited by J. L. and J. B. Gilder. (Cassell.) A collection of agreeably written sketches of American authors, which appeared originally in the *Critic*. The sketches are not encyclopædic nor biographic in the formal way, and they avoid the petty personal gossip. Good taste, as a rule, has presided over these interior views, and for that let us be thankful. — *Life of Sir Robert Peel*, by F. C. Montague. A volume in the *International Statesmen* series. (Lippincott.) Peel's position in English politics during the great period of this century, so far as relates to England's transition from an island to an empire, is so conspicuous that a well-written biography is an index to English history and, we may add, character, for Peel represents well the near-sightedness of many and favorite English statesmen. This book seems judicious and fair. — *Life of Viscount Bolingbroke*, by Arthur Hassall. (Lippincott.) Another volume in the same series. A rapid, somewhat superficial view of a brilliant career. — *Great Captains, a Course of Six Lectures*, showing the Influence on the Art of War of the Campaigns of Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick, and Napoleon, by T. A. Dodge. (Ticknor.) An interesting, rapid summary by a writer who knows how to give the essentials of his subject. The main purpose of the book is to illustrate the development of the art of war, but Colonel Dodge has a strong interest in the human side of his subject, and the reader will light often upon keen historical criticism and suggestion. — *General Gordon*, by Sir William F. Butler, is the initial volume of the new series *English Men of Action*. (Macmillan.) The writer is in full sympathy with his subject, but inasmuch as Gordon was a man of consuming zeal, we think his biographer should have studied greater reserve. The eloquence of the book is rather pronounced. — *Lives of the Fathers, Sketches of Church History in Biography*, by Frederic W. Farrar. (Macmillan.) In two compact volumes Archdeacon Farrar has written a history of the theology, organization, philosophy, and action of the first four Christian centuries under the pleasing and convenient form of a series of eighteen biographic sketches. His first subject is Ignatius, and the last Chrysostom. As his plan requires him to pass in review Athanasius, Tertullian, Gregory of Nazianzus, Jerome, Augustine, it

is clear that he has the opportunity of giving a tolerably full conspectus of the great movements in early Christianity. Perhaps it would have swelled the work too much, but it seems a pity that he did not furnish also a brief survey, in connected form, of that epoch of Christianity. — *The Life of Thomas Ken*, by E. H. Plumptre, Dean of Wells (E. & J. B. Young & Co.), is a charming biography of the notable Bishop of Bath and Wells in the seventeenth century, the friend and kinsman of Izaak Walton, whose epitaph he wrote, and the author of several fine hymns.

Books of Travel. *Gibraltar*, by Henry M. Field. (Scribners.) Dr. Field mingles personal experience with historic sketches and descriptions of life in an agreeable manner, and some of the illustrations, notably that of Catalan Bay, give a capital notion of this most impressive spot. — *Winter Sketches from the Saddle*, by a septuagenarian, John Codman. (Putnams.) A racy book, which is really more autobiographical and anecdotal than descriptive, but is an admirable view of life from the vantage of a seat in the saddle. One can see that Captain Codman has kept his spirits up by his companionship with a good nag, and the breeze which blows through his little book is a healthy tonic. — *Jonathan and his Continent*, by Max O'Rell and Jack Allyn. (Cassell.) A mixture of shrewdness and superficiality. The epigrammatic disease is often fatal to sound judgment and correct observation. — *Truth about Russia*, by W. T. Stead. (Cassell.) There is something charmingly insolent in the manner of this book. The writer, a journalist by profession, makes up his mind that England, including the Pall Mall Gazette, ought to know the truth about Russia, and that he is the man to find out all about it. So he begins by calling on Mr. Balfour, Mr. Gladstone, and other leaders, to get at their views, and *en passant* to notice how Mr. Balfour's hair is turning a little gray, and how Mr. Gladstone spells *freedom*; and then, armed with proper letters, he trots off to call on the Czar, Tolstoi, Ignatieff, Boulanger, Bismarck, and other game for the interviewer. Stanley's plunge into Africa is the reporter as a discoverer. Stead's plunge into Russia is the reporter as a statesman and peacemaker. The book is a lively one, and its author hits off a good many things cleverly, but he illustrates nothing more perfectly than his own profession, with its cheerful confidence.

Biblical Criticism. Scriptures, Hebrew and Christian, arranged and edited as an Introduction to the Study of the Bible, by Edward

T. Bartlett and John P. Peters. (Putnams.) This is the second volume of an interesting and useful work to which we have referred before, and is occupied with Hebrew Literature as that was with Hebrew Story from the Creation to the Exile. In other words, treating the Bible as literature, the editors so arrange chapters and psalms as to give in continuous order a history of the Jews from the Exile to Nehemiah, a sketch of Hebrew legislation, a collection of Hebrew tales, illustrations of Hebrew prophecy, examples of Hebrew poetry and of Hebrew wisdom. The literary form of the volume makes the whole book a very suggestive commentary on, or rather key to, the English Bible. The King James version appears to be used, with slight modifications in the direction of rendering the poetry more rhythmical. — *The Bible View of the Jewish Church*, by Howard Crosby. (Funk & Wagnalls.) Dr. Crosby delivered thirteen lectures before his congregation, with the design to set forth the ecclesiastical polity of the Jews from Abraham to the coming of the Messiah, with special reference to the destructive criticism of Welhausen and his school, and with a purpose to demonstrate the failure of Judaism, except as it was restored again and again by the hand of God. To the ordinary reader, the Jewish church as outlined in the Bible is a marvelous expression of human faith in one God, and Simeon and Anna are representatives, not isolated exceptions.

Biological Science. *The Animal Life of our Sea-Shore*, with special reference to the New Jersey coast and the southern shore of Long Island, by Angelo Heilprin. (Lippincott.) A convenient hand-book, clearly written and abundantly illustrated. It ought to be of real service to young students, who will be especially gratified at not being singled out by the writer. There is no My dear young friend in the book. — *Insects Injurious to Fruits*, by William Saunders. (Lippincott.) A systematic work, of practical worth to fruit-growers as well as interesting to entomologists who care for the economics of their science. The writer does not confine himself to detecting the criminals; he points out the means of stopping their crimes.

Books for the Young. *Three Greek Children, a Story of Home in Old Time*, by the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M. A. With Illustrations after Flaxman and the Antique. Charming sketches, at once spirited and accurate, of Greek child-life, the interest in which will not be confined to the young readers to whom the book is primarily addressed.

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THE BEGUM'S DAUGHTER.

I.

It was market-day ; the most worthy and worshipful burgomaster and schepens of Nieuw Amsterdam turned over in bed, stretched their fat legs, and recognized that it was time to get up, while all the host of the groote en kleine Burgerrecht, at much the same time and in much the same way, did the like.

"Burgomaster and schepens," — the sounding old titles still haunted their dreams, although done away with more than a score of years before, when that choking monosyllable "York" displaced dear old Amsterdam in the city style ; but notwithstanding the treaty of Westminster and despite its English name, the little town was still Dutch to its heart's core, yielding with sorry grace to the rule of the Papist Stuart, and viewing with sullen dislike the outlandish beasts blazoned upon his flag yonder above their little fort.

After all, it was their High-Mightinesses of the Staats-General who were at fault. They had bungled the business at Westminster, and, finding themselves at a loss, coolly threw over their infant colony.

Deep was the anger and grievous the shame of the loyal burghers on learning that their little town had been tossed without scruple into the diplomatic balance as a makeweight.

But the milk was spilled, and what availed crying ? All the more patiently,

on account of their wrath at the Staats-General, they bowed their necks under the new yoke, — a yoke destined never to be lifted in their day and generation. Luckily, it proved no very irksome burden. They were left to go pretty much their own gait. Their hearth-stones were held sacred. They ate their suppaen and rolliches of an evening, smoked their pipes in the chimney-nook, and upon the Lord's Day waddled their wonted way to the Gereformeerde Kerche, cased each in who shall say how many redundant pairs of breeches, to hear Dominie Selyns expound the sacred word from the pure text approved by the clas-sis of Amsterdam.

Town affairs, too, were for the most part still left to their guidance. Indeed, so long as stern old Sir Edmund Andros was kept busy yonder by the Boston Puritans, there was little fear of encroachment from his easy-going lieutenant, who, as all the world knew, had long been sighing to get back to his London fogs.

It was market-day, early in May, in the year of grace 1689, a memorable month and a memorable year in the annals of the town. The newly risen sun, shining across the low plains of Midwoud and Breuckelen and over the rounded peaks of Remsen's Hoodgts, showed the little community already astir.

Outside the city wall, which stretched across the island from river to river, following nearly the line of the street

which still bears its name, and gathered before the Landpoort, which stood at the head of Broadway, a motley group of country-folks, afoot, on pillions, or in ox-carts laden with produce for the market, waited impatiently for the opening of the gates.

Down at the water-side, meanwhile, there was another and livelier scene. Crowded about the entrance to the dock, a fleet of small craft were awaiting the signal to swarm into the little basin and unload. Scattered over the surface of the two rivers to the north and east, other boats were making speed to come up. Afar in the distance a belated ketch could be seen tacking her way through the Hoofden, while along the misty coast-line of Staaten Island a group of tiny specks like bobbing corks showed a flotilla of Indian canoes, all bound for the same point.

Within the walls, the smoke curling from the chimney-tops showed that the thrifty huysvrouw was wrestling with her cranes and pot-hooks over the open kitchen fire, in preparation of the morning meal. Up and down the chief thoroughfares and in many a humbler street negro slaves were busy with mop and broom, scrubbing the high stoops and polishing the brass knockers, singing, whistling, or chattering back and forth to each other in their grotesque African-Dutch patois; ceasing their pranks for the moment as the schout, with grim look and heavy step, strode past, jingling the massive keys of the Landpoort.

Presently from the church in the fort rang out the mellow peal of the old bell, captured years before by a Dutch man-of-war from a Spanish galleon. It was the signal for the day to begin. In a trice the little town awoke to life and activity: the gates were thrown open, the country-folks swarmed in, the streets were filled with tradesmen and artisans going to their tasks, while the noise of hurrying feet, the creaking of the heavy ox-carts, the rattle of the windmills, the

far-echoing hammer-blows of carpenters and blacksmiths, the barking of dogs, the lowing of cattle, and the shrill laughter of children swelled the opening chorus of the day.

A large open space over against the fort was set apart for the *marcktveld*, which on market-days became the centre of life and affairs. A line of rude booths on the eastern side, a row of ox-carts opposite, with their tails turned inward for the better display of their goods, and an oblong grass-plot in the midst were the principal features.

Now it was a scene of turmoil, as the busy traders and hucksters bustled about disposing their wares in a fashion the most fit to tempt the buyer. Here the sturdy farmers from *Vlacktebos*, New Utrecht, and *Ompoge* disposed upon the clean straw in their carts the carcasses of calves, hogs, turkeys, and geese, flanked by heavy casks filled with salt beef and pork of their own curing. In the opposite booths the thrifty matrons from *Ghmoenepaen*, *Vlissingen*, New Haerlem, or *Boomtre's Hoeck*, with hoods thrown back, arms bared, hips padded to abnormal dimensions by numberless petticoats, made haste to set forth the products of their dairies, assisted by stolid, rosy-cheeked young women, wearing close-quilted caps, heavy gold earrings, bright copper buckles to set off their hobnailed shoes, and fancy jackets to relieve their homespun petticoats. Squatting upon the greensward in the middle space, Indians of the *Corchang*, *Secatang*, and *Najack* tribes gravely looked about on the noisy scene, and awaited customers for their venison, wild-fowl, skins, and birch-bark water-spouts.

Hardly were the wares set in order when the customers came flocking to the spot. Forth from the low brick houses, with their high stoops and battlemented gables, which lined the chief thoroughfares, came the worshipful magistrates, the rich tradesmen, the rever-

end dominie, the learned schoolmaster, some with slaves at their heels bearing hampers; while filing down Broadway, along the winding Strand, through Winkle and Pearl and Hoogh streets, and skirting the canal in the Heeren-Gracht, came craftsmen, laborers, and serving-men, the latter with bare heads, wooden shoes, red baize waistcoats, and leather aprons, all bringing their baskets to be filled.

Immediately the market-place resounds with haggling, chaffering, and good-natured jest, as the buyers, roaming from booth to cart, cheapen the wares which the crafty dealer has set at a price from which he can safely afford to abate.

"What will your worship, this morning? Here you have eggs new laid by my own fowls in Midwoud, — you'll never find an addled egg in Annetje's basket; here's twaelft, too, smoked by myself, only one string of seawant; or if you are for herbs to stuff the goose for Lord's Day, here, look you! put your worshipful nose to these!"

"Cabbages, my vrouw? Feel o' these! — your own bosom is not more firm and white; and ei! do you pass by such apples as yonder? Pinkster Bloom-itjes, — the first o' the year; no winter's leavings, mind ye; there's not their like in the velt. Come, what say ye? The cask for a beaver?"

But a neighbor with shriller tongue has lured away the wavering customer:

"Who's for cheese? See ye here, all made from cream, sweet cream in my own bouwerie at Sapokanican. Butter too — let that melt on your tongue! it costs nothing."

"Here, John, son of John!" shouts a lusty farmer-youth from his cart to a lean-looking artisan. "Come you here and buy something to fill out your skin! You'd best not come to Seawanacky, lest the crows get ye!"

"The pot calls the kettle black. Your own bones are not so far out of sight, junker, for all you feed yonder with

the cows and pigs in your bouwerie. What's here?"

"Look for yourself! — tarwe, three guilders the schepel, maey's, the like is not to be found in the market, and erten: your huysvrouw's eyes 'll gladden at the sight."

"That will they not; 'a burnt child dreads the fire.' The last schepen was musty. Take care you come not in the way o' my Elsie, or your ears are like to make acquaintance with the dish-clout."

An hour or two of this, and the bustle is over. Such is the strife among the thrifty townfolk to be on hand at the opening of the market, and thereby get the pick of the goods, that long before noon the bulk of the business is done.

Thereupon the dealers draw a breath of relief and compare notes; the farmers fill their pipes and talk over their crops, the wives gossip about their babes and kitchens, the daughters chatter of sillier matters.

"Come, Gertryd, the best is over; let's away!"

"Not so fast! I have herbs yet, and my hoof-kaas is not sold."

"What matter? Take it back; 't will do for another time. Come away, and let us see what new things are for sale."

"Not I; 't is not for nothing I got the best place to-day."

"You'll find it against your coming back; the market-place is not like to melt and run into the sea."

"All the same, good luck comes not twice in one day. I'll hold my post till all is gone — Resel, your worship? Fine and white; take some home to your huysvrouw, or you'll get no olykoeks! What mean you to buy Annetje? — A cradle? You and Claes must be of a mind by this!"

"Who knows?" and the buxom Annetje tossed her head.

"Poh! never tell me he has not spoken yet!"

"That will I not; nor tell you anything about it."

"Come!"

"You would know what I am to buy?"

"Since 't is no secret."

"Well, then, 't is no child's gear for those who may never see the light, but three ells duffels, needles and thread" —

"So! a likely story!"

"Sausage, Mynheer! four guilders in good strung seaant."

Nearly opposite the Stadthuys on the corner of the Heeren-Gracht stood the mansion of Van Cortlandt, the worshipful mayor of the town.

Duly at the ringing of the bell the worthy mayor came forth upon the stoop, followed by an old negro slave with a basket.

There was a cloud upon the magistrate's face; he paused a moment to reflect, and evidently changing his purpose of going to market himself sent the negro instead, while with a preoccupied air he bent his own steps towards the Stadthuys.

Hardly was he out of sight when the door again opened, and a youth appeared upon the stoop, busily engaged in mending a fishing-tackle which he carried in his hand. Turning in the direction opposite to that taken by his father, he crossed the bridge spanning the canal at the foot of the Heeren-Gracht and sauntered slowly along the Strand, too much absorbed in his task to note the passers-by.

"Is that Van Cortlandt's junker?" asked one burly citizen of another.

"It needs not to ask; has he not the mark of the tribe, — a fair outside with a worm at the heart?"

"What worm is that?"

"Pride and vain-glory; they would set up for lords and princes in this new world, now that they have lands to match the titles."

"Look yonder, Maretje!" cried an

old crone to her gossip. "Here comes the worshipful mayor's son, the fairest junker in Nieuw Amsterdam."

"Have a care lest some of the prying English hear that name!"

"'T is the good old name."

"'T is treason now to speak it."

"But the junker, look! he's close upon us! Saw you ever such a skin upon a man? 'T is like milk and honey, and his hair shines like silk."

"His broad shoulders please me better, and his straight legs; he's a lad of mettle already, I'll warrant him, and his chin not yet ripe for the razor. What has he in his hand?"

"A hook and line; he goes to catch sun-fish in the Kolch."

"Ei! he'll find other fish to catch one of these days; he'll have but to cast his hook to get the best."

"He has never a thought that way yet. Mark you how he passed Elsie Vanderdonck's fluttering chicks not a moment since? — a wag of the head, but never a glance back to see if they be cocks or pullets."

"And they, silly fools, darting their eyes out at him."

"'T is pride in him, they say."

"His mother had not suckled him else."

"'T is the proudest huysvrouw in the land. Mark you the pace she holds at kerche, and the air wherewith she looks about?"

"'T is said the worshipful burgomaster stands in awe of her."

"Who talks of burgomasters?"

"Pardon! — my old tongue will never learn their new names; but as for Gertryd Schuyler, 't would be a marvel if, she had not given some of her spirit to her brood."

"Well may one carry a high head with a purse so deep."

"There be others with deeper purses, but who else counts back his forefathers to Russian dukes?"

"What are their dukes to us? The

bargains 'll all be gone at market, with your lagging. Come!"

Thus prattling, the two old gossips went their way to market, while young Stephanus Van Cortlandt kept along the Strand until he came to the Waterpoort, the name given to the gate at the foot of Wall Street, close to the East River, where the old wall was pierced by an opening which gave egress to the country beyond. Here stood awaiting him a youth of about his own age, and similarly dressed in a long-skirted coat with silver buttons, linsey-woolsey knee-breeches, clocked stockings, and buckled shoes.

"Hola there, Cornelis! have you waited long?"

"Did you not say two hours after sunrise? The dial had passed the mark before I started, and see now yonder shadow, how it slants!"

"'T was no fault of mine. I could not come fasting, and some saucy sailor from the Massachusetts must needs have speech with my worshipful father, which kept the table waiting."

"What matters the reason, so you are come? I have not wasted the time, you see," holding up his fishing-rod, with the name *Cornelis De Peyster* rudely cut in the bark.

"Good! we are in luck," said Van Cortlandt, as they passed through the gate. "We may get some roach, for the wind is in the south."

"How came you so weather-wise?"

"Look yonder at Jan Vinge's wind-mill!"

"Since your eyes are so good, look further, and tell me what rare sight is that in the Magde Paetje."

"I see nothing out of the common," said Van Cortlandt indifferently, turning his eyes in the direction indicated.

"There again! Oh, never mind; 't is a bird, mayhap."

"What are you at?"

"A bird they say charms you with her song."

Van Cortlandt's face kindled with a look of intelligence. He scanned the distant object, muttering, —

"There be more red hoods than one."

"Look now!"

"You're right; 't is she!" starting eagerly to go.

"Stay! Wait, I say, Steenie! What's doing yonder in Smiet's Vly?" pointing to an excited group in the marsh to their right.

"'T is a bullock they are bringing to the shambles. See, they cannot hold him!"

"Look! look! he is at large — he has gored one — the man is killed!"

"No; he is up again."

"Let them have a care! the bull is mad!"

"See now! big Claes the butcher is bringing his axe; they will kill him on the spot."

At this juncture the attention of the two eager youths was drawn to the cries of a group of terrified children who were rushing past.

"He is free! he is free!"

"He is coming after us!"

"We shall all be killed!"

Up over the grassy edge of the basin which formed the vly, and down the slope which led to the gate, the children came bounding pell-mell.

A mischievous look suddenly gleamed in the eyes of young Van Cortlandt; a touch of pure boyishness hardly to be looked for in so strapping a youth. Spreading wide his arms, he obstructed the way of the leader of the group, a half-grown girl of thirteen or thereabouts, crying, —

"Here he comes! here — here! just at your heels!"

Screaming with fear, the poor girl, in her futile efforts to escape, darted to the right and to the left, only to find herself intercepted by her cruel tormentor, still shouting, —

"He's upon you, I say! Quick! Run! He'll catch you sure!"

"Let me go! Let me go-o-o!"

"Now — now! Look back! See, just behind you!" continued the wicked Steenie, choking with laughter.

With a frantic effort the terrified girl broke from his relaxed grasp, and rushing forward in blind haste struck her foot against a stone, and fell heavily to the ground.

Directly the sobered Steenie sprang to help her, and beheld with dismay her pale face and bleeding arm. He stood for a moment helplessly looking about, when the murmur of the little creek close by in the vly fell upon his ear. He hurried thither, soaked his handkerchief in the cold water, and, coming back, bathed the face and clumsily bound up the arm of the sufferer.

She presently revived, and gazed about in a dazed way, to find herself alone with the junker.

"There," he said, with a final turn of the bandage, "if you will but take a little care, that will stay on until you get home."

"That shall it not, nor a minute more!" cried the girl, springing to her feet and stripping off the handkerchief, which she flung disdainfully to the ground.

"But — but it will bleed again — see, 't is bleeding now!"

"I care not how much it bleeds."

"But I care. I am grieved that I hurt you. I meant not to be so rude. I pray you forgive me!"

"I never will forgive you!"

"And it would serve me right, too. Here, clear you the score now; 't is better than to wait. Here is a stick!"

"Go away!"

"Lay on! Do! I beg you, strike! Then shall we both feel better, so that against the next time we meet" —

"Go away, I say!"

— "you will forget your grudge, and we shall be friends."

"We shall never be friends!"

"'T is well, meantime, you know not

my name, to lay up resentment against me."

"I know it well enough."

"What is it, then?"

"'T is Mynheer Van Cortlandt, and I hope never to hear it again."

"And why never again?"

"Because I hate it!" she cried with spiteful energy, as she hurried away.

II.

Among the score or more of ox-carts which, in a long and straggling line, lumbered out of the Landpoort shortly before noontide, on their homeward way, Rip Van Dorn's was noted as the only one quite empty; not a scrap remained of his morning's load.

Rip was the well-known tenant of Leisler's bouwerie, a half mile or more beyond the walls; and although his land was not noted for its fertility nor Rip for cunning in his craft, yet he made good all such deficiencies by his skill as a chapman. He had indeed long been acknowledged as the best huckster in the market; cajoling his women patrons by shrewd personal appeals or barefaced compliments, as best served his turn, and winning over his own sex by a beguiling waggery. Now, naturally enough, with his load disposed of, he was in a happy frame of mind, and spared not, as he strode along swinging his heavy ox-goad, to rally his less successful fellows.

"Hola daar, Matthias!" he shouted to the driver of the cart just before him. "Get along, or the sun 'll go down on us! But what do ye with such a load, Mat? Did ye go to market to buy calf's flesh? I'll bet all's in my pouch there's more now in your cart than in the morning."

"'T is well Captain Leisler is not by to hear ye betting his money," countered the man promptly.

"Kill your bull, Mat, and get a ram! Ye'll do better with sheep!"

"I wait, never fear! The good people wear out their teeth by and by, eating half-starved beasts!"

"Or next time, for God's sake, take your calves down alive! 'Tis pity to kill the poor beasts that might better be driven back on their own hoofs!"

"What good to take live calves to market? You bellow so loud they could never be heard!" retorted the man, with good, current rustic humor.

Rip, nothing daunted, joined loudly in the laugh at his own expense.

"Jaa wel, 'tis better play the calf at market than the ass on the homeward way, ei, Peterse?" to the man just behind. "There's no calf's flesh in your cart, I warrant," — casting a look back, — "else there'd be no room for cabbages. Have the good people, then, lost their love for cabbages?"

"No, that have they not, for I saw all the women gaping at your head."

"Good, Peterse, good! At him again!"

"Wel zoo! and why not? There's something inside," tapping his head; "'tis full, d'ye see, Peterse? Better a full head and an empty cart than — ye know what!"

A hoarse chorus of laughter arose from the whole group of clowns, as they cried confusedly, "Down, Peterse, — ye're down again!"

"That am I not. Give me rather an empty head than one full of wind and brande-wyn!"

Loud was the shout at this dexterous thrust at one of Rip's well-known weaknesses.

"Ei, ei, give me the brande-wyn, and keep you the empty head!" retorted Rip, as he turned off the highway upon the grass-grown road leading to his own door.

"Get a bouwerie o' ye own, and then come preach to us, dominie!"

"First must I learn the trick to grow rich driving cabbages to market and back again!" rejoined Rip, with a

burst of ironical laughter, prolonged so as to prevent all attempt at a reply from his late companions until he was safely out of ear-shot.

Happily none of these good friends and neighbors were thin-skinned. Such banter, it seemed, served only to put their blood into healthful circulation, and accordingly Rip drove up to his own door in undisturbed serenity.

Rip's house, although small and poor, had an air of thrift and comfort. It was a little wooden cottage covered with shingles grown silvery-gray with age, and topped by a wooden chimney blackened with soot at the mouth. Like other cottages of the time, it stood gable-end towards the highway, with the Dutch wife's inevitable tulip-bed in front, and on the side a rude stoop furnished with two stout benches, all overhung by a clambering wild-brier. A stone's-throw from the door was a goose-pond, and along the garden wall a row of clumsy bee-hives.

Having unyoked and foddered his oxen, Rip, still wearing his beaming look, stalked into the house.

"Good luck again! Still good luck!" he cried in tones which made the rafters ring. "All is sold, to the last hair and feather."

His grim little huysvrouw, busied in getting the noonday meal, deigned neither greeting nor reply. Taking down from an upper shelf a big pewter platter, she gave her whole mind to wiping it, as oblivious, seemingly, of her husband as of a very fat and clumsy baby tugging at her skirts behind.

Having rubbed the already clean dish to a superfluous polish, she crossed briskly to the open fireplace, where with a long fork she critically prodded a huge piece of salt beef boiling in an iron pot. The baby, holding fast to her skirts, was dragged along at a pace far too swift for his uncertain equilibrium, and after one or two long, wavering strides toppled over sideways to the floor.

The busy mother betrayed no concern, nor cast so much as a glance behind. It was plainly an every-day mishap. The baby, indeed, without a cry or whimper, speedily straightened himself, got his bearings, and following like a crab along the floor was soon at her skirts again.

"Holla, little vrouw! Good luck, I say! Look ye here!" cried Rip more lustily, as he emptied his pockets on a small table in the corner. "One good beaver, four strings of white seawant, two of black, a half dozen guilders, and more than two handfuls of stuyvers."

Pulling the crane bearing the heavy pot out over the hearth-stone and balancing the platter in her left hand, Vrouw Van Dorn, with a dexterous movement, fished out the meat, and stood watching the greasy liquor drain back into the pot without betraying by so much as the quiver of an eyelash any interest in her good man's intelligence.

"Let go! let go, Ripse! Mother put baby in the fire and burn him up!"

Undeterred by this terrible threat, the persistent Ripse kept tugging to raise his ponderous bulk from the floor, rendering very difficult his mother's man-aging of the heavy platter.

"Mother whip Ripse — slap! slap! slap!"

"Tryntie, I say!" broke in Rip senior, coming up in a rollicking manner and folding his spouse in a voluminous embrace, regardless of meat and platter. "Come, my dear! Come glad your eyes with the sight yonder!"

"Go away!" said the little woman curtly.

"'Away,' says she; she sends away her own man."

Replying only by a sniff to this bit of sentiment, Vrouw Van Dorn proceeded to bring forth from the same pot two dripping cabbages, dump them on the platter to garnish the meat, and carry the whole to the table, dragging the tottering Ripse behind her.

"Come! do you hear? Come here, I say!" persisted her husband.

Releasing her petticoats from the dimpled clutch of Ripse, and substituting by way of consolation a piece of boiled beef to suck, Vrouw Van Dorn, with a resigned air, stalked to the corner and gazed at the treasure.

"What think you now?"

"Huh!"

"Ei?"

"'T is much good — all that!"

"Why not?"

"It goes to stuff Mynheer's pocket."

"The bouwerie is his; he takes no more than his own."

"Huh!"

"Nor so much. He is a good landlord; he tosses me back always a guilder or two for the cub yonder."

"Zoo? Come here, Ripse! Show mother where keep you all these guilders the good Mynheer sends!" cried the dame ironically to the baby, who came creeping towards them.

"'T is easy to see, my dear," went on Rip, deaf to the interruption, "you have not yet learned to love Mynheer."

"No."

"Wait, then! Wait only! It will come. He loves you already; he asks always for my vrouw."

"Huh!"

"He is a good man, he has a big heart. He tries always to do the right."

Vrouw Van Dorn maintained a stony silence.

"Who was so kind when Ripse was sick?"

"Vrouw Leisler is not Mynheer."

"And the children, — Jacob?"

"The junker is well enough."

"And Mary?"

"I say nothing against her."

"And Hester?"

"She is Catalina's friend."

"Zoo? 'T is enough. Friend to Catalina, the dear Catalina! Poor Hester! nothing by yourself; but no matter, you have Catalina for a friend."

Vrouw Van Dorn listened with grim composure to this feeble raillery.

"What makes so dear to you the blackamoor's child?"

"I had her always in my arms from the hour she was born" —

"What a pity you had not me always in arms!" interposed Rip whimsically.

"She loves me, that one, better than the mother."

"And you love her better again than that. Poor Ripse and me! we must live without love, — ei, schelmje?" he cried, catching up the baby and tossing him again and again into the air, shaking and mauling him at every descent as though he had been made of putty.

This, however, was plainly a favorite exercise with the infant, who manifested his delight by certain breathless and inarticulate outcries. Altogether the two were having a truly uproarious time, when Tryntie, who meanwhile had finished spreading her board by the addition of some bread, butter, cheese, curds prepared with rennet, and a tankard of home-brewed beer, interrupted them with "Come, it is ready! Come and eat!"

"What does mother to Ripse?" asked the father, while the young one waited for another toss.

Unfolding his begrimed little hands from his father's grasp, the child brought them together with a resounding smack, which sent the father off into a paroxysm of laughter.

"Come, I say; the meat gets cold!"

Obedient to this peremptory summons, Rip returned the baby to his underfoot domain, and placed himself, nothing loath, at the board.

"Jaa wel," he continued, with a mouth full of beef and cabbage, returning to the subject of his morning's gains, "'t is Mynheer's land, and he must have his share."

"And what is left?"

"This is left," pointing to the beef and cabbage, "and this," taking up the skirt of his smock, "and — and there

will be a few pieces for your stocking, mayhap."

"Few enough!"

"'T is the way to grow rich," gasped Rip, setting down the pewter mug after a breathless draught of beer, and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

"One by one makes a hundred."

"It makes not a hundred here" —

"Humph — m-m," interposed Rip, recognizing a storm signal. "Saw ye ever, Tryntie, a finer beaver?"

"It makes nothing at all nor ever will, while you waste fair daylight and" —

"See! Stroke it with your own hand," he continued in precipitation, picking up the skin from the floor and tossing it across to his kindling vrouw.

— "and spend all we get at Annekin Litschoes' pot-house."

"'T is worth an English guinea, — every stuyver of it."

"Ye heed me well enough, for all your clatter!"

"What now is the matter?" opening his eyes in feigned surprise.

Tryntie tossed her head in contempt at the artifice.

"Annekin, say ye? Annekin is an honest, hard-working vrouw, and give and take is fair dealing."

"Never a doubt, and ye'll be giving and she taking till all is gone."

"Does she not buy her hoof-kaas of ye?"

"Where is my gain?"

"And many a fat pullet and basket of eggs?"

"How grow we rich on that when you pour down the whole and more in her brande-wyn" —

"Heaven help us! What is like a vrouw's tongue! But, Tryntie" —

— "and call all the idlers in the tap-room to drink at your cost?"

"Can a man drink by himself?"

"Then leave drinking alone."

"Ei, ei, hear her! Not to drink at all! To live and not to drink! 'Am I not to eat, too? Am I to die, then?'"

"Jaa — jaa — jaa! 'T is better than wear out the life tilling Mynheer Leisler's bouwerie."

"Zoo! And what then would you have?"

"A bouwerie of our own."

"Hoh! hear the mother, junker! Hear her talk!" cried Rip, rising and catching up the expectant infant. "She would be a high-mightiness! A bouwerie of our own! Hark, Ripse, while I whisper in your ear: the poor mother is crazy."

With a snort of disdain Tryntie rose from the table, and began clearing away the dishes.

"Zoo! zoo! zoo!" muttered Rip, collecting his treasure and passing out of the house, "the poor mother is crazy. A bouwerie of our own, — 't is good!"

By a prodigious clatter of her pewter trenchers and platters Tryntie quite drowned her husband's raillery, nor did she deign any answer when after a time he summoned her in good earnest.

"Tryntie! hoh, Tryntie, I say! look out for the junker! I must away now to settle accounts with Captain Leisler."

Having given due warning, Rip put the infant down upon the grass, and took a short cut across the fields on his way to the Landpoort.

The adventurous baby, meantime, left to his own devices, rashly invaded the neighboring green, where a flock of geese were feeding. Thereupon followed a short and graphic chapter of experience. A warlike old gander at once set upon the innocent intruder, threw him down, and pecked and flapped his face severely.

In answer to Ripse's lusty howls, Tryntie came flying from the house. Seizing the irate bird by its long neck, she dragged it, squawking and fluttering, to the neighboring wood-pile, where with one vigorous blow of the axe she struck off its head, and hurrying back half smothered her bawling infant with caresses.

III.

The Magde Paetje, now Maiden's Lane, was once a pretty dingle, where the Dutch wives and maids went to wash and bleach their linen in the cold, clear waters of a brook which rippled and bubbled along between the hills on its way to the East River.

Just now, swollen by the melting of the snow, the brook filled the air with its roarings, the willows along its borders were silvery with catkins, while the southern hill-slopes gave promise of liverwort and saxifrage.

Up this little valley, quite neglectful of Cornelis and his purposed sport, Steenie hastened with bounding step; picking his way over the spongy turf, crossing the brawling brook upon a fallen log, keeping all the time a watchful eye upon the bobbing red hood which appeared and disappeared among the copses and thickets dotting the hillside, where its busy owner had come a-Maying.

The persistence with which the back of the hood was kept turned to the south as the young man drew near, and the conscious flush with which he was welcomed, argued that his approach had not been unnoted.

"What brings you to the Magde Paetje so early? It cannot be for flowers."

"How know you that?"

"I never heard men cared for them," said the young woman, continuing her search with affected indifference.

"I care not for all sorts myself," returned the panting Steenie, seating himself upon a neighboring log and casting off his broad-brimmed hat.

"What sort is your favorite?"

"A fair red flower."

Feigning dullness, the girl answered demurely, —

"There is no such now a-bloom."

"Surely" — more significantly — "I thought I saw one hereabouts."

Covert gratification leaked out from guarded eyes and mouth, and overran the tell-tale face of the listener.

"You must needs be always jesting."

"Where is the jest?"

"To liken my old hood to a flower."

"What if it seem to my fancy a flower?"

"Then shall I beg my mother for leave to give it to you for a keepsake," said the owner of the hood, laughing.

"Do!"

"You need not fear I shall be so silly."

"My only fear is you may not."

"You are going a-fishing!"

"Who told you?"

"The line in your hand."

"It shall tell no more lies," thrusting the fishing-gear into his wide-flapped pocket.

"But why do you not go?" asked the young woman, with transparent coquetry.

"I bethought me you might need help."

"And is this the way you would help?"

"Oh, there is no haste; 't is early yet. Sit you down till I catch my breath; see, here is a dry place," he said, making room upon the log where he was sitting.

"I have not time to waste," she objected, taking the seat, however, with sweet feminine inconsistency.

"But I must needs have some teaching; how can I be of any help otherwise? What have you here? Is it for this I am to search?" he continued, boldly pulling some flowers from her apron, and edging nearer under pretense of examining them.

"Yes."

"Is this all your store?"

"Yes, and a very fair store, too: these are not easy to find, I warn you; they hide themselves cunningly away, and you must thrust aside the leaves and look sharp to get them."

"'T is a winsome flower," said the young man, holding up one of the tiny purple-streaked bells.

"Yes, and they are not over-plentiful."

"'T is that, mayhap, makes their worth; things too common do not stir our longing."

"No more should things too precious, for they are often set at a price beyond our reach."

"I pray that may not hold true with what is now most precious to me!" burst forth the junker with sudden gravity, and an emphasis made more impressive by a moment's forethought.

Thereafter neither spoke for a space. The girl moved uneasily in her seat, and passed the flowers aimlessly from hand to hand.

Her companion's behavior was most disconcerting. It was as if his eyes had been set as sentinels upon her while his wits had gone wandering; he simply sat and stared. Oppressed by the prolonged silence, she at last faltered, —

"How green the hills are yonder on Staaten Island!"

Perhaps he thought it not worth while to answer a speech of so little pertinence. As he did not, she fell to toying again with the flowers.

"Hester," he at length broke out, "do you remember, long ago, we went one day to get water-lilies at the Kolch?"

"When we were children?"

He nodded.

"And you pulled me out when I fell into the pool?"

"You have not forgotten it?" he asked eagerly.

"No; I remember because I was so affrighted."

"Oh, humph!" The gladness visibly faded from his eyes, and only after a long pause he added in an undertone, "I was not affrighted, and yet I remember."

"Because you did a brave thing."

"I did not know it was a brave thing," he retorted, impatiently.

She looked puzzled.

"Hester," he said suddenly, "let us go back there!"

"To childhood again?" she asked, with an embarrassed laugh.

"To the Kolch."

"Now?"

"Yes; 't is but a few minutes' walk."

"And then you can fish," she said, with make-believe innocence.

But he was not in the mood for her dull little maidenly wiles, pretty as they were. He answered gravely and half frowning:—

"I shall not fish."

She looked at the flowers in her lap as though in search of another objection. He forestalled her directly:—

"We will gather some more on the way."

Thereupon he reached forth his hand imperatively; she placed her own in it without further demur. Turning northward, they crossed some intervening fields, she perversely keeping him dancing hither and thither in a vain search for the flowers which she well knew could not be found.

Presently they came to the Kolch, or Collect, a beautiful pond quite surrounded by green hills, covering the spot where now stands the gloomy prison of the Tombs.

Following a cow-path, they soon reached the water's edge, where Steenie, taking his bearings, guided his companion along the shore to a rocky point which jutted out to some distance into the deep water.

"See, here 't is!" he cried, dragging himself up the steep slope, and reaching back a helpful hand to his companion. "'T was here you stood, and I quite out upon the point yonder."

Hester sat down upon the rock, and threw back her hood, showing her cheeks glowing with the exercise.

"Is it indeed here? The rock looks

not so high nor the water so deep as I remember."

"'T is because childhood is a dream where all is big or miraculous," he said, throwing himself on the ground at her feet.

"It remains a miracle still that I was not drowned," studying the spot as she spoke.

"And a mercy, too — perhaps."

The last word came like a lagging thought involuntarily verbalized.

"I hope that is meant more graciously than it sounds," she commented, half laughing.

"I had no thought of being gracious or otherwise. I was only thinking of what might be."

"I trust 't is not a cause for repentance with you that you saved my life?"

"It may be."

She sat with a half smile, as if awaiting a jest.

"It may be a blessing, and it may be a curse," he said suddenly and with emphasis.

"Heaven be good to us!" she cried tranquilly.

"Will it not be a curse if we are to be separated in the end, if you are forbidden to hold converse with me, if you are made to give me up, to see me no more?" he asked vehemently.

Except for a slight and natural reddening of the cheeks, caused by this precipitation of the issue of their long courtship, her composure remained unshaken, her cool Dutch blood held its course unquickenied, and her mild blue eyes encountered with steadiness his ardent gaze.

"You know my family," he went on, "you know your own father and their present relations, — what likelihood is there that they will ever consent? And if they do not consent, what are we to do?"

She listened to him gravely enough now, all coquetry and wiles laid aside.

She surrendered her hands to his passionate hold; she acquiesced without protest in the position he took, as the natural and proper culmination of what had gone before. She was happy, too, it was plain, but without transport. She sat in serene content with the moment. Her lover's looks and tones so filled her fancy as to leave no room for the gloomy auguries he was so busily marshaling. Withal she may have been a little dazed at the sudden development of the climax, or by the effort to follow his swiftly succeeding words and emotions.

"One thing they cannot do!" he went on impetuously: "they cannot help our being faithful to each other!"

She pressed his hand, in answer to the question in his eyes.

"But they will make trouble for us: prepare for that,—have a care for that. Well I know them! They will make hindrances enough, never fear, for us; they will be for making another match for you."

She shook her head and smiled.

That smile, brimful of confidence, of security, of deep-going fidelity, outweighed a hundred verbal protests. It went straight to his heart, a doubt-dispelling balm. With an eloquent look of gratitude he went on:—

"Ah, sweetheart, hold to that and we are safe! Never heed them, never fear them. They can do nothing so we but stand fast by one another."

She pressed his hand again, as if no other answer were needed. But he craved a more definite pledge.

"Come, pipe up, little bird! Where is your voice? I am hungering for a note of it. What say you, ei? Promise me now that whatever they do you will cleave the closer to me."

"I promise," she said demurely.

Thereupon he seized her rapturously in his arms, and her face suffered a total eclipse for several moments.

"Stay!" he said presently. "Why

not bind ourselves after the old fashion?"

Whereupon, taking a gold piece from his pocket, with the aid of his hunting-knife and a heavy stone he cut it in two.

"See, this is my pocket-piece! I give you half. Never part with it, Hester, whatever comes."

"That will I not, save to you yourself," she answered firmly.

Directly her face suffered another and a longer eclipse.

"Then will you keep it forever?"

They were interrupted by a gabble of approaching voices. A group of boys with fishing-tackle had come to take possession of the point on which they were seated.

IV.

"Come, let us go," said Hester, as the intruders drew near.

"So soon?"

"See yonder, how late it grows!" pointing to the shadow of a neighboring tree.

"But your flowers!"

"There is no time for them now."

"Never mind. You shall have them to-morrow. We will go in my ketch to Staaten Island, where there is a great store of all sorts."

"Mother will never give me leave to go so far save in older company."

"Let us have company, then."

"We might mayhap get Tryntie."

"Tryntie?"

"The huysvrouw of Rip Van Dorn, who tills my father's bouwerie above the Landpoort."

"Good!"

"And Catalina."

"Van Dorn?"

"Not she," laughing. "Well for you she hears not that! Vrouw Van Dorn was her nurse and foster-mother. She is Catalina Staats, my dearest friend; daughter of the worshipful Dr. Staats."

"He that married the Eastern princess they call the begum?"

"Yes, and not long ago fetched her hither from India to live."

"Catalina! I wonder if 't is not the fiery little elf I met this morning."

"What was she like?"

"Like nothing else I ever saw."

"Oh, then, 't was she!"

"With big black eyes, a skin like smoked pearl, and hair not to be told from flax."

"Yes; Dutch and Indian, see you, half and half, her father and mother mixed."

"Get her, — get her, by all means! 'T would be sport to have the little wild-cat, though she might scratch and bite; and as for Vrouw Van Dorn, let us go now and make sure of her."

"The bouwerie is near by; we may take it on the way home. But I warn you I am no great favorite there, and she may not come at a bidding."

Turning southward, they followed a grass-path to the highway, which in a short time brought them to Rip's cottage. About to knock at the door, they were stayed by a sound from within.

"Somebody is in pain," suggested Steenie.

"No, no," whispered Hester, stifling a laugh; "'t is Tryntie singing."

"Never! 'T is one in mortal agony, that!"

"Sh-h! Come here!"

Tiptoeing along the path, with no great delicacy they peeped in at the window.

Before them, in a high-backed chair, sat Vrouw Van Dorn, with one knee thrown across the other, balancing upon her outstretched foot the ponderous Ripse, while in a strident and raucous voice she sang the following ditty: —

"Trip a trop a tronjes,
De varkens in de boonjes,
De koejes in de klaver,
De paarden in de haver,
De eenjes in de water-plass,
So groot myn kleine Ripse was!"

As she reached his name, with a vigorous kick she sent high in air the delighted infant, who came down each time gurgling and choking with hysterical laughter. In strong contrast with the bacchanalian air of the babe was the severe aspect of the mother, who nevertheless went on patiently repeating a gymnastic exercise which might well have taxed the strength of a man.

Stepping back to the door, Hester, after a warning cough, lifted the latch and went in.

"Good-day to you, Tryntie!"

The vrouw, as if ashamed at being detected in such a display of maternal weakness, put Ripse straightway upon the floor, rose, and stiffly curtsied.

"'T is a fine day."

"Yes."

"I hope you are well."

"Yes."

"My mother was greatly obliged for the hoof-kaas you sent the other day by Rip."

"I am glad to suit her — Go away, Ripse!" heading off the creeping young one from an attack upon the stranger by a swiftly protruded foot. "Sit you down, pray!"

"Ahem!" coughed Hester, her skirmishing ammunition nearly exhausted.

"Your tulip-bed is truly a wonder."

"It is nothing."

"You — er — we seldom see you in town these days," continued the visitor, casting about cautiously for some fit introduction of her subject.

"'T is that one!" pointing to the baby.

"So! I thought not of him. Have you — ahem — er — seen Catalina of late?"

"Yes; she comes often."

The little huysvrouw's bolt-upright attitude, while profoundly respectful, contributed little towards reassuring the visitor. Meantime, the latter showed few resources of diplomacy. In the awkward pause, Steenie's form darkened

ing the doorway was suggestively welcome.

"I have brought with me Mynheer Van Cortlandt; we are on our homeward way from the Kolch."

"Good-day to you, vrouw!" said Steenie, seating himself in the nearest chair with homespun familiarity. "I am happy to make your acquaintance. I see you have a fine lump of a boy yonder. Come, you rogue schelmje, — come to me!"

Dislodged from her defenses by this flank attack of the ingratiating stranger, Tryntie flushed with pleasure at the compliment, and casting an admiring glance at the tall junker she muttered some incoherent disclaimer.

Noting with gratitude their first advantage, Hester lost not a moment in following it up. "I promised Mynheer Van Cortlandt you would give him a drink of buttermilk."

This was a masterly touch, and put them a long stride onward.

"That I will, and most welcome!" cried Tryntie, bristling in a moment with activity.

Taking her best pewter tankard from the shelf, she plunged into the cellar, and presently brought it back filled with foaming sweet buttermilk. Going next to the pantry, she produced a couple of mugs and a heaped-up plate of cakes, murmuring as she set forth her treat, —

"If you had but sent me warning!"

"A year's warning could not have found you better prepared. Come, junker!" and lifting the baby to his knee, Steenie placed himself at the table. "Where are you, Hester? Make haste if you would get your share."

"Oh, I know well nobody makes olykoeks like Tryntie."

The praise of the food demanded by etiquette was received without elation by their hostess, who indeed was at the moment far more interested in the matter of Ripse's toilet.

With great uneasiness she beheld him

in such close proximity to the elegant stranger. Accordingly, making some pretext for taking him, she employed the interval while her guests were at their luncheon in plying the wash-rag and comb to such good effect that Cinderella suffered no greater transformation at the hands of the fairy godmother.

Hester presently brushed the crumbs from her lap, and went to the window.

"Who would think of seeing the water from here!" she cried, again getting on the track of her object. "You may see the masts of the ketches as they go sailing along. Were you ever on the sea, Tryntie?"

"Yes, as I came hither on the ship."

"It makes you not qualmish, then?"

"No."

"What would I give to cross the sea! Did you find it sport?"

"I was like a fool over it."

"A sail in the harbor is nothing to crossing the sea, but 't would be better than nothing, surely," said Hester, cautiously advancing.

Tryntie listened with the feeble and unattached interest she might have lent to one talking of trips to the moon.

"A ketch might prove a poor matter after a big ship."

"'T was old times then," sighed the dame absently, as with attention fixed upon the table she watched to see that Steenie was kept supplied; "there is no chance for such fooling now."

"See your mistake; here is a chance already. Mynheer and I go sailing to Staaten Island to-morrow; you shall go with us."

Tryntie only stared; this sudden proposal, so without motive or preliminary, was very perplexing. She covered her embarrassment by darting forward and pouring another mug of buttermilk for Steenie, despite his emphatic protest.

"What say you?" demanded Hester, waiting patiently for an answer.

"You are most kind — 't is a great honor — I thank you much."

"Then you will go?"

"No," passing her stiff little hand with a discontented movement over her lips, as if to wipe away the effect of her ungracious refusal.

"What hinders you?"

"That one," pointing to the baby.

"We will take him too."

Tryntie shook her head.

"What harm can come to him? The sea air is wholesome: 't will do him good, 't will give you a holiday. Come, Tryntie, such chances are not forthcoming every day; you will go?"

"No."

"But why not, please you?"

"I — he — the father will be afraid," stammered the dame, driven to the wall for an answer.

"Rip afraid? Not he! I will answer for him."

Tryntie, however, stood stubbornly upon the defense. Her visitor showed no less resources in the attack.

"'T is a short course, mind you; only to Staaten Island."

The dame still continued to emphasize every fresh argument by a prompt negation.

"We may be back for dinner."

A head-shake.

"There is no danger."

Another head-shake.

"'T is Mynheer's own ketch."

A third.

"And he himself is to sail it."

Another yet.

With a growing look of persistence in her cool blue eyes, Hester paused a moment to cast about for a change of tactics. Opportunely Steenie came up, with Ripse on his arm.

With one stroke of unswerving direct-

ness he stultified all Hester's laborious circumlocution.

"I hope, vrouw, you will oblige us. 'T is for my pleasure. I would take Hester for a sail, and her mother will be better content that some discreet person is of the company."

This speech might as well have been accompanied by an overt wink, so meaning was the glance the junker fixed upon his listener.

In a trice she understood. Few women could have resisted such an appeal. Tryntie was not one of them. Flattered and disarmed, she showed instant signs of relenting.

"And Catalina," put in Hester for a clincher, — "Catalina is to go too."

But her sympathies were aroused, and Tryntie needed no more urging.

"Mind you," continued Hester, turning upon the step as they were about to set forth, "I have not yet my mother's consent, but she cannot refuse when she knows you are to be with us; and so 'if you have no word from me, be in waiting at the dock as soon as may be after the opening of the gates."

"And bring this rogue with you," added Steenie, giving Ripse a parting toss.

A smile which contorted for a moment the dame's face was promptly and violently repressed, as if she were ashamed of such weakness.

"'T is settled, then. Come, Hester! Good-by, vrouw!"

The junker had builded better than he knew; by one happy stroke he had gained an ally whose value the happy pair little suspected, as they marched rollicking away.

And well for them they did not.

Edwin Lassetter Bynner.

TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION : USES AND LIMITS.

MORE numerous than any other class in America in the present generation are the reformers. We have no voice of one crying in the wilderness, but the voices of many crying in the marketplace, till the very word "reform" becomes weariness to the ear and confusion to the understanding. Reform movements in divorce, civil service, fashion, education, come and go, winning our approval and occasionally our support, but one reform we have always with us. By the frightful magnitude of the evil with which it deals, the temperance movement compels attention, and even from the most indifferent at least a half-hearted support. The present efforts to secure the desired end by legislation are characteristic of the time. There is a general tendency to regard law as a panacea. An abuse once discovered, a law must be passed to correct it. Even in this age of liberty of thought and action we are prone to compel our less numerous neighbors to do and be what we feel sure is right. For a hundred years we have been lauding our principle of government by the majority, until at last the approval of a majority is regarded both as justification of a law and guarantee of its enforcement, while the possibility of a tyranny of the majority is as yet hardly recognized.

The sumptuary legislation of the last few years is an outgrowth and an illustration of the above idea, particularly of the attempt to create moral character by legal enactment. How different was the view of earlier times may be shown by an example from John Milton. That worthy Puritan, protesting against the appointment of government censors of printing, seeks to show the absurdity of attempts to regulate public morals by citing this very matter of temperance : "Next, what more National corruption,

for which England hears ill abroad, then household gluttony ? who shall be the rectors of our daily rioting ? and what shall be done to inhibit the multitudes that frequent those houses where drunk'nes is sold and harbour'd ?" The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of our day would give a curt answer to those questions, but Milton went on to say : "These things will be and must be ; but how they shall be lest hurtfull, how lest enticing, herein consists the grave and governing wisdom of a State. To sequester out of the world into Atlantick and Eutopian polities, which can never be drawn into use, will not mend our condition ; but to ordain wisely as in this world of evil, in the midd'st whereof God hath plac'd us unavoidably." I know that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, with its pronounced view of woman's sphere, can have no love for old John Milton or respect for his opinions, but still it may be well to consider whether there be not some truth worth our remembering in these words of his : not in the practice suggested by the opening questions, but in the principles laid down at the close. Measures must change with times and circumstances, but principles are the same now as two hundred and fifty years ago.

We are, then, in danger of forgetting the true function of law. This is not to reform the community, but to impose upon individuals obedience to what is already the common moral sense. A law will be enforced in accordance (1) with the strength in relative numbers, and (2) with the strength in conviction, of those who uphold it. Law is not, as too many reformers seem to regard it, an automatic force. Compare, for instance, the laws against theft with those against liquor selling. Probably ninety-

nine hundredths of the community believe that stealing is wrong, and perhaps nine tenths would not steal, even though undeterred by fear of punishment. Hence the laws against theft are well enforced. In the case of a prohibitory law, on the other hand, it may be that only a bare majority believe the law right, while all the rest are interested in its non-enforcement. Thus it cannot be nearly so effective. If a thief escapes, there is general regret; if a saloon keeper is punished, he receives considerable sympathy. The popular sense of honor condemns the employment of means to detect the law-breaking liquor seller that are expected as a matter of course in the case of thieves. People who are ashamed of themselves for the feeling still think that it is mean to be informers. So long as juries are composed of sympathetic human beings, they will be loath to condemn men for an act which, though a crime by the local majority vote, is not a sin by general consent. These difficulties need to be borne in mind alike by those who propose restrictive sumptuary laws, and by those who are ever ready to decry them because they are less perfectly enforced than other laws. In the nature of the case that is to be expected. The only question is, Does a given law operate as a check on the evil at which it is aimed? or, more precisely, Does it do more good than harm? For such a law may do harm in two ways: In the first place, the knowledge that any law cannot be, or is not, enforced creates disrespect of government and encourages general lawlessness. Secondly, a law may sometimes be enforced, and yet be unjust in principle, or lead to abuse in its operation. Advocates of temperance legislation, then, should consider these two questions: (1.) Is a proposed law practical? (2.) Is it just? They may be sure that injustice in a law will sooner or later awaken an opposition to it which will render it unpractical, also.

Such a state of affairs would do the cause of morality a double injury, giving an example of unenforced law and creating a sense of injured rights.

The question, what it is right for us to do in the effort to protect ourselves from the evils of intemperance, is one on which agreement seems to be impossible. What is practical we are slowly learning by experience. There can be no doubt, however, that the community has the right to protect itself from detriment, not only by restraining offenders, but also, if necessary, by restricting the personal liberty of the innocent. While the right to take land by eminent domain, and even to draft men for military service, is undisputed, it is idle to question the right of the State to forbid its members the use of alcoholic beverages, provided the public good requires. But does the public good require? It is necessary to prove not only that good is accomplished by a prohibitory law, but also that the same good cannot be secured by less extreme means. It is obviously our duty to make every effort to gain our object without interfering with the rights or the convenience of any one. It is as obviously the duty of patriotic citizens to submit without complaint to inconvenience, or even to considerable deprivation, if a great public good can be obtained in no other way. The burden of proof, however, rests on those who propose interference with individual freedom. Again, effectively as a prohibitory law may be enforced, it must still be regarded as an imperfect makeshift; the best available, but yet an oppressive means of reaching the end desired, which is not universal abstinence, but temperance. A community passing a prohibitory law, like a man signing the pledge, gives at once an exhibition of moral strength and a confession of moral weakness. Regret that such restraint is necessary must temper the satisfaction even of its voluntary adoption. A prohibitory law is not

to be compared with ordinary criminal laws which forbid and punish wrongdoing. Nor is it fair to say that the difference is an advantage, since prohibition not only prevents wrongdoing, but removes the occasion for it. The occasion, it is true, is removed, but only by interference with the liberty of the innocent. It is rather as if a law were to forbid any one to pass through certain dangerous streets, on the ground that the police could not furnish protection there. The ideal law will be one which restrains abuses without restraining liberty.

A prohibitory law, then, however successful, must always be apologized for as an imperfect, temporary measure, little hope though there may be of finding anything better. How is it with those other restraints on which dependence is placed where public sentiment will not permit the passage of prohibition, such as high license, early closing, or civil damage laws? Some of these, also, may be found to be more or less unfair in principle, but as a rule they have the advantage that they aim directly at the evil, dealing with the abuse, not the use, of intoxicants. In this they keep within their proper limits, though as compared with prohibitory laws they have the fault of not dealing completely with their subject. Still, a number of vigorous blows directed at weak points of the adversary may tell better in the end than one mighty effort at his head, which overreaches and spends its strength in part on the unoffending bystanders.

The most popular cry at present with those who hesitate to take the full step of prohibition is high license. There is, of course, no essential difference in principle between high and low license. Each system recognizes the liquor traffic as an evil to be checked. The license fee is supposed to impose on the dealer an additional motive for obeying the law, lest, if he break it, he lose not

only the right to carry on his business, but also the sum paid for the privilege. The license fee is also properly regarded as the damages, inadequate though they be, which the community is able to assess on the liquor dealer for the injury the presence of his kind inflicts upon society. There is no possible reason, other than the quibble based on the dictionary definition of the word, for regarding a license law as a sanction of liquor selling. It is a restriction, not a permission. It reduces the number of those who may sell from everybody to one in a hundred or more. Conscientious opponents of license should remember that words are intended to express ideas, not to confound them. The license law simply declares the measure of restraint and penalty which the community feels itself able to impose on an evil which it would gladly extirpate if it could; and no community has a right to consider its moral duty performed in sitting helpless by and forbidding an evil which it has not the power to prevent, but which it might modify.

The high-license system, however, as usually administered, is open to a charge of unfairness, and this is followed close by the more serious indictment that it becomes a power for political corruption. The injustice arises from the necessary powers of discrimination vested in those who grant the licenses. In fact, it is inherent in the system itself, since the exaction of a fee must operate in favor of the rich as against the poor applicant. The higher the charge, the greater is this injustice; while at the same time, especially where a legal limit is fixed for the number of licenses to be granted, the opportunities for favoritism increase. Perhaps we need not stop to spend much pity on the ill-treated liquor sellers, but the power for corruption placed in the hands of the license commissioners is a serious matter. Not only can they sell their favors to the highest bidder, but they can hold every liquor

dealer bound to serve them politically by the fear of losing his license. Thus we have at hand all the material for a ring made up of liquor sellers and local government officials. It must, at the very best, be impossible for the most upright commissioners to keep themselves free from suspicion of partiality. The remedy for this abuse, as has been suggested, is to fix a high fee, and then give the right to sell to all who pay it; or, going still further, to limit the number of licenses according to population, and sell them to the highest bidders, insisting in any case on a certain minimum fee. It seems as if the latter system ought to do away with the abuse of favoritism in granting the licenses, without sacrificing any point already gained by other means. To limit the number of licenses to one in so many hundred, and at the same time to allow the commissioners discretion in granting them, as is the custom in some places, must tend to create a plutocracy of liquor sellers with the license commissioners at the head.

License laws are accompanied by various restrictive laws. Some of these do much good, and some do no good at all. One of the most general is that requiring Sunday closing. This is probably enforced in different places with about the same rigor or laxity as similar laws against other forms of business. It has the justification of other Sunday laws as a measure to protect workers in the enjoyment of a regular day of rest. It is further a wise means of relieving workingmen from the temptation to waste their money for liquor at a time when they have the most money to spend and the most leisure for spending it. Laws requiring early evening closing, especially on Saturdays, and holiday closing have the same justification, beside the fact that experience proves their value as a preventive of disorder.

An effective means of limiting the saloon nuisance is found to be shutting

it out of certain districts in cities and requiring it to keep its distance from churches and schoolhouses, as well as giving adjacent property holders the right to forbid its presence. When, as in Philadelphia, this is supplemented by the requirement of heavy bonds and of neighboring property holders as bondsmen, a great deal is accomplished. By this last requirement one step further is taken, and the principle is established that no saloon shall be allowed in a locality where it cannot show a decided demand for its presence. The charge is made that all these restrictions only serve to give the saloon once opened in compliance with them an added appearance of respectability. It is hard, however, to believe, in view of present public opinion, that this bane of civilization can ever masquerade in the guise of respectability again. Such laws as these, restricting the time and place of sale, and the law forbidding sales to minors ought to be capable of enforcement in any community that has energy to interest itself at all in the matter. Prohibition of sales to habitual drunkards could hardly be effective outside of villages and small towns. Various minor measures, like the screen law and anti-treating laws, prove of little practical effect; and that most righteous enactment of all, the civil damage law, has accomplished far less than was hoped.

Another blow at the evil, which is beginning to be advocated, is the prohibition of the open saloon, where intoxicants are sold to be drunk on the premises. It seems as if such a law could be enforced where absolute prohibition would fail, and if it were enforced much good would certainly result. The associations which lead to immoderate drinking would largely be removed, while at the same time personal liberty would not be seriously curtailed. It is objected that by closing the saloons we should take away the only attractive place many men have in which to pass

their evenings; but by saving the money spent in saloons they could make their homes attractive. To remove the attractiveness of drinking is an end much to be desired; and this plan of prohibiting the saloon, as distinguished from the liquor store, deserves more attention than it has yet received.

The question of our moral right to interfere with others arises not only in considering what laws shall be passed, but also in considering who shall pass them. Shall it be each town, county, or State for itself, or the nation for the whole? Is the nation at large so vitally concerned in a State's practice in this matter that it has a right to lay down the law in opposition to the will of the State itself? Has a State the same justification of the general welfare to warrant its prescribing for a town within its limits? This certainly may be said: The authority that makes the law must be prepared to assume the responsibility of enforcing it where it is unpopular. The State has no right to pass a law, and then leave the responsibility for its enforcement on a city that is opposed to it. The nation has no right to pass a prohibitory constitutional amendment, unless it is ready to enforce its decree in every State. To secure such an amendment, it is therefore necessary, not only that three fourths of the States should wish prohibition for themselves, but also that they should covet the task of enforcing it on the remaining fourth. Under these circumstances, it seems hardly likely that prohibition can be adopted into the national Constitution until all the States individually come to approve it, and then it will be no longer needed. National prohibition is a grand idea in the abstract, but all save its most violent advocates must pause at the thought of what the attempt to enforce it implies. This is nothing less than a national police force, comparable in numbers to a standing army of Europe, distributed in every city and

village in our land, and absolutely irresponsible to the local communities under its supervision. For if, while nominally United States officials, these police were responsible to local bodies, prohibition would at once degenerate from a national to a local institution. Such a centralization of power as the above would be practically a revolution in our form of government, and would be utterly intolerable to the American people. At least it would appear to be more practical for prohibitionists to wait, before organizing a national party, until they have secured prohibition in something like three fourths of the several States. The present constitutional powers of the general government in this matter are inconsiderable, and will soon be appreciably diminished by the admission of Territories to the Union. They certainly are not such as to warrant the attempt to place temperance above other public questions as a national issue.

State prohibition is open, though in much less degree, to the same objection as national; namely, that the State in general has no such concern in the affairs of its individual towns as to make interference tolerable. That the State is intimately interested in the welfare of its parts must, however, be admitted, and it then becomes an open question, with room for fair difference of opinion, how much interference is justifiable. Against state prohibition the devotees of local self-government set local option. Yet the plea of preserving local rights must be a lame excuse for this system, if it cannot also be shown that the practical results obtained are better than under state prohibition. The claim of those who favor local option is that experience yields the result which common sense would expect; that local approval is essential for the enforcement of any law, especially a law which interferes with the general practice of a large portion of the community. If the towns are left to themselves, those that oppose

the law will pay little attention to it; while, even if the State attempts its enforcement, evidence and conviction are almost impossible to obtain in opposition to popular sentiment. The assertion is frequently made that prohibition in a given State is well enforced in the great majority of towns, or that the evils of intemperance are much less under prohibition than under license. The trouble with these statements is that they have no bearing on the question in hand. That question is not whether state prohibition is better than state license, but whether state prohibition is better than local option. It may be that adequate statistics are not yet available to settle this point, but the burden of proof properly rests on the prohibitionists, and they cannot meet it by wearisome repetition of the fact that general prohibition works better than general license. There is great, and it would seem needless, confusion on this matter. The contention of local option is simply this: that the only places in which, under a state law, prohibition is enforced are the identical places which, if left to their own choice, would voluntarily adopt prohibition; while in no town which would not of itself adopt the system will the State be able to enforce it. There may be found exceptional towns in both classes, but the general rule will still hold true. In the face of facts it is idle to talk of sworn duties of public officers. The mayor of a New York city, who declared that he saw "no harm in a little quiet violation of the law," was only the spokesman of a class; and it is after all unfair to blame public officers for their lethargy, when they know that public opinion will not sustain them in vigorous action.

Under local option, then, we have prohibition in all those places where we can hope to have it under a state law, while in the remaining places we still have the benefit of the usual restrictive laws, which are of necessity all swept

away by the enactment of general prohibition. The fact that non-enforcement of prohibition means the removal of all restraints usually imposed by law on the liquor business is too often forgotten. The law cannot place minor restraints on a traffic the existence of which its own self-respect forbids it to recognize. The business for the state prohibitionists, if they would prove their case against local option, is to examine the last recorded votes on the question of prohibition in the several towns of prohibition States, mark those that voted against it, and then try honestly to find out in what proportion of those towns it is a success. It is on the record of those towns, and of those only, that the merits of the question between local option and prohibition can be decided. Where local option, but not prohibition, has been tried, significant facts also appear. For instance, in the past few years several cities in Massachusetts have changed back from prohibition to license, finding that they lacked the energy to enforce the stricter system, in spite of a small majority apparently in its favor. On the other hand, the city of Cambridge furnishes a striking proof of what a small majority can do when willing to work for prohibition as well as to vote for it. Such instances, however, count nothing in favor of a state law, while every case where a majority fails to maintain the law it has itself passed tells with double effect against such a law.

It would indicate a deplorable and un-American sameness of character if we all agreed on such a subject as this. Neither is it to be expected that similar measures will be advisable in all cases. The most that we can hope is to find our common principles, and to act unitedly and aggressively so far as we can; ready to make sacrifices in minor matters of method for the sake of agreement, and not standing stubbornly for abstract principles at the expense of practical results. Extremists must re-

member, too, that while the more moderate should be ready to advance half-way to meet them in matters of detail, they cannot be expected to yield a single point of principle for the sake of harmony. It will therefore often be necessary for those who would prefer to go the furthest to make the greater concession. Those who believe that a given measure is best can ask no compromise from those who believe that it is wrong. Moderate measures are at least right, even though they be not the best. It is true there are those who declare uncompromisingly that nothing but prohibition is right, and who carry their belief to a logical conclusion. Certain of these in the West not long since complained that in a local election they were only offered the choice between high and low license, and so, as they could not conscientiously vote for either, were practically disfranchised. Evidently, it is useless to count on the coöperation of so sensitive consciences in the effort to secure practical temperance legislation. Still, there is reason to believe that they are not very numerous. Probably they were all included in the prohibition party in 1884, when that party's total vote was only about one hundred and fifty thousand, and included in that number thousands of dissatisfied Republicans.

The question still remains of the relation of temperance workers to political parties. The treatment of the liquor business is the most important public question in most of the States, and there is no reason why parties within a State should not be formed on that issue, except the all-important fact that the people seem determined to keep up their national political divisions in local affairs also. For this practical reason, it seems as though the friends of temperance could gain more if they would learn a lesson from the saloon interests, and, instead of declaring that a third party must be formed because both the old parties are under the control of the

saloon, try to wrest them out of that control. If the advocates of temperance legislation were to demand recognition of both parties as aggressively as do the liquor men, were they to stand by their friends and mark their enemies, they ought to prove themselves strong enough to drive the saloon influence out of politics. Both parties might be compelled to support restrictive temperance legislation. The Republican party, with its centralizing tendency, ought more naturally to be the home of the state prohibitionists, while the Democratic party should maintain the rights of smaller communities and of individual citizens. The Prohibition party cannot fairly claim to be the exclusive representative of a moral cause. The moral cause is the promotion of temperance, which all favor. The means believed to be best may be prohibition, high license, or low license. The most drastic measures are not necessarily the most moral, though they do, unfortunately, often force that plea on the conscience over the common sense.

Out of all the conflict of views and methods we may be sure of so much as this: until three fourths of the States have pronounced in favor of prohibition, the temperance question, though of national importance, can have no logical place in national politics. The treatment of the liquor traffic is, then, a question for each State by itself. The ordinary course, both of justice and expediency, is for the State to pass such restricting laws as deal directly with the evil without trenching on personal liberty, and to leave to its counties and cities the decision, each for itself, of the question of absolute prohibition; remembering, however, that the larger the majority of towns voting prohibition, the less questionable becomes the right of the State to seek protection against the contagion of local plague spots by general legislation for the whole body. On these lines, by every means which ingenuity

can devise and experience proves can be enforced, to suppress the evils of the liquor traffic, and in particular the open saloon, should be our aim. Neither should we diminish respect for law by placing, or leaving, on the statute-books laws which experience shows cannot be enforced. Further, let no state law ever be so framed as to forbid a smaller community within the State to be as stringent as it please within its own limits. Again, we must not forget that the attempt to create moral sentiment by law reverses the true order.

Law must follow and enforce the decree of moral sentiment already created by education. Pushed in advance, it becomes inoperative and ridiculous, discouraging instead of stimulating. For a guiding principle we must recognize personal liberty, while insisting on the common weal. Finally, let us be coöperative and practical, and not "sequester out of the world into Atlantick and Eutopian politics, . . . but ordain wisely as in this world of evil, in the midd't whereof God hath plac't us unavoidably."

Charles Worcester Clark.

OMAR KHAYYÁM.

AT Naishápúr his ashes lie
 O'ershadowed by the mosque's blue dome;
 There folded in his tent of sky
 The star of Persia sleeps at home.

The Rose her buried Nightingale
 Remembers, faithful all these years;
 Around his grave the winds exhale
 The fragrant sorrow of her tears.

Sultans and slaves in caravans
 Since Malik Shah have gone their way,
 And ridges in the Kubberstans
 Are their memorials to-day.

But from the dust in Omar's tomb
 A Fakir has revived a Rose, —
 Perchance the old, ancestral bloom
 Of that one by the mosque which blows;

And from its petals he has caught
 The inspiration Omar knew,
 Who from the stars his wisdom brought, —
 A Persian Rose that drank the dew.

The Fakir now in dust lies low
 With Omar of the Orient;
 Fitzgerald, shall we call him? No;
 'T was Omar in the Occident!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

BRANDYWINE, GERMANTOWN, AND SARATOGA.

WE have seen how, owing to the gross negligence of Lord George Germaine,¹ discretionary power had been left to Howe, while entirely taken away from Burgoyne. The latter had no choice but to move down the Hudson. The former was instructed to move up the Hudson, but at the same time was left free to depart from the strict letter of his instructions, should there be any manifest advantage in so doing. Nevertheless, the movement up the Hudson was so clearly prescribed by all sound military considerations that everybody wondered why Howe did not attempt it. Why he should have left his brother general in the lurch, and gone sailing off to Chesapeake Bay, was a mystery which no one was able to unravel, until some thirty years ago a document was discovered which has thrown much light upon the question. Here there steps again upon the scene that miserable intriguer, whose presence in the American army had so nearly wrecked the fortunes of the patriot cause, and who now, in captivity, proceeded to act the part of a doubly-dyed traitor. A marplot and mischief-maker from beginning to end, Charles Lee never failed to work injury to whichever party his selfish vanity or craven fear inclined him for the moment to serve. We have seen how, on the day when he was captured and taken to the British camp, his first thought was for his personal safety, which he might well suppose to be in some jeopardy, since he had formerly held the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the British army. He was taken to New York and confined in the City Hall, where he was treated with ordinary courtesy; but there is no doubt that Sir William Howe looked upon him as a deserter, and was more than half inclined to hang him

¹ See *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1889.

without ceremony. Fearing, however, as he said, that he might "fall into a law scrape," should he act too hastily, Sir William wrote home for instructions, and in reply was directed by Lord George Germaine to send his prisoner to England for trial. In pursuance of this order, Lee had already been carried on board ship, when a letter from Washington put a stop to these proceedings. The letter informed General Howe that Washington held five Hessian field-officers as hostages for Lee's personal safety, and that all exchange of prisoners would be suspended until due assurance should be received that Lee was to be recognized as a prisoner of war. After reading this letter General Howe did not dare to send Lee to England for trial, for fear of possible evil consequences to the five Hessian officers, which might cause serious disaffection among the German troops. The king approved of this cautious behavior, and so Lee was kept in New York, with his fate undecided, until it had become quite clear that neither arguments nor threats could avail one jot to shake Washington's determination. When Lord George Germaine had become convinced of this, he persuaded the reluctant king to yield the point; and Howe was accordingly instructed that Lee, although worthy of condign punishment, should be deemed a prisoner of war, and might be exchanged as such, whenever convenient.

All this discussion necessitated the exchange of several letters between London and New York, so that a whole year elapsed before the question was settled. It was not until December 12, 1777, that Howe received these final instructions. But Lee had not been idle during all this time while his fate was in suspense. Hardly had the key been turned upon him in his rooms at

the City Hall when he began his intrigues. First, he assured Lord Howe and his brother that he had always opposed the declaration of independence, and even now cherished hopes that by a judiciously arranged interview with some of the delegates in Congress he might persuade the misguided people of America to return to their old allegiance. Lord Howe, who always kept one hand on the olive-branch, eagerly caught at the suggestion, and permitted Lee to send a letter to Congress, urging that a committee be sent to confer with him, as he had "important communications to make." Could such a conference be brought about, he thought, his zeal for effecting a reconciliation would interest the Howes in his favor, and might save his precious neck. Congress, however, flatly refused to listen to the proposal, and then the wretch, without further ado, went over to the enemy, and began to counsel with the British commanders how they might best subdue the Americans in the summer campaign. He went so far as to write out for the brothers Howe a plan of operations, giving them the advantage of what was supposed to be his intimate knowledge of the conditions of the case. This document the Howes did not care to show after the disastrous event of the campaign, and it remained hidden for eighty years, until it was found among the domestic archives of the Strachey family, at Sutton Court, in Somerset. The first Sir Henry Strachey was secretary to the Howes from 1775 to 1778. The document is in Lee's well-known handwriting, and is indorsed by Strachey as "Mr. Lee's plan, March 29, 1777." In this document Lee maintains that if the State of Maryland could be overawed, and the people of Virginia prevented from sending aid to Pennsylvania, then Philadelphia might be taken and held, and the operations of the "rebel government" paralyzed. The Tory party was known to be strong in Pennsylvania, and the

circumstances under which Maryland had declared for independence, last of all the colonies save New York, were such as to make it seem probable that there also the loyalist feeling was very powerful. Lee did not hesitate to assert, as of his own personal knowledge, that the people of Maryland and Pennsylvania were nearly all loyalists, who only awaited the arrival of a British army in order to declare themselves. He therefore recommended that 14,000 men should drive Washington out of New Jersey and capture Philadelphia, while the remainder of Howe's army, 4000 in number, should go around by sea to Chesapeake Bay, and occupy Alexandria and Annapolis. From these points, if Lord Howe were to issue a proclamation of amnesty, the pacification of the central "colonies" might be effected in less than two months; and so confident of all this did the writer feel that he declared himself ready to "stake his life upon the issue," a remark which betrays, perhaps, what was uppermost in his mind throughout the whole proceeding. At the same time, he argued that offensive operations toward the North could not "answer any sort of purpose," since the Northern provinces "are at present neither the seat of government, strength, nor politics; and the apprehensions from General Carleton's army will, I am confident, keep the New Englanders at home, or at least confine 'em to the east side the [Hudson] river."

It will be observed that this plan of Lee's was similar to that of Lord George Germaine, in so far as it aimed at thrusting the British power like a wedge into the centre of the confederacy, and thus cutting asunder New England and Virginia, the two chief centres of the rebellion. But instead of aiming his blow at the Hudson River, Lee aims it at Philadelphia, as the "rebel capital;" and his reason for doing this shows how little he understood American affairs, and

how strictly he viewed them in the light of his military experience in Europe. In European warfare it is customary to strike at the enemy's capital city, in order to get control of his whole system of administration; but that the possession of an enemy's capital is not always decisive the wars of Napoleon have most abundantly proved. The battles of Austerlitz in 1805 and Wagram in 1809 were fought by Napoleon after he had entered Vienna; it was not his acquisition of Berlin in 1806, but his victory at Friedland in the following summer, that completed the overthrow of Prussia; and where he had to contend against a strong and united national feeling, as in Spain and Russia, the possession of the capital did not help him in the least. Nevertheless, in European countries, where the systems of administration are highly centralized, it is usually advisable to move upon the enemy's capital. But to apply such a principle to Philadelphia in 1777 was the height of absurdity. Philadelphia had been selected for the meetings of the Continental Congress because of its geographical position. It was the most centrally situated of our large towns, but it was in no sense the centre of a vast administrative machinery. If taken by an enemy, it was only necessary for Congress to move to any other town, and everything would go on as before. As it was not an administrative, so neither was it a military centre. It commanded no great system of interior highways, and it was comparatively difficult to protect by the fleet. It might be argued, on the other hand, that because Philadelphia was the largest town in the United States, and possessed of a certain preëminence as the seat of Congress, the acquisition of it by the invaders would give them a certain moral advantage. It would help the Tory party, and discourage the patriots. Such a gain, however, would be trifling compared with the loss which might come from Howe's failure to coöperate

with Burgoyne; and so the event most signally proved.

Just how far the Howes were persuaded by Lee's arguments must be a matter of inference. The course which they ultimately pursued, in close conformity with the suggestions of this remarkable document, was so disastrous to the British cause that the author might almost seem to have been intentionally luring them off on a false scent. One would gladly take so charitable a view of the matter, were it not both inconsistent with what we have already seen of Lee, and utterly negatived by his scandalous behavior the following year, after his restoration to his command in the American army. We cannot doubt that Lee gave his advice in sober earnest. That considerable weight was attached to it is shown by a secret letter from Sir William Howe to Lord George Germaine, dated the 2d of April, or four days after the date of Lee's extraordinary document. In this letter, Howe intimates for the first time that he has an expedition in mind which may modify the scheme for a joint campaign with the Northern army along the line of the Hudson. To this suggestion Lord George replied on the 18th of May: "I trust that whatever you may meditate will be executed in time for you to coöperate with the army to proceed from Canada." It was a few days after this that Lord George, perhaps feeling a little uneasy about the matter, wrote that imperative order which lay in its pigeon-hole in London until all the damage was done.

With these data at our command, it becomes easy to comprehend General Howe's movements during the spring and summer. His first intention was to push across New Jersey with the great body of his army, and occupy Philadelphia; and since he had twice as many men as Washington, he might hope to do this in time to get back to the Hudson as soon as he was likely to be needed there. He began his march on

the 12th of June, five days before Burgoyne's flotilla started southward on Lake Champlain. The enterprise did not seem hazardous, but Howe was completely foiled by Washington's superior strategy. Before the British commander had fairly begun to move, Washington, from various symptoms, divined his purpose, and, coming down from his lair at Morristown, planted himself on the heights of Middlebrook, within ten miles of New Brunswick, close upon the flank of Howe's line of march. Such a position, occupied by 8000 men under such a general, was equivalent to a fortress, which it would not do for Howe to pass by and leave in his rear. But the position was so strong that to try to storm it would be to invite defeat. It remained to be seen what could be done by manoeuvring. The British army of 18,000 men was concentrated at New Brunswick, with plenty of boats for crossing the Delaware River, when that obstacle should be reached. But the really insuperable obstacle was close at hand. A campaign of eighteen days ensued, consisting of wily marches and counter-marches, the result of which showed that Washington's advantage of position could not be wrested from him. Howe could neither get by him nor outwit him, and was too prudent to attack him; and accordingly, on the last day of June, he abandoned his first plan, and evacuated New Jersey, taking his whole army over to Staten Island.

This campaign has attracted far less attention than it deserves, mainly, no doubt, because it contained no battles or other striking incidents. It was purely a series of strategic devices. But in point of military skill it was, perhaps, as remarkable as anything that Washington ever did, and it certainly occupies a cardinal position in the history of the overthrow of Burgoyne. For if Howe had been able to take Philadelphia early in the summer, it is difficult to see what could have prevented him

from returning and ascending the Hudson, in accordance with the plan of the ministry. Now the month of June was gone, and Burgoyne was approaching Ticonderoga. Howe ought to have held himself in readiness to aid him, but he could not seem to get Philadelphia, the "rebel capital," out of his mind. His next plan coincided remarkably with the other half of Lee's scheme. He decided to go around to Philadelphia by sea, but he was slow in starting, and seems to have paused for a moment to watch the course of events at the North. He began early in July to put his men on board ship, but confided his plans to no one but Cornwallis and Grant; and his own army, as well as the Americans, believed that this show of going to sea was only a feint to disguise his real intention. Every one supposed that he would go up the Hudson. As soon as New Jersey was evacuated Washington moved back to Morristown, and threw his advance, under Sullivan, as far north as Pompton, so as to be ready to co-operate with Putnam, in the Highlands, at a moment's notice. As soon as it became known that Ticonderoga had fallen, Washington, supposing that his adversary would do what a good general ought to do, advanced into the Ramapo Clove, a rugged defile in the Highlands, near Haverstraw, and actually sent the divisions of Sullivan and Stirling across the river to Peekskill. All this while Howe kept moving some of his ships, now up the Hudson, now into the Sound, now off from Sandy Hook, so that people might doubt whether his destination were the Highlands, or Boston, or Philadelphia. Probably his own mind was not fully made up until after the news from Ticonderoga. Then, amid the general exultation, he seems to have concluded that Burgoyne would be able to take care of himself, at least with such coöperation as he might get from Sir Henry Clinton. In this mood he wrote to Burgoyne as follows: "I have . . .

heard from the rebel army of your being in possession of Ticonderoga, which is a great event, carried without loss. . . . Washington is waiting our motions here, and has detached Sullivan with about 2500 men, as I learn, to Albany. My intention is for Pennsylvania, where I expect to meet Washington; but if he goes to the northward, contrary to my expectations, and you can keep him at bay, be assured I shall soon be after him to relieve you. After your arrival at Albany, the movements of the enemy will guide yours; but my wishes are that the enemy be drove [*sic*] out of this province before any operation takes place in Connecticut. Sir Henry Clinton remains in the command here, and will act as occurrences may direct. Putnam is in the Highlands with about 4000 men. Success be ever with you." This letter, which was written on very narrow strips of thin paper, and conveyed in a quill, did not reach Burgoyne till the middle of September, when things wore a very different aspect from that which they wore in the middle of July. Nothing could better illustrate the rash, overconfident spirit in which Howe proceeded to carry out his Southern scheme. A few days afterward he put to sea with the fleet of 228 sail, carrying an army of 18,000 men, while 7000 were left in New York, under Sir Henry Clinton, to garrison the city and act according to circumstances. Just before sailing he wrote a letter to Burgoyne, stating that the destination of his fleet was Boston, and he artfully contrived that this letter should fall into Washington's hands. But Washington was a difficult person to hoodwink. On reading the letter, he rightly inferred that Howe had gone southward. Accordingly, recalling Sullivan and Stirling to the west side of the Hudson, he set out for the Delaware, but proceeded very cautiously, lest Howe should suddenly retrace his course, and dart up the Hudson. To guard against such an emergency, he let

Sullivan advance no farther than Morristown, and kept everything in readiness for an instant counter-march. In a letter of July 30th he writes, "Howe's in a manner abandoning Burgoyne is so unaccountable a matter that, till I am fully assured of it, *I cannot help casting my eyes continually behind me.*" Next day, learning that the fleet had arrived at the Capes of Delaware, he advanced to Germantown; but on the day after, when he heard that the fleet had put out to sea again, he at once suspected that the whole movement had been a feint. He believed that Howe would at once return to the Hudson, and immediately ordered Sullivan to counter-march, while he held himself ready to follow at a moment's notice. His best generals entertained the same opinion. "I cannot persuade myself," said Greene, "that General Burgoyne would dare to push with such rapidity towards Albany if he did not expect support from General Howe." A similar view of the military exigencies of the case was taken by the British officers, who, almost to a man, disapproved of the southward movement. They knew as well as Greene that, however fine a city Philadelphia might be, it was "an object of far less military importance than the Hudson River."

No wonder that the American generals were wide of the mark in their conjectures, for the folly of Howe's movements after reaching the mouth of the Delaware was quite beyond credence, and would be inexplicable to-day except as the result of the wild advice of the marplot Lee. Howe alleged as his reason for turning away from the Delaware that there were obstructions in the river and forts to pass, and accordingly he thought it best to go around by way of Chesapeake Bay, and land his army at Elkton. Now he might easily have gone a little way up the Delaware River without encountering any obstructions whatever, and landed his troops at a point only thirteen miles east of Elkton.

Instead of attempting this, he wasted twenty-four days in a voyage of four hundred miles, mostly against head-winds; in order to reach the same point! No sensible antagonist could be expected to understand such eccentric behavior. No wonder that, after it had become clear that the fleet had gone southward, Washington should have supposed an attack on Charleston to be intended. A council of war on the 21st decided that this must be the case, and since an overland march of seven hundred miles could not be accomplished in time to prevent such an attack, it was decided to go back to New York, and operate against Sir Henry Clinton. But before this decision was acted on Howe appeared at the head of Chesapeake Bay, where he landed his forces at Elkton. It was now the 25th of August, — nine days after the battle of Bennington and three days after the flight of St. Leger. Since entering Chesapeake Bay, Howe had received Lord George Germaine's letter of May 18th, telling him that whatever he had to do ought to be done in time for him to coöperate with Burgoyne. Now Burgoyne's situation had become dangerous, and here was Howe at Elkton, fifty miles southwest of Philadelphia, with Washington's army in front of him, and more than three hundred miles away from Burgoyne!

On hearing of Howe's arrival at the head of Chesapeake Bay, Washington had advanced as far as Wilmington to meet him. The first proceeding of the British general, on landing at Elkton, was to issue his proclamation of amnesty; but it did not bring him many recruits. A counter-proclamation, drawn up by Luther Martin, sufficed to neutralize it. Though there were many people in the neighborhood who cared little for the cause of independence, there were but few who sympathized with the invaders enough to render them any valuable assistance. It was through a country indifferent, perhaps, but not friendly

in feeling, that the British army cautiously pushed its way northward for a fortnight, until it reached the village of Kennett Square, six miles west of the Brandywine Creek, behind which Washington had planted himself to oppose its progress.

The time had arrived when Washington felt it necessary to offer battle, even though such a step might not be justified from purely military reasons. The people were weary of a Fabian policy which they did not comprehend, and Washington saw that even if he were defeated, the moral effect upon the country would not be so bad as if he were to abandon Philadelphia without a blow. A victory he was hardly entitled to expect, since he had but 11,000 men against Howe's 18,000, and since the British were still greatly superior in equipment and discipline. Under these circumstances Washington chose his ground with his usual sagacity, and took possession of it by a swift and masterly movement. The Brandywine Creek ran directly athwart Howe's line of march to Philadelphia. Though large enough to serve as a military obstacle, — in England it would be called a river, — it was crossed by numerous fords, of which the principal one, Chadd's Ford, lay in Howe's way. Washington placed the centre of his army just behind Chadd's Ford and across the road. His centre was defended in front by a corps of artillery under Wayne, while Greene, on some high ground in the rear, was stationed as a reserve. Below Chadd's Ford, the Brandywine becomes a roaring torrent, shut in between steep, high cliffs, so that the American left, resting upon these natural defenses, was sufficiently guarded by the Pennsylvania militia under Armstrong. The right wing, stretching two miles up the stream, into an uneven and thickly wooded country, was commanded by Sullivan.

This was a very strong position. On the left it was practically inaccessible.

To try storming it in front would be a doubtful experiment, sure to result in terrible loss of life. The only weak point was the right, which could be taken in flank by a long circuitous march through the woods. Accordingly, on the morning of the 11th of September, the British right wing, under Knyphausen, began skirmishing and occupying Washington's attention at Chadd's Ford; while the left column, under the energetic Cornwallis, marched up the Lancaster road, crossed the forks of the Brandywine, and turned southward toward Birmingham church, with the intention of striking the rear of the American right wing. It was similar to the flanking movement which had been tried so successfully at the battle of Long Island, a year before. It was quite like the splendid movement of Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville, eighty-five years afterward. In Howe's time such flanking marches were eminently fashionable. It was in this way that the great Frederick had won some of his most astonishing victories. They were, nevertheless, then as always, dangerous expedients, as the stupendous overthrow of the Austro-Russian army at Austerlitz was by and by to show. There is always a serious chance that the tables may be turned. Such flanking movements are comparatively safe, however, when the attacking army greatly outnumbered the army attacked, as at the Brandywine. But in all cases the chief element in their success is secrecy; above all things, the party attacked must be kept in the dark.

These points are admirably illustrated in the battle of the Brandywine. The danger of a flank attack upon his right wing was well understood by Washington; and as soon as he heard that Cornwallis was marching up the Lancaster road, he considered the feasibility of doing what Frederick would probably have done, — of crossing quickly at Chadd's and Brinton's fords, in full

force, and crushing Knyphausen's division. This he could doubtless have accomplished, had he been so fortunate as to have inherited an army trained by the father of Frederick the Great. But Washington's army was not yet well trained, and its numerical inferiority was such that Knyphausen's division might of itself be regarded as a fair match for it. The British movement was, therefore, well considered, and it was doubtless well that Washington did not return the offensive by crossing the creek. Moreover, the organization of his staff was far from complete. He was puzzled by conflicting reports as to the enemy's movements. While considering the question of throwing his whole force against Knyphausen, he was stopped by a false report that Cornwallis was *not* moving upon his flank. So great was the delay in getting intelligence that Cornwallis had accomplished his long march of eighteen miles, and was approaching Birmingham church, before it was well known where he was. Nevertheless, his intention of dealing a death-blow to the American army was forestalled and partially checked. Before he had reached our right wing, Washington had ordered Sullivan to form a new front and advance toward Birmingham church. Owing to the imperfect discipline of the troops, Sullivan executed the movement rather clumsily, but enough was accomplished to save the army from rout. In the obstinate and murderous fight which ensued near Birmingham church between Cornwallis and Sullivan, the latter was at length slowly pushed back in the direction of Dilworth. To save the army from being broken in two, it was now necessary for the centre to retreat upon Chester by way of Dilworth, and this movement was accomplished by Greene with most consummate skill. It was now possible for Knyphausen to advance across Chadd's Ford against Wayne's position; and he did so, aided by the right wing

of Cornwallis's division, which, instead of joining in the oblique pursuit toward Dilworth, kept straight onward, and came down upon Wayne's rear. Nothing was left for Wayne and Armstrong but to retreat and join the rest of the army at Chester, and so the battle of the Brandywine came to an end.

This famous battle was admirably conducted on both sides. The risk assumed in the long flanking march of Cornwallis was fully justified. The poor organization of the American army was of course well known to the British commanders, and they took advantage of the fact. Had they been dealing with an organization as efficient as their own, their course would have been foolhardy. On the other hand, when we consider the relative strength of the two armies, it is clear that the bold move of Cornwallis ought not simply to have won the field of battle. It ought to have annihilated the American army, had not its worst consequences been averted by Washington's promptness, aided by Sullivan's obstinate bravery and Greene's masterly conduct of the retreat upon Dilworth. As it was, the American soldiers came out of the fight in good order. Nothing could be more absurd than the careless statement, so often made, that the Americans were "routed" at the Brandywine. Their organization was preserved, and at Chester, next day, they were as ready for fight as ever. They had exacted from the enemy a round price for the victory. The American loss was a little more than 1000, incurred chiefly in Sullivan's gallant struggle; rolls afterward captured at Germantown showed that the British loss considerably exceeded that figure.

So far as the possession of Philadelphia was concerned, the British victory was decisive. When the news came, next morning, that the army had retreated upon Chester, there was great consternation in the "rebel capital." Some timid people left their homes, and sought

refuge in the mountains. Congress fled to Lancaster, first clothing Washington for sixty days with the same extraordinary powers which had been granted him the year before. Yet there was no need of such unseemly haste, for Washington detained the victorious enemy a fortnight on the march of only twenty-six miles; a feat which not even Napoleon could have performed with an army that had just been "routed." He had now heard of Stark's victory and St. Leger's flight, and his letters show how clearly he foresaw Burgoyne's inevitable fate, provided Howe could be kept away from him. To keep Howe's whole force employed near Philadelphia as long as possible was of the utmost importance. Accordingly, during the fortnight following the battle of the Brandywine, every day saw manœuvres or skirmishes, in one of which General Wayne was defeated by Sir Charles Grey, with a loss of three hundred men. On the 26th, while Howe established his headquarters at Germantown, Cornwallis entered Philadelphia in triumph, marching with bands of music and flying colors, and all the troops decked out in their finest scarlet array.

Having got possession of the "rebel capital," the question now arose whether it would be possible to hold it through the winter. The Delaware River, below the city, had been carefully obstructed by *chevaux-de-frise*, which were guarded by two strong fortresses,—Fort Mifflin on an island in mid-stream, and Fort Mercer on the Jersey shore. The river was here about two miles in width, but it was impossible for ships to pass until the forts should have been reduced. About the first of October, after a rough return voyage of four hundred miles, Lord Howe's fleet appeared at the mouth of the Delaware. It was absolutely necessary to gain control of the river, in order that the city might get supplies by sea; for so long as Washington's army remained unbroken, the Americans were quite able to cut off all

supplies by land. Sir William Howe, therefore, threw a portion of his forces across the river, to aid his brother in reducing the forts. The quick eye of Washington now saw an opportunity for attacking the main British army, while thus temporarily weakened; and he forthwith planned a most brilliant battle, which was fated to be lost, at the very moment of victory, by an extraordinary accident.

The village of Germantown, on the bank of the Schuylkill River, was then separated from Philadelphia by about six miles of open country. The village consisted chiefly of a single street, about two miles in length, with stone houses on either side, standing about a hundred yards apart from each other, and surrounded by gardens and orchards. Near the upper end of the street, in the midst of ornamental shrubbery, vases, and statues, arranged in a French style of landscape gardening, stood the massively built house of Benjamin Chew, formerly Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. About a mile below, at the Market House, the main street was crossed at right angles by the Old School Lane. Beside the main street, running over Chestnut Hill, the village was approached from the northward by three roads. The Monatawny road ran down by the bank of the Schuylkill, and, crossing the Old School Lane, bore on toward Philadelphia. The Limekiln road, coming from the northeast, became continuous with the Old School Lane. The Old York road, still further eastward, joined the main street at the Rising Sun tavern, about two miles below the Market House.

The British army lay encamped just behind the Old School Lane, in the lower part of the village: the left wing, under Knyphausen, to the west of the main street; the right, under Grant, to the east. A strong detachment of *chasseurs*, under Sir Charles Grey, covered the left wing. About a mile in advance

of the army, Colonel Musgrave's regiment lay in a field opposite Judge Chew's house; and yet a mile further forward a battalion of light infantry was stationed on the slight eminence known as Mount Airy, where a small battery commanded the road to the north.

Washington's plan of attack seems to have contemplated nothing less than the destruction or capture of the British army. His forces were to advance from the north by all four roads at once, and converge upon the British at the Market House. The American right wing, under Sullivan, and consisting of Sullivan's own brigade, with those of Conway, Wayne, Maxwell, and Nash, was to march down the main street, overwhelm the advanced parties of the British, and engage their left wing in front; while Armstrong, with the Pennsylvania militia, was to move down the Monatawny road, and take the same wing in flank. The American left wing, commanded by Greene, was also to proceed in two columns. Greene, with his own brigade, supported by Stephen and McDougal, was to march down the Limekiln road, and assail the British right wing in front and in flank; while Smallwood and Forman, coming down the Old York road, were to strike the same wing in the rear. The flank attack upon the British left, entrusted as it was to militia, was intended merely as a demonstration. The attack upon their right, conducted by more than half of the American army, including its best troops, was intended to crush that wing, and, folding back the whole British army upon the Schuylkill River, compel it to surrender.

Considering that the Americans had not even yet a superiority in numbers, this was a most audacious plan. No better instance could be given of the spirit of wild and venturesome daring which was as conspicuous in Washington as his cautious vigilance, whenever any fit occasion arose for displaying it. The

brilliant scheme came surprisingly near to success ; so near as to redeem it from the imputation of foolhardiness, and to show that here, as in all Washington's military movements, cool judgment went along with fiery dash. At seven in the evening of the 3d of October, the night march upon Germantown began, Washington accompanying Sullivan's column. At sunrise a heavy fog came up, and the darkness went on increasing. Soon after the hour of daybreak the light infantry upon Mount Airy were surprised and routed, and the battery was captured. Musgrave was next overwhelmed by the heavy American column ; but he, with a small force, took refuge in Judge Chew's house, and set up a brisk fire from the windows. The Americans opened an artillery-fire upon the house, but its stone walls were too solid to be beaten down by the three-pound and six-pound field-pieces of that day ; and so Maxwell's brigade was left behind to besiege the house, while the rest of the column rushed on down the street. The chief effect of this incident was to warn the enemy, while retarding and somewhat weakening the American charge. Nevertheless, the fury of the attack was such as to disconcert Knyphausen's veterans, and the British left wing slowly gave way before Sullivan. At this moment, Greene, who had also been delayed, attacked the right wing with such vigor as presently to force it back toward the Market House. The British ranks were falling into confusion, and Smallwood's column had already arrived upon their right flank, when the accident occurred which changed the fortunes of the day. From the beginning the dense fog had been a source of confusion to both armies, and had seriously interfered with the solidity of the American advance. Now, as Stephen's brigade, on the right of Greene's column, came into the village, the heavy firing at Judge Chew's seems to have caused him to diverge more and more to the west, in the belief

that there was the thick of the battle. At the same time, Wayne, in driving the enemy before him, had swayed somewhat to the east, so that his brigade stood almost directly in the line of Stephen's progress. In this position he was attacked by Stephen, who mistook him for the enemy. This lamentable blunder instantly ruined the battle. Wayne's men, thus fiercely attacked in the rear, and struggling to extricate themselves, were thrown upon the left flank of Sullivan's brigade, and a panic suddenly ran through the army. The confusion grew worse and worse, till a general retreat began, and Grey, who had come up to support the crumbling right wing of the British, was now able to lead in the pursuit of the Americans. He was joined by Cornwallis, who had sprung from his bed in Philadelphia at the first sound of the cannon, and had brought up two battalions with him at double-quick. But the panic had subsided almost as soon as the golden moment of victory was lost, and the retreat was conducted in excellent order. One regiment in Greene's column was surrounded and captured, but the army brought away all its cannon and wounded, with several cannon taken from the enemy. The loss of the Americans in killed and wounded was 673, and the loss of the British was 535.

The fog which enshrouded the village of Germantown on that eventful morning has been hardly less confusing to the historian than it was to the armies engaged. The reports of different observers conflicted in many details, and particularly as to the immediate occasion of the fatal panic. The best accounts agree, however, that the entanglement of Stephen with Wayne was chiefly responsible for the disaster. It was charged against Stephen that he had taken too many pulls at his canteen on the long, damp night march, and he was tried by court-martial and dismissed from the service. The chagrin of the Americans

at losing the prize so nearly grasped was profound. The total rout of Howe, coming at the same time with the surrender of Burgoyne, would probably have been too much for Lord North's ministry to bear, and might have brought the war to a sudden close. As it was, the British took an undue amount of comfort in the acquisition of Philadelphia, though so long as Washington's army remained defiant it was of small military value to them. On the other hand, the genius and audacity shown by Washington, in thus planning and so nearly accomplishing the ruin of the British army only three weeks after the defeat at the Brandywine, produced a profound impression upon military critics in Europe. Frederick of Prussia saw that presently, when American soldiers should come to be disciplined veterans, they would become a very formidable instrument in the hands of their great commander; and the French court, in making up its mind that the Americans would prove efficient allies, is said to have been influenced almost as much by the battle of Germantown as by the surrender of Burgoyne.

Having thus escaped the catastrophe which Washington had designed for him, the British commander was now able to put forth his utmost efforts for the capture of the forts on the Delaware. His utmost efforts were needed, for in the first attack on Fort Mercer, October 22, the Hessians were totally defeated, with the loss of Count Donop and 400 men, while the Americans lost but 37. But after a month of hard work, with the aid of 6000 more men sent from New York by Clinton, both forts were reduced, and the command of the Delaware was wrested from the Americans. Another month of manœuvring and skirmishing followed, and then Washington took his army into winter quarters at Valley Forge. The events which attended his sojourn in that natural stronghold belong to a later period of the war.

We must now return to the upper waters of the Hudson, and show how the whole period, which may be most fitly described as a struggle for the control of the great central State of New York, was brought to an end by the complete and overwhelming victory of the Americans.

We have seen how it became impossible for Howe to act upon Lord George Germaine's order, received in August, in Chesapeake Bay, and get back to the Hudson in time to be of any use to Burgoyne. We have also seen how critical was the situation in which the Northern general was left, after the destruction of Baum and St. Leger, and the accumulation of New England yeomanry in his rear. Burgoyne now fully acknowledged the terrible mistake of the ministry in assuming that the resistance of the Americans was due to the machinations of a few wily demagogues, and that the people would hail the approach of the king's troops as deliverers. "The great bulk of the country," said he, "is undoubtedly with the Congress in principle and zeal, and their measures are executed with a secrecy and dispatch that are not to be equaled. . . . The Hampshire Grants, in particular, a country unpeopled and almost unknown last war, now abounds in the most active and most rebellious race of the continent, and hangs like a gathering storm upon my left." The situation had, indeed, become so alarming that it is hard to say what Burgoyne ought to have done. A retreat upon Ticonderoga would have been fraught with peril, while to cross the Hudson and advance from Albany would be doing like Cortes, when he burned his ships behind him. But Burgoyne was a man of chivalrous nature. He did not think it right or prudent to abandon Sir William Howe, whom he still supposed to be coming up the river to meet him. In a letter to Lord George Germaine, written three days after the surrender, he says, "The difficulty

of a retreat upon Canada was clearly foreseen, as was the dilemma, should the retreat be effected, of leaving at liberty such an army as General Gates's to operate against Sir William Howe. This consideration operated forcibly to determine me to abide events as long as possible, and I reasoned thus: the expedition which I commanded was at first evidently intended to be *hazarded*; circumstances might require it should be *devoted*."

Influenced by these views, which were supported by all his generals except Riedesel, Burgoyne threw a bridge of boats across the Hudson, and passed over with his whole army on the 13th of September. The Americans had taken a strong position on Bemis Heights, where Kosciuszko had skillfully fortified their camp with batteries and redoubts. Burgoyne felt that the time for desperate fighting had now come, and it seemed to him that the American position might be turned and carried by an attack upon its left flank. On the morning of the 19th, he advanced through the woods, with the centre of his army, toward the point where the Quaker road passes Bemis Heights. The right wing, under Fraser, proceeded somewhat more circuitously toward the same point, the plan being that they should join forces and strike the rear of the American camp, while Riedesel and Phillips, with the left wing and the artillery, marching down the river road, should assail it in front. Three heavy guns, announcing to the left wing the junction of Burgoyne and Fraser, were to give the signal for a general assault. American scouts, lurking among the upper branches of tall trees that grew on steep hillsides, presently caught glimpses of bright scarlet flitting through the green depths of the forest, while the long sunbeams that found their way through the foliage sent back quick burning flashes from a thousand bayonets. By noon the course of the British march and their plan of at-

tack had been fully deciphered, and the intelligence was carried to Arnold, who commanded the exposed left wing of the American army. Gates appears to have been unwilling to let any of the forces descend from their strong position; but the fiery Arnold urged and implored, until he got permission to take Morgan's riflemen and Dearborn's infantry, and go forth to attack the enemy. Arnold's advance, under Morgan, first fell upon Burgoyne's advance, at Freeman's Farm, and checked its progress. Fraser then, hearing the musketry, turned eastward to the rescue, while Arnold, moving upon Fraser's left, sought to cut him asunder from Burgoyne. He seemed to be winning the day, when he was attacked in flank by Riedesel, who had hurried up from the river road. Arnold had already sent to Gates for reinforcements, which were refused him. Arnold maintained that this was a gross blunder on the part of the commanding general, and that with 2000 more men he could now easily have crushed the British centre and defeated their army. In this opinion he was probably right, since even as it was he held his own, in a desperate fight, for two hours, until darkness put an end to the struggle. The losses on each side are variously estimated at from 600 to 1000, or from one fifth to one fourth of the forces engaged, which indicates severe fighting. Arnold's command had numbered about 3000, and he had been engaged, in the course of the afternoon, with at least 4000 of Burgoyne's army; yet all this while some 11,000 Americans — most of the army, in short — had been kept idle on Bemis Heights by the incompetent Gates. Burgoyne tried to console himself with the idea that he had won a victory, because his army slept that night at Freeman's Farm; but, in his testimony given afterward before the House of Commons, he rightly maintained that his plan of attack had been utterly defeated by the bold and skillful tactics of "Mr." Arnold.

In the dispatches which he now sent to Congress, Gates took to himself all the credit of this brilliant affair, and did not even mention Arnold's name. The army, however, rang with praise of the fighting general, until Gates, who never could bear to hear any one but himself well spoken of, waxed wroth and revengeful. Arnold, moreover, freely blamed Gates for not supporting him, and for refusing to renew the battle on the next morning, while the enemy were still disconcerted. Arnold's warm friendship with Schuyler gave further offense to the commander; and three days after the battle he sought to wreak his spite by withdrawing Morgan's riflemen and Dearborn's light infantry from Arnold's division. A fierce quarrel ensued; and Gates told Arnold that as soon as Lincoln should arrive he would have no further use for him, and he might go back to Washington's camp as soon as he liked. Arnold, in a white rage, said he would go, and asked for a pass, which his enemy promptly gave him; but after receiving it, second thoughts prevented him from going. All the general officers except Lincoln — who seems to have refrained from unwillingness to give umbrage to a commander so high in the good graces of Massachusetts as Gates — united in signing a letter entreating Arnold to remain. He had been sent here by Washington to aid the Northern army with all his might, and clearly it would be wrong to leave it now, on the eve of a decisive battle. So the proud, fiery soldier, smarting under an accumulation of injuries, made up his mind once more to swallow the affront, and wait for a chance to make himself useful. He stayed in his quarters, awaiting the day of battle, though it was understood that he was relieved of his command, and Gates took no more notice of him than if he had been a dog.

Nothing more was done for eighteen days. Just before the crossing of the Hudson by the Northern army, Sir

Henry Clinton, acting "as circumstances may direct," had planned an expedition up the river in aid of it; and Burgoyne, hearing of this the day after the battle at Freeman's Farm, thought it best to wait awhile before undertaking another assault upon the American lines. But things were swiftly coming to such a pass that it would not do to wait. On the 21st, news came to the British camp that a detachment of Lincoln's troops had laid siege to Ticonderoga, and, while holding the garrison in check, had captured several ships and taken 300 prisoners. A day or two later came the news that these stout New Englanders had embarked on Lake George in the ships they had captured, and were cutting off the last sources of supply. And now, while even on shortest rations there was barely three weeks' food for the army, Lincoln's main force appeared in front, thus swelling the numbers of the American army to more than 16,000. The case had become as desperate as that of the Athenians at Syracuse before their last dreadful battle in the harbor. So, after eighteen weary days, no word yet coming from Clinton, the gallant Burgoyne attempted, by a furious effort, to break through the lines of an army that now outnumbered him more than three to one.

On the morning of October 7th, leaving the rest of his army in camp, Burgoyne advanced with 1500 picked men to turn the American left. Small as the force was, its quality was superb, and with it were all the best commanders, — Phillips, Riedesel, Fraser, Balcarras, and Ackland. Such a compact force, so ably led, might manœuvre quickly. If, on sounding the American position on the left, they should find it too strong to be forced, they might swiftly retreat. At all events, the movement would cover a foraging party which Burgoyne had sent out, — and this was no small matter. Arnold, too, the fighting general, held no command; and Gates was known

to be a sluggard. Such thoughts may have helped to shape the conduct of the British commander on this critical morning. But the scheme was swiftly overturned. As the British came on, their right was suddenly attacked by Morgan, while the New England regulars with 3000 New York militia assailed them in front. After a short, sharp fight against overwhelming numbers, their whole line was broken, and Fraser sought to form a second line a little further back and on the west border of Freeman's Farm, though the ranks were badly disordered and all their cannon were lost. At this moment, Arnold, who had been watching from the heights, saw that a well-directed blow might not only ruin this retreating column, but also shatter the whole British army. Quick as thought he sprang upon his horse, and galloped to the scene of action. He was greeted with deafening hurrahs, and the men, leaping with exultation at sight of their beloved commander, rushed upon Fraser's half-formed line. At the same moment, while Morgan was still pressing on the British right, one of his marksmen shot General Fraser, who fell, mortally wounded, just as Arnold charged with mad fury upon his line. The British forthwith turned and fled from the field. Arnold next attacked Lord Balcarras, who had retired behind intrenchments at the north of Freeman's Farm; but finding the resistance here too strong, he swept by, and charged upon the Canadian auxiliaries, who occupied a position just north of Balcarras, and covered the left wing of Breymann's forces at the extreme right of the British camp. The Canadians soon fled, leaving Breymann uncovered; and Arnold forthwith rushed against Breymann on the left, just as Morgan, who had prolonged his flanking march, assailed him on the right. Breymann was slain and his force routed; the British right wing was crushed, and their whole position

taken in reverse and made untenable. Just at this moment, a wounded German soldier, lying on the ground, took aim at Arnold, and slew his horse, while the ball passed through the general's left leg, that had been wounded at Quebec, and fractured the bone a little above the knee. As Arnold fell, one of his men rushed up to bayonet the wounded soldier who had shot him, when the prostrate general cried, "For God's sake, don't hurt him; he's a fine fellow!" The poor German was saved, and it has been well said that this was the hour when Benedict Arnold should have died. His fall and the gathering twilight stopped the progress of the battle, but the American victory was complete and decisive. Nothing was left for Burgoyne but to get the wreck of his army out of the way as quickly as possible, and the next day he did so, making a skillful retreat upon Saratoga, in the course of which, during a skirmish, his soldiers burned General Schuyler's princely country-house, with its barns and granaries, thus inflicting upon the general a loss of more than £10,000.

As the British retreated, General Gates steadily closed in upon them with his overwhelming forces, which now numbered nearly 20,000. Gates knew how to be active after the victory, although, when fighting was going on, he was a general of sedentary habits. When Arnold rushed down, at the critical moment, to complete the victory of Saratoga, Gates sent out Major Armstrong to stop him. "Call back that fellow," said Gates, "or he will be doing something rash!" But the eager Arnold had outgalloped the messenger, and came back only when his leg was broken and the victory won. In the mean time Gates sat at his headquarters, forgetful of the battle that was raging below, while he argued the merits of the American Revolution with a wounded British officer, Sir Francis Clarke, who had been brought in and laid upon the

commander's bed to die. Losing his temper in the discussion, Gates called his adjutant, Wilkinson, out of the room, and asked him, "Did you ever hear so impudent a son of a b—h?" And this seems to have been all that the commanding general contributed to the crowning victory of Saratoga.

When Burgoyne reached the place where he had crossed the Hudson, he found a force of 3000 Americans, with several batteries of cannon, occupying the hills on the other side, so that it was now impossible to cross. A council of war decided to abandon all the artillery and baggage, push through the woods by night, and effect a crossing higher up, by Fort Edward, where the great river begins to be fordable. But no sooner had this plan been made than word was brought that the Americans were guarding all the fords, and had also planted detachments in a strong position to the northward, between Fort Edward and Fort George. The British army, in short, was surrounded. A brisk cannonade was opened upon it from the east and south, while Morgan's sharpshooters kept up a galling fire in the rear. Some of the women and wounded men were sent for safety to a large house in the neighborhood, where they took refuge in the cellar; and there the Baroness Riedesel tells us how she passed six dismal nights and days, crouching in a corner near the doorway, with her three little children clinging about her, while every now and then, with hideous crashing, a heavy cannonball passed through the room overhead. The cellar became crowded with crippled and dying men. But little food could be obtained, and the suffering from thirst was dreadful. It was only a few steps to the river, but every man who ventured out with a bucket was shot dead by Virginia rifles that never missed their aim. At last the brave wife of a British soldier volunteered to go; and thus the water was brought

again and again, for the Americans would not fire at a woman.

And now, while Burgoyne's last ray of hope was dying, and while the veteran Phillips declared himself heart-broken at the misery which he could not relieve, where was Sir Henry Clinton? He had not thought it prudent to leave New York until after the arrival of 3000 soldiers whom he expected from England. These men arrived on the 29th of September, but six days more elapsed before Sir Henry had taken them up the river and landed them near Putnam's headquarters at Peekskill. In a campaign of three days he outwitted that general, carried two of the forts after obstinate resistance, and compelled the Americans to abandon the others; and thus laid open the river so that British ships might go up to Albany. On the 8th of October, Sir Henry wrote to Burgoyne from Fort Montgomery: "*Nous y voici*, and nothing between us and Gates. I sincerely hope this little success of ours will facilitate your operations." This dispatch was written on a scrap of very thin paper, and encased in an oval silver bullet, which opened with a tiny screw in the middle. Sir Henry then sent General Vaughan, with several frigates and the greater part of his force, to make all haste for Albany. As they passed up the river, the next day, they could not resist the temptation to land and set fire to the pretty village of Kingston, then the seat of the state legislature. George Clinton, governor of the State, just retreating from his able defense of the captured forts, hastened to protect the village, but came up only in time to see it in flames from one end to the other. Just then Sir Henry's messenger, as he skulked by the roadside, was caught and taken to the governor. He had been seen swallowing something, so they gave him an emetic, and obtained the silver bullet. The dispatch was read; the bearer was hanged to an apple-tree; and Burgoyne, weary

with waiting for the news that never came, at last sent a flag of truce to General Gates, inquiring what terms of surrender would be accepted.

Gates first demanded an unconditional surrender, but on Burgoyne's indignant refusal he consented to make terms, and the more readily, no doubt, since he knew what had just happened in the Highlands, though his adversary did not. After three days of discussion the terms of surrender were agreed upon. Just as Burgoyne was about to sign the articles, a Tory made his way into camp with hearsay news that part of Clinton's army was approaching Albany. The subject was then anxiously reconsidered by the British officers, and an interesting discussion ensued as to whether they had so far pledged their faith to the surrender that they could not in honor draw back. The majority of the council decided that their faith was irrevocably pledged, and Burgoyne yielded to this opinion, though he did not share it, for he did not feel quite clear that the rumored advance of Clinton could now avail to save him in any case. In this he was undoubtedly right. The American army, with its daily accretions of militia, had now grown to more than 20,000, and armed yeomanry were still pouring in by the hundred. A diversion threatened by less than 3000 men, who were still more than fifty miles distant, could not now have averted the doom of the British army. The only effect which it did produce was, perhaps, to work upon the timid Gates, and induce him to offer easy terms in order to hasten the surrender. On the 17th of October, accordingly, the articles were signed, exchanged, and put into execution. It was agreed that the British army should march out of camp with the honors of war, and pile their arms at an appointed place; they should then march through Massachusetts to Boston, from which port they might sail for Europe, it being understood that none of

them should serve again in America during the war; all the officers might retain their small arms, and no one's private luggage should be searched or molested. At Burgoyne's earnest solicitation, the American general consented that these proceedings should be styled a "convention," instead of a surrender, in imitation of the famous Convention of Kloster-Seven, by which the Duke of Cumberland, twenty years before, had sought to save his feelings while losing his army, beleaguered by the French in Hanover. The soothing phrase has been well remembered by British historians, who to this day continue to speak of Burgoyne's surrender as the "Convention of Saratoga."

In carrying out the terms of the convention, both Gates and his soldiers showed praiseworthy delicacy. As the British marched off to a meadow by the river side and laid down their arms, the Americans remained within their lines, refusing to add to the humiliation of a gallant enemy by standing and looking on. As the disarmed soldiers then passed by the American lines, says Lieutenant Anbury, one of the captured officers, "I did not observe the least disrespect or even a taunting look, but all was mute astonishment and pity." Burgoyne stepped up and handed his sword to Gates, simply saying, "The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner." The American general instantly returned the sword, replying, "I shall always be ready to testify that it has not been through any fault of your excellency." When Baron Riedesel had been presented to Gates and the other generals, he sent for his wife and children. Set free at last from the dreadful cellar, the baroness came with some trepidation into the enemy's camp; but the only look she saw upon any face was one of sympathy. "As I approached the tents," she says, "a noble-looking gentleman came toward me, and took the children out of the wagon; embraced and

kissed them; and then, with tears in his eyes, helped me also to alight. . . . Presently he said, 'It may be embarrassing to you to dine with so many gentlemen. If you will come with your children to my tent, I will give you a frugal meal, but one that will at least be seasoned with good wishes.' 'Oh, sir,' I cried, 'you must surely be a husband and a father, since you show me so much kindness!' I then learned that it was General Schuyler."

Schuyler had indeed come, with unruffled soul, to look on while the fruit which he had sown, with the gallant aid of Stark and Herkimer, Arnold and Morgan, was plucked by an unworthy rival. He now met Burgoyne, who was naturally pained and embarrassed at the recollection of the beautiful house which his men had burned a few days before. In a speech in the House of Commons, some months later, Burgoyne told how Schuyler received him. "I expressed to General Schuyler," says Burgoyne, "my regret at the event which had happened, and the reasons which had occasioned it. He desired me to think no more of it, saying that the occasion justified it, according to the rules of war. . . . He did more: he sent an aide-de-camp to conduct me to Albany, in order, as he expressed it, to procure me better quarters than a stranger might be able to find. This gentleman conducted me to a very elegant house, and, to my great surprise, presented me to Mrs. Schuyler and her family; and in this general's house I remained during my whole stay at Albany, with a table of more than twenty covers for me and my friends, and every other possible demonstration of hospitality." Madame Riedesel was also invited to stay with the Schuylers; and when first she arrived in the house, one of her little girls exclaimed, "Oh, mamma! Is this the palace that papa was to have when he came to America?" As the Schuylers understood German, the baroness colored, but

all laughed pleasantly, and put her at ease.

With the generosity and delicacy thus shown alike by generals and soldiers, it is painful, though instructive, to contrast the coarseness and bad faith with which Congress proceeded to treat the captured army. The presence of the troops in and about Boston was felt to be a hardship, and General Heath, who commanded there, wrote to Washington, saying that if they were to stay till cold weather he hardly knew how to find shelter and fuel for them. Washington replied that they would not be likely to stay long, since it was clearly for Howe's interest to send them back to England as soon as possible, in order that they might replace other soldiers who would be sent over to America for the spring campaign. Congress caught up this suggestion with avidity, and put it to uses the furthest possible removed from Washington's meaning. When Sir William Howe proposed Newport as a point from which the soldiers might more speedily be shipped, Washington, for sound and obvious reasons, urged that there should be no departure from the strict letter of the convention. Congress forthwith not only acted upon this suggestion so far as to refuse Sir William Howe's request, but it went on gratuitously and absurdly to charge the British general with bad faith. It was hinted that he secretly intended to bring the troops to New York for immediate service, in defiance of the convention, and Congress proceeded to make this imputed treachery the ground for really false dealing on its own part. When Lord Howe's transports reached Boston, it was not only ordered that no troops should be allowed to embark until all the accounts for their subsistence should have been settled, but it was also required that these accounts should be liquidated in gold. In the instructions given to General Washington a year before, a refusal on the part of anybody to receive the Continental paper money

was to be treated as a high misdemeanor. Now Congress refused to take its own money, which had depreciated till it was worth barely thirty cents on a dollar. The captured army was supplied with provisions and fuel that were paid for by General Heath with Continental paper, and now Congress insisted that General Burgoyne should make his repayment dollar for dollar in British gold, worth three times as much. In fairness to the delegates, we may admit that in all probability they did not realize the baseness of this conduct. They were no doubt misled by one of those wonderful bits of financial sophistry by which the enacting mind of our countrymen has so often been hopelessly confused. In an amusing letter to Washington, honest General Heath naively exclaims, "What an opinion must General Burgoyne have of the authority of these States, to suppose that his money would be received at any higher rate than our own in public payment! Such payment would at once be depreciating our currency with a witness." Washington was seriously annoyed and mortified by these vagaries, — the more so that he was at this very time endeavoring to arrange with Howe a general cartel for the exchange of prisoners; and he knew that the attempt to make thirty cents equal to a dollar would, as he said, "destroy the very idea of a cartel."

While these discussions were going on, Congress, like the wicked king in the fairy tale, anxious to impose conditions unlikely to be fulfilled, demanded that General Burgoyne should make out a descriptive list of all the officers and soldiers in his army, in order that if any of them should thereafter be found serving against the United States they might be punished accordingly. As no such provision was contained in the convention, upon the faith of which Burgoyne had surrendered, he naturally regarded the demand as insulting, and at first refused to comply with it. He afterwards

yielded the point, in his eagerness to liberate his soldiers; but meanwhile, in a letter to Gates, he had incautiously let fall the expression, "The publick faith is broke [*sic*];" and this remark, coming to the ears of Congress, was immediately laid hold of as a pretext for repudiating the convention altogether. It was argued that Burgoyne had charged the United States with bad faith, in order to have an excuse for repudiating the convention on his own part; and on the 8th of January, Congress accordingly resolved, "that the embarkation of Lieutenant-General Burgoyne and the troops under his command be suspended till a distinct and explicit ratification of the Convention of Saratoga shall be properly notified by the court of Great Britain to Congress." Now as the British government could not give the required ratification without implicitly recognizing the independence of the United States, no further steps were taken in the matter, the "publick faith" was really broken, and the captured army was never sent home.

In this wretched affair, Congress deliberately sacrificed principle to policy. It refused, on paltry prettexts, to carry out a solemn engagement which had been made by its accredited agent; and it did so simply through the fear that the British army might indirectly gain a possible reinforcement. Its conduct can be justified upon no grounds save such as would equally justify firing upon flags of truce. Nor can it be palliated even upon the lowest grounds of expediency, for, as it has been well said, "to a people struggling for political life the moral support derivable from the maintenance of honor and good faith was worth a dozen material victories." This sacrifice of principle to policy has served only to call down the condemnation of impartial historians, and to dim the lustre of the magnificent victory which the valor of our soldiers and the self-devotion of our people had won in the field.

It was one out of many instances which show that, under any form of government, the moral sense of the governing body is likely to fall far below the highest moral standard recognized in the community.

The captured army was never sent home. The officers were treated as prisoners of war, and from time to time were exchanged. Burgoyne was allowed to go to England in the spring, and while still a prisoner on parole he took his seat in Parliament, and became conspicuous among the defenders of the American cause. The troops were detained in the neighborhood of Boston until the autumn of 1778, when they were all transferred to Charlottesville in Virginia. Here a rude village was built on the brow of a pleasant ridge of hills, and gardens were laid out and planted. Much kind assistance was rendered in all this work by Thomas Jefferson, who was then living close by, on his estate at Monticello, and did everything in his power to make things comfortable for soldiers and officers. Two years afterward, when Virginia became the seat of war, some of them were removed to Winchester in the Shenandoah Valley, to Frederick in Maryland, and to Lancaster in Pennsylvania. Those who wished to return to Europe were exchanged or allowed to escape. The greater number, especially

of the Germans, preferred to stay in this country and become American citizens. Before the end of 1780 they had dispersed in all directions.

Such was the strange sequel of a campaign which, whether we consider the picturesqueness of its incidents or the magnitude of its results, was one of the most memorable in the history of mankind. Its varied scenes, framed in landscapes of grand and stirring beauty, had brought together such types of manhood as the feathered Mohawk sachem, the helmeted Brunswick dragoon, and the blue-frocked yeoman of New England, — types of ancient savagery, of the militant despotism bequeathed from the Middle Ages, and of the industrial democracy that is to possess and control the future of the world. These men had mingled in a deadly struggle for the strategic centre of the Atlantic coast of North America, and now the fight had ended in the complete and overwhelming defeat of the forces of George III. Four years, indeed, — four years of sore distress and hope deferred, — were yet to pass before the fruits of this great victory could be gathered. The independence of the United States was not yet won; but the triumph at Saratoga set in motion a train of events from which the winning of independence was destined surely to follow.

John Fiske.

A PARIS EXPOSITION IN DISHABILLE.

I THINK I had come abroad a little Exposition-proof. I have established myself near this one, it is true, but that is rather for the thoroughly French quarter, the open space and good air, and especially for the noble gilded dome of the Invalides, which manages to shine into my windows with a perpetual hint of sunshine even when the weather is

bad, — and Heaven knows Paris winter weather is bad enough. I was here at the Exposition of 1878, and my printed impressions of it must still survive somewhere in the back file of *The Atlantic*. What with that and some other experiences, and having no more than the usual fondness for crowds, I assure the reader that if this very latest Paris Exposition

and I find ourselves together, it is pure coincidence, and through no collusion of ours.

But it is impossible to keep one's attention withdrawn from it. The great thing, in the first place, is to see how very seriously the French nation takes it. It is no affair of a clique, no mere ephemeral mammoth show got up by a few enterprising individuals apart, but it is the hobby of the people, the parties of all shades. They look upon it with veneration; it is sacred; it is an explosion of patriotism and the national pride in a direction in which France knows it can excel, though it has been so sorely humiliated elsewhere. Naturally, all the journals are full of it, and full too of everything connected with the centenary of the Revolution which its date commemorates. The eighteenth century is getting a very thorough revival. The *Matin*, for instance, a journal which adopts some of the best features of the American plan without adopting the worst also, gives every day a *résumé* of events on the corresponding day in 1789. I was amused to find there, lately, as a detail among others, the alleged origin of a familiar expression which has seen hard service, it appears, in more languages than ours. A romance which made some stir in its time, called the *Memoirs of a Young Girl*, contained the statement that the young girl was born of poor but honest parents: "*Cette jeune fille, née de parents honnêtes mais pauvres, est élevée,*" etc. The *Matin* desired to salute the birth and the centennial of this time-honored form of description; but I think it over-sanguine in being content to carry its researches no further back, just as I think M. de Goncourt and some others over-sanguine in the appeal they make, with their handsome illustrated books on the Revolution, to a public which seems more than half inclined to retrograde from republican institutions.

Politics turn upon the Exposition, or

rather turn around it; for it is put forward between the combatants as the women and children sometimes used to be in old days, to keep them from falling upon each other at once. The most damaging statement against General Boulanger by his enemies is to say that he has designs upon the Exposition; while his proudest reply is that the industrial interests of France are inexpressibly dear to him, that "Boulanger is peace," and that nothing in the world would induce him to harm the enterprise.

There are those who think, since the late overwhelming demonstration in his favor, that Boulanger himself, as President or mayhap as dictator, will open the Exposition, though President Carnot's term does not expire till 1892. There are even those who think it will not open at all, but that some ruthless bombshell will drop into it, and shatter its dainty array of the arts of peace to flinders. Fancy, in that case, the exceptional position of one who has been almost the only witness of an international Exposition prepared for millions! I by no means covet the distinction, nor indeed do I expect to have it. While there is little reluctance to considering the possibility of establishing a dictatorship, a monarchy, or what not, of plunging into domestic or foreign wars, and of sacrificing all that makes life dear, yet there is a general agreement that these calamities ought to be put off for the present; let them not be entered upon till the Exposition is over. This is a trifle finical, to be sure, and somewhat like the qualms of the condemned who are particular about their breakfast just before being led out to execution; but if the Exposition can serve as a bond for keeping the peace for even six months, its promoters will have builded better than they knew. In the interval calmer counsels will have time to prevail, and our French brethren may conclude to put up with the *ennui* which is

so hard for them to bear, to recognize that all men and rulers are imperfect, and to jog along with a popular republic, — never the most brilliant form of government, — after the American fashion.

Some of the heavy material for the Exposition, hauled by strong teams of Norman and Breton horses, was passing our way all the autumn and winter. The driver of one of the teams used to have a pet bull-dog standing upright on the back of his leading steed. There was a good deal of human nature among these drivers. They were as delighted to block a busy tramway line as if they had been operating in the narrowest street of New York or Boston. Down by Louis XV.'s Military School, at the corner below us, where various tramways and omnibuses concentrate, are always to be seen some of the confused features of the great Vanity Fair, rising above the high palisade behind which it is being prepared; especially an immense glass edifice, the Palais des Machines, which is to be its principal triumph. Paris gains something tangible from each of its Expositions, and has something to show for its money. Just as we find scattered about the country various boulders, which, since they have no connection with the ordinary strata of the place, we know to have been left there by former geological periods, so Paris has many very notable edifices which remain to her as the heritage from past Expositions. Thus the Palais de l'Industrie, where the annual Salon is held; the Pavillon de Paris alongside it, convenient for such smaller exhibitions as the late black-and-white display; and the remarkable massive palace, with sweeping wings, which crowns the slope of the Trocadero, all trace their origin to such a source. Now, finally, it is said that this Palace of Machines is to be left over by this one, to make the most magnificent of covered exercise grounds for the military insti-

tution across the way. My interest persists in attaching itself most to the long Military School, however, its serious façade now dingy with age. One day, as I looked, a stirring cavalcade came pouring out of its barrack-gates. There was regiment after regiment of heavy cuirassiers in their brass helmets, a costume not unlike that they wore at Waterloo; the officers riding in their midst draped in their cloaks, and the colors nodding nonchalantly this way and that, like some baleful, sagacious sort of divinities. Behind them, in another dress, familiar since Sebastopol and Solferino, came drumming long regiments of infantry. All looked very deft and business-like, in this year of grace and the peaceful Exposition.

Perhaps the difficulty of getting into the Military School has something to do with its attraction. I am told — for I have not tried personally — that you have first to apply to your minister, he to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and he to the Minister of War, and then — you are refused. There is no telling, in these times, who may or may not be a German spy, and everything connected with military life is guarded with the most jealous care. There is going to be a special exhibition of the material of the art of war, among the thick settlement of buildings devoted to the French colonies, on the esplanade of the Invalides; but one may judge, partly from the mediæval gateway, with portcullis and drawbridge, set up before it, that it is likely to be largely retrospective, and neither the pattern of the Lebel rifle nor any other important state secret will be betrayed.

I was coming home from a reception of the President of the republic, an occasion provocative of speculation as to change in the government, and the possible doings of Boulanger should he find himself installed in those comfortable parlors and the long, palm-bordered conservatory of the Palace of the Elysée.

It was late at night, and our street was quiet and deserted, when I saw suddenly loom up before me a procession of large trees, leafless, nodding, and moving onwards. They were going to adorn the grounds of the Exposition. "If Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane," I was obliged to mutter, then indeed it is time to take an interest in this irrepressible Exposition, which will not be overlooked. I went into the sacred inclosure, therefore, in the latter days of January, and I can truthfully say that I had no cause to regret my change of heart, but that it proved the occasion of a very novel and enjoyable experience. There was something peculiarly attractive in witnessing it in its formative state, and in having it nearly all to myself. Few other visitors came, either because they did not care to, or that, now as the end approaches, it is made increasingly difficult to get in. It was peaceful there in spite of all the work in progress, and, as it chanced, the weather was mild. The ground was spaded up for the coming gardens, and dug deep for the fountains, lake, and costly drainage and water supply. Long lines of magnolias stood protected by tents of coarse bagging, open to the south. Much of the shrubbery had been planted a year before, and was in a flourishing condition. There was some of my Birnam wood. I gossiped with the gardeners about it and various other matters. A bright-eyed, vivacious old man, with a skin like leather, confided to me that capable men on these government jobs were paid only the same wages as the quite incapable. It was something like seven cents an hour. The chiefs of gangs got more, say from eleven to fourteen cents an hour, but they were chiefs only in virtue of favoritism, and not of superior capacity. Further on, the inventor of a new decorative process complained that his architect did not put it forward enough, because he had not bribed him sufficiently. I chanced to have heard

not a little of this kind of discontent from persons who seemed glad of an opportunity to pour out their grievances to a stranger; and though the fault in some cases was no doubt their own, it was evident that self-seeking and favoritism were not confined to any one side of the water.

I could only assure my glittering-eyed old gardener that things are apt to go that way in the public service. If I had not heard of it at home, I could have been more severe with it here. He went on to say that he had learned his business from an *author*, a man who had run through three editions; and then he stood off a little, to receive my admiration. But, further than that, he himself was an author. Yes, he had written a treatise on horticulture, and had taken it to a publisher. He had simply wished the publisher to pay him some ten or twelve hundred francs down and his royalty on the sales, leaving to the publisher all the rest of the large profits that might accrue, no matter through how many editions the work should run. "But what do you think that publisher did?" he asked. "Il ne voulait pas," — He did not wish to. And he drew off again, affording ample time to receive my natural astonishment and disgust at such conduct.

I could not give him any great comfort even here, for there are publishers in America who will act the same way. I had been looking over his shoulder, as we talked, for he stood in the forefront of the plaza. The first great difference, in the Champ de Mars, between this Exposition and the last is that whereas there was then one enormous rectangular edifice that contained almost everything in itself, and presented a long straight façade, now the central façade is less, but five wings sweep out from it and project far forward. On the centre is a fine dome, and on each of the twin Palaces of the Fine Arts and the Liberal Arts, which form the grander portions

of the wings, is another. The whole is set upon a stately terrace, reached by grand flights of steps and bordered by a balustrade.

Each successive universal Exposition naturally desires to have a plan of its own, and we do not ask it why it did not retain that of the last. This one, it appears, is to cover a much larger number of square feet of ground than any before it, and it has the best of rights to adopt whatever arrangement of wings, or no wings, that may seem most favorable to its new conditions. Yet having looked over these arrangements, I cannot help going back again to my conclusions of 1878. In my article of that date, referred to, I made a rough diagram showing in contrast the arrangements at Philadelphia, Vienna, and the Paris Expositions of '67 and '78. Adding this new one to the list, I can still say that I have seen nothing else so good, for the logical and convenient display of all the multifarious contents of a universal Exposition, as the ellipse adopted at Paris in '67. It had concentric as well as converging aisles, the respective nations were placed in segments, and you had thus not only each nation side by side, but also what there was of the same class in each nation side by side.

At present the nations are not to be so placed. They are in the two wings, some in one wing and some in the other. Austria and Russia alone back up from the wings into the main building, the bulk of which is properly reserved for France, as the exhibiting country. Perhaps it is not undesirable, on the whole, to have a little break in the transition, and not to go too suddenly from one clime to another, in this kind of condensed traveling. In going from Great Britain to Italy, it is no great hardship to cross a lovely garden, or stroll five or ten minutes around by lovely corridors, to be filled with all that is fascinating in the way of refreshment booths. But it takes time, if one has much traveling

to do in a day; and the system is not uniform, for you go from Italy to Switzerland or from Italy to the United States by simply passing an ornamental wooden portal.

The general view is best from under the arches of the Eiffel tower, the great curiosity built by the engineer Eiffel, who constructed the framework of the Bartholdi statue and the locks of the Panama Canal. Each Exposition should have some one novelty, at least, some distinctive feature to separate it from all the rest, and this one has gone far beyond all others in finding a veritable new thing under the sun. The tower is a light, open framework of iron trussing, and, as all the world knows, is to be a thousand feet in height. Its very pedestal rises above nearly all the other architectural flights of men. It is a gratifying source of patriotic pride to Americans, of course, to know that our Washington monument is the next tallest thing in the world to the Eiffel tower, but even that rises only a little more than half its prodigious altitude. Babel was the merest trifle to it. In the illustrated papers and colored lithographs, and from the open galleries of the Trocadero, whence you have the whole gay pleasure spot of the Exposition spread out before you, the tower is like a candlestick of Brobdignag set down in Lilliput. But close to, it has real sublimity. The smallness of detail gives a proper scale, and lets us realize its vastness, yet without dwarfing the surrounding objects. The endless criss-cross lattice work of the construction; the innumerable struts, braces, tie-rods, and girders; the airy crocheting, whose stitches are iron beams often a foot across, fall into impressive bundles like ship's cordage, which always has a noble effect against the sky; and in the midst are platforms that recall the fore and mizzen tops and the top-gallant cross-trees. Elevators will run up the four wide-spreading supports, following their slope; and from the first

platform, their stopping-place, others will go on to the top, making the complete journey in fifteen minutes, and carrying up some four hundred persons in an hour. It was a captive balloon, held by a rope in the garden of the Tuileries, to which people who wanted to make such daring ascensions into the air had recourse during the last Exposition.

Stairways, too, zigzag interminably along the beams, which at a little distance present no peculiarity distinguishable from the rest. When one sees the workmen, in their baggy corduroy trousers, red caps, and red sashes, climbing up and down them, though these men are by no means angels, as they showed in their repeated strikes in the air against Engineer Eiffel, one has perforce to recall that staircase in Jacob's dream, upon which the angels were ascending and descending between heaven and earth. By no other work of man have heaven and earth been so closely connected. Along both the first and second platforms of the tower, the latter as high as the top of the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, is a row of pavilions, each like a large hall in itself; and each side even of the second platform has apparently a stretch as great as that of a long New York city block. The eye is continually baffled, and continually returns in renewed wonderment at these vast dimensions; and I speak of the tower when it has yet two hundred feet to rise. Certain patterns interwoven among the trusses for ornament are pleasing; and though, when it is painted and gilded, the structure may look from a distance more like a candlestick than ever, nothing can keep it, at close quarters, from being a most dignified monument.

They say the tower is to have valuable uses in a scientific way. Meteorologic experiments can be conducted there under much more favorable conditions than on any mountain slope. The lower strata of the atmosphere, the formation of rain,

fog, mist, and dew, variations in humidity, and electric tension will be studied by many sets of registering instruments at various heights and capable of being consulted at the same moment. Even the astronomers expect to find their profit in the clearer air about the lantern that is to crown its top. When the electric light is placed there to shine like a new sun, and the electric fountain is playing below among the gardens, cafés, and promenading thousands, the republic will have given us an Exposition that the fabled brilliancy of that of the Third Empire could not equal. For the first time on record, the inclosure is to remain open in the evening, till eleven o'clock. This is a new departure indeed, doubling its possibilities for both usefulness and gayety. How well I recall, at the last Exposition, the way the drummer and his assistants used to approach, towards sunset, and, forming a cordon, "shoo" us out of the place!

Only a military nation could give such an Exposition as this in the heart of its capital, immediately accessible from everywhere. Paris has a great parade-ground, the Champ de Mars, with one end bordering on the Seine; and a smaller one, the Esplanade des Invalides, at some distance, forming an angle with the first, and also bordering the river; and then, connected with the Champ de Mars by the bridge of Jena, the small park of the Trocadero. These provide most convenient sites for the installations. And furthermore, if need be, these can be carried along the right bank from the Trocadero to the Champs Elysées, just as the exhibition of Agriculture, on the left bank, already connects the Champ de Mars with the Esplanade des Invalides. The ground is dug up and remodeled each time in the most remorseless manner; nor is it restored to its normal condition for some years after the event. The nation plays there for its industrial purposes, just as the engineers whom I watched on their ex-

ercise-ground at Versailles last summer played at making bastions and rifle-pits, and as children play with pail and shovel on the seashore. The military have to suffer in default of their parade-ground. The regiments in the barracks near us, on the Rue de Babylone, for instance, have been drilling for months past on our boulevards instead of on the Champ de Mars. Civilians suffer, too, in having their right of way on certain streets and bridges cut off for long periods. There is always more or less sentiment, after each Exposition is over, in favor of keeping things in their reformed and beautified condition, and not restoring the parade-ground to its military uses. If the troops can get along without it for so considerable a time, why can they not altogether? The general government ceded the city a strip off the lower end for a park, — the site now occupied by M. Garnier's historic exhibition of the habitations of men, — and as the Palace of Machines is to take another liberal strip off the upper end, this view, it is quite likely, may yet prevail.

The Eiffel tower stands four-square across the main avenue that extends throughout the Exposition. Its grand arches, something like a hundred and thirty feet high, frame in, according to the way you look, either the hill of the Trocadero, beyond the river, or the whole nearer field of view. The arches in no way interfere with the vision; they seem rather to belong to heaven itself. I had expected to have to construct the Exposition for myself, at this early stage, from fragments and indications, as certain scientists find a rib and tooth or so of a mastodon in a swamp, and put together the whole skeleton for us in the Smithsonian Institution. But in fact no great effort of the imagination was necessary to conceive it already under a pretty complete and wholly charming aspect. Yonder, as I looked over the little gardener's shoul-

der, was a veritable domain of fairy palaces on a great scale. It was seeing an Exposition in dishabille, it is true, but it was like being privileged to assist at the *petit lever* of one of the *grandes dames* of the eighteenth century, who received a select few while still dressing, and who were only the more beautiful for not yet having put on the complete war-paint and feathers of the day. Plenty of scaffoldings were still up, but through them the buildings could be perfectly well seen. "The earth hath bubbles as the water hath, and these are of them." Not that the shapes are especially bubble-like; the prevailing lines are horizontal. The material is chiefly iron, glass, terra cotta, and glazed tiles. The iron is painted soft blue instead of the conventional ugly red; the terra cotta is pink; the tiles are richly colored or gilded; the sky shows delicate azure through the glass; and bold grandiose sculpture begins to embellish the whole. The construction is exceedingly light and graceful, yet free from any air of ephemeralness, of pasteboard and trumpery makeshift. There is no need of bunting drapery or the arrival of commercial exhibits to cover up rude framing or unsightliness of any kind. Everything is beautifully finished, complete, perfect in itself. If the Exposition never went a step further than to give us these lovely buildings, even then it would have deserved no small measure of our gratitude.

The three domes are the three leading features and salient points of departure for the eye. They are elaborately framed up in iron, and faced with colored encaustic tiles. I acquired a taste for domes colored in encaustic tiles in Mexico, where they are a fine old Spanish tradition, and hardly expect now to get over it. All round the front of the Palais des Groupes Divers, or, as we should say, the main building, runs a two-storied arcade, abutting against the two high transverse galleries, the Galerie

Rapp and the Galerie Dessaix, which form a division between the wings of the main building and the Palaces of the Fine Arts and the Liberal Arts respectively. Its upper story is formed into a frieze, some fifteen feet high, in the Renaissance manner, which is of the richest and most original description. It is fretted in very high relief with a tossing foam of leafage, scrolls, and cherubim supporting escutcheons. The figures are of more than life-size. The work is simply in plaster, to which a general tone of old ivory has been given, while portions, such as the borders and the shields, were being picked out with gold and colors. The part where this mingled sculpture and mosaic was already complete, serving as a specimen of the whole, was like a dashing, lovely sketch, which you would like to keep in its present condition. Plaster is naturally not the most durable of materials, but, treated as this is with something to harden its surface, it can easily last its six months' exposure out-of-doors during the pleasant season. It will be a great pity if, after that, some means be not found for reproducing this remarkable frieze in stone or terra cotta.

Like the *bizarre* details of a dream which begins to lose its vagueness, I saw here and there a monumental stork set upon the angles of the unfinished domes, indicating all the sculpture that is yet to follow. I went into a shop, standing temporarily in the lofty nave of the Palace of Fine Arts, and was amazed to see there the lightness of these figures which seemed so substantial, and the great ingenuity with which they were put together. The heads, claws, and the like were cast, but the chief portion of the huge bodies was built up simply on iron framework, joined together in sections. This was helped out by bits of wood and bent twigs, coming still closer to the modeling, and then wire netting was stretched

over the whole. Upon this men with large bowls of plaster dashed handfuls of their material, and completed the work just about as a lath-and-plaster partition is made. The plaster being tinted with yellow ochre, and the surface left with its rough treatment, at a little distance precisely the effect of boldly finished terra cotta was attained. The wings alone of the figures must have been eight or ten feet high. There is no cheapness in the design, at least, of this plaster sculpture; it is the work of the very best talent of the day. It is to play a notable part in giving the façades their final grand appearance; but meantime I kept running across portions of it in a very quaint incompleteness. A procession of colossal legs, for instance, all of the same pattern, were to be seen marching, as it were, in vigorous military lock-step; a few carrying their loose heads and arms on top. Again, a sturdy young woman, with a camera under one arm, representing Photography (as an amateur myself, I felt especially interested in her case), looked on, with a rather pert air, I thought, at some workmen who were completing the lower part of her figure at a distance.

The classification of goods and general contents in this Exposition remains the same as at the last one. There are nine groups, into which everything must be distributed. Beginning with the raw materials in the usual way, they go on up to the highest products of man's intelligence, — a plan which, as I have elsewhere maintained, would be excellent as a basis for education. I may here mention in condensed form these nine groups in their order: I. the Fine Arts; II. the Liberal Arts; III. Furniture; IV. Clothing; V. Raw Materials; VI. Machinery; VII. Food; VIII. Agriculture; IX. Horticulture. They are subdivided, of course, into numerous minor classes. Thus, for an example, you have Group II. extending from

Class 6 (Education of the Infant, Primary and Adult Instruction) through Class 9 (the Printing and Manufacture of Books) and Class 14 (Medicine and Surgery) to Class 16, which comprises maps, geographical, cosmographical, and topographical apparatus. Group IV. comprises cotton, linen, wool, and silk goods; laces; accessories for the toilet; dress for both sexes; arms; articles for traveling and camping out; and more, each with a class to itself.

It was desirable to have a neat plan of everything contained in the heaven, the earth, and the sea all ready made to one's hand, and easy to ask the nations to conform to it, but the difficulty of finding the best places for everything still remained. The problem has been settled in the present instance by giving Groups I., II., and VI. each a building to themselves; placing Groups III., IV., and V. together in the Palais des Groupes Divers; and making an entire department each of Groups VII., VIII., and IX. The former two are accommodated in a series of pavilions extending by the half mile, in a double row, along the winding Quai d'Orsay (which the very framing of the buildings deftly follows), and connecting the Champ de Mars with the Esplanade des Invalides. Group IX., which includes also the important domain of forestry, will ornament and be ornamented by the pretty park of the Trocadero.

The strongest feeling, on first entering the yet unfurnished buildings, was that of new admiration for the beauty of simplicity. Who will make that doctrine prevail, especially in America? Who will convince us that the first condition of lasting, noble, and pleasant effect is rather large, plain shapes, smooth and temperate in the matter of ornament? The multifarious undergrowth of lesser details had not yet sprung up, either outside or within. The plentiful breadth, the long vistas, the imposing height, still undisturbed by the

"exhibits" of the coming human beehive, and the neatness of the untrodden flooring, were very grateful. In the main palace, the light dividing screens were being put up, each space opening into the next through a graceful portal, and the smell of the new pine filled the air. The British section had in progress an uncommonly good screen of Renaissance arches, with carved heraldic animals on top. In this edifice no large general effect is intended; it is simply a succession of long, glazed galleries, not very high, and to be cut up into booths, like a vast bazaar. The foreign nations, as I have said, are chiefly in the wings. One is gratified to find the United States entitled to a smooth strip in the right wing, which contains over three thousand square metres of space. At present it is a pure *tabula rasa*; it might furnish the theatre for an exhibition of any sort; and one can only hope we shall come out with as much credit as the last time, which was very well indeed. The strip terminates upon two of the characteristic long transverse galleries, where its decorative entrances will be arranged. We have more space allotted us here than any other exhibiting foreign nation except Great Britain and Belgium; commensurate room also in the machinery department; and when it comes to the fine arts, more room than any other foreign nation. I trust there is no error about this latter allotment, and that we may be able to fill it worthily; for in 1878 we exhibited only 165 pictures as against 726 from England, 644 from Italy, and so on; France herself showing 2071. The appropriation of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is not exorbitant, in view of the fact that Mexico, for instance, has contributed a million dollars.

The republican countries are perhaps receiving especial consideration from this Exposition, given by so very republican a government, and intended to fête at the same time the fierce revolt against monarchy in 1789. The South

and Central American republics have chosen the plan of erecting separate pavilions for themselves, and these are scattered about the Eiffel tower in a settlement which will rank, like that of the French colonies in Algeria, Tunis, and the Indies, as one of the most attractive features of the exhibit. Their pavilions are as white and tropical-looking as plenty of lime-wash can make them, and the architecture is coquettish and dainty, with a touch of that Byzantine feeling which had been infused into Spanish Renaissance at the time when Spain conquered her vast American possessions. The enterprising Argentine Republic, which has lately made so much of a stir here in offering its loans at attractive interest, on all the dead-walls and bill-boards of the metropolis, will hardly fail to improve in good style such an occasion, to produce a further favorable impression on the French people. With characteristic thrift, its pavilion is so constructed as to be easily taken down and transported across the ocean, for use at home when the display is over.

It was really a risky thing in the French to ask the monarchies of Europe to take part in an Exposition having so distinctly for its object a jubilee in honor of that famous French Revolution which did so much to overthrow them. M. Jules Ferry, the distinguished minister and statesman, who had not fallen to his present degree of unpopularity, thought of this at the time the proposition was submitted to him by its promoters. He saw nothing weighty in the scruple, however. For, said he, "there is a distinction to be made between the principles of '89 and those of the wild period of '93. During the century that has elapsed, the former have found general acceptance, and become the basis of the constitutional forms of government now actually prevailing in Europe. I do not see, therefore, where the monarchies can find any serious reason for

declining. The more so," he added, "because France by the Exposition offers the most sincere guarantee for the peace of Europe."

But it so happened, in fact, whether out of hostility to the principles of '89 or not, that the monarchies did decline. The Orient did not bother with fine scruples, but of all those in Europe only the comparatively small kingdoms of Norway, Greece, and Servia have agreed to take an official representation.

In this condition of affairs, the republics might well be treated with the more favor. It need not be fancied, however, that the Exposition is going to suffer in its importance or dimensions from such apparent neglect. These are only sentimental questions, after all, and the success of the exhibits rests, as usual, with the people of the respective countries, who find their commercial profit in making them as full as possible. Committees were therefore organized, and in most of the great states the governments, being perfectly willing to aid the cause, once the sentimental scruple was got rid of, have dealt liberally with these private committees, voting handsome subsidies, which will be used pretty much in the usual way. Even in Russia, Austria, Italy, the Low Countries, and Great Britain, where the government has aided neither directly nor indirectly, the private initiative has taken hold with plenty of vigor and efficiency, and the results are expected to be not less striking than on previous occasions.

Most of the greater palaces, with their system of high and wide cross-galleries which serve as spacious lobbies for them, are built upon a general plan; to wit, a central nave covered by a skylight, and flanked by aisles two stories in height. The upper story makes a fine gallery, from the bays of which an excellent view is afforded of the large nave, and the lower is often an open arcade. It is satisfactory here to speak of palaces: the name is no misnomer; the

structures to which it is applied are worthy of the name. Yes, it is good to be here. At present I do not regret being converted back again from the view that Expositions are tame, crowded, stuffy, uncomfortable to a degree, and carefully to be avoided by all sensible persons. Over yonder is the department of the fine arts, a thing of delicious grace and color, a magnified piece of jewelry, as it were, in opal and gold, a lovely creation in itself; and presently this is to be filled with the finest pictures and statues in the world. And then the ceramics, and then — But it would only be to repeat a good part of the groups, from I. to IX., with their various classes, to enumerate all the possibilities that arise upon a little closer inspection of so great a storehouse of interest. Yes, it is really a grand and delightful thing, such a vast massing together of achievements of the arts of peace; and these spike-helmeted Germans, these red-trousered Frenchmen, this all-pervading militarism of Europe, — how wretched and petty in comparison are all the interests about which they contend or stand ready to contend!

The Palais des Machines appears worthy of its name even beyond the rest. What an improvement upon our "Machinery Hall"! And the name seems to give the contents a human interest, as if the machines were a kind of genii who were coming to inhabit it. It is a grand, bright hall, some four-

teen hundred feet by three hundred and eighty, raised upon pivot trusses, which sustain the framed glass-work. That is a riding-school indeed for a military academy. Perhaps some fortunate people in future days will have railway stations like this. You seem to breathe almost freer within the inclosure than without, since the sensation of great space is the more enjoyed for being a little bounded. Science and beauty are combined in a rare fashion in the pivot trusses. They meet in pairs overhead, making a curve of noble sweep. They weigh tons upon tons, and yet rest upon such a small point that only the most trifling space is occupied, and the palace is practically all in the air. The tall blocks of Paris houses round about it look in through its glass sides, and are much dwarfed in the process. Men of about the size of flies, suspended on swinging platforms, are painting its far-distant, interminable ridge-pole. Rows of stout iron supports are being set up to sustain all the array of shafts and belting. An elevated railway is to run along the top of one of these lines of support, to furnish visitors a favorable continuous view. The machines will soon be humming and clattering here, and their palace will have begun its best uses; but then what will have become of the charm of simplicity! I fear I am going to be perverse enough not to like it then half as well as I do now.

William Henry Bishop.

THE TRAGIC MUSE.

XI.

WHEN she had descended into the street with Sherringham, Miriam informed him that she was thirsty, dying to drink something: upon which he

asked her if she would have any objection to going with him to a *café*.

"Objection? I have spent my life in *cafés*!" she exclaimed. "They are warm in winter, and they are full of gaslight. Mamma and I have sat in

them for hours, many a time, with a *consommation* of three sous, to save fire and candles at home. We have lived in places we could n't sit in, if you want to know — where there was only really room if we were in bed. Mamma's money is sent out from England, and sometimes it did n't come. Once it did n't come for months — for months and months. I don't know how we lived. There was n't any to come; there was n't any to get home. That is n't amusing when you're away, in a foreign town, without any friends. Mamma used to borrow, but people would n't always lend. You need n't be afraid — she won't borrow from you. We are rather better now. Something has been done in England; I don't understand what. It's only fivepence a year, but it has been settled; it comes regularly; it used to come only when we had written and begged and waited. But it made no difference; mamma was always up to her ears in books. They served her for food and drink. When she had nothing to eat she began a novel in ten volumes — the old-fashioned ones; they lasted longest. She knows every *cabinet de lecture* in every town; the little cheap, shabby ones, I mean, in the back streets, where they have odd volumes and only ask a sou, and the books are so old that they smell bad. She takes them to the cafés — the little cheap, shabby cafés, too — and she reads there all the evening. That's very well for her, but it does n't feed me. I don't like a diet of dirty old novels. I sit there beside her, with nothing to do, not even a stocking to mend; she does n't think that's *comme il faut*. I don't know what the people take me for. However, we have never been spoken to: any one can see mamma's a lady. As for me, I dare say I might be anything. If you're going to be an actress, you must get used to being looked at. There were people in England who used to ask us to stay; some of them were our cousins — or

mamma says they were. I have never been very clear about our cousins, and I don't think they were at all clear about us. Some of them are dead; the others don't ask us any more. You should hear mamma on the subject of our visits in England. It's very convenient when your cousins are dead, because that explains everything. Mamma has delightful phrases: 'My family is almost extinct.' Then your family may have been anything you like. Ours, of course, was magnificent. We did stay in a place once where there was a deer-park, and also private theatricals. I played in them; I was only fifteen years old, but I was very big, and I thought I was in heaven. I will go anywhere you like; you need n't be afraid, we have been in places! I have learned a great deal that way; sitting beside mamma and watching people, their faces, their types, their movements. There's a great deal goes on in cafés: people come to them to talk things over, their private affairs, their complications; they have important meetings. Oh, I've observed scenes, between men and women — very quiet, terribly quiet, but tragic! Once I saw a woman do something that I'm going to do some day, when I'm great — if I can get the situation. I'll tell you what it is some day; I'll do it for you. Oh, it is the book of life!"

So Miriam discoursed, familiarly, disconnectedly, as the pair went their way down the Rue de Constantinople; and she continued to abound in anecdote and remark after they were seated, face to face, at a little marble table in an establishment which Sherringham selected carefully, and he had caused her, at her request, to be accommodated with *sirop d'orgeat*. "I know what it will come to: Madame Carré will want to keep me." This was one of the announcements she presently made.

"To keep you?"

"For the French stage. She won't want to let you have me." She said

things of that kind, astounding in self-complacency, the assumption of quick success. She was in earnest, evidently prepared to work, but her imagination flew over preliminaries and probations, took no account of the steps in the process, especially the first tiresome ones, the test of patience. Sherringham had done nothing for her as yet, given no substantial pledge of interest; yet she was already talking as if his protection were assured and jealous. Certainly, however, she seemed to belong to him very much indeed, as she sat facing him in the Paris café, in her youth, her beauty and her talkative confidence. This degree of possession was highly agreeable to him, and he asked nothing more than to make it last and go further. The impulse to draw her out was irresistible, to encourage her to show herself to the end; for if he was really destined to take her career in hand he counted on some pleasant equivalent — such, for instance, as that she should at least amuse him.

"It's very singular; I know nothing like it," he said — "your equal mastery of two languages."

"Say of half a dozen," Miriam smiled.

"Oh, I don't believe in the others, to the same degree. I don't imagine that, will all deference to your undeniable facility, you would be judged fit to address a German or an Italian audience in their own tongue. But you might a French, perfectly, and they are the most particular of all; for their idiom is super-sensitive, and they are incapable of enduring the *baragouinage* of foreigners, to which we listen with such complacency. In fact, your French is better than your English — it's more conventional; there are little queeresses and impurities in your English, as if you had lived abroad too much. Ah, you must work that."

"I'll work it with you. I like the way you speak."

"You must speak beautifully; you must do something for the standard."

"For the standard?"

"There is n't any, after all; it has gone to the dogs."

"Oh, I'll bring it back. I know what you mean."

"No one knows, no one cares; the sense is gone — it is n't in the public," Sherringham continued, ventilating a grievance he was rarely able to forget, the vision of which now suddenly made a mission, full of sanctity, for Miriam Rooth. "Purity of speech, on our stage, does n't exist. Every one speaks as he likes, and audiences never notice; it's the last thing they think of. The place is given up to abominable dialects and individual tricks, any vulgarity flourishes, and on top of it all the Americans, with every conceivable crudity, come in to make confusion worse confounded. And when one laments it, people stare; they don't know what one means."

"Do you mean the grand manner, certain pompous pronunciations, the style of the Kembles?"

"I mean any style that is a style, that is a system, an art, that contributes a positive beauty to utterance. When I pay ten shillings to hear you speak, I want you to know how, *que diable!* Say that to people, and they are mostly lost in stupor; only a few, the very intelligent ones, exclaim, 'Then do you want actors to be affected?'"

"And *do* you?" asked Miriam, full of interest.

"My poor child, what else, under the sun, should they be? Is n't their whole art the affectation *par excellence*? The public won't stand that to-day, so one hears it said. If that be true, it simply means that the theatre, as I care for it, that is as a personal art, is at an end."

"Never, never, never!" the girl cried, in a voice that made a dozen people look round.

"I sometimes think it — that the per-

sonal art is at an end, and that henceforth we shall have only the arts — capable, no doubt, of immense development in their way (indeed they have already reached it) — of the stage-carpenter and the costumer. In London the drama is already smothered in scenery; the interpretation comes off as it can. To get the old personal impression, which used to be everything, you must go to the poor countries, and most of all to Italy.”

“Oh, I’ve had it; it’s very personal!” said Miriam, knowingly.

“You’ve seen the nudity of the stage, the poor painted, tattered screen behind, and in the empty space the histrionic figure, doing everything it knows how, in complete possession. The personality is n’t our English personality, and it may not always carry us with it; but the direction is right, and it has the superiority that it’s a human exhibition, not a mechanical one.”

“I can act just like an Italian,” said Miriam, eagerly.

“I would rather you acted like an Englishwoman, if an Englishwoman would only act.”

“Oh, I’ll show you!”

“But you’re not English,” said Sherringham, sociably, with his arms on the table.

“I beg your pardon; you should hear mamma about our ‘race.’”

“You’re a Jewess — I’m sure of that,” Sherringham went on.

She jumped at this, as he was destined to see, later, that she would jump at anything that would make her more interesting or striking; even at things which, grotesquely, contradicted or excluded each other. “That’s always possible, if one’s clever. I’m very willing, because I want to be the English Rachel.”

“Then you must leave Madame Carré, as soon as you have got from her what she can give.”

“Oh, you need n’t fear; you sha’n’t

lose me,” the girl replied, with gross charming fatuity. “My name is Jewish,” she went on, “but it was that of my grandmother, my father’s mother. She was a baroness, in Germany. That is, she was the daughter of a baron.”

Sherringham accepted this statement with reservations, but he replied, “Put all that together, and it makes you very sufficiently of Rachel’s tribe.”

“I don’t care, if I’m of her tribe artistically. I’m of the family of the artists; *je me fiche* of any other! I’m in the same style as that woman; I know it.”

“You speak as if you had seen her,” said Sherringham, amused at the way she spoke of “that woman.”

“Oh, I know all about her; I know all about all the great actors. But that won’t prevent me from speaking divine English.”

“You must learn lots of verse; you must repeat it to me,” Sherringham went on. “You must break yourself in till you can say anything. You must learn passages of Milton, passages of Wordsworth.”

“Did *they* write plays?”

“Oh, it is n’t only a matter of plays! You can’t speak a part properly till you can speak everything else, anything that comes up, especially in proportion as it’s difficult. That gives you authority.”

“Oh, yes, I’m going in for authority. There’s more chance in English,” the girl added, in the next breath. “There are not so many others — the terrible competition. There are so many here — not that I’m afraid,” she chattered on. “But we’ve got America, and they have n’t. America’s a great place.”

“You talk like a theatrical agent. They’re lucky not to have it as we have it. Some of them do go, and it ruins them.”

“Why, it fills their pockets!” Miriam cried.

"Yes, but see what they pay. It's the death of an actor to play to big populations that don't understand his language. It's nothing then but the *gros moyens*; all his delicacy perishes. However, they'll understand *you*."

"Perhaps I shall be too affected," said Miriam.

"You won't be more so than Garrick, or Mrs. Siddons, or John Kemble, or Edmund Kean. They understood Edmund Kean. All reflection is affectation, and all acting is reflection."

"I don't know; mine is instinct," Miriam replied.

"My dear young lady, you talk of 'yours;' but don't be offended if I tell you that yours does n't exist. Some day it will, if it comes off. Madame Carré's does, because she has reflected. The talent, the desire, the energy are an instinct; but by the time these things become a performance they are an instinct put in its place."

"Madame Carré is very philosophic. I shall never be like her."

"Of course you won't; you'll be original. But you'll have your own ideas."

"I dare say I shall have a good many of yours," said Miriam, smiling across the table.

They sat a moment, looking at each other.

"Don't go in for coquetry; it's a waste of time."

"Well, that's civil!" the girl cried.

"Oh, I don't mean for me; I mean for yourself. I want you to be so concentrated. I am bound to give you good advice. You don't strike me as flirtatious and that sort of thing, and that's in your favor."

"In my favor?"

"It does save time."

"Perhaps it saves too much. Don't you think the artist ought to have passions?"

Sherringham hesitated a moment; he thought an examination of this question

premature. "Flirtations are not passions," he replied. "No, you are simple—at least I suspect you are; for of course, with a woman, one would be clever to know." She asked why he pronounced her simple, but he judged it best, and more consonant with fair play, to defer even a treatment of this branch of the question; so that, to change the subject, he said, "Be sure you don't betray me to your friend Mr. Nash."

"Betray you? Do you mean about your recommending affectation?"

"Dear me, no; he recommends it himself. That is, he practices it, and on a scale!"

"But he makes one hate it."

"He proves what I mean," said Sherringham: "that the great comedian is the one who raises it to a science. If we paid ten shillings to listen to Mr. Nash, we should think him very fine. But we want to know what it's supposed to be."

"It's too odious, the way he talks about *us*!" Miriam cried, assentingly.

"About '*us*'?"

"Us poor actors."

"It's the competition he dislikes," said Sherringham, laughing.

"However, he is very good-natured; he lent mamma ten pounds," the girl added, honestly. Sherringham, at this information, was not able to repress a certain small twinge, which his companion perceived and of which she appeared to mistake the meaning. "Of course he'll get it back," she went on, while Sherringham looked at her in silence for a minute. Fortune had not supplied him profusely with money, but his emotion was not caused by the apprehension that he too would probably have to put his hand in his pocket for Mrs. Rooth. It was simply the instinctive recoil of a fastidious nature from the idea of familiar intimacy with people who lived from hand to mouth, and a sense that that intimacy would have to be defined, if it was to go much further.

He would wish to know what it was supposed to be, like Gabriel Nash's histrionics. After a moment Miriam mistook his thought still more completely, and in doing so gave him a flash of foreknowledge of the way it was in her to strike from time to time a note exasperatingly, almost consciously vulgar, which one would hate for the reason, among others, that by that time one would be in love with her. "Well, then, he won't — if you don't believe it!" she exclaimed, with a laugh. He was saying to himself that the only possible form was that they should borrow only from him. "You're a funny man. I make you blush," Miriam persisted.

"I must reply with the *tu quoque*, though I have not that effect on you."

"I don't understand," said the girl.

"You're an extraordinary young lady."

"You mean I'm horrid. Well, I dare say I am. But I'm better when you know me."

Sherringham made no direct rejoinder to this, but after a moment he said, "Your mother must repay that money. I'll give it to her."

"You had better give it to him!" cried Miriam. "If once *we* have it" — She interrupted herself, and with another and a softer tone, one of her dramatic transitions, she remarked, "I suppose you have never known any one that's poor."

"I'm poor myself. That is, I'm very far from rich. But why receive favors" — And here he, in turn, checked himself, with the sense that he was indeed taking a great deal on his back if he pretended already (he had not seen the pair three times) to regulate their intercourse with the rest of the world. But Miriam instantly carried out his thought, and more than his thought.

"Favors from Mr. Nash? Oh, he does n't count!"

The way she dropped these words (they would have been admirable on the

stage) made him laugh and say, immediately, "What I meant just now was that you are not to tell him, after all my swagger, that I consider that you and I are really required to save our theatre."

"Oh, if we can save it, he shall know it!" Then Miriam added that she must positively get home; her mother would be in a state; she had really scarcely ever been out alone. He might n't think it, but so it was. Her mother's ideas, those awfully proper ones, were not all talk. She *did* keep her! Sherringham accepted this — he had an adequate, and indeed an analytic vision of Mrs. Rooth's conservatism; but he observed at the same time that his companion made no motion to rise. He made none, either; he only said —

"We are very frivolous, the way we chatter. What you want to do, to get your foot in the stirrup, is supremely difficult. There is everything to overcome. You have neither an engagement nor the prospect of an engagement."

"Oh, you'll get me one!" Miriam's manner expressed that this was so certain that it was not worth dilating upon; so, instead of dilating, she inquired, abruptly, a second time, "Why do you think I'm so simple?"

"I don't, then. Did n't I tell you just now that you were extraordinary? That's the term, moreover, that you applied to yourself, when you came to see me — when you said a girl had to be, to wish to go on the stage. It remains the right one, and your simplicity does n't mitigate it. What's rare in you is that you have — as I suspect, at least — no nature of your own." Miriam listened to this as if she were preparing to argue with it or not, only as it should strike her as being a pleasing picture; but as yet, naturally, she failed to understand. "You are always playing something; there are no intervals. It's the absence of intervals, of a *fond* or back-

ground, that I don't comprehend. You're an embroidery without a canvas."

"Yes, perhaps," the girl replied, with her head on one side, as if she were looking at the pattern. "But I'm very honest."

"You can't be everything, a consummate actress and a flower of the field. You've got to choose."

She looked at him a moment. "I'm glad you think I'm so wonderful."

"Your feigning may be honest, in the sense that your only feeling *is* your feigned one," Sherringham went on. "That's what I mean by the absence of a ground or of intervals. It's a kind of thing that's a labyrinth!"

"I know what I am," said Miriam, sententiously.

But her companion continued, following his own train: "Were you really so frightened, the first day you went to Madame Carré's?"

She stared a moment, and then, with a flush, throwing back her head, "Do you think I was pretending?"

"I think you always are. However, your vanity (if you had any!) would be natural."

"I have plenty of that — I am not ashamed to own it."

"You would be capable of pretending that you have! But excuse the audacity and the crudity of my speculations — it only proves my interest. What is it that you know you are?"

"Why, an artist. Is n't that a canvas?"

"Yes, an intellectual one, but not a moral."

"Oh yes, it is, too. And I'm a good girl: won't that do?"

"It remains to be seen!" Sherringham laughed. "A creature who is *all* an artist — I am curious to see that."

"Surely it has been seen, in lots of painters, lots of musicians."

"Yes, but those arts are not personal, like yours. I mean not so much so.

There is something left for — what shall I call it? — for character."

Miriam stared again, with her tragic light. "And do you think I've got no character?" As he hesitated she pushed back her chair, rising rapidly.

He looked up at her an instant — she seemed so "plastic;" and then, rising too, he answered, "Delightful being, you've got a hundred!"

XII.

The summer arrived and the dense air of the Paris theatres became, in fact, a still more complicated mixture; yet the occasions were not few on which Peter Sherringham, having placed a box, near the stage (most often a stuffy, dusky *baignoire*), at the disposal of Mrs. Rooth and her daughter, found time to look in, as he said, to spend a part of the evening with them and point the moral of the performance. The pieces, the successes of the winter, had entered the perfunctory phase: they went on by the force of the impetus acquired, deriving little fresh life from the interpretation, and in ordinary conditions their strong points, as rendered by the actors, would have been as wearisome to Sherringham as an importunate repetition of a good story. But it was not long before he became aware that the conditions could not be regarded as ordinary. There was a new infusion in his consciousness — an element in his life which altered the relations of things. He was not easy till he had found the right name for it — a name the more satisfactory that it was simple, comprehensive and plausible. A new "distraction" was what he flattered himself he had discovered; he could recognize that as freely as possible without being obliged to classify the agreeable resource as a new entanglement. He was neither haunted nor demoralized; he had all his usual attention to give to his work: he had only an

employment for his odd hours, which, without being imperative, had, over various others, the advantage of a certain continuity.

And yet, I hasten to add, he was not so well pleased with it but that, among his friends, he maintained for the present a considerable reserve in regard to it. He had no irresistible impulse to tell people that he had disinterred a strange, handsome girl whom he was bringing up for the theatre. She had been seen by several of his associates, at his rooms; but she was not soon to be seen there again. Sherringham's reserve might by the ill-natured have been termed dissimulation, inasmuch as when asked by the ladies of the embassy what had become of the young person who amused them, that day, so cleverly, he gave it out that her whereabouts was uncertain and her destiny probably obscure; he let it be supposed, in a word, that his interest in Miss Rooth had scarcely survived an accidental, charitable occasion. As he went about his customary business, and perhaps even put a little more conscience into the transaction of it, there was nothing to suggest to his companions that he was engaged in a private speculation of a singular kind. It was perhaps his weakness that he carried the apprehension of ridicule too far; but his excuse may be said to be that he held it unpardonable for a man publicly enrolled in the service of his country to be ridiculous. It was of course not out of all order that such functionaries, their private situation permitting, should enjoy a personal acquaintance with stars of the dramatic, the lyric, or even the choregraphic stage: high diplomatists had indeed not rarely, and not invisibly, cultivated this privilege without its proving the sepulchre of their reputation. That a gentleman who was not a fool should consent a little to become one for the sake of a celebrated actress or singer — *cela s'était vu*, though it was not perhaps to be rec-

ommended. It was not a tendency that was encouraged at headquarters, and it was scarcely open to the cleverest young men to pile up material for a scandal. Still, it might pass, if it were kept in its place; and there were ancient worthies yet in the profession (not those, however, whom the tradition had helped to go furthest) who held that something of the sort was a graceful ornament of the diplomatic character. Sherringham was aware that he was one of the cleverest young men; but Miriam Rooth was not yet a celebrated actress. She was only a youthful artist, in conscientious process of formation, encumbered with a mother still more conscientious than herself. She was a young English lady, very earnest about artistic, about remunerative problems. He had accepted the position of a formative influence; and that was precisely what might provoke a smile. He was a ministering angel — his patience and good-nature really entitled him to the epithet, and his rewards would doubtless some day define themselves; but meanwhile other promotions were in contingent prospect, for the failure of which these would not, even in their abundance, be a compensation. He kept an undiverted eye upon Downing Street; and while it may frankly be said for him that he was neither a pedant nor a prig, he remembered that the last impression he ought to wish to produce there was that of frivolity.

He felt not particularly frivolous, however, when he sat behind Miriam at the play, and looked over her shoulder at the stage; her observation being so keen and her comments so unexpected in their vivacity that his curiosity was refreshed and his attention stretched beyond its wont. If the spectacle before the footlights had now lost much of its annual brilliancy, the fashion in which Miriam followed it came near being spectacle enough. Moreover, in most cases the attendance of the little

party was at the Théâtre Français ; and it has been sufficiently indicated that Sherringham, though the child of a skeptical age and the votary of a cynical science, was still candid enough to take the serious, the religious view of that establishment—the view of M. Sarcey and of the unregenerate provincial mind. “In the trade that I follow we see things too much in the hard light of reason, of calculation,” he once remarked to his young companion ; “but it’s good for the mind to keep up a superstition or two ; it leaves a margin, like having a second horse to your brougham, for night-work. The arts, the amusements, the æsthetic part of life, are night-work, if I may say so without suggesting the nefarious. At any rate, you want your second horse—your superstition that stays at home when the sun is high—to go your rounds with. The Théâtre Français is my second horse.”

Miriam’s avidity for this pleasure showed him vividly enough how rarely, in the past, it had been within her reach ; and she pleased him, at first, by liking everything, seeing almost no differences, and taking her deep draught undiluted. She leaned on the edge of the box with a sort of bright voracity ; devouring both the story and the manner of the telling, watching each movement of each actor, attending to the way each thing was said or done as if it were the most important thing, and emitting from time to time applause or protesting sounds. It was a very pretty exhibition of enthusiasm, if enthusiasm be ever critical. Sherringham had his wonder about it, as it was a part of the attraction exerted by this young lady that she caused him to have his wonder about everything she did. Was it in fact an exhibition, a line taken for effect, so that, at the comedy, her own comedy was the most successful of all ? That question danced attendance on the liberal intercourse of these young peo-

ple, and fortunately, as yet, did little to embitter Sherringham’s share of it. His general sense that she was personating had its especial moments of suspense and perplexity, and added variety and even occasionally a degree of excitement to their conversation. At the theatre, for the most part, she was really flushed with eagerness ; and with the spectators who turned an admiring eye into the dim compartment of which she pervaded the front, she might have passed for a romantic, or at any rate an insatiable, young woman from the country.

Mrs. Rooth took a more placid view, but attended immensely to the story, in respect to which she manifested a patient good faith which had its surprises and its comicalities for Sherringham. She found no play too tedious, no entr’acte too long, no baignoire too hot, no tissue of incidents too complicated, no situation too unnatural and no sentiments too sublime. She gave Sherringham the measure of her power to sit and sit—an accomplishment to which she owed, in the struggle for existence, such superiority as she might be said to have achieved. She could outsit every one, everything else ; looking as if she had acquired the practice in repeated years of small frugality combined with large leisure—periods when she had nothing but time to spend, and had learned to calculate, in any situation, how long she could stay. “Staying” was so often a saving—a saving of candles, of fire, and even (for it sometimes implied a vision of light refreshment) of food. Sherringham perceived soon enough that she was complete, in her way, and if he had been addicted to studying the human mixture in its different combinations he would have found in her an interesting compendium of some of the infatuations that survive a hard discipline. He made, indeed, without difficulty, the reflection that her life might have taught her the reality of things, at the same time that

he could scarcely help thinking it clever of her to have so persistently declined the lesson. She appeared to have put it by with a deprecating, ladylike smile — a plea of being too soft and bland for experience.

She took the refined, sentimental, tender view of the universe, beginning with her own history and feelings. She believed in everything high and pure, disinterested and orthodox, and even at the Hôtel de la Mayenne was unconscious of the shabby or the ugly side of the world. She never despaired: otherwise what would have been the use of being a Neville-Nugent? Only not to have been one — that would have been discouraging. She delighted in novels, poems, perversions, misrepresentations and evasions, and had a capacity for smooth, superfluous falsification which made Sherringham think her sometimes an amusing and sometimes a tedious inventor. But she was not dangerous, even if you believed her; she was not even a warning, if you did n't. It was harsh to call her a hypocrite, because you never could have resolved her back into her character; there was no reverse to her blazonry. She built in the air, and was not less amiable than she pretended; only that was a pretension too. She moved altogether in a world of genteel fable and fancy, and Sherringham had to live in it with her, for Miriam's sake, in sociable, vulgar assent, in spite of his feeling that it was rather a low neighborhood. He was at a loss how to take what she said — she talked, sweetly and discursively, of so many things — until he simply perceived that he could only take it, always, for untrue. When Miriam laughed at her, he was rather disagreeably affected: "dear mamma's fine stories" was a sufficiently cynical reference to the immemorial infirmity of a parent. But when the girl backed her up, as he phrased it to himself, he liked that even less.

Mrs. Rooth was very fond of a moral,

and had never lost her taste for edification. She delighted in a beautiful character, and was gratified to find so many represented in the contemporary French drama. She never failed to direct Miriam's attention to them and to remind her that there is nothing in life so precious as the ideal. Sherringham noted the difference between the mother and the daughter and thought it singularly marked — the way that one took everything for the sense, or behaved as if she did, caring above all for the subject and the romance, the triumph or defeat of virtue, and the moral comfort of it all, and that the other was especially hungry for the manner and the art of it, the presentation and the vividness. Mrs. Rooth abounded in impressive evocations, and yet he saw no link between her facile genius and that of which Miriam gave symptoms. The poor lady never could have been accused of successful deceit, whereas success in this line was exactly what her clever child went in for. She made even the true seem fictive, while Miriam's effort was to make the fictive true. Sherringham thought it an odd, unpromising stock (that of the Neville-Nugents) for a dramatic talent to have sprung from, till he reflected that the evolution was after all natural: the figurative impulse in the mother had become conscious, and therefore higher, through finding an aim, which was beauty, in the daughter. Likely enough the Hebraic Mr. Rooth, with his love of old pots and Christian altar-cloths, had supplied, in the girl's composition, the æsthetic element, the sense of form. In their visits to the theatre there was nothing that Mrs. Rooth more insisted upon than the unprofitableness of deceit, as shown by the most distinguished authors — the folly and degradation, the corrosive effect upon the spirit, of tortuous ways. Sherringham very soon gave up the futile task of piecing together her incongruous references to her early life and her family in England. He

renounced even the doctrine that there was a residuum of truth in her claim of great relationships, for, existent or not, he cared equally little for her ramifications. The principle of this indifference was at bottom a certain desire to disconnect Miriam; for it was disagreeable not to be independent in dealing with her, and he could be fully so only if *she* was.

The early weeks of that summer (they went on, indeed, into August) were destined to establish themselves in his memory as a season of pleasant things. The ambassador went away, and Sherringham had to wait for his own holiday, which he did, during the hot days, contentedly enough, in spacious halls, with a dim, bird-haunted garden. The official world and most other worlds withdrew from Paris, and the Place de la Concorde, a larger, whiter desert than ever, became, by a reversal of custom, explorable with safety. The Champs Elysées were dusty and rural, with little creaking booths and exhibitions which made a noise like grasshoppers; the Arc de Triomphe threw its cool, sharp shadow for a mile; the Palais de l'Industrie glittered in the light of the long days; the cabmen, in their red waistcoats, dozed in their boxes; and Sherringham permitted himself a "pot" hat and rarely met a friend. Thus was Miriam still more disconnected, and thus was it possible to deal with her still more independently. The theatres on the boulevard closed, for the most part, but the great temple of the Rue de Richelieu, with an æsthetic responsibility, continued imperturbably to dispense examples of style. Madame Carré was going to Vichy, but she had not yet taken flight, which was a great advantage for Miriam, who could now solicit her attention with the consciousness that she had no engagements *en ville*.

"I make her listen to me — I make her tell me," said the ardent girl, who was always climbing the slope of the

Rue de Constantinople, on the shady side, where, in the July mornings, there was a smell of violets from the moist flower-stands of fat, white-capped *bouquetières*, in the angles of doorways. Miriam liked the Paris of the summer mornings, the clever freshness of all the little trades and the open-air life, the cries, the talk from door to door, which reminded her of the south, where, in the multiplicity of her habitations, she had lived; and most of all, the great amusement, or nearly, of her walk, the enviable baskets of the laundress, piled up with frilled and fluted whiteness — the certain luxury, she felt as she passed, with quick prevision, of her own dawn of glory. The greatest amusement, perhaps, was to recognize the pretty sentiment of earliness, the particular congruity with the hour, in the studied, selected dress of the little tripping women who were taking the day, for important advantages, while it was tender. At any rate, she always brought with her, from her passage through the town, good humor enough (with the penny bunch of violets that she stuck in the front of her dress) for whatever awaited her at Madame Carré's. She told Sherringham that her dear mistress was terribly severe, giving her the most difficult, the most exhausting exercises — showing a kind of rage for breaking her in.

"So much the better," Sherringham answered; but he asked no questions, and was glad to let the preceptress and the pupil fight it out together. He wanted, for the moment, to know as little as possible about them; he had been overdosed with knowledge, that second day he saw them together. He would send Madame Carré her money (she was really most obliging), and in the mean time he was conscious that Miriam could take care of herself. Sometimes he remarked to her that she need n't always talk "shop" to him: there were times when he was very

tired of shop — of hers. Moreover, he frankly admitted that he was tired of his own, so that the restriction was not brutal. When she replied, staring, "Why, I thought you considered it as such a beautiful, interesting art!" he had no rejoinder more philosophic than "Well, I do; but there are moments when I'm sick of it, all the same." At other times he said to her, "Oh, yes, the results, the finished thing, the dish perfectly seasoned and served: not the mess of preparation — at least not always — not the experiments that spoil the material."

"I thought you thought just these questions of study, of the artistic education, as you have called it to me, so fascinating," the girl persisted. Sometimes she was very lucid.

"Well, after all I am not an actor myself," Sherringham answered, laughing.

"You might be one if you were serious," said Miriam. To this her friend replied that Mr. Gabriel Nash ought to hear that; which made her exclaim, with a certain grin, that she would settle *him* and *his* theories some day. Not to seem too inconsistent — for it was cruel to bewilder her when he had taken her up to enlighten — Sherringham repeated over that for a man like himself the interest of the whole thing depended on its being considered in a large, liberal way, with an intelligence that lifted it out of the question of the little tricks of the trade, gave it beauty and elevation. Miriam let him know that Madame Carré held that there were no *little* tricks; that everything had its importance as a means to a great end; and that if you were not willing to try to *approfondir* the reason why, in a given situation, you should scratch your nose with your left hand rather than with your right, you were not worthy to tread any stage that respected itself.

"That's very well; but if I must go

into details read me a little Shelley," said the young man, in the spirit of a high *raffiné*.

"You are worse than Madame Carré; you don't know what to invent; between you, you'll kill me!" the girl declared. "I think there's a secret league between you to spoil my voice, or at least to weaken my wind, before I get it. But *à la guerre comme à la guerre!* How can I read Shelley, however, when I don't understand him?"

"That's just what I want to make you do. It's a part of your general training. You may do without that, of course — without culture and taste and perception; but in that case you'll be nothing but a vulgar *cabotine*, and nothing will be of any consequence." Sherringham had a theory that the great lyric poets (he induced her to read, and recite as well, long passages of Wordsworth and of Swinburne) would teach her many of the secrets of competent utterance, the mysteries of rhythm, the communicableness of style, the latent music of the language and the art of "composing" copious speeches and of keeping her breath in hand. He held, in perfect sincerity, that there was an indirect enlightenment which would be of the highest importance to her, and to which it was precisely, by good fortune, in his power to contribute. She would do better in proportion as she had more knowledge — even knowledge that might appear to have but a remote connection with her business. The actor's talent was essentially a gift, a thing by itself, implanted, instinctive, accidental, equally unconnected with intellect and with virtue — Sherringham was completely of that opinion, but it seemed to him no contradiction to consider at the same time that intellect (leaving virtue, for the moment, out of the question) might be brought into fruitful relation with it. It would be a larger thing if a better mind were projected upon it — without sacrificing the

mind. So he lent Miriam books, which she never read (she was on almost irconcilable terms with the printed page), and in the long summer days, when he had leisure, took her to the Louvre to admire the great works of painting and sculpture. Here, as on all occasions, he was struck with the queer jumble of her mind, her mixture of intelligence and puerility. He saw that she never read what he gave her, though she sometimes would have liked him to suppose so; but in the presence of famous pictures and statues she had remarkable flashes of perception. She felt these things, she liked them, though it was always because she had an idea she could use them. The idea was often fantastic, but it showed what an eye she had to her business. "I could look just like that, if I tried." > "That's the dress I mean to wear when I do Portia." Such were the observations that were apt to drop from her under the suggestion of antique marbles or when she stood before a Titian or a Bonifazio.

When she uttered them, and many others besides, the effect was sometimes irritating to Sherringham, who had to reflect a little to remember that she was no more egotistical than the histrionic conscience demanded. He wondered if there were necessarily something vulgar in the histrionic conscience — something condemned only to feel the tricky personal question. Was n't it better to be perfectly stupid than to have only one eye open and wear forever, in the great face of the world, the expression of a knowing wink? At the theatre, on the numerous July evenings when the *Comédie Française* played the repertory, with exponents determined the more sparse and provincial audience should have a revelation of the tradition, her appreciation was tremendously technical and showed it was not for nothing she was now in and out of Madame Carré's innermost counsels. But there were moments when even her very acuteness

seemed to him to drag the matter down, to see it in a small and superficial sense. What he flattered himself that he was trying to do for her (and through her for the stage of his time, since she was the instrument, and incontestably a fine one, that had come to his hand) was precisely to lift it up, make it rare, keep it in the region of distinction and breadth. However, she was doubtless right and he was wrong, he eventually reasoned: you could afford to be vague only if you had n't a responsibility. He had fine ideas, but she was to do the acting, that is the application of them, and not he; and application was always of necessity a sort of vulgarization, a smaller thing than theory. If some day she should exhibit the great art that it was not purely fanciful to forecast for her, the subject would doubtless be sufficiently lifted up, and it would n't matter that some of the onward steps should have been lame.

This was clear to him on several occasions when she repeated or acted something for him better than usual; then she quite carried him away, making him wish to ask no more questions but only let her disembroil herself in her own fashion. In these hours she gave him, fitfully but forcibly, that impression of beauty which was to be her justification. It was too soon for any general estimate of her progress; Madame Carré had at last given her an intelligent understanding, as well as a sore personal sense, of how bad she was. She had therefore begun on a new basis; she had returned to the alphabet and the drill. It was a phase of awkwardness, like the splashing of a young swimmer, but harmony would certainly come out of it. For the present there was, for the most part, no great alteration of the fact that when she did things according to her own idea they were not as yet, and seriously judged, worth the devil, as Madame Carré said; and when she did them

according to that of her instructress they were too apt to be a gross parody of that lady's intention. None the less she gave glimpses, and her glimpses made him feel not only that she was not a fool (that was a small relief), but that he was not.

He made her stick to her English and read Shakespeare aloud to him. Mrs. Rooth had recognized the importance of an apartment in which they should be able to receive so beneficent a visitor, and was now mistress of a small salon, with a balcony and a rickety flower-stand (to say nothing of a view of many roofs and chimneys), a crooked, waxed floor, an empire clock, an *armoire à glace* (highly convenient for Miriam's posturings), and several cupboard doors, covered over, allowing for treacherous gaps, with the faded magenta paper of the wall. The thing had been easily done, for Sherringham had said, "Oh, we must have a sitting-room, for our studies, you know. I'll settle it with the landlady." Mrs. Rooth had liked his "we" (indeed, she liked everything about him), and he saw in this way that she had no insuperable objection to being under a pecuniary obligation so long as it was distinctly understood to be temporary. That he should have his money back with interest as soon as Miriam was launched was a comfort so deeply implied that it only added to intimacy. The window stood open on the little balcony, and when the sun had left it Sherringham and Miriam could linger there, leaning on the rail and talking, above the great hum of Paris, with nothing but the neighboring tiles and tall tubes to take account of. Mrs. Rooth, in limp garments, much ungirdled, was on the sofa with a novel, making good her frequent assertion that she could put up with any life that would yield her these two articles. There were romantic works that Sherringham had never read, and as to which he had vaguely

wondered to what class they were addressed — the earlier productions of M. Eugène Sue, the once-fashionable compositions of Madame Sophie Gay — with which Mrs. Rooth was familiar and which she was ready to peruse once more if she could get nothing fresher. She had always a greasy volume tucked under her while her nose was bent upon the pages in hand. She scarcely looked up even when Miriam lifted her voice to show Sherringham what she could do. These tragic or pathetic notes all went out of the window and mingled with the undecipherable concert of Paris, so that no neighbor was disturbed by them. The girl shrieked and wailed when the occasion required it, and Mrs. Rooth only turned her page, showing in this way a great æsthetic as well as a great personal trust.

She rather annoyed Sherringham by the serenity of her confidence (for a reason that he fully understood only later), save when Miriam caught an effect or a tone so well that she made him, in the pleasure of it, forget her parent was there. He continued to object to the girl's English, with the foreign patches which might pass in prose but were offensive in the recitation of verse, and he wanted to know why she could not speak like her mother. He had to do Mrs. Rooth the justice of recognizing the charm of her voice and accent, which gave a certain richness even to the foolish things she said. They were of an excellent insular tradition, full both of natural and of cultivated sweetness, and they puzzled him when other indications seemed to betray her — to relegate her to the class of the simply dreary. They were like the reverberation of far-off drawing-rooms.

The connection between the development of Miriam's genius and the necessity of an occasional excursion to the country — the charming country that lies in so many directions, beyond the Parisian *banlieue* — would not have been

immediately apparent to a merely superficial observer; but a day, and then another, at Versailles, a day at Fontainebleau and a trip, particularly harmonious and happy, to Rambouillet, took their place in Sherringham's programme as a part of the legitimate indirect culture, an agency in the formation of taste. Intimations of the grand style, for instance, would proceed in abundance from the symmetrical palace and gardens of Louis XIV. Sherringham was very fond of Versailles, and went there more than once with the ladies of the Hôtel de la Mayenne. They chose quiet hours, when the fountains were dry; and Mrs. Rooth took an armful of novels and sat on a bench in the park, flanked by clipped hedges and old statues, while her young companions strolled away, walked to the Trianon, explored the long, straight vistas of the woods. Rambouillet was vague and pleasant and idle; they had an idea that they found suggestive associations there; and indeed there was an old white château which contained nothing else. They found, at any rate, luncheon, and a charming sense of summer and little brushed French pictures in the landscape.

I have said that in these days Sherringham wondered a good deal, and by the time his leave of absence was granted him this practice had engendered a particular speculation. He was surprised that he was not in love with Miriam Rooth, and he considered, in moments of leisure, the causes of his exemption. He had perceived from the first that she was a "nature," and each time she met his eyes the more vividly it appeared to him that her beauty was rare. You had to get the view of her face, but when you did so it was a splendid mobile mask. And the possessor of this high advantage had frankness, and courage, and variety, and the unusual, and the unexpected. She had qualities that seldom went together —

impulses and shynesses, audacities and lapses, something coarse, popular and strong, all intermingled with disdains and languors and nerves. And then, above all, she was there, she was accessible, she almost belonged to him. He reflected, ingeniously, that he owed his escape to a peculiar cause — the fact that they had together a positive outside object. Objective, as it were, was all their communion; not personal and selfish, but a matter of art and business and discussion. Discussion had saved him, and would save him further; for they would always have something to quarrel about. Sherringham, who was not a diplomatist for nothing; who had his reasons for steering straight and wished neither to deprive the British public of a rising star nor to change his actual situation for that of a conjugal *impresario*, blessed the beneficence, the salubrity, the pure exorcism of art. At the same time, rather inconsistently, and feeling that he had a completer vision than before of the odd animal, the artist who happened to have been born a woman, he felt himself warned against a serious connection (he made a great point of the "serious") with so slippery and ticklish a creature. The two ladies had only to stay in Paris, save their candle-ends, and, as Madame Carré had enjoined, practice their scales; there were, apparently, no autumn visits to English country-houses in prospect for Mrs. Rooth.

Sherringham parted with them on the understanding that, in London, he would look as thoroughly as possible into the question of an engagement for Miriam. The day before he began his holiday he went to see Madame Carré, who said to him, "*Vous devriez bien nous la laisser.*"

"She has got something, then?"

"She has got most things. She'll go far. It is the first time I ever was mistaken. But don't tell her so — I don't flatter her; she'll be too puffed up."

"Is she very conceited?" Sherringham asked.

"*Mauvais sujet!*" said Madame Carré.

It was on the journey to London that he indulged in some of those questionings of his state which I have mentioned; but I must add that by the time he reached Charing Cross (he smoked a cigar, deferred till after the Channel, in a compartment by himself) it suddenly came over him that they were futile. Now that he had left the girl, a subversive, unpremeditated heart-beat told him — it made him hold his breath a minute in the carriage — that he had after all *not* escaped. He *was* in love with her: he had been in love with her from the first hour.

XIII.

The drive from Harsh to the Place, as it was called thereabouts, could be achieved by swift horses in less than ten minutes; and if Mrs. Dallow's ponies were capital trotters the general high pitch of the occasion made it congruous that they should show their speed. The occasion was the polling-day, the hour after the battle. The ponies had worked, with all the rest, for the week before, passing and repassing the neat windows of the flat little town (Mrs. Dallow had the complacent belief that there was none in the kingdom in which the flower-stands looked more respectable between the stiff muslin curtains), with their mistress behind them in her low, smart trap. Very often she was accompanied by the Liberal candidate, but even when she was not the equipage seemed scarcely less to represent his pleasant, sociable confidence. It moved in a radiance of ribbons and handbills, and hand-shakes and smiles; of quickened intercourse and sudden intimacy; of sympathy which assumed without presuming and gratitude which promised without soliciting. But,

under Julia's guidance the ponies patterned now, with no indication of a loss of freshness, along the firm, wide avenue which wound and curved, to make up in picturesque effect for not undulating, from the gates opening straight into the town to the Palladian mansion, high, square, gray and clean, which stood, among parterres and fountains, in the centre of the park. A generous steed had been sacrificed to bring the good news from Ghent to Aix, but no such extravagance was after all necessary for communicating with Lady Agnes.

She had remained at the house, not going to the Wheatsheaf, the Liberal inn, with the others; preferring to await in privacy, and indeed in solitude, the momentous result of the poll. She had come down to Harsh with the two girls in the course of the proceedings. Julia had not thought they would do much good, but she was expansive and indulgent now, and she had liberally asked them. Lady Agnes had not a nice canvassing manner, effective as she might have been in the character of the high, benignant, affable mother — looking sweet participation, but not interfering — of the young and handsome, the shining, convincing, wonderfully clever and certainly irresistible aspirant. Grace Dormer had zeal without art, and Lady Agnes, who, during her husband's lifetime, had seen their affairs follow the satisfactory principle of a tendency to defer to supreme merit, had never really learned the lesson that voting goes by favor. However, she could pray God if she could n't flatter the cheese-monger, and Nick felt that she had stayed at home to pray for him. I must add that Julia Dallow was too happy now, flicking her whip in the bright summer air, to say anything so ungracious even to herself as that her companion had been returned in spite of his nearest female relatives. Besides, Biddy *had* been a rosy help: she had looked persuasively pretty, in white and blue,

on platforms and in recurrent carriages, out of which she had tossed, blushing and making people remember her eyes, several words that were telling for their very simplicity.

Mrs. Dallow was really too glad for any definite reflection, even for personal exultation, the vanity of recognizing her own large share of the work. Nick was in, and he was beside her, tired, silent, vague, beflowered and beribboned, and he had been splendid from beginning to end, delightfully good-humored and at the same time delightfully clever — still cleverer than she had supposed he could be. The sense that she had helped his cleverness and that she had been repaid by it, or by his gratitude (it came to the same thing), in a way she appreciated, was not triumphant and jealous: it was lost, for the present, in the general cheerful break of the long tension.

Nothing passed between them on their way to the house; there was no sound in the park but the pleasant rustle of summer (it seemed an applausive murmur) and the swift progress of the vehicle.

Lady Agnes already knew, for as soon as the result was declared Nick had dispatched a man on horseback to her, carrying the figures on a scrawled card. He had been far from getting away at once, having to respond to the hubbub of acclamation, to speak yet again, to thank his electors individually and collectively, to chaff the Tories, to be carried hither and yon, and above all to pretend that the interest of the business was now greater for him than ever. If he said never a word after he put himself in Julia's hands to go home, perhaps it was partly because the consciousness began to glimmer within him that that interest had, on the contrary, now suddenly diminished. He wanted to see his mother, because he knew she wanted to see him, to fold him close in her arms. They had been open there for that purpose

for the last half hour, and her expectancy, now no longer an ache of suspense, was the reason of Julia's round pace. Yet this very expectancy somehow made Nick wince a little. Meeting his mother was like being elected over again.

The others had not come back yet, and Lady Agnes was alone in the large bright drawing-room. When Nick went in with Mrs. Dallow, he saw her at the further end; she had evidently been walking to and fro, the whole length of it, and her tall, upright black figure seemed in possession of the fair vastness, like an exclamation-point at the bottom of a blank page. The room, rich and simple, was a place of perfection as well as of splendor in delicate tints, with precious specimens of French furniture of the last century ranged against walls of pale brocade, and here and there a small, almost priceless picture. George Dallow had made it, caring for these things and liking to talk about them (scarcely about anything else); so that it appeared to represent him still, what was best in his kindly, limited nature — a friendly, competent, tiresome insistence upon purity and homogeneity. Nick Dormer could hear him yet, and could see him, too fat and with a congenital thickness in his speech, lounging there in loose clothes, with his eternal cigarette. "Now, my dear fellow, *that's* what I call form: I don't know what you call it" — that was the way he used to begin. The room was full of flowers in rare vases, but it looked like a place of which the beauty would have had a sweet odor even without them.

Lady Agnes had taken a white rose from one of the clusters, and she was holding it to her face, which was turned toward the door, as Nick crossed the threshold. The expression of her figure instantly told him (he saw the creased card that he had sent her lying on one of the beautiful bare tables) how she

had been sailing up and down in a majesty of satisfaction. The inflation of her long, plain dress, the brightened dimness of her proud face, were still in the air. In a moment he had kissed her and was being kissed, not in quick repetition, but in tender prolongation, with which the perfume of the white rose was mixed. But there was something else, too — her sweet, smothered words in his ear: "Oh, my boy, my boy — oh, your father, your father!" Neither the sense of pleasure nor that of pain, with Lady Agnes (and indeed with most of the persons with whom this history is concerned), was a manifestation of chatter; so that for a minute all she said again was, "I think of Sir Nicholas. I wish he were here;" addressing the words to Julia, who had wandered forward without looking at the mother and son.

"Poor Sir Nicholas!" said Mrs. Dallow, vaguely.

"Did you make another speech?" Lady Agnes asked.

"I don't know; did I?" Nick inquired.

"I don't know!" Mrs. Dallow replied, with her back turned, doing something to her hat before the glass.

"Oh, I can fancy the confusion, the bewilderment!" said Lady Agnes, in a tone rich in political reminiscences.

"It was really immense fun!" exclaimed Mrs. Dallow.

"Dear Julia!" Lady Agnes went on. Then she added, "It was you who made it sure."

"There are a lot of people coming to dinner," said Julia.

"Perhaps you'll have to speak again," Lady Agnes smiled at her son.

"Thank you; I like the way you talk about it!" cried Nick. "I'm like Iago: 'from this time forth I never will speak word!'"

"Don't say that, Nick," said his mother, gravely.

"Don't be afraid; he'll jabber like

a magpie!" And Mrs. Dallow went out of the room.

Nick had flung himself upon a sofa with an air of weariness, though not of completely vanished cheer; and Lady Agnes stood before him, fingering her rose and looking down at him. His eyes looked away from hers; they seemed fixed on something she could n't see. "I hope you have thanked Julia," Lady Agnes remarked.

"Why, of course, mother."

"She has done as much as if you had n't been sure."

"I was n't in the least sure — and she has done everything."

"She has been too good — but *we* 've done something. I hope you don't leave out your father," Lady Agnes amplified, as Nick's glance appeared for a moment to question her "*we*."

"Never, never!" Nick uttered these words perhaps a little mechanically, but the next minute he continued, as if he had suddenly been moved to think what he could say that would give his mother most pleasure: "Of course his name has worked for me. Gone as he is, he is still a living force." He felt a good deal of a hypocrite, but one did n't win a seat every day in the year. Probably, indeed, he should never win another.

"He hears you, he watches you, he rejoices in you," Lady Agnes declared.

This idea was oppressive to Nick — that of the rejoicing almost as much as of the watching. He had made his concession, but, with a certain impulse to divert his mother from following up her advantage, he broke out, "Julia's a tremendously effective woman."

"Of course she is!" answered Lady Agnes, knowingly.

"Her charming appearance is half the battle," said Nick, explaining a little coldly what he meant. But he felt that his coldness was an inadequate protection to him when he heard his mother observe, with something of the same sapience —

"A woman is effective when she likes a person."

It discomposed him to be described as a person liked, and by a woman; and he asked abruptly, "When are you going away?"

"The first moment that's civil — to-morrow morning. You'll stay here, I hope."

"Stay? What shall I stay for?"

"Why, you might stay to thank her."

"I have everything to do."

"I thought everything was done," said Lady Agnes.

"Well, that's why," her son replied, not very lucidly. "I want to do other things — quite other things. I should like to take the next train." And Nick looked at his watch.

"When there are people coming to dinner to meet you?"

"They'll meet *you* — that's better."

"I am sorry any one is coming," Lady Agnes said, in a tone unencouraging to a deviation from the reality of things. "I wish we were alone — just as a family. It would please Julia to-day to feel that we *are* one. Do stay with her to-morrow."

"How will that do, when she's alone?"

"She won't be alone, with Mrs. Gresham."

"Mrs. Gresham does n't count."

"That's precisely why I want you to stop. And her cousin, almost her brother: what an idea that it won't do! Have n't you stayed here before, when there has been no one?"

"I have never stayed much, and there have always been people. At any rate, now it's different."

"It's just because it is different. Besides, it is n't different, and it never was," said Lady Agnes, more incoherent, in her earnestness, than it often happened to her to be. "She always liked you, and she likes you now more than ever, if you call that different!" Nick got up at this and, without meeting her

eyes, walked to one of the windows, where he stood with his back turned, looking out on the great greenness. She watched him a moment, and she might well have been wishing, while he remained gazing there, as it appeared, that it would come to him with the same force as it had come to herself (very often before, but during these last days more than ever), that the level lands of Harsh, stretching away before the window; the French garden, with its symmetry, its screens and its statues; and a great many more things, of which these were the superficial token, were Julia's very own, to do with exactly as she liked. No word of appreciation or envy, however, dropped from the young man's lips, and his mother presently went on: "What could be more natural than that, after your triumphant contest, you and she should have lots to settle and to talk about — no end of practical questions, no end of business? Are n't you her member, and can't her member pass a day with her, and she a great proprietor?"

Nick turned round at this, with an odd expression. "*Her* member — am I hers?"

Lady Agnes hesitated a moment; she felt that she had need of all her tact. "Well, if the place is hers, and you represent the place" — she began. But she went no further, for Nick interrupted her with a laugh.

"What a droll thing to 'represent,' when one thinks of it! And what does it represent, poor stupid little borough, with its smell of meal and its curiously fat-faced inhabitants? Did you ever see such a collection of fat faces, turned up at the hustings? They looked like an enormous sofa, with the cheeks for the gathers and the eyes for the buttons."

"Oh, well, the next time you shall have a great town," Lady Agnes replied, smiling and feeling that she *was* tactful.

"It will only be a bigger sofa! I'm joking, of course," Nick went on, "and I ought to be ashamed of myself. They have done me the honor to elect me, and I shall never say a word that's not civil about them, poor dears. But even a new member may joke with his mother."

"I wish you'd be serious with your mother," said Lady Agnes, going nearer to him.

"The difficulty is that I'm two men; it's the strangest thing that ever was," Nick pursued, bending his bright face upon her. "I'm two quite distinct human beings, who have scarcely a point in common; not even the memory, on

the part of one, of the achievements or the adventures of the other. One man wins the seat, but it's the other fellow who sits in it."

"Oh, Nick, don't spoil your victory by your perversity!" Lady Agnes cried, clasping her hands to him.

"I went through it with great glee—I won't deny that; it excited me, it interested me, it amused me. When once I was in it I liked it. But now that I'm out of it again"—

"Out of it?" His mother stared. "Is n't the whole point that you're in?"

"Ah, now I'm only in the House of Commons."

Henry James.

LA MERVEILLEUSE AMÉRICAINÉ.

1793-1889.

AH, who is she I see advance?
Is this a dream of elder France?

She wears a quaintly figured gown;
Her hat is pointed in the crown.

Her close-cut coat has long lapels
That point where either shoulder swells.

Over her hips it falls away,
And to her robe gives due display.

And down the robe a panel goes,
Brodered with many a golden rose.

A silver charm-holder, that hangs
Along the panel, swings and clangs.

And in the charm-holder is set
A dainty silver vinaigrette.

Black hose and high-heeled shoes she wears,
And in her hand a staff she bears.

Delicate ribbon binds it where
It presses on her mousquetaire.

She raises to her eyes of blue
Her lorgnon, as she looks at you.

Who is she? What mysterious chance
Brings here this ghost of elder France?

What wondrous scenes have those sweet eyes
Beheld beneath their Gallic skies?

What deeds in old Parisian days,
When blood bedabbled all the ways?

It may be, from her casement high,
She smiled on legions marching by;

Or watched, in evening's gathering shade,
The battle at the barricade.

Who was she then? Some noble dame
Who shuddered at her country's shame?

Or one who went, at Freedom's call,
To slaughter's crimson carnival?

Perchance she saw the sharp knife set
Against the neck of Antoinette;

Perchance she saw that fair head fall
Where the red basket yawned for all.

Who loved her then? What man of blood
Melted before her amorous mood?

It may be she was Danton's dear,
Or else the sweetheart of Robespierre.

It may be that at her command
Blood drenched the town, flame fired the land.

Nay, one so sweet in youthful bloom
Could scarce have caused another's doom.

Nay, then in Paris had she been,
She might have felt the guillotine.

Not all her grace and nonchalance
Would have protected her in France.

But here along Broadway she goes,
And not a fear or care she knows.

The stare of man and woman's glance
Ne'er put her out of countenance.

She moves in sweet oblivion
Of everything and every one ;

A modern maid, with modern wiles,
Tricked out in old Directoire styles.

"Who is she?" do you ask again?
La Merveilleuse Américaine.

Albert Roland Haven.

THE PHILOSOPHY AND POETRY OF TEARS.

I WAS in company the other day with my friend, the professor of chemistry, and, being in a reflective mood, I chanced to say, "Professor, tears are a curious thing."

"By no means," replied he promptly. "Their composition is quite simple: about ninety-eight parts water, and two parts salt, albumen, and mucus."

I did not pursue the conversation, but thought, without saying so, that if tears are not a curious thing, a professor of chemistry certainly is.

I happened, a few days after, to repeat the conversation to our professor of physiology, who, bringing his superciliary muscles into play, said, "Simple as it may appear to Dr. Atom, the genesis of tears is quite a complex process, and they have multiple mechanical functions. They are secreted by the lachrymal gland, and partly by the orbicularis muscle are conveyed into the lachrymal canal, and thence into the eye, which they flood, and thus effectuate detersion, facilitate the movement of the eyeball, and preserve the transparency of the so-called cornea."

I could only respond, "I dare say.

All you tell me is very wonderful and very complex, but how on earth do the little babies learn to cry so early and so well?" I did not tell him that I did not comprehend a word he had uttered, and hence the wonder, — *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. Much less did I reveal what was passing in my mind. It seemed to me that science is like a pin, — very useful for sticking things together, and very nicely contrived for this purpose; but one man spends his whole life in coiling the head, another in shaping the shaft, and another in sharpening the point, while each understands nothing but his own part of the pin.

It next occurred to me to find out what the poets say about tears. They travel from earth to heaven very rapidly, in a daring, desultory way, and always through mists and clouds, seeing things and parts of things very indistinctly, and rarely telling the truth about what they do see; yet notwithstanding, they now and then seem to find out some things, of more or less value, which other people do not know.

As we do not at present keep a pro-

fessor of poetry at our university, I began to rummage, among my books. The first lines that met my eye were these : —

“Tears, feelings bright, embodied form, are
not

More pure than dewdrops, Nature’s tears.”

Here is a definition of tears that we can accept without aversion, — tears are the bright, bodily form of feeling. The poet does not tell us that when we weep we are doing nothing more than secreting a mucous fluid by means of the lachrymal gland. He feels bound, however, to state the fact that tears are not *more* pure than dewdrops. The whole truth would have been that they are not *as* pure by a good deal. Perhaps Mr. Bailey did not know that they contain mucus, albumen, and salt. We wish we did not possess the uncomfortable information. We shall never again be able to kiss the tears from her cheek with the relish that once we did.

Voltaire calls tears “the silent language of grief.” Pollock preaches : —

“Sweet tears! the awful language eloquent
Of infinite affection, far too big
For words.”

Byron says, “The test of affection’s a tear.” If this were only true!

Shakespeare gives the necessary caution : —

“Trust not those cunning waters of his eye,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.”

And Moore says : —

“The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow.”

Again, Shakespeare says more coarsely :

“If that the earth could teem with woman’s
tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.”

But under the circumstances, perhaps Othello, from whose lips the expression falls, is not more trustworthy than Byron.

Perhaps Tennyson has uttered the real though unsatisfactory truth, —

“Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean.”

Certainly Dr. Young misled his gloomy friend, Lorenzo, in his researches upon this subject : —

“Lorenzo, hast thou ever weighed a sigh,
Or studied the philosophy of tears?
Hast thou descended deep into the breast,
And seen their source? If not, descend with
me,

And trace these briny riv’lets to their springs.”

The doctor was already too deep for reality, as he not infrequently was. The lachrymal gland, the source of tears, is not in the breast, but high up in the head, near the outer part of the orbit of the eye.

The feelings, as assigned by poets, which start the flow of tears are diverse and even opposite, — mainly, however, misery, grief, and sympathy with the sorrowing; but it has not escaped them that joy often weeps, and that even laughter cries : —

“My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.”

Here is a pretty simile in prose :
“Tears of joy, like summer raindrops, are pierced by sunbeams.”

I do not recollect an instance (nor has my hasty glance at some poems supplied me with one) of notice by poets that tears are often brought into our eyes not only by sorrow, anger, sympathy, and some other of the stronger emotions, but that even a merely æsthetic appreciation of something heroic, beautiful, tender, affectionate, exquisite, or strikingly appropriate, will sometimes make the throat swell, the voice falter, and the surprised eyes overflow. Many a reader of How Horatius Kept the Bridge, or of the conclusion of Luther’s defense before the Diet of Worms, or of the peroration of Webster’s reply to Hayne, or of Coleridge’s Hymn in the Valley of Chamouni, or of the Ride from Ghent

to Aix, will have some experience of this.

Once I was traveling from Dijon to Geneva in company with a party of tourists, who were gayly jesting and laughing under the exhilarating stimulus of the ascent of the Jura range on a faultless day, when suddenly a deep silence fell upon the group. The diligence had stopped on the last mountain crest, and the historic city, with its rushing Rhone, lay beneath us, and Mont Blanc rose in the far distance. We had gazed hardly a minute on the scene when one, perhaps not the least manly of our party, burst into an uncontrollable gush of tears, and was obliged to bury his face in his hat to hide his mortification at being thus startled into such a manifestation of emotion. I knew a similar effect to be produced upon a gentleman of culture by St. Paul's Cathedral, visited for the first time while service was being celebrated. I suppose most persons have felt their eyes suffused with mist when contemplating the panorama of a calm, early morning, or gazing on a pensive evening landscape.

Shakespeare suggests this æsthetic relation of tears when he makes Jessica say to Lorenzo, —

"I'm never merry when I hear sweet music."

It appears in the line quoted from Tennyson's poem, but there only secondary to an obscure, melancholy regret.

Rossetti says, "All poetry that is really poetry affects me deeply, even to tears. It does not need to be pathetic, or yet tender, to produce such a result. I have known in my life two men, and two only, who are similarly sensitive." He then mentions seeing tears coursing down the cheeks of Tennyson, occasioned by the reading of a poem. An instance of similar sensitiveness on the part of Rossetti himself is given by the author of the Recollections. It must be borne in mind, however, that Tennyson and Rossetti were themselves the

readers, and that the poems were their own!

Upon one point all poets seem to be agreed, — tears, beautiful in a woman, are unbecoming in a man.

"For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile."

Byron says: —

"Oh, too convincing, dangerously dear
In woman's eye, the unanswerable tear;
That weapon of her weakness she can wield
To save, subdue, — at once her spear and shield."

And Shakespeare: —

"I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries, but thou hast forced me
Out of my honest truth to play the woman."

"I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears."

"Let not woman's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheek."

Now this was not always so. Once it was quite allowable for men to weep; and it was just about this I happened to be thinking when I remarked to our chemist that tears were a curious thing. For it is not easy to understand how 98 H₂O and two parts of serum and albumen can be expressive of pain, sorrow, joy, anger, love, and the rest, — not to mention the want that is made known by "the infant crying in the night."

It is still less comprehensible how the lachrymal gland, capillary attraction, and the orbicularis muscle, so out of the range of the *beau monde*, should be subject to the sway of fashion. Such, however, seems to be the fact. When it was fashionable for men to weep, the organs promptly supplied tears; while now that it is not considered good form, they are as inert as a politician's conscience. "And Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept." This early Scripture instance is not only noteworthy on general principles, but is remarkable for two special considerations.

(1.) What in the world had Jacob to weep about?

(2.) Of two customs of contemporaneous antiquity, it is strange that one should survive in full vigor to the present time, and that the other should have been so completely lost. It is as modern as yesterday that Jacob should kiss Rachel, but not for countless centuries has it been recorded that after the gracious act Jacob falls to weeping! Later, at meeting with his brother Esau, Jacob wept; but the circumstances were very different, and he had ample justification for his tears. The family of Jacob inherited a lachrymose facility. Joseph, that superb historic man, with the large heart, must have also had a large lachrymal gland and an active orbicularis muscle, for his weepings were very frequent. But they were upon such becoming occasions that we feel inclined, through sympathy, to weep with him: whether when he turns his face to the wall to conceal his falling tears, or retires to his chamber to allow their gush, or puts all strangers out of his dining-hall that he may weep his fill with his repentant brethren, or falls in reverential grief upon the face of his dying patriarch father. Of Moses we read only once that he wept, and that was as a babe, in his lonesome cradle among the bulrushes; any modern child might do the like. He was not infrequently angry, and often cried unto the Lord, but he shed no tears. David wept three times,—at parting with his beloved Jonathan, when he heard of the murder of his son Amnon, and once again upon the cruel death of the lordly Absalom. He wept only three times in the presence of others; but David had the emotional nature of a poet, and his Psalms reveal him weeping in secret, often and bitterly. The ancient prophets signalized their monitory mission by the tears they shed for the foreseen calamities of their people, and one of them exclaims, “Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night!” Jeremiah

evidently understood physiology better than Dr. Young.

Weeping was not, however, confined to holy men of old. Homer’s ungodly heroes were great blubberers. Not only Ajax, Eneas, Ulysses, Idomeneus, and their peers, together with the Achæians generally, indulge in the luxury of woe, but that brutal athlete, Achilles, sheds lovesick tears when his sweetheart is taken from him; and his *alter ego*, Patroclus, cuts a sorry figure when he undertakes to persuade the surly, cross-grained warrior to return to the fight.

“Meanwhile Patroclus stood beside his friend,
And shed hot tears, as when a fountain sheds
Dark waters streaming down a precipice.
The great Achilles, swift of foot, beheld
And pitied him, and spake these winged
words:

Why weepest thou, Patroclus, like a girl?”

Doubtless prudential considerations restrained Patroclus from retorting upon Peleus’ wrathful son, in words which, if not winged, would have been barbed:

“Why didst thou weep, Achilles, for a girl?”

The very steeds about Troy caught the contagion from their masters: thus they mourned the death of Patroclus:—

“So stood

The coursers, yoked to that magnificent car,
With drooping heads, and tears, that from
their lids

Flowed hot, for sorrow at the loss of him
Who was their charioteer.”

When Virgil gathers up the Trojan relics, out of which he composes his epic, his wandering hero finds many occasions for weeping, and he bountifully improves them all, except one,—when gracious tears were due to forlorn Dido, piteously begging not to be left behind, deserted. But with hard, dry eyes, he pleaded the Fates against the Sidonian queen. When afterwards, in the regions across the Styx, he met her injured shade, *lachrymas demisit*. But very justifiably, Dido deemed the apology too late, leaving the hero to his

usual resort of 98 H²O *lachrymans longe*. This habit of the chief is readily caught up by all his army, and his warriors weep indiscriminately throughout the *Æneid*. His gallant opponent on the Latian shore, the youthful Turnus, is in this respect in marked contrast to the pious old widower, who deprives him of his betrothed, his kingdom, and his life. Turnus scorns to weep.

The Romans of the last days of the Republic were too selfish and too hardened by the sight of universal ruin to weep. True, Antony, according to Shakespeare, called on them, if they had tears to shed, to prepare to shed them then, but it does not appear that they were prepared. Sylla, Cæsar, Pompey, Brutus, and the rest had to keep a sharp lookout for their lives and fortunes, and could not allow their eyes to be blurred. Cicero occasionally melted, but this was only to spread a liquid varnish over his eloquence. Marius sniveling amidst the ruins of Carthage, is an apocryphal exception.

In short, for men to shed tears, once deemed altogether appropriate, is now considered only a weakness. This may be attributed, undoubtedly, in part, to acquired self-control. But only in part; for not only is the habit discontinued, but the inclination no longer exists in force, and for one half of our population the lachrymal apparatus is well-nigh eliminated. Darwin's theory of evolution is just reversed in this process of devolution or revolution, or whatever may be the fitting term. An organ, by continued use, has not been developed, but destroyed. It may, however, illustrate the survival of the fittest, as being the result of advancing civilization. For it may be stated as a general fact that the higher the pitch of refinement, the less the fall of tears. This is true of both sexes, but especially of men, and in men in proportion to the fullness of their manhood. Children, of whichever sex, cry at their own cross

will, but the schoolboy will hardly shed tears when he is flogged; the young man is ashamed to weep when he is hurt by a fall, except into love; while the full-bearded adult has completely triumphed over feeling. By the way, it is noticeable how men, under emotion, are inclined to stroke down a long beard; it serves somehow to draw off the electric fluid. In old men, *iterum pueros*, Nature reasserts herself, and the watery eye, uncontrolled by their weakness, will readily fill up, and not unfrequently overflow. All these statements are true with a difference among nations, due to climatic, historic, or other influences. The English more than all other people refuse to allow this manifestation of emotion. Perhaps we get our self-control through our German lineage. Tacitus says of our rude ancestors that among them

"Feminis lugere honestum est; viris meminisse."

This power of voluntary restraint has its counterpart, more singular still, in the power possessed by some persons of producing a flow of tears absolutely mechanical, and unaccompanied by any corresponding mental or emotional condition. Actors will weep appropriately when performing their parts in a play, repeated so often as to make impossible anything beyond feigned emotion. Some advocates, too, have a facility in weeping for their clients and their fees. I knew a lawyer who had this gift in an eminent degree, and who was notorious for his exercise of it. On one occasion, in the defense of a criminal, he was associated with a brother lawyer, who had caught the trick, and both of them shed tears in their speeches. The prosecuting attorney, a man of sharp sarcasm as well as great learning, opened his speech by saying, with much gravity, "May it please the court, I am taken at a disadvantage to-day. I have no tears prepared to shed; and, if I had, I could not cry against *two at once!*" The

jury smiled audibly, and the sympathy excited by the professional tear was dissipated.

A curious instance of the possession of this power of weeping at will is related of Miss Seward, a literary lady of the last century, who, it will be remembered, burdened her friend, Sir Walter Scott, by leaving to him her poems as a legacy, with the request that he would edit them. This he did, though reluctantly. Miss Seward had the strange power of shedding floods of tears, without any exciting cause whatever, and was frequently called on to do so for the entertainment and mystification of her friends. This power seemed as mechanical as that of the weeping tree, which all visitors to the garden at Chatsworth will recall.

In this connection (as the preachers sometimes say, when the connection is more than usually obscure) it is quite noticeable that a change has taken place in the habits of the colored people of the South in two respects, among others of much more importance. In slavery times, they did not kiss, nor did they often weep. Husbands, wives, and children met, and felt glad, no doubt, but there was no kissing; even mothers fondled their children without this customary endearment. And when they were separated by death, and sometimes by what was sharper than death, the women shed few tears, and the men none. Now they seem to find osculation very pleasant, and, upon suitable occasions, betake themselves to tears as readily as to smoking cigarettes or wearing bustles.

One of the mysteries of tears is that though, as the ministers of emotion, they start to assuage sorrow, yet when a mighty grief strikes us they withhold their relief. Said the Roman philosopher, *Curæ leves loquuntur: ingentes stupent*, — a saying quite as felicitous in its form as it is impressive by reason of its truth. Petty troubles not only express themselves, but are garrulous; the

great are silent from sore amazement. Friends, brothers, sisters, and children can weep over the pallid face; but the wife or mother looks on her dead with wild, unmoistened eyes. Niobe is turned to stone; and, most dreadful of all, she is conscious that she has been petrified to her inmost soul.

In all the range of literature, we know nothing that more powerfully sets forth the inadequacy of tears to express the full despair of anguish than these noble lines of Mrs. Browning: —

“I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless;
That only men, incredulous of despair,
Half taught in anguish, through the midnight air
Beat upward to God's throne, in loud access
Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness
In souls, as countries, lieth silent, bare,
Under the blenching, vertical eye-glare
Of the absolute heavens!”

But it is time to lay aside the pen that has indulged itself to an extent disproportionate, perhaps, to the apparent unsolidity of its topic. And yet there is a serious philosophy belonging to tears.

Weeping is a characteristic of humanity. Only man sheds tears; and ever since

“Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,”

weeping has been as universal and as inevitable as death. For sorrow is the genesis of tears, and tears are the language of sorrow; and there is no language where their voice is not heard. There are no happy isles where clouds do not precede and return after the rain, and darken the light of the sun. Every page of earth's history is stained by tears; and for every man, high and low, king and beggar, wise and simple, from the time we enter upon the way of all the earth until our feet arrive upon the banks of the silent stream that all must cross, tears are the companions of our progress; and when we go to our

long home, mourners go about the streets.

Is man's life therefore grievous? Nay; for our sorrows are fewer than our joys, and have always their alleviation for those who will accept it. And best of all, the book of sorrow has its lessons of truth well worth the pain in-

volved in learning them, — lessons not to be found elsewhere,

"As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day."

And finally, sorrow passes away with this mortal life, of which it is an accompaniment; but joy, like the soul in which it has its seat, is immortal.

J. T. L. Preston.

AT SESENHEIM.

WE never should have gone to Sesenheim at all, if it had not been for Rhodora. It was a Saturday afternoon in June, and we — that is, Rhodora and her husband, John, and the Scribe, who was an old friend of them both — were standing on the north side of the minster square at Strassburg, in front of an old bricabrac shop. There was a blaze of sunlight on the square, and it seemed as if waves of heat, reflected from the huge red sandstone minster, were fairly beating in our faces. The shop looked dark and cool. Its windows were hung with rare old weapons, curious drinking-cups in pewter and clay, odd bits of eighteenth-century china, and carved wooden crucifixes, together with peasants' rings and charms and many a queer ornament in ivory or silver. It was not a shop that a woman like Rhodora could easily pass by, and that which drew her fancy specially was a pair of silver candelabra, tiny graceful things, a trifle battered.

"How much do you think they would want for them?" she asked.

"I am sure I don't know," John answered, without enthusiasm.

"They are so lovely," she said, reflectively. "And I can just see them over our fireplace, John. Wait a minute." Then she disappeared within the shop, leaving John and the Scribe upon the scorching pavement. There

was the sound of an eager dialogue, but the questions soon grew slower and more subdued, and presently Rhodora reappeared, empty-handed save for the Baedeker which now emerged from its temporary hiding-place underneath her traveling-wrap.

"Three hundred francs!" she exclaimed, with an impressive whisper. "Did you ever hear of anything equal to that?" The gentlemen were silent. "Now do you think that he could have suspected I was an American?" she demanded. "I'm sure I did n't make any mistake in the German."

Her companions laughed. "It is queer that so many shopkeepers do take you for an American," remarked John, ironically.

"Do you honestly think your bonnet looks like a German bonnet?" the Scribe ventured to ask.

Rhodora was mollified. "I hope not," she sighed, as if the idea brought some comfort with it. She stepped off from the narrow pavement, apparently to go toward the minster, and then stopped, as if surveying the city for final judgment.

"I believe I'm a little disappointed with Strassburg," she declared; "except of course for the cathedral. Three hundred francs for those candelabra!" She turned regretfully toward the shop windows again, and her eye fell upon

the name of the owner, in faded gilt letters, above them. "Brion," she repeated. "Brion? It must be a French name. Why, Brion, — who was Brion? Tell me, one of you two gentlemen." But John and the Scribe looked at each other helplessly. "Brion — why, of course!" exclaimed Rhodora. "Friederike Brion, Goethe's Friederike! John, Sesenheim must be near by, and I've always wanted to go there. It's so hot and dirty here; let's go to spend the Sunday at Sesenheim!"

That is how we three happened to make our pilgrimage to the quiet Alsatian village, whose sole claim to notice is that it was once the scene of a love episode more idyllic and more tenderly told than perhaps any other that ever won its gentle way into the world's literature.

It was all Rhodora's enthusiasm. We got but slight encouragement from Jean, our skeptical head-waiter at the Maison Rouge, to whom we applied for information. "Sesenheim?" he repeated, with a head-waiter's shrug. "Il y a du bon vin rouge là bas, mais" — Clearly he knew nothing about Friederike Brion. There were no more trains that day. But Rhodora was not thus to be put down, after all her desires to visit Sesenheim, which dated back, she gravely informed us, to her schoolgirl days, when she had first read Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, and had promptly fallen in love with Friederike. She dispatched the Scribe in search of a cheap edition of *Dichtung und Wahrheit*; she explained to her husband that for this once she would not object to a Sunday train; and she had her own way in everything. To tell the truth, John, who during his summer vacation was inspecting the chemical laboratories of German universities, and the Scribe, who was keeping him lazy company, were both of them tempted by the idea of escaping for a day from the round of travel, and of going to seek an Arcadia.

We were lucky enough to find a guide to our Arcadia in the shape of a tiny book on Friederike Brion, written by Pastor Lucius of Sesenheim; and as the early morning train carried us out of Strassburg into the fresh greenness of the level Alsatian country, the Scribe was deputed to read the important passages from the pastor's loving little chronicle. So with Friederike Brion in one hand and *Dichtung und Wahrheit* in the other, he read aloud, and gradually the story took shape: how the Strassburg student, twenty-one, brilliant, lovable, rode to Sesenheim in the autumn of 1770, and met the slender, light-haired daughter of the village pastor; how the gentleness and the gayety of this maiden of eighteen won the student's heart, so that when he went back to Strassburg he could not rest, but must write her letters, bright, tender, and infinitely winning, and must send her verses with all the lyric passion of the "young Goethe" in them, and must ride out to Sesenheim again and again, tarrying longer at each visit, until it seemed to himself and to all as if he "belonged there;" then how he grew restive, perhaps because his genius stung him and he knew himself to be only twenty-one, with the wide world before him; how he leaned down from the saddle and parted with her, ill at ease himself, and not daring, probably, to tell her the truth; how he wrote a final letter to her, only to find that her gentle answer "tore his heart," while his conscience troubled him a long time, forcing him in Götz and Clavigo to do poetic penance; how in journeying southward with the Duke of Weimar, eight years later, he made a solitary detour and visited the parsonage, to find all its inmates unchanged toward him, and Friederike calm and affectionate as of old, so that the next morning, at sunrise, he rode away from Sesenheim "in peace," as he wrote the Frau von Stein; and how after that the lovers never saw each other again, Goethe rising steadily

upon his splendid and solitary path, and Friederike Brion, spinster, growing old, and dying in 1813 at her brother's house in the tiny village of Meissenheim, having lived a life of such unselfish ministration and such sweetness that an old woman who has survived into our own day tells us that when as a child she heard about angels, she "always thought of Aunt Brion in a white dress," and that "the sick, and children, and old people" loved her.

Between the scraps of reading we kept looking out of the wide-opened windows of the slowly moving train, upon the fields of hops and the wide reaches of grain and grass, intersected here and there by lines of heavy foliage, and darkened by clumps of scattered woodland. To the left were the Vosges, in a retreating blue distance, while as we rolled northward, all along on the right, beyond the Rhine, were the wooded summits of the Black Forest, misty yet and shadow-barred in the morning sunlight. It was Trinity Sunday, and the peasants in holiday costume thronged the station platforms, intent upon excursions to neighboring villages. Aside from the recurrent peasant laughter, the morning was perfectly still. After an hour, we passed Drusenheim. It was the place where Goethe changed horses, and the very next village was Sesenheim.

We got out. "It's much like the rest, after all," said John, as he stretched his lank body and eyed the typical modern German station, with its new, neat ugliness.

But Rhodora, holding her skirts together as she passed quickly through a stolid group of peasant women, had already started around the corner of the building. "Come," she said, "I know I shall find my way." We followed her along a foot-path through a clover field. To the left, over a fruit orchard, were the reddish-gray roof tiles of the village and the eight-sided tower of Pas-

tor Brion's church. In a moment more we emerged upon the road, white in the glaring June sunlight, and winding its way into Sesenheim. As we passed the first houses, a girl was busily at work draping a white cloth about a temporary roadside shrine of the Virgin, in honor of the feast day. Oh, the Gasthaus zum Anker was easily to be found, she said; and presently we reached it, standing just where the Anker of Goethe's time stood, close by the church.

The main room of the inn proved to be deserted, except for the inn-keeper's daughter, and two or three peasants quietly taking their bread and cheese and wine in a corner. The place was scrupulously clean, with yellow-painted tables and benches, after the Alsatian fashion. Rhodora soon discovered on the wall a print of the old parsonage and of the Brion family, as the latter had existed in the idealizing mind of some tolerable artist. The present parsonage was modern, the Fraulein smilingly told us, but the barn was just as it was when Goethe and Friederike painted the old chaise together, and had such ill luck with the varnishing; and the jasmine bower, where they sat in the moonlight, was there, too. Pastor Lucius had moved away, but his successor would be glad to show everything to us.

We had an Alsatian country dinner, with such delicious water that even "le bon vin rouge" was almost a superfluity, in a small room whose window looked out on a garden, beyond which was the old gray church. A faint smell of June roses came in from the garden. Perhaps it was only Rhodora's fancy, but it veritably seemed as if we became aware of something subtler than any rose-scent in the atmosphere of this place. There was a hint here of an immortal fragrance. During the meal we talked much of Goethe, — of his capacity for loving, his impressionableness to external influences, and that

reflection of his actual experiences in his poetry which makes what he has written such a revelation of the modern mind. Did his life turn once for all, here in this quiet Sesenheim, and adopt certain lines of choice? Was the Sesenheim experience a spiritual crisis for him, or was it only an incident in his development, like his love affairs with Annette and Gretchen and Lili and many another? We fell to discussing, naturally enough, his reasons for breaking faith with Friederike, and came no nearer a solution than other people have done, who have never taken dinner under the shadow of the Sesenheim church. Rhodora was inclined to be lenient with the young genius. Would it have been wise or right for him, she asked, to make this gentle country girl happy, when his future was unsettled, when the consciousness of power was strong within him, and he knew she could never keep pace with him? Rhodora is a brilliant talker, especially with the odds against her, and she was quicker than either of the men, and knew more about Goethe. But John burst out finally, his brown eyes flashing, and his hand playing nervously with the last of his cherries:—

"You make one mistake, my dear: no German in Goethe's time, and hardly one in our own, would dream that his wife could 'keep pace with him;' and he would not want to have her do so, even if he believed she could. You forget where you are. Now do you suppose," he added almost fiercely, "that any man of genius has the right to break the heart of a girl like Friederike, in order to further his own 'development'?"

"But I think, John," Rhodora answered slowly, "it is not a question of what is right or wrong: it is a question of the inevitable, of something that would lie outside the man's will."

It seemed to the Scribe that the last word had been said, on each side. Perhaps the Fräulein suspected it, too, for

she came up timidly, and suggested that as there was to be a funeral service in the church, we might make the best of the opportunity to see the interior. So we paid for the dinner, while Rhodora drew on her tan-colored gloves, straightening her bonnet stealthily before a cracked glass in the main room of the inn, and we strolled over to the church, entering in the wake of half a dozen slowly pacing women. The edifice, consisting of a single narrow nave and rounding choir, was built in the fifteenth century, and since the time of Louis XIV. has been used by Roman Catholics and Protestants alike, as is often the custom in Alsace-Lorraine. In the aisle was a tombstone, with the inscription half effaced, bearing the date of 1557, over which the young Goethe's feet once stepped so lightly; and there was the pastor's pew, in which, by the side of Friederike, he found her father's sermon "none too long." In the apse was a tinseled altar, with crucifix and candles and the image of the Virgin, while on the right wall of the nave was the pulpit, decorated, as were all the windows, with long green branches in honor of Trinity Sunday. The seats were filled with peasant women, in dark, immobile rows; each dressed like all the others, in a black alpaca gown, a short sack of the same material edged with velvet ribbon, a brocaded silk neckcloth, and a queer little quilted black silk cap, with wide stiff bows of ribbon that stood out from the head like the wings of a huge dusky butterfly. They were all of that age, from thirty to sixty-five, when peasants look just alike,—their hair bleached yellow and their faces browned by labor in the fields; shrewd faces, many of them, with strong features, but absolutely untouched by any lines of thought; with animal patience and endurance in them, and in the eyes something of the expression that a dog or horse has when he looks at you and does not understand you.

They were all hushed and reverent now, in the presence of the offices of the church.

The Lutheran pastor ascended into the pulpit, and read the formal death notice of the person whose funeral sermon he was to preach. It was an old woman, born in the very year that Friederike Brion died. There had once been an irregularity in her life; it appeared. "My beloved ones, this woman was sinful," the round-faced blonde young pastor began, "but we are all sinful." He paused, and there was a profound stillness. An old peasant woman on the seat in front of us turned to a companion, and whispered, the tears starting from her bleared eyes, "Das ist wahr." He went on again, preaching from the text, "Dust thou art," amid a silence almost painful. A few children sat in front of the pulpit. On the very back seat were three men, not old, but with strangely wrinkled faces, and all of them were sobbing. Through the open window near the pulpit, the June breeze blew in, making the linden branches rustle gently, and throw flickering shadows on the whitewashed wall. The Scribe found himself looking at Rhodora. She sat leaning forward slightly, intent upon the unfamiliar language; her gloved hands clasped and resting in her lap, her jaunty brown jacket loosened; a touch of color in her face, her gray eyes wide and never moving from the pastor, her thin lips parted. Beyond this delicate, sensitive, highly organized American woman, curiously out of place here, were the rows of Alsatian peasants, whose lives were narrowed down to Sesenheim and the fields around it. "Dust thou art," the preacher kept reiterating; ay, but of what different clay, and how differently breathed upon! Yet here, in this out-of-the-way corner of the world, in the presence of these reverent souls and these solemn words, life seemed all of a sudden very simple and to be tested by simple standards,

whether the life be Goethe's or a peasant woman's.

We came out into the full glow of the afternoon. Along a stone wall that inclosed the churchyard were ranged a dozen boys, waiting for the sermon to come to an end. "Just as if it were a New England country meeting-house!" laughed John. The short grass of the churchyard was covered with small white daisies; some geese toddled away from us as we wandered around to look for the gravestones of the elder Brions, which we found leaning up against the outer wall of the church, with name and date almost illegible: and all this was more like a country churchyard in the Old England than in the New. The sexton came out soon, bringing the Protestant Bible, and a procession of white-robed girls, ready to be confirmed that afternoon in the Romanist faith, was already waiting at the door. They were homely brown little things; we looked in vain for a graceful Friederike. But Rhodora took a sudden fancy to one of them, a stooping, shy girl with great unworldly eyes, and went up and spoke to her. What she said we did not know; perhaps the Alsatian did not, but the dark sad eyes smiled for a moment, and she actually turned and nodded at Rhodora, as the awkward procession filed into the porch. Women are curious creatures.

We walked over to the parsonage and gazed at the historic barn, while John reached his long arm over the fence and plucked a blossom from the famous jasmine bush. Just as Rhodora was protesting that she did not care to enter the new-fangled house, even to see one of Friederike's letters, the rosy-cheeked pastor appeared at the door, and asked if he could be of any service. We looked at Rhodora. She accepted the offer with prompt willfulness, and with a superlative expression of gratitude in her queer German that must have amused the dominie. We all began to feel a lit-

tle like tourists now, and rather ashamed of ourselves, though the pastor made a charming host, and explained why the old parsonage was torn down, and when the jasmine bush was transplanted, and how he had had to study *Dichtung und Wahrheit* in order to answer visitors' questions; and finally he took us to his library, where some of Friederike's letters are preserved. But a yellowed old letter counts for so little after it is framed and hung! Something, delicate and intangible, escapes. After we had put our names in the visitors' book, — we were almost the only ones from America, — we came away, with a consciousness that antiquarianism and curiosity, that prose, in short, had breathed its spirit for a moment upon our hitherto unspoiled Sesenheim idyl.

Fortunately, the best was yet to come. We walked down the winding white road again, past the straggling cottages, — white too, except where the great weather-beaten beams of the framework were left exposed, crossing the plastered walls at all odd angles, — and on out of the village a hundred yards or so, in search of the spot whither most German pilgrims to Sesenheim first direct their steps, the hillock where Friederike passed many an hour in that favorite arbor of which Goethe himself has had so much to say. We found the place easily enough. Some Goethe lovers have bought the hillock, which proved to be an ancient burial mound, and have erected a new arbor, bearing the inscription "*Friederiken Ruh. 1770–1880.*" It commands a characteristic Alsatian view: in front, to the west, the village peeping through its abundant trees; to right and left, the wide-sweeping fertile plains, fed by slow watercourses and interspersed with forest land; while on the east stretches the

long line of trees that mark the course of the Rhine, beyond which lie the northern heights of the Black Forest, as they group themselves brokenly about Baden-Baden. The arbor itself was too slender to shield us much from the June sun, so we took refuge under a great ash in the adjacent meadow; and lying upon the hay, mown the day before, we watched for hours the white clouds drift across the heaven and pile themselves into a huge glistening mass above the Black Forest. Our talk wandered, too, apparently as inconsequently as the clouds, but it always drifted back to Goethe. Toward sundown we strolled up to the arbor again, and waited for the train which was to carry us back to Strassburg. It was a pompous sunset, with slow-fading splendors that suffused the light flecks of cloud far in the south and north, and tinged with a rim of fire the great cloud rampart above Baden. We strained our eyes toward Strassburg, fancying that we could see the minster spire, a speck against that saffron sky, but the light faded out before we were quite sure. The wide landscape darkened gradually; we heard the nightingales in the deep woods along the Rhine. Just before the whistle of our train sounded from Niederbronn, Rhodora rose and left us for a moment. We could see her bending in the dusk above one of the bushes near the arbor; then she came back with some white primroses in her hand. She gave us each one, and stuck a third through the buttonhole of her jacket. There was just one left. John took it suddenly, and, reaching up, fastened it in the lattice of Friederike's arbor. "Why, of course, John!" said Rhodora, softly. "The poor girl!" Then she took John's arm, and we came away.

Bliss Perry.

PALINODE.

BY A POET BROUGHT TO BOOK.

WHO is Lydia, pray, and who
 Is Hypatia? Softly, dear,
 Let me breathe it in your ear —
 They are you, and only you.
 And those other nameless two
 Walking in Arcadian air —
 She that was so very fair?
 She that had the twilight hair? —
 They were you, dear, only you.
 If I speak of night or day,
 Grace of fern or bloom of grape,
 Hanging cloud or fountain spray,
 Gem or star or glistening dew,
 Or of mythologic shape,
 Psyche, Pyrrha, Daphne, say —
 I mean you, dear, you, just you.

T. B. A.

THE BELL OF SAINT BASIL'S.

It was a cold morning — for Virginia; and, as everybody knows, Virginia has a plenty of them. The frost bent the fennel so heavily that it lay over like fine silver-work upon the ground, where a flurry of snow skipped before the gusts. The wind itself was restless and ill-natured, like a wind that had got into the wrong climate by mistake, and was hurrying to go somewhere else. Ice lay in opaque sheets upon the pools and swamps, and the air stung. There was no sun. As early as seven o'clock the grayness of the sky took on a determined look, as that of a sky which meant business. One felt something of the same unreasonable resentment before it that one feels before a hard creditor, who would, on the whole, prefer to make one uncomfortable rather than give grace, but who is nevertheless entirely justifi-

able, and one knows it. If it was cold out-of-doors, it was colder within. When Virginia shivers, she is always taken by surprise. She looks out through her half-built houses as if she were a soft brown-eyed girl in a gauze dress, protesting that she is cold, and wondering why.

The weather came in at the doors; the weather came in at the windows; the weather rushed in under the house; cracks in the walls welcomed it; crevices in the posts betrayed one to it; the wide chimneys, where the fires lay unlighted, gulped it in; the floors were flooded with it.

President Peyton's eminently respectable if economical house seemed to keep swallowing little drafts, like a person with a sore throat, whom it hurts, but who can't stop.

When President Peyton got out of his old-fashioned four-posted bed, that morning, pushing aside the curtains of chintz and mosquito-netting with a scholarly, aged hand, he hung his clothes over one arm, and went to find what the thermometer was before he put them on. The thermometer hung over the veranda roof, as it had for thirty years, — as it would for how many more? — upon a rusty tack in the same spot, beneath the window-sill, in the southerly exposure.

"You're letting in the cold, Mr. Peyton," pleaded a vague feminine voice from behind the bed-curtains. "I'm frozen to death. I'm cold enough, Mr. Peyton, to — to — I'm cold enough to — swear."

"*Maria!*" ejaculated the old man severely.

"Why, Mr. Peyton!" cried his wife. It was such an event when her husband called her *Maria* that the poor old lady was frightened. She had known it to happen but a few times in many years: once when he was very angry with her because she had burned a manuscript lecture of his by mistake; and another time when they were in great trouble, but then he had said it so kindly that she had never forgotten it.

That had happened about this time of year, toward the last of January. She could not have told precisely when. She had the indifference or lapse of memory about dates that is apt to be characteristic of age. If life has been full, especially if life has been sad, what matters a day more or less? Sentiments, sensations, affections, grow more important; time, as we approach eternity, less. It dwindles away from us as the two-thousand-year-old heroine of a popular romance shrank to the size of a little ignoble animal when her hour came.

Their trouble had been sore at Mrs. Peyton's heart for many weeks; it had eaten there like a fresh hurt made by

the turning of an old barb. Her wound had never cicatrized. The nature of it made this impossible. She had sat alone a good deal at twilight, lately, crying in her rocking-chair by the light-wood fire, in the shadowy old parlor, before the President came in from the study, at precisely five minutes before six, and said, —

"Mrs. Peyton, we will now dine."

But she did not tell Mr. Peyton. Mr. Peyton had strange ways. He loved her, of course; it was the proper thing for husbands to love their wives; but though they had been married forty years, she stood in awe of him yet. When he went to Richmond, or even as far as Baltimore, on a journey, he always wrote to her. He began the letters, "My dear Mrs. Peyton," and signed himself, "Yours very truly."

Maria Peyton had read her love story in a dead language, poor thing. A simple, feminine, cuddling woman, who would have let a man walk over her and been happy, if only he would have stroked her like a kitten now and then, she might as well have married the *Classical Dictionary* or *Crabb's Synonyms* as the President of Saint Basil's, in Chester, Virginia.

So she did not tell her husband when she cried or why. It was one of the President's "ways" not to talk about their trouble. She wished he would. It might even, she thought, have been more bearable. If now and then she could have said, "Anthony, do you remember?" or, "My dear, it was so many years ago, about this time;" or, "I did n't mean to cry, but I was thinking of" — But she could do nothing of the kind. For twenty years the old man had not spoken of what befell them. He never tried to explain to her that this had become almost pathologically impossible. With any allusion to certain events a physical pain so deadly gripped his heart that he avoided it, practically, as one would avoid a bayonet,

though he was quite a healthy man. But he supposed women could not understand such things. Expression was their law. The reserve of manhood, the reticence of vigorous anguish, they knew not. It was the nature of their sex, he reasoned. It did not occur to him that his wife had achieved a silence sadder, because more unnatural, than his own. So, under the solemn arch of that massive grief, which should have sheltered a consolatory and compensatory oneness, these two stricken people walked apart.

They had a boarder at the Peytons', and when the President and his wife came down to breakfast, that January morning, the boarder said it was very cold. She said she did n't believe it was colder than this in New York. She was in the habit of saying this. She added that she had coughed all night, and that Abraham had not brought her half enough wood. This, too, was a familiar remark. Mrs. Peyton apologized, and said she would attend to it, but the President bowed politely, with a vague smile. He had ceased to give his attention to the conversational gifts of the Northern boarder, whom he regarded as, on the whole, the most depressing result of the late civil war. Who had ever heard of a Peyton keeping boarders? Even when you reduced the devastation to the singular number, he could not regard a boarder as other than a social and sociological phenomenon, when coughing at his own distinguished table and complaining of the mattresses in his own hospitable guest-room from December until May. The boarder's name, this year, happened to be Miss Sparker. But that was immaterial. Any name fitted the qualities which reproduced themselves from season to season, with that monotonous indifference to personification which the President thought not without interest as bearing upon the doctrine of the transmigration of the faculty or the

partial soul. It was the only interesting thing he had ever found about the Northern boarder.

Breakfast was the least comfortable of the comfortless meals at the Peytons', because the President had to hurry away to prayers. Mrs. Peyton helped him to his hominy with an anxious hand. Nothing annoyed the President like being late at college. She said it made him nervous. If she had been a rousing, spunky Northern wife, she would have said it made him unbearable. He never scolded brutally, for he was quite a gentleman; he congealed,—that was all. A Boston sleet-storm might as well have spent the day in that house. Anthony Peyton's sternness when displeasure befell him was something hardly less than terrible. His students used to know that. Scattered all over the South to-day are middle-aged men who tell each other college stories of the President, with a shrug in which a reminiscent shudder lingers sensibly still.

His wife had borne the full force of his nature in this respect meekly; it being hers to do so. Besides herself, there had been one other who had borne it,—according to nature, too.

"You will wear your overcoat, Mr. Peyton, won't you?" pleaded Mrs. Peyton timidly, as the President pushed back his chair, and, bowing coldly to the two ladies, prepared to breast the bitter morning.

"It is very cold," sighed the Northern boarder, with an air of originality. "It can't be worse in New York. My chicken is burned, Mrs. Peyton. I'll have another cup of coffee, if you please. Now, our coffee in New York"—

"And an umbrella, too?" entreated Mrs. Peyton. She followed the President out into the hall, leaving the boarder and Abraham to have it out. She stood, shivering, before her husband, a little, shrunken, white, cowed old lady, in a pale purple dress and white knit shawl. She had been a

beauty once, and called "spirited." She felt an unwonted sadness and tenderness this morning. Old as she was, she wanted to be asked what ailed her, or even to be kissed.

"You will take cold, Mrs. Peyton," her husband said politely. "Return and entertain your guest."

The college of Saint Basil's, so far as it was materialized in the college buildings, stood a round half mile from the President's house. A chapel and a couple of dormitories comprised the architectural effect; these were old and ruinous. Saint Basil's was none of your high-schools, starting up like Christmas presents every year, and dubbing themselves colleges, as the boot-black or the barber lays claim to the title of Professor. So thought the President, as he drew his learned coat collar about his aged neck, and beat with the energy of a much younger man against the rising wind. He was apt to cultivate this thought on the way to prayers, on a chilly morning. He took some comfort in it, which was fortunate, for there was nothing else about Saint Basil's that a man could take comfort in now. The sense of dignity is the easiest substitute for practical success, and the President of Saint Basil's made the most of it.

As the college came in sight, he slackened his nervous pace a little. He had always done so in the historic days of the institution, when it had four hundred boys. He had liked to enter the chapel with the grand manner, while the students stood bareheaded, in rank, to let him precede them. He liked to do so now. It kept up the sense of reality which the unoccupied scholar fed within himself voraciously in these pantomimic days lest it starve, and an old man's courage with it.

Saint Basil's was not a cheerful specimen of architecture at best. It was particularly grim in that advancing storm. The old brick dormitories seemed to

draw up their shoulders to keep warm. Here and there a shutter flapped on the closed and cobwebbed windows. The steps and doorways were deserted; the campus behind lay silent in the lightly scattering snow. From the rusty college pump the handle was gone. The brick chapel, standing between the sombre dormitories like a clergyman between two unlighted pulpit lamps, regarded the President as if it were an intelligent thing who understood him. Possibly it did, — no human creature as well. The chapel, too, was still. No smoke struggled from its chimneys, which leaned a little for lack of iron props. Upon the windows of the lecture-rooms up-stairs the blinds were drawn; many a slat was missing. Pray was the janitor late? No fires built? What negligent underling had omitted to ring the bell for morning prayers? The tongue of old Saint Basil's mute? Why did not her iron lips open to call her boys to chapel? The boys? Where *were* the boys? Upon the broken rail-fence, singing college songs? Behind the dormitories, jammed into a Sophomore rush? Waiting the old man's coming, to burst into the college yell, "*Saint Basil loved a pri-o-ress?*" Standing bareheaded, rank on rank, to greet their President, like the Southern gentlemen that they were? See their young heads bowed with that graceful ease which gave Saint Basil her celebrated "manner," their indolent white hands passing the quick gesture of deference from the bare brow. Do you see the students? Count the boys of Saint Basil's. Call the roll. Where *are* the boys?

Seek them in their ruined cotton-fields, in their shattered homes, in hard, unaccustomed manly toil at industries strange to their ancestry, and to their training, and to their State. Seek them in sunken, nameless graves on the banks of the Potomac, at Antietam, at Gettysburg. Find them beneath letters of marble and crosses of flowers on Deco-

ration Day, at Richmond. Saint Basil's boys have gone beyond the urging voice of the chapel bell. Saint Basil cannot call her roll to-day. The ancient college, patronized by an English king, honored by the English Church, once graced by a faculty representing the scholarship of Virginia, long the Alma Mater of her "family," if not always the educator of her eminent men, Saint Basil's, the pride of the proud, the fetich of the ignorant, now become the anecdote of collegiate history, had met the fate common to other interesting facts in the South. She existed "before the war." Saint Basil was, in short, a college without a boy. She had kept her ancient name, her distinguished President, her college buildings, her extended real estate, her chartered rights, and to some extent her invested endowments. What she had not kept was her students. Virginians spoke of the college as they do of the corn-fields, the mansions, the very chickens; nay, the moon in the heavens: "Oh, you ought to have seen it before the war!"

The President of Saint Basil's passed through the ranks of invisible boys, with a stately step. It might have been touching to a delicate observer to see that the old man lifted his hat as he did this. It seemed like the response of a gentlemanly ghost to the deference of spirits. Nevertheless, he shivered like a live man as he put the huge key in the lock of the chapel door. How unmannerly the cold was that day! If he had expected such weather, he would have asked the trustees to provide a janitor and a fire for the daily flummery through which the aged President was expected to pass, that the college might retain her charter and he his office. Once a day, for the space of time covered by the college terms, the President of Saint Basil's officially visited her deserted halls. There, he summoned the invisible institution to order, and conducted, for the instruction of its

unseen youth, the service for morning prayers.

This fact, perhaps the only instance of its kind in modern collegiate history, is not, as one would suppose, widely known. Chester is a remote village, not yet promoted to the scale of a Southern health resort, and the cogs of life's wheels turn slowly there. The Northern tourist is still too few, and usually too feeble or too feminine, to cultivate an interest in so classical a local legend, and reporters are a race unknown. The Chester native is so familiar with the sight of the old man toiling over at half past seven every morning to the silent college, with a key in his trembling hands, that one has long since ceased to pay attention to the circumstances; or says indifferently,

"There 's the President going over to prayers."

Sometimes, an intellect more original than the average, perhaps the telegrapher or a railroad man, ventures the added and daring comment,

"They ought to have given him a janitor. They've nothing else to do with their money."

Now, in fact, the President had refused the janitor. Possibly he had some sort of pride in the matter; preferring to do something which struck him as obvious toward the desert of that salary which he drew quarterly from the board of trustees representing the existence and honor of the institution. Really, the honor of the institution was the main point in his scholastic and unmercenary mind. So it had come about that the President rang the bell of Saint Basil's every morning, with his own aged hands.

Had it ever been so cold at college before? The old man stamped off the light snow in the dusty vestibule, with a sigh. He had been an ambitious man in his day, looking forward to an old age of honored and honorable activity. He had not thought to become a fussy,

idle old man, dressing by the thermometer. He had expected to be busily eminent for his scholarship, and in correspondence with the scholars of other institutions and sister States, — entertaining them at Commencements. He had thought to be widely known, too, and feared by students for his remarkable discipline. He had never expected the boys to love him. But they had always obeyed.

He looked drearily about the deserted building as he lifted his hands to the bell-rope. Who was there to obey him now? Other thoughts appealed to his mind, which wandered from the students, as it often did, — too often did. But these, as he never shared them, he bore best when he was alone.

Ring! Rang! Clang! The college bell clashed upon the frosty air, with which it harmonized by the hardest. 'It was a rusty old bell, and its call was a little cross that morning. It spoke imperiously, severely, like a bell that had always had its own way, and could not understand why nobody answered it.

Ring! Ring! Such a thing! Who ever heard of such a thing? Noise! Noise! Boys! *Boys!* Call! Call them all! Tell — tell! Saint Basil's bell! Saint Basil — yes! Loved — a — prioress! Make a noise — boys! Where are the boys? Who dares? Not come to prayers? *Come to PRAYERS!*

The last authoritative cry clashed over the iron lips, and ceased. When they opened again, they opened gently, like a stern soul grown sad. Appealingly the bell began to toll: —

Roll — toll. Tell the whole. Call them all. Call the roll! Toll — toll. Fought and bled. Count the dead. Boys — boys! Stop life's noise. Come back, boys! Rest — rest. Peace is best. Here is rest. Home is best. Stay — stay! Come to-day! Come and pray! Stay and pray! Oh — stay! Oh — pray!

The voice of Saint Basil's reached so

far and said so much that morning that it was especially noticed in the neighborhood. A negro, driving in to market with sweet potatoes and ducks, spoke of it to a stranger who was strolling through the village. He said de ole bell was kind o' peart dat mornin'; 'peared like she'd toted some ob her boys back. The stranger said Yes; that he had been listening to it, and asked what it was rung for and who rang it. For he had understood, he said, that the college was closed years ago.

The President rang conscientiously for eight minutes, according to college law. When the time was honorably up, the trembling rope fell from the trembling hand, and swung off into the air. The last cry pealed and echoed from Saint Basil's throat, and died away: —

Pray — pray! Oh, stay, stay! Oh, pray! Come pray!

The President entered the deserted chapel with uncovered head. The chill struck him heavily that morning, as he walked up the long aisle between the wooden pews, whittled jagged with boy's initials; he knew some of them by heart, from such long acquaintance. There was one deep, naughty cut in the oaken railing before the very chancel, — *A. P.* the letters ran; he glanced at them as he ascended the steps with bowed head, and took his strange, solitary position behind the reading desk. He looked the learned man he was as he stood there in the dim and empty chapel; and this became him, for Saint Basil was the scholar among the saints, as her President used to remind the boys. Yet, that January morning, he seemed a very desolate, cold old man, and one would have thought less of his LL. D. than of his aching fingers, or perhaps his aching heart. The empty benches stretched before him, row on row, a silent, mocking audience. Their invisible occupants came thronging in. The boys of Saint Basil's were still enough now. No need to give them long marks for

inattention, President Peyton. Will you rusticate them, sir, for sticking pins in each other at recitation? Suspend them for humming "Saint Basil loved a priore" while you pray? Write letters of complaint to the silent home of the most rebellious ghost among them! Expel that reckless lad — that one yonder in the front pew — he who had the yellow curls and the saucy eyes; the beautiful fellow! The wildest of the lot always, — up to every trick Saint Basil's ancient halls had ever known; bubbling to the brim with frolic; maddened by severity, melted by tenderness, spoiled by either, spoiled by both; shining with the glory of eternal youth; handsome, defiant, daring, splendid — Expel that spirit! Mr. President, expel that spirit if you can!

"Almighty and most merciful Father," began the President of Saint Basil's. His voice resounded through the empty chapel like a younger man's, strong and firm and fine. He read the prayer uncommonly well; he always had. He slighted nothing of its solemn import now. If any one of Saint Basil's boys had happened in to chapel, whether in the spirit or the flesh, he would have been proud of the old President, as he always was.

"We have erred, and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep," prayed the solitary man. "We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. . . . But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare thou those, O God, who confess their faults. Restore thou those who are penitent; According to thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus our Lord."

The chapel door stirred in the strengthening wind; or perhaps a broken blind gave way, or the step of one of the ghostly boys hit a hymn-book fallen from the seat just then? But the President of Saint Basil's was used to spirit-

boys; he so often fancied strange sounds in the chapel that he had trained himself to notice none of them. With his white head bowed and reverently lowered eyes, the old man solemnly read on:—

"And grant, O most merciful Father, for his sake; That we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, To the glory of thy holy Name. Amen."

"Amen!" responded a living voice from the empty pews.

The figure of the President, bowed over the Prayer-Book, stirred visibly, but did not start. He had lived too many times in imagination through some such scene as this to suffer himself to express surprise. If any of Saint Basil's boys returned, — and why should not Saint Basil's boys return? — they should find the institution prepared to receive them with the dignity which became her. Should her ancient halls bow and smirk, like a mushroom college without a student? If her boys had been scattered for a week's recess, or had but gone to William and Mary's for a ball-match, the President might have received the startling incident which now befell him with as grand a carelessness. Yet in truth it shook him to the soul.

When he raised his gray head, it could have been seen that he trembled, and that his countenance had become very pale. Had any person been observing him — But no one was. His cool, intellectual gray eye — a little feverish spark burning within it — traversed the length of the chapel before it rested upon the figure of a man in one of the back pews, near the door. The man was kneeling upon one of the old prayer-cushions; his head was bowed; his face was hidden in his hands; he did not speak nor stir.

President Peyton closed his Prayer-Book, and slowly descended the chancel steps. His mind was in a tumult strange to its scholastic peace. He was

prepared to get out his old examination papers, nonchalantly, as if it were a matter of course. Saint Basil's should not appear as if she did not matriculate new students any day. He saw himself already going home to tell Mrs. Peyton and the Northern boarder that he should lecture to the Freshman class at half past three. He lifted his white head. His stately figure straightened. The stoop of age rose out of his fine shoulders, and his eye turned strong and young. He walked with great official dignity down the broad aisle, and stopped before the kneeling stranger.

His thin lips had opened to address the young man, but they closed silently and cautiously.

It was not a boy who knelt in Saint Basil's at morning prayers that day. It was a middle-aged man. He seemed to be rather a poor man, or at least he was shabbily dressed. Of his face, persistently hidden in his hands, nothing could be seen. This gave the more prominence to the shape of his head, which was good, though a little weak in the frontal lobes, and to his abundant curling hair, well marked with gray.

Now, when the President had drawn his stately steps to a halt before the kneeling man, he perceived that the worshiper was sobbing.

At this unexpected sight the old man retreated immediately. With great delicacy he forbore even to remain in the chapel, but, passing quickly out, stood in the vestibule, uncertain and distressed. He waited there for some moments, but the visitor did not show himself. The President, perplexed, pushed open the faded baize doors softly and looked in. The kneeling figure in the deserted chapel remained immovable. Only its hands had stirred, and these were thrown over the railing of the pew in front, and knotted together as if they had been wrung.

"Sir," said the President, himself much agitated, "I am an officer of

Saint Basil's. Can I serve you in any way?"

At the sound of his voice the distress of the stranger made itself more manifest. An audible sob — the terrible sob of a man no longer young — shook the air.

"My dear *sir*!" cried the President, quite forgetting himself. But the weeping man lifted one of his clasped hands, and waved the speaker away with a gesture so piteous and so imperious that it was impossible to disregard it. President Peyton bowed and left the chapel, hat in hand.

He went out into the storm, and wandered about for a little while, greatly moved and uncertain what to do. The stranger did not come out, and it grew very cold. The old man felt chilled to the heart. He decided that he would go home and think the matter over, and get warm, and then return.

His wife met him when he came in, lifting her little, pinched, sad old face cautiously to see how his moral thermometer stood. It annoyed him that she looked afraid of him, and he did not tell her, as he had meant to do, what had happened at the college. He sat down by the study fire alone, and tried to dry his feet; but he was restless, and could not stay. In a few minutes he started out again, saying nothing to anybody. Miss Sparker called from the top of the stairs to ask what the thermometer was, and to say that it was ten degrees lower in New York, and Mrs. Peyton cackled anxiously about the halls; but he shut the front door with a succinctness which in a less distinguished man would have been called a slam.

When he got back to the college, he was wet through and dismally cold. The chapel was empty. The man was gone. The President locked the chapel door, with a sigh, and went home and changed his stockings and put his feet in mustard water.

He told his wife, in the course of the day, what had happened, for he could not, as the phrase goes, "get over" it. The incident rose like a mountain in the eventless life of age, and solitude, and idleness. Never since the war had Saint Basil's come so near to a student. The President was bitterly disappointed. He was piqued that his wife shared so little of his official regret. Yet, in her way, she was more agitated by the circumstance than he.

"Mercy! Who cares a wild orange for the college!" cried Mrs. Peyton, with unwonted spirit. "What I'm thinking of is the poor man. What possessed you, Mr. Peyton, not to bring him home to dinner? Poor fellow, in that old barn of a dirty chapel, all by himself, — *crying*, — and just look at it snow! I'm surprised at you, Mr. Peyton!"

President Peyton regarded his wife with the helplessness of a larger intellect confounded by the inadequacy of a lower. He remembered that kneeling figure, that cruel sob, that piteous, imperious wave of the hand, — a gesture which no *man* could have disobeyed. He felt that women could not understand certain phases of the superior delicacy of his own sex. But this consciousness practically did nothing toward putting him right with Mrs. Peyton; who seemed to have the moral advantage over him all day. And the worst of it was that she told the boarder.

President Peyton retired to his study and locked the door, and there he spent the afternoon.

His uncomfortable thoughts took long and painful paths; these crossed a waste country, deviously, reaching nowhither. His memories returned upon the thinker like lost travelers. To what end, — oh, to what bitter end?

The old man rose, and paced his study restlessly. The high bookcases regarded him — mute friends, who knew the value of sympathetic silence. Over

in a corner, between the English Poets and the German Metaphysics, the dictionaries stood, piled one above the other, — Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, Spanish, French, — upon an old dictionary-holder, home-made. The President's accustomed eye had not rested with speculation upon the dictionary-holder for many a day. Now, walking gloomily to and fro, he stopped before it, standing with his hands behind him, and moodily regarded the rude thing. With a certain ferocity he began to shove the lexicons about; tossed them over each other, and off upon the threadbare carpet. The dictionary-holder, revealed to the full light, seemed to shrink, as flesh would before a blow. It was a child's wooden high-chair.

Mrs. Peyton knocked at the study door while the President stood among his fallen dictionaries, and, moved by some unexpected impulse, he let her in. She had been crying. She apologized for troubling her husband.

"I — I'm so sorry, Mr. Peyton, to interrupt you, but I've been thinking" —

At this moment her eyes fell upon the scattered lexicons, and then upon the little old high-chair. Her face worked pitifully, but she did not cry any more; she seldom did before her husband.

She went up to the high-chair, and began to rub it tenderly with her handkerchief.

"It needed dusting," was all she said.

The two old people looked at each other. An embarrassed silence fell between them. Each heart beat violently to one thought, upon which the lips of both were sealed.

He had been a dear little fellow, — their only son, their only child. Everybody called him so. He was such a handsome boy! His beauty ruined him, perhaps. It is easier to punish an ugly child. His mother never could withstand him; he rode over her inert feminine being as he drove his pony over the

Southern sand. This was her nature, and motherhood does not change, but only develops nature. The boy's father was severe enough to make up for it; he reasoned that he must make up for it, thus seeking justification for *his* nature, which turned to harshness, given a certain amount of provocation, as water does to ice, given thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit. The child had lived the life of a thermometer, alternately plunged in the snow and held down the register. It would not be exaggerating the case to say that his boyhood was one panorama of civil war. His home was a battlefield, neither more nor less. Scene upon scene rolled by before the averted eyes of these desolate old parents, — what hot words, what threats, what tears, what fears, what rebellion, mistake, and anguish! See defiance turning to sullenness, and mischief grown disgrace! Poor boy, — oh, poor boy! . . .

If the President could have forgotten one bitter word, one icy rejoinder, any of those terrible conflicts when authority and dependence clashed, when the personal sense of power wrought parental love into a vulgar weapon; one of the hours when he had struck home or struck down; one of the moments when the child had writhed, or threatened, or fulfilled a threat! But he had never forgotten. If she could forget one of the pitiful scenes when she hung like a shield between the sword of his father's anger and the bosom of the boy's blame; the nights when she helped him upstairs, too sore a sight for any eye but his mother's to fall on and forgive; the times when she dismissed a servant, or wore a shabby dress, or suffered for suitable food, that she might save money to pay his debts; the hours when he laid his beautiful head upon her knee and cried like a very little fellow, and said he would never, never do so any more, and asked her to forgive him, and she stroked his curls, and wound them round her finger, and kissed them,

and said, "You'll be a good boy *now*, Tony, won't you?"

Forgive him? She would have poured her soul and body into a crucible, and boiled them down to one red draught for the boy to drink, if so she might have given him a pleasure that she should have denied him, or purity that she had not educated in him. *Forget?* She sometimes wished she could, or wondered if there are worlds where mothers can.

When the terrible time came, when the boy committed the unpardonable sin, whatever it was, — she *had* almost forgotten what, there seemed so many, and that one looked to her so easy to forgive, — when his father expelled him, just as if he had been anybody else's son, — more quickly, she thought; with a hotter purpose, with less mercy, with a colder rage, — she had clung to her husband, and twined her arms about his neck, wishing he loved to have them there, and unclasped them, for she felt he did not, and dragged herself down from his heart to his knees, nay, to his feet, where she lay sobbing and prostrate, a piteous maternal figure, and pleaded for the boy.

"Mrs. Peyton," the President had said. "we will not discuss the subject any further."

And so it had happened. She came home from market, one day, with Juno before her carrying the basket (there was venison in the basket, that day, and celery, and Juno was cross and disrespectful), and she was very tired, and went into the study to lie down on the sofa, for the President was at lecture; and there, pinned upon the green sofa-cushion, — she had covered it since with black cut from one of the boy's old coats, — there she had found his little note: —

DEAR MOTHER (it ran), *Father has expelled me, and I hate him. Tell him I've gone to the devil, and say your*

prayers for me when you can conveniently. I'm sorry to make you feel badly, but I won't stand it.

Your loving son,

ANTHONY PEYTON.

"I'm sorry to disturb you," repeated Mrs. Peyton, that January afternoon, when she had dusted the high-chair. "Shall I put back the lexicons?"

"Allow me," said her husband courteously; "they are heavy for a lady."

When the little chair was covered out of sight, both of the old people drew long breaths; they felt better. They had lived alone together, now, for twenty years. It sometimes did seem a pity that they could not give each other more comfort.

"I wanted to say," began the wife timidly, "I came in to tell you — that I — that I can't forget him, for the life of me!"

"Forget *whom*, Mrs. Peyton?" demanded the President, with a hot flush upon his withered cheek.

"Why, that man in the college!"

"Oh! Yes. Ah. Indeed. Yes. To tell you the truth, my dear, I — I can't myself. It was a very painful circumstance."

He took a chair beside his wife, as he said this; an action unusual with him. She drew her own a little nearer to him, involuntarily, perhaps. They looked at each other drearily. Her blue lips trembled. Suddenly her composure forsook her, and her uncontrolled voice broke into a heart-moving wail: —

"Oh, Mr. Peyton, Mr. Peyton! Don't you scold me, for I can't help it, I can't, to save my soul! If you'd only *got* the poor fellow — or just found out what he was crying for — or asked him to come over and get warm — or, or — or *something*! For the Lord knows, Mr. Peyton, it's what we'd go on our knees to beg anybody else to do for — to do by" —

"MARIA!" cried President Peyton

in a terrible voice. "For God's sake, hush!"

"I won't hush," protested the old lady, with incredible courage. "I won't be still, Anthony! You are my husband, and you were his father, and you shall listen to me! My trouble is your trouble and your sorrow is my sorrow, and your ways ought to be my ways, or my ways ought to be yours, and they're not, and it is n't right! I'm worn out with it — living so — never a word — not to speak his name, any more than if we'd never had a child — and he perhaps — Oh, I know he's dead! I know, I *know* he's dead! I have n't gone crazy — I've got it all clear in my head. I've gone over it and over it nights. I would n't have you think I think he's *living*, Mr. Peyton. But if he *had* n't died — wandering about; in cold weather; crawling into damp churches; crying before people — but Tony never cried before anybody but me. . . . Oh, Mr. Peyton, Mr. Peyton! It is n't for you and me ever to let a stranger go by without our gates. Supposing he were cold, or even hungry, Anthony — and homesick, and sorry, and felt sick — and somebody took him in. Oh, blessings on those people, wherever in this awful world they are, who took our darling in!"

"Maria! Maria!" repeated the President helplessly. He could not get beyond this unaccustomed word; he dwelt upon it in a kind of delirium. He was extremely agitated, and looked about him pitifully, like a man whose mind was leaving him. "I will go and find him," he said appealingly. "Shall I go and find the man, Maria? Will that please you?"

"You'll take cold," sobbed the old lady, whose mind had flopped to the practical and inexorable surface of things the more heavily for its unusual imaginative flight. "You know you did n't put on your thick ones this morning."

But the President had already left

her. Before she could gather herself to withstand him he was well out into the storm and far down the solitary street; beating about Heaven knew whither, to find the Lord knew what.

Now the Northern boarder was an idle woman, and diverted by the trifles which lease the tenements of empty minds. She sat at her window a great deal of the time, many hours of the vacant day. Whatever went on in the streets of Chester — nothing ever had gone on in Chester, to be sure — Miss Sparker was foredoomed to see. Her large, calm, vague face, with its two little pats of gray curls on either side, gazed from the windows of the Presidential guest-room with patient and mysterious persistence.

Miss Sparker sat at her window that afternoon. She had sat there since half past two o'clock. An unfinished afghan lay across her knee. An uncut magazine lay across the afghan. It was now well on toward five, very cold without and growing dark. The snow had blown on, but the wind held. The streets of Chester were dim and dreary. Miss Sparker did not light her lamp, that she might the better watch the few disconsolate figures that struggled up and down the road. It was time to put fresh light-wood on the discouraged fire, but Miss Sparker had become so much occupied that she forgot the fire, and sat on rigidly, with her face pressed to the window-pane.

"There!" cried Miss Sparker suddenly. "He's coming again!" She spoke so loud that Mrs. Peyton, drying her eyes in the study, heard the Northern boarder's voice, and went into the hall to see what she wanted.

"Mrs. Peyton!" called Miss Sparker, in evident excitement. "Are you there? Come up here — quick!"

"Just look at that man!" she added eagerly, when the old lady panted up to ask if Abraham or Juno had neglected anything. "No — *that* man — there!

That man who's been hanging about this house half the afternoon."

"I don't see any man at all," protested Mrs. Peyton, beginning to tremble. "I must get my spectacles."

"Why, yes, you *do*!" insisted the boarder, with explosive Northern energy. "Who needs spectacles to see a *man*? Over there — behind the live-oak — by the northeast corner of the fence! *There!* . . . I told you so! That man has been haunting this place like a burglar for two hours. It has been very interesting. First he came up, and I thought he was going to ring the gate-bell. Then he changed his mind, and walked away. Then he came back on the other side of the street, and kind of sidled over and lunged his head. Then he cleared out again. By and by he came up, and held up his head, and sort of made for the house, as if he'd do it if he died for it. And *then* the President came out. So the fellow gave him a look and put for it, and hid behind the live-oak, and scooted down Chester Street, and I thought that was the end of him. But I thought I'd look a little longer, it was so interesting; and now *there*, Mrs. Peyton, as true as you live he's going away! He's given it up, and he's going away for good. He must be very wet. He seems cold, too. . . . Mrs. Peyton! Mrs. Peyton!"

But Mrs. Peyton had gone. With one little aged quaver of a cry, she had leaped down the stairs like a very young woman, dashed wide open the door, swung the hall light full in front of it, and, pausing only to pull her white knit shawl over her gray head, run straight out into the street.

There she stood uncertain, shaking like a person in a mortal chill. Out in the growing dark she could see nothing. The figure had vanished. She made her way along the fence and round behind the live-oak, where she spread out her searching hands. No one was there.

"Mrs. Peyton, Mrs. Peyton, are you

crazy? " called the Northern boarder. Her window went up with a bang. "Come in this minute, or you 'll get your death! The fellow is n't worth it — at your age!"

"Miss Sparker!" cried Mrs. Peyton, with unexampled authoritativeness, and she cried at the top of her feeble voice. "I am the mistress of my own house, and you are my guest. I command you — I command you, for God's sake, to keep *still*. . . . If there is anybody here, Miss Sparker, anybody, *anybody* who wants the shelter of my roof or the comfort of my home, he is welcome to it with all my heart and soul, and I 've come out to say so. *Is* there anybody here?" she added, in a soft and brooding tone.

No answer reached her; and then, without another moment's hesitation, she stretched out both her arms as far as she could into the dusk, and quietly said: —

"Tony? Are you there?"

"Tony! Tony, *dear*!"

"Is it *you*, Tony? Don't be afraid, Tony. Your father sha'n't find fault with you . . . if you 'll only come home. It's warm at home. It's very pleasant."

"If it *is* you, Tony," she said, more gently still, "I should n't think you 'd keep your mother waiting in the wet, like this. You were always careful of your mother — and good to her, Tony. I'm afraid it is n't he. I thought perhaps it was. Tony? Mother's boy! Mother's sonny boy! *Tony*!"

Now, as she held herself thus, a pitious pleading figure in the dark, stretching out her empty arms, they closed suddenly, shaken and awed; for a miserable man, ragged, weather-stained, and wet, had walked straight into them and put his face upon her neck.

She led him into the house without one word. She took his hand, and he let her, as if he had been a very little boy.

She led him into the bright hall, where the lamp was set, and closed the door, and took off his shabby overcoat and rusty hat and hung them on the hat-tree, as if they had hung there every night for all these twenty years.

"I 'll have Juno dry these wet things, dear," she said quietly. She took him into the study, quite naturally, and got him down before the fire; threw on more light-wood, knelt upon the hearth, and lifted his ragged, soaking feet upon the fender.

"We 'll get off the shoes and stockings right away, Tony," she said. "There, dear! There! Nice to be home again, is n't it?"

They were sitting just so, when the old man came back, drenched and disconsolate. He pushed open the study door, with his hat in his hand.

"Maria," he began, "I could n't find the man. I'm sorry to disappoint you. I 've been all over the village after him. But" —

Then and there his eyes fell upon the shabby, middle-aged figure shrinking in his study-chair.

His wife held those soiled bare feet against her purple dress, and washed them as she knelt, and dried them. She kissed them, too, and laid her aged face upon them, and patted them with her thin hands.

"Your father is here, Tony," she said. "He is very glad to see you. He is standing right behind your chair. He wants to tell you how glad he is. Let him kiss you, Tony. It will comfort him."

The two men obeyed her like two disembodied spirits who did not know what else to do but to obey the supreme moral power of the situation.

No one spoke till afterward, and then the mother said, quite easily, that she would go and see to Tony's supper.

She ordered them after this like children, and neither man gainsaid her.

"Anthony," she said authoritatively,

as soon as she could get the President into the hall alone, "do as I bid you, for once in all our lives." Don't you ever — don't you *ever* ask him a single question! It does n't make any difference what he's done. It is n't any matter where he's been. If he wants to tell, let him. If he does n't, we'll never bother him — we'll never ask him — never!"

And they never did. They took him home and cherished him, and said no word, and let him keep his silence, as he chose. It was his own.

He slept that night in his own room and in his old bed. In the night he was heard pacing up and down, and his mother went to him, and remained with him for a time and quieted him.

He came to breakfast with them, next morning, by his own desire; a timid, shaken man, abashed and strange. That was the Northern boarder's hour. Then, indeed, she was the comfort of the family; for she talked about the weather in New York till the subject glowed with vivacity, and took upon itself a supreme value never known in conversational history before. This made Miss Sparker very happy.

When breakfast was over and the President went to prayers, he was surprised, and perhaps embarrassed, to see that a silent figure followed him. It looked shabby, and bowed, and sad.

"I thought I might help you ring the bell, father," was all he said. It was the first time he had directly addressed his father. The old man answered, "Thank you, my son," and they went to college side by side. The storm was over, and the day had melted, fair and warm. The sun would have blinded them if the snow had not sunk away.

The younger man pulled at the bell-rope sturdily, and Saint Basil's voice rang far and wide: —

Stay — pray! Home — to-day. To God — we pray. Home — to stay!

Then they went into the chapel together, and Anthony Peyton took his old seat, and knelt upon the dusty prayer-cushion, and bowed his head upon his hands, while the President of Saint Basil's read: —

"And grant, O most merciful Father, for his sake; That we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, To thy glory of thy holy Name. Amen."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

REFLECTIONS AFTER A WANDERING LIFE IN AUSTRALASIA.

I.

Two feelings make it hard for an American visitor in the Australasian colonies to bring to what he sees an open and sympathetic mind. Both feelings are natural, and neither is quite justifiable. The one is the feeling that this new world is too remote from his own to excite in him any very warm interest. The other feeling is that, if he knows his own great West, he can have nothing essentially new to learn

in these regions of the Southern Cross. The two feelings contradict each other; but they unite to obscure the minds of many of us when we hear or speak of Australia and New Zealand, and they accompany us when we journey thither. "Those must be vast, dull regions, full, no doubt, of scenery, of stock-raisers, and of squatters, — regions like our Western States, only still more tedious in the crudity of their life:" so one or two friends of mine, people themselves not precisely appreciative of our own great

West, have said to me, in speaking of the colonies.

Now Australia has indeed some strong analogies to our great West, but these analogies are not nearly so important as the differences that set them off. On the other hand, the feeling that so many thousand miles of ocean part us from Australia as to make it impossible to remember often or warmly such distant brethren is not, after all, an easy feeling to remove. Distance is in one sense almost annihilated nowadays; but we annihilate it for the mind much more easily than for the heart, which is a stubborn barbarian in most of us, loving what is near and clear to it, but seldom glowing for disguised and remote objects. As a foreign tongue refuses to come to the lips when we are in earnest, so a very distant land refuses to appear to us like a perfectly fit habitation for the truest-hearted men or the best of women. All nations accuse foreigners of being unsympathetic and cold-hearted. Elsewhere in the world, they all say, one may find cleverness, courage, wit, skill, refinement of manners, but for genuine *warm-heartedness* you must look amongst us here at home! As men thus attribute to foreigners the cold-heartedness with which they themselves regard everything strange, so we all of us find that new stars seem to shine more coldly upon us from their unaccustomed sky, and we doubt whether very lovable people can ever really love such stars at all. The southern heavens above Australia vex one, moreover, not only with their new constellations, but with their distortions of the familiar ones. Orion half upset when well up towards his meridian, is a sight not to be tolerated. The Southern Cross itself is no consolation, for it is, as all tourists declare, disappointing. Sirius is there brighter far than one often sees him in New England, though never finer than on a calm January night in California; but he has a sort of half-rival in Canopus, whose

claims to princely rank appear in those southern latitudes much greater than we should have supposed. Yet I experienced a certain doubt as to whether Canopus would have any right to such a dignity in a well-regulated sky. As for the two Centauri and the Magellan Clouds, were they sufficient consolation to eyes that sought in vain for the Great Bear?

Of course, if one thus cherishes Philistine prejudices regarding the stars of the south, he will be apt also to feel absurd prejudices concerning the men. Early Yankee tourists to Europe, in the days when traveling was not so commonplace as it is now, used to speak of the shock it gave them when they first heard the very children in the streets actually talking French. And so now the abstract knowledge that these Australasians are indeed our brethren by blood and by our common traditions does not prevent one from finding it a trifle thrilling not merely to know, but actually to see, that a happy home in Australia is the same warm English fireside institution that it is with us. One's prejudice leads him to expect it to be something singular, altered, remote, in short anti-podean. It is nothing of the kind, but on the contrary is most disappointingly human and delightful.

Enough, however, of preliminaries. This paper will record a few impressions derived from a recent tour in Australasia, with special reference to certain studies that the author has sought to make regarding general social and political conditions in the colonies.

I.

Australia is the second New World, and doubtless has a destiny before it as distinct in many respects from ours as ours is from that of Europe. But for the moment, of course, the analogies already referred to as existing between our own conditions and those of colonial life attract our attention. Let us look.

then, at our own Orion, half inverted in this Australian sky.

And first of all comes a certain analogy between the industrial and agricultural problems of Australia and some of these in our own country. Our new West has come to depend more and more for its progress upon an understanding of what used to be called "desert" conditions. In Southern California and in the Rocky Mountain regions, our settlers have learned that a desert is by no means always an enemy. Cultivation and pasturage have proved possible and remunerative in places where early explorers and settlers saw only hopeless barrenness. Reclaiming such wildernesses has been one of our problems; developing vast mineral resources by novel methods that in more cases than one have had to be learned through decades of work and expenditure, — this has been another characteristic problem amongst us. Australia, as everybody knows, has depended for the progress and the triumphs of the last forty years upon the solution of very similar problems. In case of the war with the great interior desert, however, the Australian settler has fought in his way a far more serious fight than we have known in our desert. When he advanced into the barren central plateau, he had no Mississippi Valley to use as his great base line. His desert was more forbidding, on the whole, than even ours. It kept its secrets better, concealed its genuine wealth under more numerous disguises, drove him oftener to utter ruin. The very names of numerous mountains at its edge suggest, as several writers have long since noted, the bitterness of the early conflict: Mount Desolation, Mount Disappointment, Mount Despair. Regions that have since proved very wealthy were the graves of the first explorers. The consequence of this struggle has been the development of a type of frontiersmen quite different from our own, — a type already of world-wide reputation

in popular novels, and deserving at any rate our hearty respect. We shall have a word to say of this type later. But for the moment let us glance at the material side of this conquest of the desert. I found my curiosity greatly aroused about the matter as I traveled in the colonies, for so much has evidently depended upon this part of Australian history. Fortunately, an official account of the greater explorations has lately appeared, issued under the auspices of the governments of the Australian colonies, and written by one who is himself an ardent and successful explorer, — Mr. Ernest Favenc; so that the general reader finds in comparatively small compass a summary of a century of hard work. For the early Australian began with his desert almost as soon as he landed; and even yet not absolutely all the interior has been seen by expert eyes. In Australia, as with us, the story of exploration goes hand in hand with the story of conquest and of general progress on the various frontiers.

The theatre of all this toil, the continent of Australia, may be described in general as a great plateau, beveled off around the edges. Encircling the plateau are coast ranges of mountains; the plateau itself is destitute of any great elevations. From the summits of the coast ranges to the ocean, down the beveled edges of the continent, is a decidedly variable distance, and in some places comparatively wide stretches of accessible and level coast lands separate the mountains from the sea. The drainage of the coast ranges towards the ocean gives a system of short rivers; while in the interior there are two great systems of drainage, one leading through the Murray River to the sea, the other consisting of salt lakes and "sinks." Both these latter systems of drainage — the labyrinthine windings of the tributaries of the Murray and the hopeless wanderings of the lost streamlets of the salt-lake region — gave the early explorers

their principal geographical problems. "The unique formation of the country," says Favenc, "set at naught all the approved deductions and theories of the scientific world." At the outset, as appears from Favenc's account, the very least that an explorer hoped to find was a Mississippi. So vast an interior must needs have an appropriate drainage, men said; and explorers of the coast were long on the lookout for a great estuary, fit for some new Amazon. In 1818 one of the most noted pioneers of exploration, Wentworth, commenting upon Oxley's newly made discovery of the Macquarie (a little tributary of the Darling, belonging to the Murray system), expressed his belief, founded upon its size and its direction, that it must flow across the continent to the northwest coast, the only coast of Australia which had not yet been fully explored for river mouths. "If this river," Favenc says, "be already of . . . sufficient depth to float a seventy-four gun ship" at a distance of two thousand miles from the northwest coast, "it is not difficult to imagine what must be its magnitude at its confluence with the ocean." Here, then, he hopes, Australia has a river equal to any in the world. But when this inland-river theory had at length to be given up, for the simple reason that no large river mouth could be found on the coast, explorers were still not without hopes of magnificent wonders to come. There was a vast inland sea in the centre of Australia. If you could n't get an Amazon, of course you might look for a Caspian; or if this too failed to exist, then at least there was a vast central range of snow mountains. For Australia, being a continent, must needs have true continental dignity. Either a Caspian, or an Amazon, or an Himalayan range was necessarily needed for such a purpose.

But alas! the cruel gods who made this wilderness loved not to be worshipped, and left for the coming men no

such natural shrines as have adorned other lands. In fact, the most superficial view of Australia confirms the notion that you get from Favenc's book, and from all who know Australia well: its scenery, its whole natural aspect where it is noteworthy at all, is weird, startling, dream-like — a rebellion against the conventional forms of beauty in nature — impressive, admirable, but not what even the most experienced traveler would have expected. A certain monotony of effect soon strikes the eye, to be sure, after the first surprise wears off; but if Australia, according to all accounts, shows a great deal of any one of her marvels to the spectator, these marvels are at any rate original. One of the cleverest of the Australian popular writers, the author of the famous novel of convict days called *For the Term of his Natural Life*, once summarized the natural characteristics of the land in a too sentimental but not precisely ineffective way, thus: —

"What is the dominant note of Australian scenery? That which is the dominant note of Edgar Allan Poe's poetry, — weird melancholy. A poem like *L'Allegro* could never be written by an Australian. It is too airy, too sweet, too freshly happy. The Australian mountain forests are funereal, secret, stern. Their solitude is desolation. They seem to stifle, in their black gorges, a story of sullen despair. No tender sentiment is nourished in their shade. In other lands the dying Year is mourned, the falling leaves drop lightly on his bier. In the Australian forests no leaves fall. The savage winds shout among the rock clefts. From the melancholy gums strips of white bark hang and rustle. The very animal life of these frowning hills is either grotesque or ghostly. Great gray kangaroos lope noiselessly over the coarse grass. Flights of white cockatoos stream out, shrieking like evil souls. The sun suddenly sinks, and the mopokes burst out into horrible peals of

semi-human laughter. The natives aver that, when night comes, from out the bottomless depth of some lagoon the Bunyip rises, and, in form like a monstrous sea-calf, drags his loathsome length from out the ooze. From a corner of the silent forest rises a dismal chant, and around a fire dance natives painted like skeletons. All is fear-inspiring and gloomy.”¹

Clarke then goes on to cite the afore-said names of the mountains.

But this forbidding land held its treasures, nor were its secrets all gloomy. Favenc's account is a very instructive lesson in the virtues of courage and patience. These Wentworths and Oxleys and Sturts failed to find what they went to seek, but still they found an empire, and that too even where they personally felt the most disappointment with their discovery. One of the most unfortunate names on the list of the early explorers is that of Captain Charles Sturt, just referred to. “Cracked and gaping plains, desolate, desert, and abandoned of life, scorched beneath a lurid sun of burning fire, waterless, hopeless, relentless, and accursed: that,” says Favenc,² “is the picture he draws of the great interior.” Yet what Sturt saw (in 1828) was a region now in New South Wales and Victoria, just west of the line of the Great Blue Mountain Range, and at the present time known as a very productive country. Sturt had the ill-luck to come in a time of drought, and since he did not know the value of many of the new grasses that he met with and had no experience of how a desert can be reclaimed, what he saw was this: “In the creeks, weeds had grown and withered, and grown again; the young saplings were now rising in their beds, nourished by the moisture that still remained; but the large forest trees were drooping, and many were dead. The emus, with outstretched necks, gasping

for breath, searched the channels of the rivers for water in vain; and the native dog, so thin that he could hardly walk, seemed to implore some merciful hand to dispatch him.” This is a fair type of what others besides Sturt saw everywhere inland.

But now, out of this weird land of desolation, has come the modern Australia, which, still in its infancy, feels itself already a wealthy young country. And it is not the mere strip of land by the coast that has the wealth; Sturt's desert, also, where the emus gasped for breath and the forest trees died, has its share of the treasures. To be sure, by far the larger part of the vast interior is still unreclaimed. But the Australian is now an expert in his own land, and knows how to reclaim. His arts, according to the authorities, are chiefly these: he has learned that the native grasses, which at first seemed to him part of the desolation of the desert itself, are many of them of the first value for grazing; he has taught himself how to utilize, for both agriculture and horticulture, land that appeared too barren to be thought of in the beginning; he has discovered that drought is *not* an unmixed evil under all circumstances; and finally, he is coming to know that his desert is full of buried water, — springs, cave-streams, and wells all gradually teaching him that he has a vast treasury under his feet, wherein the irregular contributions of the sudden and transient rains are stored up for a long period by the comparatively regular rock formations of a great portion of his desert.

In view of all this, the material future of Australia becomes fairly well assured, even quite apart from any thought of its mineral wealth. If one considers the agricultural resources of the land, its vast stores of iron, of coal, and of precious metals, it is plain enough that

¹ Preface to the Poems of Adam Lindsay Gordon, page iv.

² History of Australian Exploration, page 81.

those who toiled so long in the bush to win a first sight of what seemed to them so wretched a land did not live in vain. This whole material struggle is one more triumph of human endurance over the wiles and the mysteries of nature. Contrasting the process with our own story of conquest over a new land, one sees, as a special point of difference, that where we met great obstacles we were always (after those first heroic colonial days had once passed) in possession of far greater resources. When we crossed the Alleghenies, we were already a nation. When the Australians crossed the Blue Mountains to go towards their west, they were still Crown colonists, and their colony was a penal settlement. Long afterwards, when the discovery of gold led to the modern era of rapid progress in Australia, the resources at hand for this progress were still not nearly as well proportioned to the task as were ours after the year 1840. On the other hand, the growth of Australia has of course never been marked by anything equal to the finer crises and incidents of our own career. Our colonies were at least in part originally founded for ideal purposes; and if we have grown grosser in much of our life as time has gone on, we have always our heroic ages to look back upon, — our Revolution, our Pilgrim Fathers, our struggle with slavery. Australia has had no heroes save the explorers and the bushmen, — fine men and noble, to be sure; but her early history is purely a collection of incidents, some of which, like those of the convict life, are simply lamentable and degrading, while the rest, if they are frequently admirable, are never imposing.

As a result of the war with the desert, and as an outcome of the wealth of successful stock-raisers, farmers, and miners, we have at length the growing Australian civilization of to-day. It is this at which we are to look a little more particularly.

II.

Some travelers gather a great deal from personal interviews and from looking out of car-windows. I had a few opportunities of both sorts in Australia, which I prized very highly. But for the transient visitor the personal observation needs most decidedly to be supplemented by a study of the current literature of the land that he is visiting. Newspapers cannot tell a visitor everything, but they can at least be as useful to him as are shop windows. As affording a notion of the conditions of Australian life, the newspapers of that region are exceptionally valuable; for, especially in their weekly editions, they are simply encyclopædic. The stranger at once, in his ignorance, takes an Australian weekly to be intended for use far out in the country, at lonely "stations," by men who find time, once in a while, to adjust all their relations to the universe at one long sitting. The reader of such a weekly acts as a sort of father confessor, while the editor spreads out before him a general confession of all the sins of mankind, from Melbourne horse-races to European complications, in well-classified order and in very good language. All the Australasian colonies are represented in the weekly general summaries; two or three serial novels run their even courses in the few columns allotted to each; the endless list of colonial sports, races, cricket-matches, foot-ball games, is duly set forth; letters from New York, London, Paris, together with pages of telegraphic foreign material, prevent the colonial reader from being too much absorbed in home affairs; while these home affairs are treated in lengthy political summaries, in long editorials, in shorter editorial notes, in correspondence. Meanwhile, practical interests are not forgotten. The farm, the vineyard, cattle-raising, and mining, are discussed at length by experts. Games, puzzles, essays, book

reviews, gossip, close the solid feast of some thirty large closely printed five-column pages of actual text (exclusive of the advertisements). Most of our terrible Sunday papers are far outdone as to quantity of matter, and, on the whole, as to quality of matter as well. None of our weeklies can rival these in encyclopædic character, in well-edited, many-sided variety of appeal, joined, as is here the case, with excellence of workmanship. The only objection that our own badly spoiled newspaper reader would make would be that all this was too dry for him, and too vast. For my own part, since my return from Australia, I have been taking one of these fine weeklies regularly, and reading, not all of it, but as much as I desired, and with no little profit. I know no better means to become acquainted with the drift and the forces of Australasian life.

I had several good opportunities, moreover, to converse with men of affairs, both in Australia and in its close neighbor, New Zealand. Especially did I prize a ramble of several days amongst the dark gorges of the Blue Mountains of New South Wales, in company with a prominent public man, who, as he said, requiring rest, for the time forsook politics, and devoted himself to hospitality. He discoursed to me of politics, and, in my ignorance, I could offer him only metaphysics in return, which he received very kindly. We talked particularly of colonial federation, of the good and evil of the colonial systems of responsible government, and of the future of Australasia. From my friend I learned where to look later, in New Zealand, for other sources of information concerning colonial life; and I owe him more, in the way of suggestion, than he himself is aware. On my return voyage, as well as in New Zealand, I saw much of still another prominent Australasian public man, then on his way to London. His views were in

many respects strongly contrasted with those of my companion of the Blue Mountains, and they gave me, for that very reason, so much the more instruction. After all, what I have to offer here are but stray impressions and reflections.

What most strikes the observer in either Australia or New Zealand is the remarkable political maturity of the colonies; and this political maturity is not merely the result of the English heritage that is common to all of us. For in addition to this common heritage, one finds in Australasia a rapid growth of state organization, — a growth taking forms that are partly novel. No English community elsewhere has sought to govern itself in just the way here exemplified. Here are pure democracies, with what an American must unhesitatingly call strongly socialistic tendencies. Whether these tendencies are destined to bear fruit I do not know, but certain it is that a land where state ownership of railways is already not a theory nor yet an exception, but an old established institution, whose existence has become for the inhabitants an axiom, is a land in which English democracy must experience, sooner or later, remarkable developments. It is not, indeed, that state railways are themselves very odd institutions in the world at large, but that, if our experience in this country counts for anything, democracies of English origin have not elsewhere than in Australasia tended to produce the habits of mind of which such state ownership is the natural expression. In this land we are still much in the habit of regarding the state as a means, and not as an end. Our protective tariff is something very different in character from a true experiment in state socialism. Our interstate commerce legislation is still far from government ownership of railways. In many of our States constitutional provisions hamper the legislature whenever it tries to make laws

of a meddlesome kind. In fact, the changes introduced into the newer state constitutions of our country have consisted, in a number of instances, of provisions intended to restrict legislation. The other tendency, that towards state socialism, has from time to time appeared amongst us, and is probably just now on the increase; but it is to be noticed that our state socialists are generally philanthropists rather than men of business, and desire more to take care of the subject's soul and stomach than to carry his goods to market. But in the colonies the drift is the other way. The state is first in every man's thought, and its purposes are commercial rather than philanthropic. If we find our presidential year a serious financial inconvenience by reason of the uncertainties connected with every canvass, how much more, should one think, must not the colonial capitalist feel the presence and the risks of politics in his life, when, for him, a general election is always possible, is very often expected, and may at any time lead to important changes in the business policy of the government, and so of the whole community! But the colonist, used to the vigorous political activity amidst which he has so long lived, makes few or no complaints of these risks. He seems to enjoy the game. When I asked people, during my travels, how they could endure to hear so much of their government, they were generally surprised to learn how little many Americans have occasion to remember, from moment to moment, what their legislatures are actually doing. Government by responsible ministries is always picturesque, even if it is not dangerously drastic; and the colonist thinks so much about the latest great political speech and the most recent ministerial crisis that he hardly knows how a freeman could live and be so completely without dread, as we here in America often are, concerning what may happen next in the political world.

A presidential canvass, like our recent struggle, is for us a refreshing draught of genuine national politics, after a number of years of comparative dullness. But the colonist is used to excitements that for him are almost as great, and that perhaps once a session. This doubtless is one reason why he expects so much from the state. If the gods will always be appearing to mix in the affairs of daily life, then, to be sure, even the herdsman must try to get the gods to do his work for him. With us the gods often inhabit for years a heaven all their own, and we are thankful enough if they mind their own business, and do no more serious mischief than somehow to spend the revenues.

Seriously, however, the elaborate social organization of the colonies is, in view of their tender age, their complete independence of external political interference, and their purely democratic constitutions, a most remarkable fact. Can it be that the problem of state socialism is, after all, to be worked out in these young communities? The impartial observer, remembering what political Frankensteins artificial social organisms are apt to prove, feels some real dread for the future of the Australasian countries when he asks himself this question. Highly organized life is as much the goal of all our efforts in this world as it is an unattainable ideal wherever nature does not accomplish for us the most of the work of organization. State socialism usually seems to be an effort to make live things out of dead theories.

But however this may be, the future of state organization in Australasia will be greatly dependent upon the special causes that are there at work affecting the process; and some, at least, of these causes are patent to any observer.

The first of them lies in the history of the colonies, since the organization of Crown colonies long preceded the coming of the mass of their population.

The colony of New South Wales had its beginning in a convict settlement in Sidney Harbor, in 1787. Transportation was not abolished until 1840, and the settlements in New South Wales were necessarily under arbitrary government in the interim. Bourke, governor of New South Wales from 1831 to 1837, laid indeed the foundations of the later free constitution; but that he found so much to do in the cause of liberty, that, for instance, he even had to establish religious liberty in the land, and to discontinue the monopoly of government aid enjoyed by the Established Church,—this shows how far the colonial life was from the first a government affair. Responsible government was established in New South Wales in 1855, a little more than four years after the discovery of gold in Australia. But the habit of looking to government for aid was well established. At the time of the gold discovery, certain squatters, whose regular pastoral occupations were interfered with by the departure of their laborers for the mines, petitioned the government to stop all mining, to even use military force for the purpose. The request was an extreme one, but we have to observe that it was characteristic. In the summer of 1848, in California, the military governor, Colonel Mason, did indeed doubt whether he ought not to stop the mining in the Sierra, because, as he thought, this misuse of the public lands of the United States was of doubtful legality. But these Australian squatters were interested not so much in the public lands as in the protection of their own industry against the new one. Their appeal went unheeded.¹ But not all similar appeals have been unheeded in Australia, in the days since that time. The subject very generally demands much of his government and gets it.

The early history of Victoria begins

¹ See *The Wealth and Progress of New South Wales* (Sydney, 1887), page 29.

with the founding of Melbourne in 1835; and although Victoria was never a convict colony, the influence of the twenty years of irresponsible government that preceded the constitution of 1855 left their trace here also. The Victorian colony first existed as "the Port Phillip District," until 1851, when the connection with New South Wales was ended, and the name "Victoria" was given to the region. In both of the sister colonies, after 1855, the political development was evidently greatly influenced by the need of adapting established governmental traditions to the wants of a rapidly growing population. One perceives, in fact, that the order of events so characteristic of California's early history was precisely reversed in the development of these two gold-mining communities. In California, in 1849, nearly one hundred thousand newcomers found themselves, by accident, as it were, in a territory to which the United States Congress, for reasons of national politics, had found it so far impossible to grant any form of government. The new-comers formed, so to speak, overnight, a full-grown free state constitution, and gave Congress the choice between admitting the new State or dealing with a rebellious Pacific republic. Congress promptly gave way, and the California constitution, less a main feature than a necessary incident of the life of the new community, came into force without impressing people with any new sense of the dignity of state governments. The State was a convenience to the early Californian, but he hoped and expected that it would keep out of his way, and plague him little with advice or constraint. In Australia, all was different. An existing government, which was nothing if not, in its provincial fashion, a "strong" government, found itself at first much embarrassed by the new-coming miners, undertook from the outset to regulate the use of the mines, was obliged to keep

pace in its growth with the needs of the country, and has so remained, ever since, the central object of social interest in the colonial mind. The early life of California was full of popular movements, intended to make up temporarily for the shortcomings of a deliberately incompetent political organization; but Australia knew of no vigilance committees. In California, there were several times great riots in mining districts; but they were wars among rival miners. In Australia, the Ballarat riots of 1854 were the outcome of a conflict between the miners and the government concerning the miners' tax. The government was victorious after a pitched battle,¹ and then the tax was later abolished; the moral victory of organized society, however, being complete. To sum up: In that American community which is most analogous to the Australian gold-colonies of the fifties, political order, during those early days, was always regarded as a very subordinate means to an end. In Australia, political order was in the field almost before its subjects existed; it felt deeply its own dignity; it grew to be regarded rather as an end in itself. So it has come about that the colonist thinks natural and inevitable the rule that his state shall construct his railways, protect his fortunes, and secure his general welfare by all manner of devices.

But the second cause of this continued government activity and officiousness in Australia is obviously the natural tendency of responsible ministerial institutions in small communities. If a responsible ministry, always ready to be slain by a single adverse vote, makes life under a "strong" system of governmental interference somewhat exciting for the private citizen, the exciting nature of the life tends rather to increase than to diminish the love of interference. A ministry in danger makes bids

for popularity. The existing ministry in Victoria is an example in my mind. It has been a strong ministry; it was formed by a coalition; its leaders are amongst the ablest and most high-minded politicians in all the colonies. Yet very lately, as the current news has shown, this ministry, owing to the dissatisfaction of some of its supporters from the farming districts, found itself without a majority upon its Budget proposals. The session was the last one of a moribund Parliament, and a bill for the redistribution of seats was before the assembly. The ministry, upon the plea that this redistribution measure was in all justice much needed before an appeal could properly be made to the country, obtained a postponement of its Budget proposals for the time, and so provisionally retained office pending the passage of redistribution and the dissolution of the House. Under these circumstances the temporarily discredited ministry must try to regain the confidence of the country, and did so by promises which outdid in variety the most extravagant projects of our legislators. The Melbourne Leader of October 6, 1888, referring to a series of speeches recently delivered by members of the ministry, in connection with the ceremonies held in honor of the completion and opening of some new lines of railway, observes: "In the speeches of ministers there was nothing of special moment, beyond the tone of sanguine expectation with which they looked forward to an appeal to the country under circumstances in which they would be able to come as the bearers of rich gifts, bonuses to new rural industries, reductions of freight on agricultural produce, large additions to municipal endowments, and last, but not least, a new railway bill."

In the debate upon those very Budget proposals upon which the government finally found itself in a minority, Mr. Alfred Deakin, the Chief Secretary of the colony, in a very able speech,

¹ Australian Handbook (Melbourne, 1888), page 245.

appealed to the country members to remember that, if there were some things in the government proposals that they could not approve, the government had still done all it could for them. His enumeration of what the government had offered or intended to offer to the country districts as their due, and as a return for their votes, is highly characteristic of what the colonist nowadays expects of his government.

"I will not," he says, "do more than refer to the encouragement which has been given to the mining industry, the reductions of the railway freights, . . . which are solely for the benefit of the country districts. . . . While considering the country districts, the government have not ignored the towns. . . . There are new duties and increased duties for a number of our great town industries, which it is unnecessary to recapitulate. Taking them only as they affect the farmer, we find that a series of remissions of duties are proposed, . . . remissions on tea, coffee, kerosene, . . . all of which are largely used in the country districts. In fact, in all the remissions proposed in its Budget, the government has had an eye to the country districts. Take again the proposal for transferring the inmates of the present immense asylums of the metropolis to the country districts. . . . What are honorable members to say of the proposal to increase the municipal endowment? . . . It will help the farmers, by making it more possible for their local governing bodies . . . to provide them with roads, bridges, and other improvements. . . . Then there are changes proposed in the existing law to further benefit the arid areas." Thus the appeal continues for some time. Bonuses for farmers' products, a proposition to establish a refrigerating depot, a new freight system for the purpose of bringing about new commercial relations for Victorian agriculturists abroad, all these things are set forth at length for the

benefit of the farmers' representatives, who are all the time complaining that the government is doing nothing for them, and who want relief from all their recent misfortunes to be given by the levying of a new tariff on oats, barley, and stock, to protect them from the competition of the farmers of New South Wales.

It must not be supposed that this fashion of making proposals is in any sort exceptional. Such issues as these seem to be the regular ones of colonial life. "Make me prosper, or I will turn you out," says the subject to the government. The ministry, attacked, can only say to the subject, "When saw we thee an hungered, and gave thee no bonuses, irrigation proposals, refrigerating depots, roads, and free kerosene, even if we refuse thee still prohibitory import duties on thy own productions?" When one sees that such are the proposals, not of demagogues by any means, but of the sincerest and ablest statesmen in Australia, one sees how far this system of responsible government can lead people.

In company with my friend, in the gorges of the Blue Mountains, I talked more than once about the comparative merits of the colonial ministerial system and our own. I could not envy him, I said, the evils of his own too officious methods of cabinet government. Even in New South Wales, I observed, in the free-trade colony, there is still government interference enough and to spare, quite apart from any talk of tariff. But, said I, all this is in one great aspect of it refreshing, when contrasted with our apathetic methods of work in America, with our indifference, with the lack of sympathy between our legislators and our people. My friend, by no means himself averse to the system of state interference, was still full of fervor in his condemnation of certain aspects of the Australian system. It sacrificed ministers, he said, to a system of bidding for popularity, and of frittering away

their time in wrangling and in petty legislation. At the end of all our talks, my friend, in a farewell note, briefly compared the two methods, those of our democracy and those of his own, and, summing up, said, in what I think excellent words, "He will be the genius

of political reform who shall give us responsibility with greater stability of the executive than we possess." I fancy that with changes of this sort, a change for the better would come over the methods not only of Australian legislation but also of our own.

Josiah Royce.

THE LAWYER IN NATIONAL POLITICS.

THE problem of a national existence confronted the thirteen colonies in 1776. The main aspects of that problem were then becoming clear. Independence must be declared and achieved; and a national government must be devised, organized, and established. But were there statesmen equal to such a task? There was not a nobility or any other class with an acknowledged right and capacity to take the lead. Fortunately, as often before in human history, the course of events that had developed the emergency had also trained men to meet its demands. Leaders came forward, not from a titled nobility, but from a sovereign people. In magnanimity and in intellect these leaders had no superiors in their time; and most of them were lawyers.

In New England politics, as the influence of the minister had declined that of the lawyer had increased. In all the colonies the necessities of local government, including the administration of justice, had drawn into prominence men trained in the law and devoted to its practice. When the colonies drifted into resistance to England, the lawyers were the only class to whom they could turn for the readiness, discipline, and knowledge required to organize that resistance and to cope with the enemy in debate.

To this class belonged most of the men immediately associated with the

Declaration of Independence. Of the fifty-six signers of that instrument, only one was a minister of the gospel, and he came not from New England, but from New Jersey, — John Witherspoon, the distinguished president of Princeton College. On the other hand, there were twenty-five lawyers, nearly one half of the whole number. Of the other occupations there was but a small representation. Five of the signers had been educated as physicians, nine had been connected with landed estates, and twelve had followed mercantile pursuits.

While thus greatly superior in numbers, the lawyers also did most of the work. The person in the Continental Congress first to move that the thirteen colonies be declared independent was Richard Henry Lee, a man widely read in constitutional and municipal law, although not experienced in the courts. Upon the adoption of the motion, the committee charged with drafting the Declaration were Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston. Jefferson, though the youngest member of the committee, was its chairman; and he also did the work of drawing the instrument. When it had been approved by the committee and was reported to Congress, the task of supporting it in debate was performed mainly by John Adams. These men were lawyers, all but Franklin.

The predominance of the legal profession in the work of constructive politics is illustrated more forcibly in the Convention of 1787, which framed the Constitution of the United States. The plans of government presented for consideration were a scheme for amending the Articles of Confederation by Edmund Randolph, and three drafts of a federal government by Charles Pinckney, William Paterson, and Alexander Hamilton, respectively. The committee of detail, to whom the resolutions of the convention were referred for the purpose of reporting a constitution, were James Wilson, John Rutledge, Edmund Randolph, Oliver Ellsworth, and Nathaniel Gorham; and when the instrument had been reported and thoroughly considered, the committee to whom it was finally referred, in order to revise the style and arrange the articles, were William Samuel Johnson, Alexander Hamilton, Gouverneur Morris, James Madison, and Rufus King. The only person not a lawyer engaged in these important services was Nathaniel Gorham. In fact, the Constitutional Convention was practically an assembly of lawyers. They numbered thirty-four out of the fifty-five members; and apart from Washington, the presiding officer, the only one not a lawyer among the eight or nine men that took the most prominent part was Benjamin Franklin.

The legal profession was worthy of this momentous trust. It had become the class that ranked highest in lineage, dignity, and culture. Among the best families in the colonies were those of Adams, Paine, and Ellery in New England, Livingston and Morris in New York, and Carroll, Lee, Randolph, and Rutledge in the South. As for education, so rapid had been the improvement in the profession that the leaders at the bar were at this time little, if at all, inferior to the ministers in breadth of culture. Indeed, few political bodies have assembled in America through

which the best education of the time has been more evenly distributed than among the signers of the Declaration and the members of the Constitutional Convention. Of the twenty-five lawyers that signed the Declaration, no less than twenty had received a classical or academic education. Eight had attended American colleges, two had been at foreign universities, and ten had been educated under private instruction or in secondary schools of a high grade. So, of the thirty-four lawyers in the Convention of 1787, at least twenty-eight had received a classical training. Twenty were graduates of American colleges, and two had attended foreign universities.

Not only by liberal culture, but also by professional training, were these men eminently fitted for their work. While the delegates from the North may have had greater experience at the bar, those from the South had obtained better advantages for legal study. Several, mostly from the South, by a residence abroad at the Inns of Court, had enjoyed opportunities not only for the systematic study of law, but also for a thoughtful observation of foreign politics. Such was the case with John Dickinson and Jared Ingersoll of Pennsylvania, Charles Carroll of Maryland, John Blair of Virginia, and Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and Edward and John Rutledge of South Carolina.

The nature of their work required the legal mind. Problems such as these, involving abstract principles as well as legal and political precedents, could be grasped and solved only by men trained in the English common law and endowed with an aptitude for the kindred study of politics. In the men of the class and period under consideration, legal attainments and experience in local government and in the exigencies of national affairs had combined to reveal the political situation and to satisfy its demands. In some, also, notably Alexander Ham-

ilton, John Adams, James Madison, and James Wilson, preparation for professional work had been followed by extended research and profound study in the science of government.

Indeed, the composition of the Constitutional Convention might well be regarded as a result of the operation of the law of natural selection in influencing political development. "That so small a body," says George Ticknor Curtis, "should have contained so large a number of statesmen of preëminent ability is a striking proof of the nature of the crisis which called it into existence. The age that witnessed the Revolution and the wants and failures that succeeded it prepared them to know and supply the need." The Convention, says Mr. Bryce in *The American Commonwealth*, "included nearly all the best intellect and the ripest political experience that the United States then contained. . . . These men, great by their talents and the memory of their services, could not have been brought together for any smaller occasion, nor would any lower authority than theirs have sufficed to procure the acceptance of a plan which had so much prejudice arrayed against it."

At first it seemed doubtful whether the States would ratify the Constitution; and what the lawyers had wrought in secret through "bargain and compromise," they now sustained in public by writing and in debate. The speeches of Hamilton and Jay in New York, of Madison in Virginia, and of Wilson in Pennsylvania, together with the writings of the first three in *The Federalist*, were most effective in securing the popular assent.

This earlier or creative era in national politics did not terminate with the ratification of the Constitution. Most of the lawyers concerned in that event who afterward participated in national affairs were engaged simply in their administration. But Alexander Hamilton and

John Marshall exercised a further and important constructive influence. They vitalized and established the Constitution. Yet, though their purpose was a common one, the modes by which they effected it were diverse. That of Hamilton was indirect, in his capacity as administrator; that of Marshall was direct, in his function as judge.

Selected by President Washington as the first Secretary of the Treasury, Hamilton became the controlling mind in the administration. In the exercise of his influence he originated, inaugurated, and executed a policy of finance which gave the general government that dignity, power, and stability which were authorized and required, he believed, by the broad intent of the framers as embodied in the Constitution and approved by the people. In this work he was finally sustained by Marshall. The latter had not taken part in forming the Constitution, but he had aided Madison in securing its acceptance by Virginia. While performing that service as well as in the subsequent division of national parties, he took the Federalist or liberal view of the powers of the general government. With such experience and convictions, he was soon called upon to examine and interpret those powers from an elevation in some respects the most exalted in the national government. In 1801 he was appointed by President John Adams to the office of Chief Justice of the United States. "When Chief Justice Marshall," says Joseph Story, his friend and associate, "first took his seat on the bench, scarcely more than two or three questions of constitutional law had ever engaged the attention of the Supreme Court. . . . Texts that scarcely cover the breadth of a finger have been since interpreted, explained, limited, and adjusted by judicial commentaries which are now expanded into volumes." Of course, Marshall was but one of seven judges; but his mind towered above and controlled the minds of his associates. Fifty-one decisions upon consti-

tutional law were pronounced by the Supreme Court while he was its Chief Justice; and only once was he in the minority.

Such was the service of John Marshall, — the second maker of the Constitution, as he has been called by an eminent American jurist. In America, no other lawyer or statesman has ever wielded so great a constructive power. For to him, fortunate in an early acquaintance and a deep sympathy with the fathers of the Constitution, came the task finally to determine that their will should be indeed the fundamental law, — their will, moreover, in all its fulness, not only so far as it was expressly declared, but also so far as it was necessarily implied. Through this unconscious coöperation of Hamilton and Marshall, the national government necessitated by the Declaration of Independence and outlined in the Constitutional Convention was at last established. With the death of the great Chief Justice in 1835 the formative period of national politics came to an end.

But the work of the lawyer in national politics, though already so important, was, it would seem, hardly more than begun. As it has been stated, President Washington, in forming his cabinet, appointed Alexander Hamilton Secretary of the Treasury. At the same time he made Thomas Jefferson Secretary of State. Later, upon the retirement of Jefferson because of a difference with Hamilton on matters of policy, Jefferson's position was filled successively by Edmund Randolph and Timothy Pickering. All these appointees were lawyers. Indeed, of the nine men called by Washington into his cabinet during the eight years of his administrations, six were of this profession. It is evident that they exercised a predominant influence over his councils in the government. They also controlled the cabinet of President John Adams; of his eight chief counselors, five were lawyers. Nor

did the coming of the Anti-Federalists, or Republicans, into power change the case; for the legal profession was represented by six out of the ten men in the cabinets of Jefferson, and by eight out of the fourteen in those of Madison. This tendency soon becoming a rule, under President Monroe with but one exception, and under President John Quincy Adams with no exception, the chief advisers had studied for the bar. This rule applied not only to the cabinet, but to the presidency itself. After Washington, none other than lawyers filled the President's chair till the election of William Henry Harrison in 1841.

This occupation of the presidential office by men trained to the law, initiated in the earlier part of the century, has been maintained to the present time. The characteristic that has most frequently distinguished the Presidents of the United States is not preëminence in statesmanship. The earliest incumbents of the office were indeed leading statesmen of their time; but this distinction could not be applied to the majority of the men that have subsequently filled it. Neither has breadth of culture been the rule. Of the twenty-three Presidents, about one half have been college graduates. But a knowledge of law has been the common possession of all but five, — George Washington, William Henry Harrison, Zachary Taylor, Andrew Johnson, and Ulysses S. Grant. Likewise, of the twenty-two Vice-Presidents of the United States, about one half have been graduates of colleges, while all but four have been members of the bar.

The same class of men have as a rule retained possession of the cabinet. As the more important duties of the Secretary of State concern the conduct of foreign relations, the office requires an experience in diplomacy rather than a knowledge of law. Accordingly, the selection of Jefferson as the first Secretary of State was the more fitting be-

cause of his long residence at the court of France. So the subsequent choice, for the same office, of James Monroe and John Quincy Adams had the sanction of long and distinguished service abroad. But on the whole such cases have been exceptional. Since the one last named there have been twenty-two Secretaries of State, and of these less than one third have brought to the office experience in diplomacy. In another respect, however, there has been a singular uniformity: all but one — Edward Everett — have been trained for the bar.

The Secretary of the Treasury has charge of the national finances. He digests and prepares plans for the management of the public revenue and expenditures, and the reduction of the national debt. On his wisdom and efficiency may depend the prosperity of business, and hence the welfare of the people. Surely, here is the place for tried skill in finance. It was this qualification which distinguished Robert Morris, at first a successful banker in Philadelphia, and then the financier of the Revolution. But since the adoption of the Constitution, of the thirty-six persons that have been Secretaries of the Treasury, very few, prior to their appointment, had attained prominence in finance. At the same time, all but four had studied for the bar.

The post-office is the great business enterprise conducted by the government of the United States. As such it requires at its head a man not only experienced in the details of business, but also conspicuous for capacity of management and breadth of view. Such an one was Benjamin Franklin when put in charge of the colonial post-office. To what extent the thirty-five persons who have been Postmasters-General of the United States have met these requirements the record does not reveal: all but eight have had a legal training.

Among the chiefs of the departments of war and the navy, one might expect

to find men of distinction in military and naval circles. In the department of war, this expectation has been realized to a considerable extent. The first Secretary of War was Henry Knox, a distinguished Revolutionary officer. Since the time of Knox, the office has been administered by eight army officers, including Generals Scott, Grant, Schofield, and Sherman. It has been held also by twenty-seven lawyers, nearly two thirds of all the incumbents. Among the thirty-three Secretaries of the Navy, only one ever saw service on the sea, while all but eight were educated to the bar.

Why a knowledge of law should thus generally have been the possession of the chief executive officers is not at first apparent. The consideration of questions of a legal character has been assigned by the Constitution to the Attorney-General of the United States, also a member of the cabinet, whose services are available alike to all his associates. Nor is it clear *prima facie* why the members of the cabinet should not as a rule have had before their selection that knowledge and experience usually recognized as most useful in the proper performance of their respective duties. Perhaps the two questions will yield to a common solution.

Under the laws of trade, the management of an important business enterprise usually falls to the person specially qualified for its duties and attracted by its inducements. Is a cabinet position filled on principles peculiar to itself? The answer is involved in the nature and the duties of a cabinet office and in the conditions of national politics. The attractiveness of a cabinet position is lessened by the limitations to which it is subjected. The tenure of a cabinet officer is precarious. As he is summoned, so he may be dismissed, at the will of the President. At most his term of office soon ends; for with a new President usually comes a new cabinet.

There is a lack of independence also. As regards the President, a Secretary's dependence is largely nominal, and his discretion has much latitude; but with Congress — perhaps a hostile body — he must share both his responsibility and his power. The Secretary of State may at times have less power than the Committee on Foreign Relations. The Secretary of the Treasury may devise and recommend a scheme of finance. Whether he will have an opportunity to execute such a plan may depend on the Committee on Ways and Means. A man of large purpose and vigorous execution might well hesitate to accept such dwarfing conditions. At the same time he might prefer a career in Congress to one in the cabinet, as less restricted and more important. It is not incredible that a statesman would choose to be Speaker of the House of Representatives rather than to be Secretary of the Treasury. As the former, he might distribute his enormous patronage so as to control great measures of finance; as the latter, he might apply his efforts simply to their execution.

In fact, the duties of a cabinet officer, at first largely constructive, have become almost exclusively executive. A measure of finance being imperative, in Hamilton's time Congress openly consulted the Secretary of the Treasury; since then, more often the Secretary of the Treasury has privately solicited Congress. If it rests with the national legislature both to plan and to order the construction of ships of war, it does not require an admiral of the navy to execute the decree.

Of course, in time of war or of other great emergency, the executive branch of the government may, either of its own motion or by concession from Congress, exercise extraordinary powers calling for the highest abilities. "Abraham Lincoln," says Mr. Bryce, "wielded more authority than any single Englishman has done since Oliver Crom-

well." But under normal conditions the position and functions of a chief executive officer have not been as a rule such as to enlist or require statesmen of a large mould.

It must be remembered, however, that there is a function, other than executive, exercised by a cabinet officer which has great influence in determining his selection. He has a limited power of appointment. The enormous patronage at the disposal of the executive department is distributed by the President with the advice and assistance of his cabinet. This distribution is made chiefly among party associates and so as to reconcile and strengthen party interests; hence that advice and assistance is more intelligent and trustworthy if prompted by experience and influence in party councils.

In short, under the conditions of politics the qualities that characterize the chief executive officers are usually those that are found also in party leaders. Through the efforts of these leaders the President is nominated and elected; with their support he is to direct his administration; from their number, therefore, for the most part, he selects his cabinet. As a result, his chief advisers are usually his political associates, disciplined in party leadership and in public affairs. They have also, on an average, been well educated. Of the thirty Secretaries of State, at least nineteen have been college graduates. Although the majority of cabinet officers have not been, prior to their appointment, distinguished in diplomacy, finance, business, the army, or the navy, as the case may be, the most of them have spent years in the public service, and some of them have gained distinction in the performance of their executive duties. Alexander Hamilton had not been president of a bank, but he had been a farmer and supporter of the Constitution. William H. Seward had not been sent upon a European mission, but he had

served twelve years in the Senate of the United States. The record of these men as executive officers would honor the history of any nation. Many cabinet officers, before becoming such, had completed a long course of political service, beginning with the state legislature, and running up through the governorship, the House of Representatives, and finally terminating in the United States Senate. Indeed, so often has this been the case that the predominance of lawyers in the cabinet would seem but an index of their ascendancy also in the wider fields of politics, whence mainly the cabinets are drawn.

In regard to Congress, the records, though incomplete, confirm this inference. The First Congress assembled March 4, 1789. As was to be expected, it contained, especially in the upper house, several of the men previously prominent in the Constitutional Convention. In the Senate, the men who had been educated to the bar numbered seventeen out of the twenty-nine members. In the House, their proportion was less, but in Congress as a whole, so nearly as can be determined, they constituted almost one half of the members.

Forty years later the lawyers had evidently acquired a marked increase of influence over national legislation; for the record of the Twentieth Congress indicates that they were in a considerable majority. In the House, about four fifths of the members reported had studied law. Six members had been physicians, six farmers, and ten merchants or business men. In the Senate, one had been a farmer, two had practiced medicine, four had been merchants, and no less than forty had studied for the bar. Thus the proportion of the class last named had risen from about one half in the First Congress to at least two thirds in the Twentieth. To their number belonged, in the latter, such leading spirits as Levi Woodbury, Thomas H. Benton, Robert Y. Hayne,

and Daniel Webster. Congress was passing into the control of the legal profession.

The preponderance then attained was substantially unchanged at the middle of the century; for the Thirtieth Congress, 1847-9, counted in the same profession about three fourths of its Senators and two thirds of all its members. But since the civil war there appears to have been a slight decrease in this proportion, accompanied by a corresponding increase of representation from other professions and from business occupations. In the Fortieth Congress, 1867-9, nearly two thirds of the members had studied or practiced law. Business pursuits had been followed by about one fifth of the Senators and by nearly one sixth of the Representatives. In the House, thirteen members had been farmers, but no other occupation yet unnamed counted more than ten members.

An analysis of the Fiftieth Congress, 1887-9, reveals but little change in composition. More than four fifths of the Senators had studied law. In the House, about one eighth of the members had been engaged in commerce and one fourteenth in agriculture; but more than two thirds of the whole number had been trained to the bar. Thus the ascendancy which this class of men exercised in the Constitutional Convention they early reasserted, and have since maintained to nearly an equal degree in the national legislature. During the first century of our national existence Congress has been controlled by the legal profession.

The selection of delegates to the national legislature mainly from one class of men has doubtless been due in a large measure to the nature of legislation. Upon the adoption of the Constitution and the organization of the new government, it became necessary to devise and facilitate a national policy touching the maintenance of the public credit, the encouragement of domestic

industry and of foreign commerce, the development of natural resources, and the preservation of the public peace and honor. This duty was imposed on Congress, but to what extent and by what means could appear only from the terms of the Constitution or fundamental law. These terms, however, were open to two widely diverging lines of interpretation, and their actual intent was as yet undetermined by a competent authority. Whether the one line or the other should be followed was a question that arose at the outset, because on its decision depended the validity of national legislation. It arose repeatedly during the first seventy years of our national existence, and it was a question for the legal mind.

The two lines of interpretation just mentioned led also to conclusions diametrically opposite concerning the very basis of our political system, the relation of the States to the general government. The one course terminated in strength, nationality, and union; the other in weakness, sectionalism, and secession. The government of the United States was in form either a constitution established by the sovereign people, and alterable only by inherent methods, or a compact entered into by sovereign States, and rescindable at the pleasure of the parties. This question was finally settled by the civil war, but it was first defined and championed in debate. On the arena of Congress the opposing parties met many times in fierce dispute; at length, exhausted, they stood apart, the silent witnesses of one of the most striking incidents in our history, the single contest between their respective leaders, Daniel Webster and Robert Y. Hayne. These men were lawyers. None others could have played their part.

It should be remembered also that the work of legislation consists largely in the drafting of measures and in the comprehension and elucidation of their bearings. What Congress enacts be-

comes a law; hence, first of all, there is need of exhaustive consideration and verbal precision. Is it surprising, then, that the men delegated to make the statutes should be, as a rule, those that are versed in legal knowledge and adept in exact statement?

At any rate, this class of men have constantly received the suffrages of the people. They have been the popular leaders in national politics, and their leadership has resulted not only from the need of their professional services, but also from the superiority of their intellectual culture and abilities. The high degree of education in the framers of 1787 has already been set forth. The average has been somewhat lower in members of Congress. It appears from the record of the Twentieth Congress, 1827-9, that of the forty Senators in that body that had studied law, at least twenty-four, or nearly one half, had also a collegiate or liberal education, eight an academic or secondary, and three a common school or primary education. In the House, of the one hundred and two Representatives that had studied law, seventy, or nearly two thirds, had also a collegiate or liberal education, eighteen an academic or secondary, and eleven a common school or primary education.

After the lapse of forty years there was but little change. In the Fortieth Congress, 1867-9, forty-nine Senators had been trained for the bar. Of these, twenty-eight, or nearly one half, had also attended colleges or other liberal schools, and fourteen academic or secondary schools; three had attended common schools. In the House, one hundred and fifty-four Representatives had studied law. Of these, about one half had also a first-class education, about one fourth a secondary, and nearly one fourth a primary education. This analysis, though incomplete from the inadequacy of biographical data, points to a good average of non-professional edu-

cation among lawyers in Congress, which, though not so high as it was in the Constitutional Convention, has nevertheless remained almost stationary, in spite of the rapid westward extension of our political system.

It is not, however, the degree of culture so much as the mental traits resulting especially from a study of law that has conciliated popular favor. "There is not within the compass of human attainment," says Joseph Story, "any science which has so direct a tendency as this to strengthen the understanding, to enlarge its powers, to sharpen its sagacity, and to form habits of nice and accurate discrimination." Moreover, a facility in public speech and a knowledge of practical affairs are gained from the practice of law more than from any other single pursuit. Then, too, the quality of legal training has been improving constantly since the youth John Marshall, in 1780, at the College of William and Mary, attended lectures on law by the celebrated Chancellor Wythe. James Wilson at the college in Philadelphia, Chancellor Kent at Columbia College, Joseph Story at the Harvard Law School, and many other distinguished jurists have contributed to give the legal profession a relatively higher eminence and influence in this country than in any other. In short, in the absence of a titled or other class, with an inherited or acknowledged right to govern, the people have naturally entrusted their legislative and administrative powers principally to that class of men who by their culture and abilities seemed best fitted for the trust.

At the same time, this class more than any other have acquired a taste for public affairs, and have had the leisure to indulge it. The science of law largely involves that of civil government, and the practice of law is but an agency in its execution. All the more, then, are the people willing that the two functions should be associated in the

same person. In fact, public opinion, as well as circumstances, which combine to oppose the pursuit of politics in connection with most other callings, have made an exception in the case of law. A seat in Congress has not prevented practice in the courts; nay, often it has but increased or elevated its scope.

Has so partial a bestowal of confidence in political affairs resulted in an unqualified benefit to the public? It appears, on examination, that very often the entrance of a lawyer into politics has proved but the beginning of a long public career, and the practice of the law has been abandoned for the course of political preferment. Whether such course has been followed more often in the pursuit of selfish ambition than in the acceptance of merited promotion it would be difficult to determine. But it is well to contemplate the possibility that social position and special training, if unreservedly trusted, may be employed more for the retention of office than for the good of the public. Indeed, many people believe that this possibility has been realized, and that our system of politics has been rather prolific of so-called politicians than productive of statesmen. It is true, as Mr. Bryce has recently pointed out, that "politics, considered not as the science of government, but as the art of winning elections and securing office," has reached in the United States a development surpassing in elaborateness that of any other country. With this development also has coincided the political ascendancy of the legal profession. And yet a legal training has been the possession of our statesmen as well as of the politicians. Joseph Story said, in speaking upon the Characteristics of Our Age: "It was the bitter scoff of other times, approaching to the sententiousness of a proverb, that to be a good lawyer was to be an indifferent statesman. The profession has outlived the truth of the sarcasm. At the present

moment England may count lawyers among her most gifted statesmen; and in America . . . our most eminent statesmen have been — nay, still are — the brightest ornaments of our bar." These words were not more true when spoken in 1826 than they have been of the period that has followed.

On the whole, it is probable that the "art of winning elections" would have developed less rapidly had there been less of class rule in national politics. One of the principles at the basis of our scheme of politics is "the distrust of the various organs and agents of government." If this principle be applied to the matter in hand — the political ascendancy of lawyers — it leads to the conclusion reached by Edmund Burke in his *Reflections on the Revolution in France*. He thus sums up his criticisms upon the preponderance of men connected with the law in the composition of the *Tiers Etat* in the National Assembly: "They are good and useful in the composition; they must be mischievous if they preponderate so as virtually to become the whole."

There are signs that this virtual monopoly in national politics is gradually disappearing. The unprecedented development of science and industry during the past fifty years has caused the growth of special departments of law, offering extraordinary rewards for their practice, and thus lessening the attractiveness of politics. Often the adoption of a legal specialty opens the way, not to the Senate of the United States, but to the management of a vast corporation and to the possession of great wealth. Sometimes these objects are reconciled, and the Senate, as before, becomes the ultimate goal. In fact, Wealth has long since asserted herself by the side of legal knowledge as the nurse of statesmen, and the millionaire sits with the lawyer in the halls of Congress.

This material development which is distracting the lawyer from politics is also lessening somewhat his relative influence in legislation. Congress has, for example, less occasion to discuss questions of constitutionality in proportion as the lines of constitutional law become definite. On the other hand, its attention is drawn more and more to the material and social conditions that result in these days from the magnitude and complexity of business and society. Such conditions demand consideration from every point of view; and however valuable in legislation the service of the legal profession may be, it should not exclude the coöperation of all classes. Such coöperation must accompany the reform of the civil service. Public sentiment demands that the principles governing the conduct of public office be assimilated to those operating in the transaction of business. The principle that fitness determined by accepted standards shall govern the selection for public office, now slowly penetrating the lower grades, must before long affect the highest branches of the government. It militates with the monopolization of the offices by any class or profession.

Nevertheless the lawyer must retain an important influence in national affairs; and that influence, when properly exerted, is a great conservative force. As De Tocqueville has well pointed out, a large part of political questions in the United States are passed upon sooner or later by the legal profession; and the habit of consulting precedent begets "the stationary spirit of legal men and their prejudices in favor of existing institutions." It fell mainly to them to constitute and establish the government of the United States. Guided by that spirit, they have adjusted the political experience of the Anglo-Saxon race to the modified conditions of a new world, and the excellence of their work will ever deserve a grateful recognition.

Frank Gaylord Cook.

TROTTING HORSES.

WITH the exception of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, — who would, by the way, have made an excellent sporting-man, had not the superior attractions of literature and medicine intervened, — I do not know that any writer of mark has ever said a good word for the American trotter. This is a great pity, for the animal plays an important part in the daily life of the whole community, being concerned, as the Autocrat pointed out, even in the early conveyance of milk-cans and in the prompt delivery of fresh rolls. These humble offices have actually been performed by horses who afterward acquired fame upon the track. Within the past year, an old Dutchman, living in Western New York and engaged in the milk business, was astonished and not a little frightened by the pace which his beast set up one frosty morning. The cart was bounced over the pavements of the city where his route lay, the cans hopped and rattled in their seats, and the driver lost his breath. But he had no sooner recovered it than he began to boast of the wonderful speed at which the horse had carried him, and thereafter the animal was taken out, harnessed to a buggy, on Saturday afternoons and like occasions, for a brush on the road with the fast trotters of the neighborhood, all of whom he outstripped. Pretty soon the Dutchman's son, who had been brought up in this country, procured an old sulky, and put the milk-wagon steed in some sort of training. In two months' time they appeared at a track, engaged in a race with veteran drivers and horses of established reputation, and beat them all in three straight heats, — a wonderful achievement for a green trotter and jockey, and an immense surprise to the professional persons who had jeered at the uncouth appearance of the new-comers. This case

bears out Dr. Holmes's illustration of the milk-cart; nor is the other example that he gives without foundation in fact. Some years ago, a baker's horse in Boston, after delivering her rolls and brown-bread in the city one day as usual, was driven to Saugus, a distance of about eight miles, and started in a match race at the track there. In the exuberance of her spirits she ran away in the first heat, and went around the course once or twice before she could be stopped. But being allowed to start again, notwithstanding this irregularity, she won the race, and finished her day's work by bringing the baker back to Boston and beating all the horses that engaged with her on the road home.

It must not be supposed, however, that these animals were entirely of plebeian origin. The milkman's horse had a dash of thoroughbred in his composition, and the baker's mare belonged to the incomparable Morgan strain. Indeed it rarely, perhaps never, happens that a horse who is not connected more or less closely with the equine aristocracy becomes distinguished as a trotter. There is a popular superstition that Flora Temple, Dexter, and other celebrated animals were of obscure birth, and began life in humble situations; but this, as I shall presently show, is not the case. Dutchman, to be sure, an old-time trotter of great courage and bottom, was first used in a string-team at Philadelphia to haul brick; but he was a horse of good breeding. He was a bay gelding, 15 hands 3 inches high, very powerfully made, bony and strong, with a plain but resolute face, and a fine neck and head. Dutchman's time for three miles, namely 7 minutes 32½ seconds, remained the best on record from the year when it was made, 1839, till 1872, when Huntress, a beautiful bay mare, reduced

it to 7.21 $\frac{1}{4}$. Some circumstances in the career of Dutchman will be mentioned further on.

There is another reason why every American ought to take an interest in the trotter. Trotting, like base-ball, is, as its votaries often remark, a national sport, — national in the sense not only that it is popular among us, but that it was created by us; and consequently anybody in the United States who fails to take an interest in it is so far forth out of touch with his countrymen. There is something lacking in him, — some obscure though doubtless valuable trait, which, if he possessed it, would surely make him interesting in other directions, but which is most conspicuously revealed in a fondness for the track. Running horses furnish a spirited and beautiful sport, but the runner can never be domesticated; whereas any man who owns a single horse may find himself in the possession of a trotter, or at least of an animal which he considers to be such, — and this comes to nearly the same thing. The very beast who drags a family carryall may, like the milkman's or the baker's nag, prove worthy of a better fate. It must be remembered that few horses trot fast naturally. They require skillful driving and training; often, also, the judicious application of weights, boots, rollers, and the like, in order to lengthen their stride or to correct other imperfections in their gait. It is possible, therefore, for a horse to have "the making of a trotter in him" during an indefinite period; and so long as the owner refrains from putting his inchoate racer to the test, his opportunity for boasting about the animal's latent speed is almost unlimited. Seoffers may throw cold water upon his pretensions, but no man can assert absolutely that he is wrong.

The history of Flora Temple, who reduced the record for a mile from 2.25 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2.19 $\frac{3}{4}$, illustrates the fact that trotters, like angels, may be entertained unawares.

She was well born, her sire being Kentucky Hunter, but in her early youth she was considered almost worthless on account of her wild and, as everybody supposed, ungovernable temper. Flora, as they called her at first, was a rough-coated little bay mare, not over 14 hands 2 inches high, but possessed of a blood-like head, shapely neck, long body, straight back, and fine legs with powerful muscles. Her birthplace was in the neighborhood of Utica, New York, where she was sold at the age of four years for the small sum of \$13. A few months later, for \$80, she passed into the hands of a drover, who took her with him on his way to the city of New York. One bright morning in June, 1850, this drover was passing through the beautiful village of Washington Hollow. He was mounted on a fine gray stallion, and keeping his cattle in line, while the small bay horse was tied to the tail-board of an open wagon, drawn by two stout mules and driven by a sleepy negro. This interesting procession attracted the notice of one Mr. Jonathan A. Vielee, a shrewd horseman, who happened to be basking in the sun at his stable door on the morning in question, and who, remarking the strong and gamy appearance of the future Queen of the Turf, hailed the drover, and presently "had the little mare by the nose, and was studying every mark upon her teeth. He then" — I quote from Mr. George Wilkes's history of Flora Temple — "took hold of her feet; and the little mare lifted them successively in his hand, with a quiet, downward glance, that seemed to say, 'You'll find everything right there, Mr. Vielee, and as fair and as firm as if you wished me to trot for a man's life!' And so Mr. Vielee did; and as he dropped the last foot, he liked the promise of the little mare amazingly, and it struck him that if he could get her for any sum short of \$250 she would be a mighty good bargain.

"She is about five years old?" said Mr. Vielee, inquiringly.

"You have seen for yourself," replied the drover.

"I should judge she was all right," again suggested Mr. Vielee, partly walking round the mare, and again looking at her up and down.

"Sound as a dollar, and kind as a kitten," responded the drover, as firmly as if prepared to give a written guarantee.

"Not always so *kind*, neither," said Mr. Vielee, looking again steadily at the mare's face, "or I don't understand that deviltry in her eye. But that's neither here nor there. You say the mare is for sale. Now, let's know what you will take for her." The result was that Mr. Vielee bought her for \$175.

"And a pretty good price at that," said the drover to himself on pocketing the cash, "for an animal that only cost me eighty, and who is so foolish and flighty that she will never be able to make a square trot in her life."

A few weeks later Mr. Vielee took his new purchase to New York, and sold her to Mr. G. E. Perrin for \$350. "In the hands of Mr. Perrin," relates the graphic writer from whom I have quoted already, "the little bay mare, who had proved so intractable, so flighty, so harum-scarum, and, to come down to the true term, so *worthless* to her original owners, was favored with more advantages than ever she had enjoyed before. She was not only introduced to the very best society of fast-goers on the Bloomingdale and Long Island roads, but she was taught, when 'flinging herself out' with exuberant and superabundant spirit all over the road, as it were, to play her limbs in a true line, and give her extraordinary qualities a chance to show their actual worth. If ever she made a skip, a quick admonition and a steady check brought her to her senses; and when, in her frenzy of excitement at being challenged by some tip-top

goer, she would, to use a sportsman's phrase, 'travel over herself' and go 'up' into the air, she was steadied and settled down by a firm rein into solid trotting and good behavior in an instant. The crazy, flighty, half-racking, and half-trotting little bay mare became a true stepper, and very luckily passed out of her confused 'rip-i-ty clip-i-ty' sort of going into a clean, even, long, low, locomotive-trotting stroke. Many a man who came up to a road tavern, after having been unexpectedly beaten by her, would say to her owner, as they took a drink at the bar, 'That's a mighty nice little mare of yours, and if she was only big enough to stand hard work you might expect a good deal from her.'

But Flora Temple was big enough, as her subsequent career proved. Little horses, in fact, often make the best weight-pullers and stand the most work. Hopeful, whose time to a skeleton wagon for a mile, 2.16½, made in 1878, still remains the best on record, was a small gray horse, and, like almost all weight-pullers, a very short and quick stepper. "If little horses of this sort be particularly examined," says a high authority, "it will commonly be found that, though they are low, they are long in all the moving parts; and their quarters are generally as big and sometimes a deal bigger than those of many much larger horses." This remark would apply to Arab coursers, who, although their muscles are great, rarely stand above 14½ hands high; and many thoroughbreds, conspicuous for their staying powers, have had the same general conformation.

Flora Temple soon came into the hands of the noted trainer and driver, the late Hiram Woodruff, a man of sound judgment and of the purest integrity, whose book, *The Trotting Horse of America*, is a classic in equine literature from which I shall freely quote. It shows on almost every page that its writer possessed two

great qualities,—a faculty of grasping general principles, and a readiness to depart from them under particular circumstances. These, I venture to say, are qualities that distinguish the master spirits in all departments of activity. Under Woodruff's tuition Flora Temple became a great race horse. She reduced the mile record, as we have seen, from 2.25½ to 2.19¾, being equally good at two and three mile heats. There were several contemporary trotters, between whom and Flora Temple very little difference in speed existed when they first encountered her; but she outlasted the others. Some of these horses actually beat her once or twice; but the longer they kept at it, the wider became the distance between them and the little bay mare, of whom it had been said that she might prove valuable if she were only big enough to stand hard work. Highland Maid, a well-bred, long-stepping bay mare; Tacony, the first horse to make a record of 2.25½; Lancet; Ethan Allen, a small but beautiful and very fast bay stallion of Morgan blood; Rose of Washington; Princess, a very handsome, high-bred mare, who came on from California expressly to beat Flora Temple; John Morgan, a big, fine-looking, golden-chestnut horse of good breeding, brought from the West for the same purpose; George M. Patchen, a famous brown stallion of Morgan and Clay blood,—all these horses and many others engaged with Flora Temple, sometimes "turn and turn about," but all were badly beaten in the end. "Flora Temple," said Hiram Woodruff, "would train on and get better, when thoroughly hardened, towards the middle and close of the season. This is one of the most valuable qualities that a trotting horse can have. The greatest excellence in trotting is only to be reached through much labor and cultivation. Now, if strong work at a few sharp races overdoes a horse and knocks him off, it is a great, almost an insurmountable obsta-

cle to his attaining the greatest excellence, even in speed for a mile."

After Flora Temple came Dexter, a brown horse with a white face and four white feet. Like her he had remarkable courage and endurance, his dam being of the famous American Star family.

"Some of the Stars," Hiram Woodruff said, "have given out in the legs; but their pluck is so good that they stand up to the last, when little better than mere cripples. It is no wonder that they have great game and courage; for Star's grandsire was the thoroughbred four-miler Henry, who ran for the South on the Island here against the Northern horse Eclipse, in 1823. I went to see the race, being then six years old, and got a licking for it when I came home."

Dexter was born and reared in the purple, being first sold at the age of four, when four hundred dollars were paid for him. He lowered the record to 2.17¾, and doubtless would have reduced it still further had he not become the property of Mr. Robert Bonner, who withdrew him from the turf. The excellence of this horse probably gave the finishing blow to an old superstition which is embodied in the following stanza:—

"One white foot, inspect him;
Two white feet, reject him;
Three white feet, sell him to your foes;
Four white feet, feed him to the crows."

The first great performance of Dexter was made in October, 1865, when he trotted under saddle against time, being matched to beat 2.19. He was trained by Woodruff, but ridden in the race by John Murphy, a very skillful horseman, and one of the few jockeys whose reputation for honesty is absolutely unblemished. In this match, Dexter trotted the first half mile in 1.06½; but after passing that point he broke. "When he broke," Hiram Woodruff relates, "the people cried, 'He can't do it this time!' But he settled well, and when he came

on to the home stretch he had a fine burst in. I was up towards there, and sung out to Johnny, as he came by me, 'Cut him loose; you'll do it yet!' Then Johnny clucked to him, and he went away like an arrow from the bow, true and straight, and with immense resolution and power of stroke. I knew he must do it if he did not break before he got to the score, and up I tossed my hat into the air. I never felt happier in all my life. The time given by the judges was 2m. 18½s.; the outsiders made it somewhat less."

Of the great trotters, Dexter seems to have been the best "all-round" horse, for none of his contemporaries was able to beat him either in one, two, or three mile heats; and he showed his superiority to a wagon or under saddle as well as in harness. Hiram Woodruff anticipated but did not live to see his greatest triumphs. "It is a long time now," he wrote shortly before his own death, "since I took Mr. Foster to his box, and, pointing out his very remarkable shape, — the wicked head, the gamecock throttle, the immense depth over the heart, the flat, oblique shoulder, laid back clean under the saddle, the strong back, the mighty haunches, square and as big as those of a cart-horse, and the good, wiry legs, — predicted to him that here stood the future Lord of the Trotting World."

Goldsmith Maid, who reduced the mark from 2.17½ to 2.14, had almost the appearance of a thoroughbred. She was rather small, being 15½ hands high, but her legs were "clean," that is free from fat, wide, and wiry; her head and neck were finely cut and indicative of good breeding; she was deep through the lungs, but so small in the waist as to suggest a lack of constitution, although she was in reality extremely tough and lasting; her feet were small and good. It was said of this famous mare that "in her highest trotting form, drawn to an edge, she is almost deer-like in ap-

pearance; and when scoring for a start, and alive to the emergencies of the race, with her great flashing eye and dilated nostrils, she is a perfect picture of animation and living beauty. Her gait is long, bold, and sweeping, and she is, in the hands of a driver acquainted with her peculiarities, a perfect piece of machinery."

Not a few horses like Goldsmith Maid have had this peculiar thin-waisted appearance, and yet were possessed of much nervous strength and of great courage. A famous trotter described by Hiram Woodruff was of this character. "Rattler," he says, "was a bay gelding, 15 hands high, a fast and stout horse, though light-waisted and delicate in appetite and constitution. He was a very long strider, and when going his best it sometimes seemed as though he would part in the middle." He was afterward taken to England, where, so well did the climate suit him, he gained in appetite, and consequently in health and strength.

Goldsmith Maid, when six years of age, was sold by her breeder for \$260, having never been put to work on account of her nervous disposition. She had, however, taken a very creditable part in certain amateur running races, which were held in a grassy lane about one quarter of a mile long. These dashes always took place by moonlight, being unauthorized by the elders of the family, but secretly enjoyed by the boys on the farm. Soon after she left her birthplace the Maid was sold again for \$600 to Mr. Alden Goldsmith, a famous horseman, by whom she was named. He kept her for five years, and sold her for \$20,000. Her dam and the dam of her sire were both well-bred animals, though their pedigree is not known; and her sire was a noble horse called Alexander's Abdallah, who, in February, 1865, had the ill fortune to be stolen by guerrillas from his home in Kentucky. The next day he was recaptured, and, though

unshod, ridden fifty miles by a Federal soldier over rough and stony roads. Becoming exhausted, he was abandoned at the roadside without food or shelter, and died a few days afterward of pneumonia.

All the great trotters have had grooms, or "rubbers," as they are technically called, between whom and the horses a strong affection existed. The name of Peter Conover is linked in this way with that of Dexter. Conover not only "rubbed" Dexter, but made most of his "boots," and drove him at exercise. Rarus had his "Dave" and "Barney." A colored man named Grant was transferred to Mr. Bonner with Maud S., as being necessarily appurtenant to her. "Lucy Jimmy" was, as his name denotes, the attendant of Lucy, a celebrated mare contemporary with Goldsmith Maid, and very little inferior to her in speed. "Old Charlie" faithfully served the Maid herself for many years, during five of which he was never absent from her stall except for two nights. Goldsmith Maid, like Rarus and like Johnston, the wonderful pacer, had a little dog as a companion.¹ "They were a great family," says Mr. Doble, "that old mare, Old Charlie, and the dog, — apparently interested in nothing else in the world but themselves, and getting along together as well as you could wish. When it was bed-time, Charlie would lie down on his cot in one corner of the stall, his pillow being a bag containing the mare's morning feed of oats; the Maid would ensconce herself in another corner; and somewhere else in the stall the dog would stretch himself out. About five o'clock in the morning the Maid would get a little restless and hungry. She knew well enough where the oats were,

¹ Johnston was an extremely nervous horse, and the dog was procured for that reason. With his constant companionship and with that of the same Dave who had taken care of Rarus, the pacer improved in *morale*, in health, and appetite. While he was preparing for his match against time, Dave never left

and would come over to where Charlie lay sleeping and stick her nose under his head, and in this manner wake him, and give notice that she wanted to be fed."

I shall speak hereafter of Goldsmith Maid's remarkable intelligence in "scoring." But perhaps the most interesting fact in her career is that she made her fastest time, 2.14, at the age of nineteen, and a year later she trotted one heat in 2.14½, and forty others in less than 2.30. She remained on the track for nearly fifteen years, conquered all the fastest horses of her time, and trotted in all 332 heats under 2.30. She lasted so long partly because of her good breeding, and partly, no doubt, because she was never trained or worked until she had become a mature horse. The fashion now is to make the trotter's career begin while he is still a colt, but although the practice has not been tested thoroughly, it must be fraught with danger. If it ever should become general, it is certain that many young horses would be overworked and ruined every year, comparatively few drivers having the discretion and patience that are required for the safe "preparation" of a colt. There have been other horses who, like Goldsmith Maid, being well bred and beginning at a mature age, lasted a long while on the track. Dutchman, who trotted his first race at six years of age, was still a sound and fast horse at eighteen. Topgallant, a son of the thoroughbred imported horse Messenger, and the first to make a record of .2.40, is a still more extraordinary example. When twenty-four years old he trotted a very hard race of four three-mile heats against all the best horses of his day, winning one heat:

the stall, having his meals brought to him there; and to his assiduity and gentleness Splan, the driver, ascribes much of the credit which arises from the fact that Johnston obtained the best record, 2.06¼, ever made by any pacer or trotter.

and the week after he engaged in another race of three-mile heats, which he won. Old Topgallant was a great favorite of Hiram Woodruff, who as a boy took care of him, and as a young man trained, rode, and drove him. Woodruff describes Topgallant as "a dark bay horse, 15 hands 3 inches high, plain and raw-boned, but with rather a fine head and neck, and an eye expressive of much courage. He was spavined in both hind legs, and his tail was slim at the root. His spirit was very high, and yet he was so reliable that he would hardly ever break, and his bottom was of the finest and toughest quality. He was more than fourteen years of age before he was known at all as a trotter, except that he could go a distance, the whole length of the New York Road, as well as any horse that had ever been extended on it."

At the close of the civil war there was living on a small farm at Greenport, Long Island, one Mr. R. B. Conklin, a retired stage carpenter, who by industry and thrift had saved a little money. Mr. Conklin had a passion for horses, especially for trotters, and he conceived the idea that a certain colt born on his farm was destined to become the champion trotter of the world. The mother of the colt was a fine gray nag called Nancy Awful, half-thoroughbred, and very high spirited. She belonged to Mr. Conklin, and his belief in her and in her colt became with him a sort of religion. Many men, no doubt, under similar circumstances have been equally enthusiastic, but the peculiarity in this case was that Mr. Conklin had always enjoyed the reputation of being "hard-headed," cautious, and shrewd. His neighbors therefore came to the charitable conclusion that on this particular subject the old carpenter had gone mad. The foal was certainly very promising, long, muscular, and full of life and spirit. "From

the day of its birth," says the historian, "it was treated differently from any other animal on the place. As soon as it had been weaned, a suitable stall was built in a big barn for its accommodation, and from that day forth nothing was left undone to secure its comfort; and it was not long before Conklin and his colt were the talk of that end of Long Island. When the colt was three years old it was broken to harness, and during the following summer took part in a little race on the Island, winning the contest in about three minutes. Then the old man was more certain than ever that he had the wonder of the world, and redoubled his efforts in the way of care, etc., had a special stable built for the colt, with an office adjoining, where in winter, all seated around a big fire, he would entertain his neighbors telling them what a great horse that colt was going to be. . . . For the next two years Mr. Conklin gave almost his entire time to the care and education of this colt. He bought himself a light wagon, got a set of double harness, secured an old runner, and as he was a very heavy man, and did not want to compel the colt to draw his weight, he hooked him by the side of the runner, and in this manner he received his first lesson in trotting."¹

The extraordinary part of this story is that the colt, who was called Rarus, perfectly fulfilled the extravagant expectations of his breeder and owner, becoming the champion trotter of the world, and reducing the record in 1878 to 2.13½. Mr. Conklin managed him well, for John Splan, a great driver, in whose hands Rarus passed the famous part of his career, declared that he never drove a better broken horse.

Rarus was a rangy bay, of high courage, with a plain but blood-like and intelligent head, a good neck, and poor feet. Excepting the tendency to inflam-

¹ This quotation is taken from Mr. John Splan's recently published *Life with the Trot-*

ters, a most racy, entertaining, and instructive work.

ination in his feet, he was a remarkably healthy horse, never losing his appetite, despite the long journeys that he made and the hard races that he trotted. At one time Rarus served as a foil for Goldsmith Maid, just as in earlier days George M. Patchen, John Moggan, and other horses did for Flora Temple, and as the same Patchen and Princess did later for Dexter. But in this case there was a difference. Rarus was much younger than Goldsmith Maid, and he was controlled by a driver who had no notion of using him up in hopeless contests.

Both horses spent the winter of 1876-77 in California, where they gave some "exhibition" races, no pools being sold, and it being understood that Rarus would not attempt to win. During this time, also, Splan, the driver of Rarus, a man eminently gifted with the wisdom of the serpent, took pains that none of the sporting-men from San Francisco who visited the track occasionally should ever time Rarus at his best. The consequence was that Splan's horse came to be regarded in California as a much-over-rated beast. In the spring, on the Maid's twenty-first birthday, Budd Doble drove her a mile in 2.16; but a day or two later Splan privately timed his horse in 2.15. Soon afterward, a purse was offered in a "free-for-all" race, near San Francisco, and both Goldsmith Maid and Rarus were entered. The betting men supposed that the Maid would have an easy victory, but Splan and his friends, who wagered an enormous sum on the result, thought otherwise, and Rarus won. The sporting Californians were freely bled of their money, and Splan was, in consequence, criticised as a robber who had come on from the East with the express purpose of plundering honest men. His conduct toward Budd Doble, his friend and the owner of the Maid, may have been somewhat disingenuous, but there was nothing of which the public had a right to

complain, for the race was a fair one. This trot marked the end of the Maid's public career. Rarus soon took her place as a "star" performer, and two years later he was sold to Mr. Robert Bonner for \$36,000.

No sketch of Rarus would be complete without some mention of his remarkable friendship for a dog. When the horse was in California, a fireman gave to Splan a wiry-haired Scotch terrier pup, who was then two months old, and weighed when full grown only fifteen pounds. Splan in turn gave the pup to Dave, the groom of Rarus, with the caution not to let the horse hurt him, for on several occasions Rarus had bitten dogs that ventured into his stall. But to this terrier, who is described as possessing "almost human intelligence," the trotter took a great fancy, which the dog fully returned. They became fast and inseparable friends. "Not only," says Mr. Splan, "were they extremely fond of each other, but they showed their affection plainly as did ever a man for a woman. We never took any pains to teach the dog anything about the horse. Everything he knew came to him by his own patience. From the time I took him to the stable, a pup, until I sold Rarus they were never separated an hour. We once left the dog in the stall while we took the horse to the blacksmith shop, and when we came back we found he had made havoc with everything there was in there, trying to get out, while the horse during the entire journey was uneasy, restless, and in general acted as badly as the dog did. Dave remarked that he thought that we had better keep the horse and dog together after that. When Rarus went to the track for exercise or to trot a race, the dog would follow Dave around and sit by the gate at his side, watching Rarus with as much interest as Dave did. When the horse returned to the stable after a heat, and was unchecked, the dog would walk up and

climb up on his forward legs and kiss him, the horse always bending his head down to receive the caress. In the stable, after work was over, Jim and the horse would often frolic like two boys. If the horse lay down, Jim would climb on his back, and in that way soon learned to ride him; and whenever I led Rarus out to show him to the public, Jim invariably knew what it meant, and enhanced the value of the performance by the manner in which he would get on the horse's back. On these occasions the horse was shown to halter, and Jimmy, who learned to distinguish such events from those in which the sulky was used, would follow Dave and Rarus out on the quarter stretch; and then when the halt was made in front of the grand stand, Dave would stoop down, and in a flash Jimmy would jump on his back, run up his shoulder, from there leap on the horse's back, and there he would stand, his head high in the air and his tail out stiff behind, barking furiously at the people. He seemed to know that he was as much a part of the show as the horse, and apparently took great delight in attracting attention to himself."

When Rarus was sold to Mr. Bonner Splan sent Jimmy with the horse, rightly judging that it would be cruel to separate them. But in Mr. Bonner's stable there was already a bull-terrier in charge, and one day when, for some real or fancied affront, the small dog attacked the larger one, the latter took Jimmy by the neck and was fast killing him; but Rarus heard his outcries, and perceiving that his little friend was in danger and distress, pulled back on the halter till it broke, rushed out of his stall, and would have made short work with the bull-terrier had he not been restrained by the grooms.

The examples which I have cited prove that horses are far more capable of attaching themselves to other animals, man included, than is generally supposed; for neither Dexter, nor Gold-

smith Maid, nor Rarus was particularly affectionate in disposition. There is recorded one extraordinary case of friendship between an old horse and a young one. A trotting-bred colt, called Bay, had conceived a great fondness for a gray gelding who was pastured in the same lot with him, his affection being warmly returned. When the young horse arrived at the proper age he was sent to a trainer, but in his new quarters he became unmanageable; he refused to eat, kicked and plunged in his stall, and kept the whole place in an uproar. Finally he was returned to the farm, and put back in the field with his gray friend, where he seemed perfectly contented. His owner then concluded that he would have to send the old horse also to the trainer, as a sort of companion or nurse to the young one. This he did, and thereafter the two animals were never separated. When Bay's education was so far advanced that he was thought worthy to go on the "grand circuit," the gray gelding was taken with him from city to city. In the "palace horse car" which conveyed Bay and the other costly racers, a stall was invariably reserved for his humble friend; and whenever Bay engaged in a race the old horse accompanied the "rubbers" to the track, being always stationed in some place where the young trotter could conveniently see and speak to him between the heats.

The 2.13½ of Rarus was reduced the very next year by St. Julien to 2.11½. This is a big, slashing bay horse, with a large but good head, wide hips, and powerful hind legs. His sire was Volunteer, who was by the famous Rysdyk's Hambletonian, Volunteer's dam being a well-bred mare, from whom he derived a handsome head and neck and a high spirit; these being characteristics seldom found in the Hambletonian strain. The dam of St. Julien was of the Clay family, which he closely resembled. St. Julien, like many trotters, was not

brought to his best without the expenditure of exceeding pains on the part of his trainer and driver, Mr. Orrin Hickock. He is a very "nervous horse, and it required months of practice before he became accustomed to "scoring," so that he was fit to start in a race.

A year later, Maud S. reduced the record to 2.10 $\frac{3}{4}$, and again, in 1885, to 2.08 $\frac{3}{4}$, which is still the best time. Jay-Eye-See, with his record of 2.10, held the supremacy for a single day in 1884. He is an honest but ugly little black horse, having hind legs of tremendous power, which propel him with the accuracy and force of locomotive driving-wheels. Jay-Eye-See was by Dictator, a son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, his dam being a daughter of Pilot, Jr., and his grandam being of the famous Lexington race-horse blood. Maud S. was bred in much the same way. Her sire was Harold, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian; her dam being Miss Russell, by Pilot, Jr., and her grandam another descendant of Lexington. Maud S. shows her thoroughbred quality in every line. She is a medium-sized golden chestnut, with a beautiful neck, a large, but bony, clean-cut, and noble head, ears that are well shaped, though a little too big, and a large eye, full of intelligence and courage. She has a straight back and strong quarters. Her present owner, Mr. Robert Bonner, says of her, "Maud S. is the most intelligent and the most affectionate animal that I have ever owned. She has, however, 'a will of her own,' and would resent harsh treatment of any kind; but if you use her gently and kindly you can do anything with her. Solomon's dictum concerning children would not answer in her case. If you did not 'spare the rod' you would be sure to 'spoil' her. I would as soon think of striking a woman as to give Maud S. a sharp cut with a whip." There was a time in the career of Maud S. when she was wild, ungovernable, and, as a racing mare, nearly if

not quite worthless. But a long course of patient training brought her back to her original state, and she is now perhaps the best driving horse as well as the fastest trotter in the world.

In the course of this brief survey it must have occurred to the reader that there is one respect in which all the most distinguished trotters have resembled each other, and that is in their nervous energy, in high spirit and courage. That latent flame which the Washington Hollow horseman detected in the eye of Flora Temple came out afterward in the resolute bursts of speed with which she finished her fastest miles. Dexter was represented as being "chock full of fire and deviltry," and capable of jumping like a cat. Hiram Woodruff, as we have seen, spoke of his "wicked head." Goldsmith Maid had a strong will of her own, and the excitement which she betrayed on the eve of a race showed how fine was her organization. "She would stand quietly enough," says her driver, "while being hitched to the sulky," — although she had previously been kicking and plunging in her stall, — "but she would shake and tremble until I have heard her feet make the same noise against the hard ground that a person's teeth will when the body is suddenly chilled; that is, her feet actually chattered on the ground. The instant I would get into the sulky all this would pass away, and she would start in a walk for the track as sober as any old horse you ever saw." Rarus was so nervous that he never could have been driven with safety on the road, and his courage was of the finest temper. St. Julien was exceedingly high strung, and in hands less patient and discreet than those of his trainer might never have been subdued to the purposes of racing. Jay-Eye-See, though I know less of his personal history, is notorious for the pluck that he showed on the last quarters of his hard miles; and Maud S. is the most spirited, the most determined,

and at the same time the gentlest of animals. It does not seem unreasonable to trace the fineness of nerve and strength of will displayed by these horses to the thoroughbred blood which runs in their veins.

Whatever its origin, this "do or die" quality, as sporting-men term it, goes far to redeem the trotting-track from those degrading associations with which,

one must admit, it is almost always connected. Man may take a lesson from the horse, as well as from the dog, in courage, in resolution, in discipline. It is a noble spirit that animates the exhausted trotter, who, obedient to the rein and voice of the jockey, expends his last reserve of force on the home stretch, and staggers under the wire a winner by a head.¹

H. C. Merwin.

MR. MOTLEY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

THERE is a profound observation, which we have ourselves made more than once, that the day of leisurely letter-writing went out with the advent of the post-card, emblem of the brevity and no-nonsense of modern social exchange. There are few pleasures greater than having one's profound observations collapse, after they have been said by somebody else; and the two generous volumes containing the correspondence of Mr. Motley² give the lie handsomely to our epigrammatic wisdom. To be sure, the literal philosopher may quote the date of the introduction of cards and confront us with an anachronism; but we are too eager to be rid of our profound observation to mind that, for we have another to take its place, namely, that unofficial letter-writing in a public man or a man of letters is a measure of the generosity and spontaneity of his mind. Look at Walter Scott, whose hearty correspondence was enough to serve for an ordinary being's occupation; at Lamb, who gave forth his keenest wit and most acute criticism in letters to friends, some of whom were quite outside the range of literary folk; at Henry

Taylor, who always seemed a person of abundant leisure when he was writing friendly letters, yet was known as an industrious under-secretary whose very business was letter-writing; and now at Motley, who, to judge from these two liberal volumes, threw off his great histories in his leisure moments, but was occupied for the most part in long, delightful letters, or in a round of breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners.

Whatever may be said of letter-writing as a test, the reader of Motley's correspondence cannot fail to draw thence, a conviction of the richness of Motley's nature. The eager boy who writes home from school for books, books, more books, and whose letters when he first visits Europe have a headlong rush, as of one who plunged into study and intercourse with men impetuously and in a spirit of noble self-confidence, is the same person as that paralytic who fumbles with his pen at the end of the second volume, and after writing an account of his condition to his lifelong friend Dr. Holmes, strength stolen from the right arm, vigor gone from thought, clearness from vision, adds: "Do not consider me an

¹ In a subsequent paper the art of training and driving the trotting horse will be touched upon.

² *The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley.*

Edited by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1889.

egotist for these details, for you will find them curious, I am sure. Do not believe me inclined to complain, or to pass what remains of life in feeble lamentations. When I think of all the blessings I have had, and of the measure of this world's goods, infinitely beyond my deservings, that have been heaped upon me, I should despise myself if I should not find strength enough to bear the sorrows which the Omnipotent has now chosen to send." The greater part of his life was spent in Europe: he was early in diplomatic service, and in the maturity of his power was minister successively at Vienna and London; he had familiar friends at these courts as well as at the Hague; he was a companion of Bismarck in their student days, and his chosen friend when after a lapse of years they were thrown together again; his daughters married Englishmen; he himself spent his last days in England and was buried there; he was cruelly treated by two successive administrations in the United States, yet this man, whose studies took him into the sixteenth century and whose daily life was among the most cultivated men and women of modern society, was, as his correspondence shows, passionate in his devotion to the land of his birth and to the political principles for which it stood.

Mr. Curtis has passed over the miserable McCracken incident almost in silence. He gives us only a glimpse of Motley's scorn, but he provides the reader with a noble reply to the base insinuations made by a sneak and shamefully listened to by a great secretary. The letters of Motley written before, during, and after the war for the Union are an overwhelming attestation of Motley's lofty patriotism. His father was opposed to the war, and the son, strong in his filial affection, could not bear either to be silent or to drag his father into controversy. Therefore he poured out his mind to his mother in letters

which leave no uncertainty as to his sentiments.

"No one," he writes to his mother after his father's death in 1864, "appreciated more than I did the excellent qualities of mind and character which distinguished my father. I always thoroughly respected and honored his perfect integrity, his vigorous and uncommon powers of mind, his remarkable vein of wit and native humor, with which all who knew him were familiar, his large experience, his honorable prudence, his practical sagacity, and his singular tenderness of heart. I can say to you *now*, what it was difficult to write before, that it has always been a cause of sincere pain, at times almost of distress, that I could find no sympathy with him in my political sentiments. In this great revolutionary war now going on in our country, in which the deepest principles of morality and public virtue are at stake, and in which the most intense emotions of every heart are stirred, it would have been an exquisite satisfaction to me could I have felt myself in harmony with him whom as my father I truly honored, whose character and mind I sincerely respected, but whose opinions I could not share.

"You may believe that it was a great pain that I could never exchange written or spoken words with him on the great subject of the age and of the world, and I therefore formed the resolution of always addressing my letters to you, in order that I might not seem to say to him what might cause controversy between us. I supposed that he would probably read or not, as he chose, what I wrote to you, and that he could not be annoyed by my speaking without restraint on such occasions. As to concealing my opinions, that neither he nor you would have wished me to do. And as to doubting whether I am right or not in the feelings which I have all my life entertained as to the loathsome institution which has at last brought this

tremendous series of calamities upon our land, I should as soon think of doubting the existence of God. Therefore I was obliged to be silent to him, and I have often expressed the regret which that silence caused me. I could easily understand, however, that his age and the different point of view from which he regarded political subjects made it not unnatural that he should hold with tenacity to opinions which he had formed with deliberation, and acted upon intelligently during a long lifetime."

It may be said of Motley's political creed that it was one of large principles, and not of petty policies; his historical studies were indicative of the interest of his mind in great movements for human freedom, and educative also in leading him to see the struggle going on both in America and Europe, under his eyes, as a conflict of forces of right and wrong, not mere adventitious fights of factions. It is this habit of looking below the surface for underlying principles which renders his observations so interesting. One feels that one is listening to a generous rather than to a subtle man; that this eager student of affairs takes counsel of a robust, sympathetic human nature, and has not learnt his lesson from the cautious weavers of diplomatic webs.

"Throughout this great war of principle," he writes in 1864, "I have been sustained by one great faith,—my belief in democracy. . . . The democratic principle is potent even in Europe, where it only exists in hidden and mutually neutralizing combinations with other elements. In America it is omnipotent, and I have always felt that the slave power has undertaken a task which is not difficult, but impossible. I don't use this as a figure of speech. I firmly believe that the democratic principle is as immovable and absolute a fact upon our soil (not to change its appearance until after some long processes of cause and effect, the beginnings

of which for centuries to come cannot even be imagined) as any of its most marked geological and geographical features, and that [it] is as much a necessary historical and philosophical result as they are.

"For one, I like democracy. I don't say that it is pretty, or genteel, or jolly. But it has a reason for existing, and is a fact in America, and is founded on the immutable principle of reason and justice. Aristocracy certainly presents more brilliant social phenomena, more luxurious social enjoyments. Such a system is very cheerful for a few thousand select specimens out of the few hundred millions of the human race. It has been my lot and yours to see how much splendor, how much intellectual and physical refinement, how much enjoyment of the highest character, has been created by the English aristocracy; but what a price is paid for it! Think of a human being working all day long, from six in the morning to seven at night, for fifteen or twenty kreutzers a day, in Moravia or Bohemia, Ireland or Yorkshire, for forty or fifty years, to die in the work-house at last! This is the lot of the great majority all over Europe, and yet they are of the same flesh and blood, the *natural* equals in every way of the Howards and Stanleys, Esterhazys and Lichtensteins."

The ardent faith in democracy which Motley expresses was a part of his character. The buoyant hopefulness of his nature was fed by his study and observation. His was not a cautious, hesitating mind, and above all it was not a self-centred one. He threw himself into his pursuits, and he gave himself loyally and heartily to his friends and to his country. After the great success of the Dutch Republic he was flattered by the men and women whose praise was most worth having, but there is little direct exhibition of this in his letters. Except to his wife, he scarcely ever recounted his triumphs; and when

he mentioned them to her it was with an uneasy air, as if even she might fancy he overvalued them.

The warmth of his feeling, joined to that active imagination which enabled him to see vividly the objects of his interest, made him a generous rather than an acute critic. He was always on the right side, but he lacked that healthy spirit of criticism which makes one skeptical of the near while confident in the remote good. Thus his prophecies during the war were constantly falsified, but he continued to make them with assurance, because his faith in the ultimate triumph of the Union was firm. There is a humorous pleasure which one takes in reading these prophecies, they recall in so lively a way the experience of many like him who passed through the same period. Scott rises to view at the beginning of the war in those gigantic proportions which gave such comfort to many. "Don't be affected," he writes to his wife, "by any sneers or insinuations of slowness against Scott. I believe him to be a magnificent soldier, thoroughly equal to his work, and I trust that the country and the world will one day acknowledge that he has played a noble and winning game with consummate skill." Later he pins his faith to McClellan, whose military capacity he believes to be, on the whole, equal to that of any of his opponents; and when Grant's star is in the ascendant, he thanks Heaven that the coming man seems really to have come. "So far as I can understand the subject," he says, "Ulysses Grant is *at least* equal to any general now living in any part of the world, and by far the first that our war has produced on either side." Like others who brought no captious criticism for a test, he read the promise in Lincoln early. He was in Washington in June, 1861, and his comments on the men then at the fore are those of an ardent American determined to be pleased, and

ready to see beforehand all the military ability and statesmanship that were needed in them. He read the signs of the times no better than others when he wrote to his wife, who was in Europe: "Don't be cast down, either, if you hear of a few reverses at first. I don't expect them, but whether we experience them or not, nothing can prevent our ultimate triumph and a complete restoration of the Union. Of this I feel very confident. I don't like to prophesy, — a man always makes an ass of himself by affecting to read the future, — yet I will venture one prediction: that before eighteen months have passed away the uprising of a great Union party in the South will take the world as much by surprise as did so recently the unanimous rising of the North." When Bull Run swept away the pleasing illusions he had cherished, he was as frank in his momentary despondency as he had been in his cheerful prophecies. Up to July 22d he had been writing to his wife of the succession of petty victories, closing, "And, in short, you have here from an unimpeachable witness evidence that even in Eastern Virginia, the very hot-bed of secession, the rebellion is not overpopular, and that the stars and stripes are hailed, by some of the inhabitants at least, as the symbols of deliverance from a reign of terror. I shall leave my letter open in order to add a P. S. to-morrow." To-morrow he writes his P. S., beginning, "Read this sheet first. I have had half a dozen minds about sending you the foregoing pages. Since they were written the terrible defeat of Sunday evening has occurred. We are for the moment overwhelmed with gloom. I pity you and my children inexpressibly to be alone there. . . . I don't feel now as if I could come into England again." But the head hung so low was soon lifted, and five days later he was able to write, "Don't be too much cast down about Bull's Run," and to show how, though

the defeat was most unfortunate, the country was more determined than ever.

We are very glad that Mr. Curtis did not think it necessary to protect Mr. Motley's character as a man of judgment by omitting or slurring over these very interesting expressions of his momentary belief. They are reflections of the minds of thousands of Americans who were as devoid of experience as Mr. Motley, and they bring back with great freshness the emotions of those stirring days. Besides, they help us to a better knowledge of the lovable man who poured himself out in these unrestrained letters. Mr. Motley speaks somewhere with impatience of the system which permits the communications of foreign ministers to become the public property of the nation instead of serving the ends of the administration, and makes an unfavorable comparison with the system in operation in the Venetian republic, which resulted in the masterly letters of the ambassadors to England and other countries. But private correspondence like his own is of great value to the historian who would recall the impressions made on men's minds when the great movements of the war had not yet thrown light backward upon the beginnings of the conflict.

We have dwelt at length upon the letters which relate to the war, because they seem to us the most valuable portion of the book, and because they illustrate so abundantly the temper of Motley's mind. Most of us draw our knowledge of Netherlands history from Motley's own writings, and have no criterion by which to judge of the probable truth of his presentation of the subject. We do know something of American history and society, and thus can apply tests to Motley's judgment of home affairs. In the light thrown by this means on a brilliant historian we are able to see both his strong characteristics and the limitations of his mind.

The result certainly is in a heartier admiration of the man himself, and a confidence in the moral quality of his enthusiasm.

This confidence is heightened by a great variety of his comments on men and affairs in Europe, and we learn besides to appreciate how much more important in his eyes were principles of human conduct and general movements of society than were individual forces. There is a great deal of picturesque observation on the persons whom he meets, but surprisingly little of patient analysis. He grasped wholes, and saw pictures of the world rather than expended his strength in finespun and subtle discriminations. The comments which he makes on the Prussian-Austrian war, which took place while he was minister at Vienna, are very striking for their grouping of historic phases; but though he knew Bismarck intimately, he has little to say which would denote a penetrating discernment of the quality of Bismarck's greatness. Bismarck's own letters to Motley, of which a number are given, afford a most interesting glimpse of his character on a side not always shown to the public.

For picturesque setting forth of men there is nothing better in these volumes than the several sketches which Motley gives of Brougham, who interested and amused him greatly. The chancellor seemed to fascinate him, and he returns again and again to his portraiture. Motley and he received the degree of D. C. L. at Oxford at the same time, and in writing to his mother Motley says: "Nothing could be more absurd than old Brougham's figure, long and gaunt, with snow-white hair under the great black porringer, and with his wonderful nose wagging lithely from side to side as he hitched up his red petticoats and stalked through the mud." "There certainly never was a great statesman and author," he says elsewhere, "who so irresistibly suggested the man who

does the comic business at a small theatre as Brougham. You are compelled to laugh when you see him as much as at Keeley or Warren. Yet there is absolutely nothing comic in his mind. On the contrary, he is always earnest, vigorous, impressive, but there is no resisting his nose. It is not merely the configuration of that wonderful feature which surprises you, but its mobility. It has the liveness and almost the length of the elephant's proboscis, and I have no doubt he can pick up pins or scratch his back with it as easily as he could take a pinch of snuff. He is always twisting it about in quite a fabulous manner."

The two volumes abound in clever, often witty, but more often genial observations, which help the reader to understand why Motley was such an evident favorite in society. How suggestive, for instance, is such a remark as this touching the war for the Union! "It is not a war; it is not exactly a revolution; it is the sanguinary development of great political and social problems, which it was the will of the Great Ruler of the Universe should be reserved as the work of the generation now on the stage and their immediate successors." And here is a bright little picture of the singing of the children at St. Paul's on Holy Thursday: "The spectacle is certainly very touching and impressive. There are about four thousand children, mostly under the age of ten or eleven. Arranged in long rows, rising tier upon tier above each other, and all dressed in dark stuff gowns, with white kerchiefs and aprons and mittens, with quaint Old World starched caps about their young fresh faces, they have a very unique as-

pect. Particularly when they all rose and seated themselves as by a single impulse, the flutter of these thousands of white wings all through the church, with the devout, innocent look of the thousands of child faces and the piping of their baby voices, suggested the choir of the angels in Paradise. I do not know much to say of the charity. It is merely a collection of all the children, some of whom are fed, clothed, and educated by various schools, which are variously endowed. But as an artistic exhibition it is certainly most effective. Thackeray, who was with me in the pew, said, 'It is the finest thing in the world, — finer than the Declaration of Independence.'"

The book is rightly named *Correspondence*, for though of course Motley wrote the great bulk of the letters, there are many delightful ones to which his are replies, and the reader is treated to foretastes of what he may reasonably hope some day to receive in fuller form; letters, that is, from Dr. Holmes, who was Motley's most faithful correspondent. Bismarck, also, as we have intimated, writes some juicy letters, and Bright, J. S. Mill, Hawthorne, are represented. Mr. Curtis has done his task with admirable taste. If we had asked anything more, it would have been some slight looping together of the letters by means of a sketch of Motley's doings and movements; but Dr. Holmes's brief monograph supplies what the reader actually requires. We trust these two volumes will send many readers to the earlier book, because that contains so just a statement of Motley's diplomatic career.

A PAINTER'S PEN AND BRUSH.

MR. HOPKINSON SMITH has before given us examples of his sketches with a slight accompaniment of letterpress; now he gives us a literary sketch with a few pictorial decorations.¹ It is not very hard to detect the same hand, whether it holds the brush or the pen. There is in either case a happy faculty for catching those broad effects which plenty of sunshine makes possible, and that skill which uses a few strokes with dramatic force and suggestive boldness. Mr. Smith went to Mexico, as he tells us, with no such serious intent as would have compelled him to unload on the public a volume of description and reflection touching the social, political, religious, and financial problems of the country. He says frankly, "I have preferred rather to present what would appeal to the painter and idler," and then he adds a rapid catalogue of the charms of the country in this aspect: "A land of white sunshine, redolent with flowers; a land of gay costumes, crumbling churches, and old convents; a land of kindly greetings, of extreme courtesy, of open, broad hospitality. I have delighted my soul with the swaying of the lilies in the sunlight, the rush of the roses crowding over mouldy walls, the broad-leaved palms cooling the shadows, and have wasted none of my precious time searching for the lizard and the mole crawling at their roots."

The power to sketch surfaces agreeably is not lessened by an ability to see below the surface, and Mr. Smith does not always do justice to his own nature in this book. He is a good deal more than an ingenious rattle, as the chapter on *Some Peons at Aguas Calientes* intimates, and we suspect that he was a little in fear of his own shadow

in drawing off this result of a jaunt in Mexico. He really was in no danger of being dull. The pictorial and the dramatic are too highly developed in him to permit this, but a freer, bolder recourse to sentiment and thought would have added the one touch needed to make this book an uncommon piece of literature; so true is it that surfaces have a value in proportion to the solidity of the presumable substance of which they are the exposition. To take a technical illustration from this book itself, it is printed on paper which is superficially polished to counteract the lack of depth in the engravings, and one handles it with an apprehension lest the whole will "come off." So the reader catches himself wondering if some of the incidents and persons that serve as the basis for Mr. Smith's lively narrative have not been glazed a little to add to the effect of the drawing. The painter is so clever and has so lively a touch that he must easily have yielded to the temptation to heighten this or that scene. The absence of deep tones sometimes requires the exaggeration of lights.

As soon as we accept the dramatic element in Mr. Smith's art, and recognize the fact that what we see in his pictures and read in his text is Mexico on the stage, as it were, we resign ourselves to very unusual enjoyment. We are in the position of spectators who are far enough away from the front to find all the illusions satisfactorily deceptive, the voices pitched just right, the scenery effective, and the figures natural and expressive. What could be cleverer than the opening scene, with the breakfast party superintending the painter's sketch, and the generous hospitality of the Mexican grandee concentrated on the roving

¹ *A White Umbrella in Mexico.* By F. HOPKINSON SMITH. With Illustrations by the

Author. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

artist? If Mr. Smith had chosen an introduction to his acquaintance with Mexican life, he could not have been more felicitous. Nor is the close of the book less happily conceived. He holds the incident of the visit to Tzintzúntzan and the disclosure of the Titian as an admirable climax, to which the reader's mind is led by a succession of interesting steps.

The dramatic is thus involved in the very structure of the book, and from beginning to end there is a suggestion of gesture and almost pantomimic action; yet all is so deft, so free from excess and mere extravagance, that the reader is not teased by a reminder that this is a free, mimetic representation of life;

he enjoys the play as a piece of art, and does not think, while he is engaged upon it, that everything has been arranged for his pleasure.

It is not often that we fall upon a little book which unites so many diverse manifestations of a single predominating nature. The quick touch-and-go quality of Mr. Smith's work is as much in the literature as in the art, and characterizes both the manner and the structure of the book. It is a quality not often found under such absolute control; and it is this control, determining the use to which it may be put, that raises the book from a mere desultory collection of bits into a unique, gay little masterpiece of its kind.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Classic
Reputation.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD bids us beware of two things in our estimates of literary works, — the bias given to our minds by historical considerations and the bias caused by personal sympathy. I cannot but think that the reputation of Wordsworth's poetry has been increased in just this way. His share in that epoch-making book, the *Lyrical Ballads*, secured him an important place in the history of English poetry, and I believe that both an historical and a personal bias must be allowed for in the judgment passed upon his work by many critics. It is noteworthy, however, that no poet who has been ranked so high by competent critical authorities has at the same time met with such severe disparagement of so large a portion of his work. Let me put together some of the judgments which agree in praise and some of those which agree in dispraise, and see what impression we shall gather from the whole. Mr. Arnold "firmly believes that, after

Shakespeare and Milton, Wordsworth's poetical performance is undoubtedly the most considerable in our language, from the Elizabethan age to our own." That cultivated writer, Mr. Ingleby, speaks of the "considerable quantity" of Wordsworth's poetry which incontestably proves him one of the greatest poets of the century. I cannot quote any single sentence from Mr. R. H. Hutton's sympathetic and discriminating criticism, but every page of his essay testifies to his thorough appreciation of Wordsworth's unique power, and his citations are the happiest I have seen.

Our estimate of a poet should, no doubt, be qualitative, not quantitative, yet I think we cannot disregard quantity when we consider Wordsworth's relative rank, as Mr. Arnold does. Remembering the short time given to Shelley, Byron, and Keats to work in, and the length of years — between fifty and sixty — during which the poet of Rydal labored, the wonder is how, in mere bulk, there

can be any comparison between them. It seems to me the *proportion* of superior work in Shelley and Byron is greater than in Wordsworth. His sincerest admirers agree as to the necessity for leaving out of the account much the larger part of Wordsworth's poetical performance. But, they say, the remainder is of such transcendent merit as to gain for him the most exalted place in modern poetry. This judgment is one I must question. Upon no poet has the same anxious care been bestowed — by others, not himself — to separate the gold from the dross, and bring to clearest view all that is best in his work. Taking this small residue of Wordsworth's choicest verse, what is there in it that constitutes it of such incomparable worth? The "noble and profound application of ideas to life" Mr. Arnold makes the test of the truest poetry. Noble, Wordsworth undoubtedly is, at his best, but is he even there always profound? The passage beginning "Within the soul a faculty abides" I grant is profoundly true and noble. The Ode to Duty belongs to the same class of meditative poetry, addressing itself to the best thought and instinct of men, and in form is as little didactic as Wordsworth could make it. Out of the hundreds of sonnets he composed, certain fine ones may be selected to add to the list of his best performance. If we take *Three Years She Grew*, the *Boy of Windermere*, and *Daffodils*, which, characteristic and fine as they are, can hardly be described as profound, we come to the end of the list of works that can in any sense be called great. The pleasing poems on *Yarrow* are not great nor specially characteristic. If one chooses to pronounce the Ode on *Immortality* profound, I do not know that I can argue a negative. I can only say I do not feel impressed by its profundity, though I recognize in it fine passages of verse. How the preponderance of reflection, the lack of passion, in Wordsworth contrast with

Coleridge's intellectual yet emotional poetry, such as *Youth and Age* and the *Ode to Dejection*! Alas that Coleridge's working years were so few!

I believe that lovers of Wordsworth lend to his verse something beyond what it contains in itself, contributing out of the fullness of their own minds much they think they perceive. In the lines about "the soothing thoughts that spring out of human suffering," the poet does but imply that such thoughts there are, and what they are some readers are unable to imagine, while others easily supply all that is unsaid.

Mr. Hutton and Mr. Lowell agree as to Wordsworth's lack of structural and dramatic power, and the latter adds, "Of narrative power he has next to none." His lack of spontaneity, also, they both admit. And it seems to me plainly evident that, in Mr. Lowell's words, "more than with most poets poetry was with Wordsworth an art rather painfully acquired, needing a toilsome education of the ear."

Productions that cost us much we are apt to value unduly, which partly accounts for Wordsworth's overestimate of his own work. With the exception of some of the sonnets, where the imposition of strict form aided him in construction, there is hardly a *perfect* poem in Wordsworth's whole seven volumes. The little poem called *Daffodils*, which to my mind has the *charm* so noticeably absent from most of Wordsworth's verse, is really perfect, while in *Three Years She Grew* we are able to choose some stanzas as excelling the rest. As Mr. Hutton observes, Wordsworth did not *paint* nature; his *rôle* was that of interpreter; but in the short poem just referred to the poet does, for once, paint the "jocund company" for our eye before suggesting the thought of the "inward bliss" which is to be ours through memory. After all, as Mr. Lowell says, works of literary art must be judged by reference to their literary qualities, and

how little of the form, the body, of pure poetry is there in Wordsworth! The lack of art-form is the defect which prevents much of Mr. Browning's true thought from ranking with the finest poetry, even with the poetry of smaller men. The many severe criticisms passed upon so much of Wordsworth's verse I do not repeat here, because I wish to quote only such strictures as apply to his work as a whole; the qualifications that have to be made with regard to his best poems, not his worst. While on this question of art-form, I must note a signal proof of the large, the prevailing element of prose in Wordsworth's mind. The piece called *Ellen Irwin* is his version of the tragic story elsewhere embodied in the lyric of *Fair Helen*. Those unacquainted with the latter will find it in *Palgrave's Golden Treasury*. *Fair Helen* seems to me unsurpassed for poetic power; and on reading these two poems, the question at once arises why Wordsworth wanted to meddle with a subject already treated so admirably, and, as it might have appeared, once for all. Compare the concentrated passion of *Fair Helen*, uttering itself in one heart-broken cry of mingled rage and grief, with the tame feeling and bald statement of Wordsworth's lines, to say nothing of their false rhymes. I cannot think any other poet could have been guilty of such a parody. But Wordsworth's conviction of his vocation and mission made him unable to conceive that he was not the equal of any writer in prose or verse, when he chose to challenge them. He wondered why Scott thought it worth while to write the novel of *Rob Roy*, after he himself had given to the world his verses on *Rob Roy's Grave*, — a poem in no way remarkable except for two happy four-line stanzas.

Wordsworth, then, is not eminent for command of artistic form, and it seems clear that his defect in this respect was due partly to poverty of natural endowment, and partly to a false theory of

poetic production. Even Mr. Hutton cannot refrain from a gibe at the poet's reasoning in defense of certain of his works, — a reasoning, he remarks, which would have equally justified Wordsworth in sitting down to write a touching sonnet on the *Illicit Process* of the Major. As he also admits, the poet "directed" his imagination too much, and constructed pedestals not broad enough for the thoughts they were meant to sustain. Mr. Arnold says that Wordsworthians praise their favorite poet for the wrong thing; less for the pure poetry which is reality than for the so-called philosophy which is illusion. And Mr. Hutton observes, to the same effect, that for so contemplative a poet there was "singularly little of the comprehensive grasp of Reason in Wordsworth's mind, which was too concentrated, too intense, for general Truth, and that he had still less power of expressing universal emotions."

If we admit, in accordance with the critics from whom I have quoted, that Wordsworth had no spontaneity or passion, no structural dramatic or narrative powers, no large command of art-form, no grasp of reason or capacity to deal with universal emotions, is this not to say that Wordsworth was deficient in almost all the greater poetic qualities? And that, again, is equivalent to saying that so far from being a great poet, as that epithet is commonly applied, he was a poet great only in a special, very limited field. There were whole tracts of life he never surveyed and sources of emotion and action he never explored, so that the "application of ideas to life," the poet's function, was in him reduced pretty much to this: a power of spiritual interpretation of Nature and her influences on the soul of man, and of depicting a certain order of thought and kind of emotion not common to men in general, but only to those of rarer sensibilities. "In all his many contemplations of character there is no *variety* of

moral influences ;" and it is noticeable that while nature was his favorite theme, there is no whole landscape in his poems. Without wishing to undervalue the gift which Wordsworth at his best has to offer, I feel that even where he is strongest he yet in some measure defeats his own purpose by the too constant habit of "resolutely withdrawing his mind," and the reader's, from the more obvious suggestions of natural scenes and objects, and forcibly turning toward the most inward and spiritual influences that flow therefrom.

In the poem on the Nightingale he seems to me perversely moral. I think that other poets bring to us the healing and uplifting power as well as the sensuous delight of nature when they paint it, not in the sense of cataloguing it, but by re-presenting it, in such fashion that we not merely see it, but feel the joy of it as we have felt it, — or as we might not feel it without the poet's aid. Wordsworth's *Skylark* almost seems to have been written for the sake of the two concluding lines, the poet seizing upon the bird as furnishing a text for the brief pointing of a moral. Shelley's *Skylark* (which I have dared to criticise as too long, too packed with imagery) has verses in it which stir us with the same thrill of delight as would the actual vision of the bird, almost lost in the pale purple even melting round its flight. Take some of Mr. Arnold's poetry, where he paints, to use his own phrase, with his eye on the object itself, not on the spiritual lesson it discloses, but, as Mr. Hutton remarks, in the most *restful* way possible, and note how the external scene is set before us with the most exquisite lucidity, ease, and tenderness.

I think that one who loves Nature with the passion that ever grows in depth and strength, and knows her power to console and sustain by suggestion of an abiding peace and joy whose source is beyond herself, — such a one

feels that her influences have reached his inmost soul less by reflection and "resolute withdrawing" of the mind into special channels of thought than by letting her beauty sink silently in through the eye to the spirit. Within us is the pain of life's experience, without is the joy of earth's beauty ; and we let the two currents of thought and feeling mingle and flow together through the soul.

In his latest utterance on Wordsworth Mr. Lowell says : "He is great and surprising in passages and ejaculations. When at his best he startles and waylays as only genius can, but he is the furthest from that equanimity of constantly indwelling power that is the characteristic of the greatest work. . . . The limited circle to whom he appeals feel his power to a degree that makes them fanatical. The universal poets call out none of this fanaticism. . . . Will Wordsworth be known a century hence as the author of remarkable passages ?"

If a century hence men will be at the pains of searching through the seven volumes of his production, they will come upon passages remarkable as intrinsically precious, and also as surprises hidden away like glinting bits of pure ore among masses of hard rock or dull earth.

"Around a — A spring is a hostelry
Spring." which, lone and hidden though it may be, yet lacks not for guests. Its good wine needs no bush ; wherever it lies deep and translucent in a bowl of ancient brown earth, or trickles softly along a little hollowed pathway, there all the furred and feathered denizens round about come regularly to partake. We may go into the woods, and be almost startled by the silence and apparent absence of life : there is no song or movement of a bird, no whisk of a squirrel's tail along the boughs. But if we seek out a familiar spring a little away from the path, and stand motionless for a few moments among the an-

tique mossy furniture of rocks and tree trunks, we shall be pretty sure of some sign that the suspension of animation is not quite so complete as we had imagined. The shy creatures of the underbrush are half lured from their covert to drink at the spring; the dwellers in the topmost branches overhead come now and then to earth at its margin.

The sportsman, taking account of the prospects for game in a new country, makes a spring his starting-point, examines all the footprints in its neighborhood, and waits in some ambush for the sure return of its frequenters, who are thus betrayed by their necessities. If animals and birds could forego food and drink, they might elude many an enemy; but Nature appears to frown upon a safe and negative policy; she will not allow of too close prying into the adversary's game, but incites each player to make his own moves. The favorites of civilization may find it essential to good manners to dissemble their love for good cheer, to deck it with ribbons and call it by finer names; but birds and beasts, like the majority of human beings, have too sharp a contest in the struggle for existence to coquet with their hunger and thirst. The bird, with its high organization, living at a rate which leaves the New Yorker far behind, must incessantly repair the vitality which it is incessantly working off. This constant need is a constant source of danger, but the need is an affirmation which cannot be ignored.

Yet hunting and hunted as they are, the "smale foules maken melodie," and to our keenest observation wear in attitude and motion an almost continual gladness. If we stand aside after slaking our thirst at the spring and watch the manners and aspect of the other guests, the conviction steals over us which came to Wordsworth sitting in the grove, "that there was pleasure there." The little jerk and quiver of the head which sends the beaded drops along the bill is

as good as a grace; there is exultance in the dip into the cool water, followed by another and another plunge, by triumphant screams and much shaking and ruffling of plumage. It is hardly fanciful to suppose that bodies, like spirits,

"are not finely touched

But to fine issues."

In that intense vitality of the bird there is not alone a semblance, but a vast possibility, of joyousness. A sort of rapture and luxury in the very satisfaction of its necessities seems the primal instinct of every creature; and if the bird's faculties are sharpened and concentrated towards a single end, if its activities are largely absorbed in the getting of food, it exhibits in the finding something which, remote as it may be in kind from the gratitude enjoined upon human beings, is no unhandsome substitute for it.

Speaking of gratitude, what a trick this delicious spring water has of welling through the fancy months or years after we have imbibed it, and coming fresh and cool upon the memory after a long and dusty interval! We recall the arduous tramp that lay behind; the heat and thirst; the search, long in vain, for relief; and finally the discovery of a little pool at the root of a tree, and the joy with which we greeted it, plunging drinking-cup or hands into its coolness, or, if that seemed too half-hearted a fashion, lying prone to meet it face to face. And then, if our journey was downward from the mountain or between its ridges, at a point where the waters begin to gather, perhaps a little farther on, lay a second fairy cup, and then a third, and we drank from those also, not for the satisfaction of thirst, but out of pure enjoyment. Utility and poetry meet at the spring: it brings to one of the most urgent of physical needs a relief so grateful and pleasant that the body must needs call the mind to share the feast. Many of us — would that the number were far greater! — go

through life with no experience worthy the name of hunger; but thirst is quicker in its operations, and as democratic as the mosquito; it is an arrow which we have all had in our flesh.

The boy in the fairy tale followed the brook to its fountain-head, and found that it all came out of a nutshell, buried in the ground, which he stopped up with moss and carried away with him for future emergencies. No fairy tale of tradition or of science can heighten or dispel this miracle of the flowing of water out of solid ground. It is no wonder that legend stood in awe at the smiting of the rock, or that superstition bent before the hazel twig; and when we have penetrated to the strata through which the rain oozes drop by drop, or to the subterranean chambers where it gathers for the overflow, we have reached not a final cause, but the dark and hidden root of this wonderful blossoming. Above and below subtle agencies of nature combine to keep it daily fresh and ever mysterious.

Around a spring we find the first tint of verdure which comes to the sodden brown of the meadows. That moment when the green, already vivid, lies in patches in the damp places; when a suspicion of yellow is beginning to steal over the lawns; when the sky is of a softer blue and the earth has shaken off her frosts, if only temporarily, and left her hard grays for a richer brown; when the crow-blackbirds fill the trees with their vociferous greeting, which has a rusty and difficult sound, like a remnant of winter in the throat, — that is to me a delicious epoch, with all its chilliness. When I was young, the first warm day was an engagement which it had been sacrilege to break, a joy which had the imperative force of a duty. It must be spent under the open sky, consecrated to some favorite spot where I could note the first stirrings of the sap, and find a sure, familiar record of the advance of spring. We love best what we loved first; and

perhaps part of my delight in lingering about the sources of a rivulet comes from the fact that my earliest passion was for a half-wooded inclosure known as the "spring lot." It was the goal to which I turned as a child, when the sky was radiantly soft, with fleecy, summer-like clouds, and the stirring of the south wind in the treetops was a call to my baby soul. The thought that it was "really and truly" spring, that the world was growing beautiful again, made my lonely stroll to the lot a succession of blissful stations. I lingered in the lane, where the ferns began to have a newer look, and on the bridge over the little river, bordered by yellow-tasseled willows and swishing with a pleasant murmur against its grassy banks. There are many pieces of sheer good-fortune for children of luck in this world: it is well to have been born rich or handsome, or to have the talents which command the prizes of life. But it is perhaps no less happy and supreme a gift to have been born a child of the universe; to have known in early childhood brooks, mountains, and sea; to have felt the companionship of the sky, and in listening to its thunder to have heard deep calling unto deep. There is often an incommunicable and half-unconscious sense of these things in the heart of a child, wholly apart from any training or habit of observation. It is a seed which any soil will quicken; the commonest landscape will be food for it as fine as the Alps. In fact, there is sometimes with the child as with the artist a sort of instinctive selection of the humbler phase. Among the memories of a journey through Switzerland in my childhood, that of a woodland bank at Rosenlani, covered with moss and with tiny pink flowers, remains to me as having afforded at least as keen a pleasure as the glacier itself, and the image of Mont Blanc had no power to efface the delights of the "spring lot." The power upon us of a scene or thought lies

partly in the extent of our intimacy with it.

In the "spring lot" I knew every tree and stone, the bubbling of the cold, clear water in the pool, and the tumbles and ripples of the tiny brook which carried its overflow to the river. The earliest hepaticas and blood-roots opened within that charmed circle; not close to the water, for flowers seldom grow immediately about a spring, but a little back, in the thicket of alder bushes and hazels. This little copse was always full of whispers and soft undertones, and once when I was standing near its edge, along with the murmurs of the breeze there came to my ears a terrible voice: "Little girl, what are you doing here?"

It was the Widow Lee, standing grim and awful a few feet away, with a hatchet in her hand. She owned the acres from which I gathered my "mystic fruit," and had come out to trim the bushes. Her question may have had no harsher prompting than curiosity, but to my imagination her gaunt figure haunted the spot ever after, and there was a terror in the joy with which I listened to the wind in the trees, a fear lest it should bring at any moment a repetition of that freezing question, "Little girl, what are you doing here?" Henceforth my spring was troubled; its waters were tainted with the terrors and perplexities which belong on the mundane side of the gate of the Garden of Eden.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Books for the Young. Testa, a book for boys, by Paolo Mantegazza; translated from the Italian of the tenth edition by the Italian class in Bangor, Maine, under the supervision of Luigi D. Ventura. (Heath.) This book was suggested by De Amici's *Cuore*, and like that is a singular compound of *simplesse* and shrewdness. The form of the book is very different from what would grow out of an English or American boy's life. No such serious little diarists, it is safe to say, are now at work; but there is a good deal of strong sense and some amusing sentimentalism. Why should we be amused? Probably we should not be if we were Italians; but it is our crass Anglo-Saxon nature that makes it hard for us to see a small boy roll up his eyes without being amused. — *A Quaker Girl of Nantucket*, by Mary Catherine Lee. (Houghton.) A delightful story, with agreeable humor and a sunny temper. The author has used the venerable situation of an exchange of persons in an entertaining and suggestive fashion, for she manages to transfer the square peg in the round hole to the square hole, while she puts the round peg in its proper place. The background of Nantucket life is skillfully drawn, and the Quaker figures give genuine amusement without being caricatured.

Domestic Economy. *Quick Cooking*, a book of culinary heresies for the busy wives and mothers of the land, by one of the heretics. (Putnams.) Here are some six hundred recipes, requiring for execution from five to thirty minutes. The audacious author has the husband on her side at once when she declares, as the fundamental doctrine, that "there is no waste in the kitchen so much to be deplored as wasted time." She winds up with thirty-nine recipes of appetizing dishes, which take time, but in the author's judgment are too nice to be sacrificed. There is a candor in this "black list" which increases one's confidence in the heretic. — *Progressive Housekeeping; Keeping House Without Knowing How, and Knowing How to Keep House Well.* By Catherine Owen. (Houghton.) A sensible book by an experienced housekeeper, who treats housekeeping not as something to be learned in a series of rules, but as capable of being systematically studied by an intelligent woman. She seeks to bring order out of chaos, and to teach economy by disclosing rational methods. The practical hints are abundant, and the book is admirably calculated to make the head of a house respect her own position, and to see the real dignity of her calling. — *What to do in Cases of Accidents and Emergencies, Describ-*

ing the Symptoms in each Case, and How to treat them on the Moment, with a list of the Principal Poisons, which if taken, require prompt treatment. Their Remedies and Antidotes. Designed for Family and General Use. By Joseph B. Lawrence, Medical and Surgical Nurse. (J. H. Vail & Co.) We give the title in full, as it is written and punctuated. The book is arranged alphabetically, and, as the author remarks in conclusion, "ought not to be listlessly read merely as a novel or as any other piece of fiction." The range of subjects includes a number which do not seem to come under the head of accidents and emergencies, but the directions are in the main simple and intelligible. It is well to remember that in the case of poisoning by chloroform you must "suspend the patient for a few moments by his legs."

Sociology and Political Economy. The Australian Ballot System, as embodied in the legislation of various countries, with an historical introduction, by John H. Wigmore. (C. C. Soule, Boston.) The spread of the movement to reform our voting methods has been very rapid, and is one of the most interesting political signs of the times; but the ordinary voter, who has not yet tried the system, may well be somewhat appalled at finding a volume of a hundred and fifty pages devoted to a codification of the laws of different countries and states based upon the new system. However, if he will turn to the specimen ballot at the end of the volume, he will perceive how simple is the practical exercise of voting, and he will be interested to see how all the contingencies which may arise under the system have been met in legislation. — *The Plantation Negro as a Freeman*, by Philip A. Bruce. (Putnams.) The observations upon which this study is based have been made through a series of years in Southside, Virginia, and every student of the Negro Problem will wish to read carefully a book which reflects the mind of a cautious and apparently unprejudiced Virginian. Unprejudiced, that is, consciously; but it is impossible to read many pages without feeling that here is a writer whose mind has been trained to regard the old relation of master and slave as on the whole freer from evil than the present relation of equal interdependence. The book is a discouraging one, but it appears to proceed from a mind constitutionally discouraged, and this temper, we think, has unconsciously colored all the observations made. — *Marriage and Divorce*, by Ap Richard D. Swing and others. (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.) An inquiry into the moral, the practical, the political, and the religious aspects of the question. This is in the main an Eng-

lish book, and deals in a critical fashion mainly with English law. — *Outlines of a New Science*, by E. J. Donnell. (Putnams.) One of the Questions of the Day series, and in form a lecture delivered before the Reform Club. As nearly as we can make out, Mr. Donnell claims the term "new" for social science as an expression of the constitution of the human mind, and the application in economics is to the freedom of commercial exchanges. The book is interesting as showing how an eager mind fumbles with his key for the key-hole, so impatient is he to throw open the door. — *International Law*, by Henry Sumner Maine. (Holt.) A publication of the late author's lectures delivered before the University of Cambridge in 1887. The historical method of the writer renders the work attractive to other than legally trained minds, and it especially appeals to readers because the basis is sought in ethical relations, not in mere legislative enactments.

Poetry and the Drama. Virgil's *Æneid*, the first six books, translated into English rhyme by Henry Hamilton. (Putnams.) The rhyme is better than the measure, which is often unrhythmical. The book reads a little too much like an exercise in translation, and lacks the fine poetic element. — *Mother Carey's Chickens*, by Wilbur Larremore. (Cassell.) Poems of sentiment of an honest sort, but not charged with much poetic fire. — *Idyls of the Golden Shore*, by Hu Maxwell. (Putnams.) The golden shore is California, and the poems are the fragments of a busy man's hours. The poetry is such as a tolerably well read man might write, if he had a good ear and fluent tongue. — *Master*, by John Ruse Lanes. (Putnams.) A drama in form, in which the characters and incidents are typical of humanity, good, evil, and so forth. Pretty heavy-footed sort of verse. — The tenth volume of Macmillan's uniform edition of Browning contains the concluding portions of *The Ring and the Book*, the poet's masterpiece.

Fiction. *Steadfast, the Story of a Saint and a Sinner*, by Rose Terry Cooke. (Ticknor.) Mrs. Cooke has chosen for the scene of her story a Connecticut Valley spot in the early part of the last century, and for her incident the trials of a young minister. Her reading of the New England character is always just and sympathetic, and she has not attempted to make her book antiquated, but has used certain underlying elements of character which were not only possible a hundred and seventy years ago, but were brought into prominence by the social conditions of the time. This book has strength wherever it touches on what is peculiar to New England. Her scapegrace is a cosmopolitan wretch.

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THE HIGHEST STRUCTURE IN THE WORLD.

A TOWER about one thousand feet in height was first thought of during the organization of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, in 1876, and its possible construction was discussed in the newspapers at the time. But consultation with engineers and architects probably resulted in the conviction that the scheme was impracticable, and the expense beyond the value of the investment, especially if masonry were used. Aside from the question of outlay, a serious difficulty in the construction of any kind of material to such an altitude, there are questions of pressure and danger that daunt experienced engineers. M. G. Eiffel, constructor of some of the greatest works in France, notably the trestle-work viaduct at Garabit, 407 feet high, concluded that the building of such a tower had not been attempted in ancient times, so far as known, because iron then lacked the lightness, strength, and adaptability seen in modern work. The enormous weight of masonry in so great a mass would not only imperil, by its tremendous pressure, the courses of stone near the ground, but would cause an irregular settling of the foundations, as in the well-known instance of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. In modern work, a pressure of 66 pounds for each square centimetre¹ is considered dangerous. It is admitted that 55 pounds in this proportion is too extreme for

safety, although, owing to peculiarities of construction, this has been exceeded in some of the following instances cited by M. Navier: —

Pillars of the dome of the Invalides, Paris,	32.55 pounds.
Pillars of St. Peter's, Rome,	36.08 “
Pillars of St. Paul's, London,	42.70 “
Columns of St. Paul-hors-les-Murs, Rome,	43.58 “
Pillars of the tower of St. Merri, Paris,	64.85 “
Pillars of the dome of the Pantheon, Paris,	64.94 “

M. Navier includes an estimate of 99.25 pounds for the Church of La Toussant à Angers, which is in ruins, and so not a convincing example. It thus appears that the resistance in some daring structures is from 33 to 44 pounds, and only rises to nearly 65 in two instances. M. Eiffel cites the Washington Monument, which in its simplicity and boldness he considers remarkable. In M. Navier's estimates given for the greatest feats of architectural engineering in the Old World, this huge obelisk stands high on the list of wonderful structures, the pressure at its base amounting to 58.35 pounds in the proportion above given. With the exception of the Eiffel tower, it is easily a bolder undertaking than any other of its kind known in the world, because it stands upon a relatively small base, with no side support, with a weight upon its foundations of 45,000 tons. This immense square shaft, about 55 feet on a side, served as

¹ A square centimetre is about two fifths of an inch on a side.

an illustration of the danger in attempting to carry masonry to a greater height than before achieved. Fortunately, the foundation settled evenly, but to prevent probable demolition part of the base was reconstructed and filled in with concrete. Meantime the structure began to lean to an extent that caused great uneasiness, and finally the suspension of the work. The construction was begun in 1848, and in 1854, when it reached a height of 152 feet, its dangerous condition became somewhat marked. Its originally intended altitude of 600 feet was then reduced to 500. In 1880, after great difficulties, the base had been widened and the foundation enlarged and deepened. Work was then recommenced, and the masonry continued upward at the rate of about 100 feet yearly, until the topmost stone was laid December 6, 1884. The inauguration took place February 21, 1885.

An additional source of peril in the use of masonry, not included in the danger of settling, as in the Washington Monument, is the insufficient adherence of modern mortar to great masses of stone, causing serious crumbling, and a reputation for danger much to be dreaded. An attempt to extend stonework to a height of one thousand feet would cause an expense too great for the end attained, and the danger of fracture would be incessant and unavoidable. It seems that we can excel the ancients very little in the treatment of masonry. There is no easily discovered evidence that they built any such structure higher than the great Pyramid of Cheops, originally 480 feet in height. They had good reasons for this caution. If the foundations are solid, the stone may disintegrate, owing to the unequal distribution of the enormous weight, due to the limited power of the mortar to act as a cushion to equalize the force. The Egyptian and other ancient builders constructed some masonry without mortar by polishing and closely fitting the

stone, but it is not probable that they tried to carry such work to a very great height. In some modern buildings it is found that the resistance of very hard stone increases that of the mortar. Stone or brick work might reach a higher point than the Eiffel tower by the invention of cements more efficient than any now known.

In considering the important question of the foundations for this great tower, elaborate borings were made in the Champ-de-Mars at Paris. This is a level field or park, about two thirds of a mile long and half as broad, devoted usually to the drilling of troops and to reviews, upon which the Exposition buildings for 1889 are now approaching completion, in commemoration of the storming of the Bastille one hundred years ago, July 14 and 15, 1789, that memorable event of the French Revolution. It is intended to show the great advances in science, art, and industry since that crude attempt to establish a republic.

In selecting this location near the river Seine, much thought was given to the question of a foundation, because even a slight giving way would be so magnified in the great height of the structure that the strain sustained by cross-pieces and braces would be far greater than calculated. Fortunately, it was found that the soil consisted of a compact bed of plastic clay, 53 feet in thickness, surmounted by a bank of sand and gravel, and all inclined toward the Seine. This seemed well fitted for the purpose. M. Eiffel was not, however, entirely satisfied with it. He therefore increased the solidity of the foundations by means of caissons (heavy iron boxes with open bottoms) of compressed air, which made their way downward into the soil partly by their own weight and partly by the excavation of the earth beneath them. The air prevented the possible rising of soft clay to smother the workmen. Incandescent electric

lamps furnished light beneath the caissons, which were filled with heavy concrete that hardened, making as it were huge bricks of great solidity that sank still deeper. It was owing to this modern device, the compressed-air caisson, that a great danger was averted. The remains of unquestionably ancient masonry were found, which might have caused a dangerously uneven settling of the foundation. At each corner of the tower, which is square at the base and about 300 feet on a side, there is a lattice-work pillar that slants inward as it rises upward to a distance of about 600 feet from the ground, from which point the four like pillars continue together to the summit. These corner pillars are each 50 feet square at their bases, which are separated by open curved arches. Any unimportant subsidence of the foundation is provided for by hydraulic presses applied to iron wedges that lift each corner of the entire structure, and so any defect or strain due to contraction or expansion can be regulated. The relative lightness and strength of the material is such that the total weight will not be more for each square centimetre than that of a usual five-story house, certainly not as great as in very high buildings in New York and other large cities. The pressure upon the base of the tower is not more than nine pounds for each square centimetre, while in the case of the Washington Monument it is, as we have seen, more than 58 pounds in like proportion.

The foundations became practicable, but there was a powerful and irregular force involved in the tremendous side pressure of the wind upon a tower presenting so much vertical surface in spite of its open latticework. It is evident that the height of the great Washington Monument has been surpassed only by the use of iron, which has the power to bend and still resist the force of the wind, and which is well able to withstand marked contractions and expan-

sions. The horizontal vibration is considerable under a high wind, at such a distance above the earth. The swaying of the long curved uprights will not be felt much by people at the summit. The height of the tower is such that the nature of the motion is gradual and less observable than in light-houses constructed of masonry, in which the elasticity is sometimes remarkable, owing to the quality of the mortar used. It is in recent years only that metallic beams have been made that enable engineers to erect structures to a height of 200 feet. Still further advances in the manufacture of iron make it now easy to attain 250 or even 350 feet. So many unknown quantities require consideration in a tower 1000 feet high that the problem becomes serious and hard to solve. M. Eiffel points out the significant fact that the obstacles resemble those met with in extending a bridge from 500 feet to twice that distance horizontally, because of the great and accumulating side pressure of the wind exerted upon high vertical structures. It is thus seen that the construction is a greater achievement than would be at first imagined. It was desirable, while estimating the tremendous wind pressure, to avoid the multiplication of upright beams, involving diagonal braces more than 300 feet in length, which would result in an immense ugly iron framework resembling an elongated cage, or trestle-work railway bridge set up on end, with a deplorable architectural effect. Clumsy masses of beams and braces were necessarily omitted. The curved lattice-work before mentioned disposed of this question.

The corner pillars narrow from about 50 feet on a side at the base to 16 feet near the summit. They are anchored upon solid foundation walls, and bound together by horizontal girders, which serve as supports for several large halls or assembly rooms at different heights. These floors increase the security of

the structure. The uncertainty of, the wind force and its extent as calculated has led M. Eiffel to be peculiarly prudent in his methods of construction. He assumes for purposes of safety that the force goes on increasing from the base to the summit until the pressure is doubled. In making estimates of resistance, the iron lattice work was considered a solid wall taking the full force of the wind. In the more open parts of the tower, the actual surface of the iron was multiplied by four to secure safety from the effects of a severe tempest. The wind in Paris ordinarily exerts a strain of from 13 to 15 pounds for each square metre.¹ A pressure of 22 pounds is allowed for in Germany and Austria, in metallic frameworks not subjected to the tremors of passing trains. This rule also holds in France. But it becomes necessary to provide for a much severer strain when only one end of the structure is supported, as in the Eiffel tower.

The inclination of the stone-work supporting each corner is at an angle of 50°. In extending upward the slanting ponderous iron-work it was very difficult to maintain absolute stability, especially before the masses had been made secure by girders at the first gallery. As the work progressed, this danger of displacement, requiring the utmost care, was lessened by the decreasing length of the girders that bound the whole together. In high trestle-work the apparently slight metallic bars seem insecure to the casual observer, an effect peculiarly noticeable in the high skeleton iron-work of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad near Eighth Avenue and 110th Street, New York city. The spindling framework in this case suggests weakness, but this is an illusion due to an association of strength with the ponderous solidity of masonry or earth-work.

The tower is spread much at the base, to enhance its stability. Perhaps

¹ 39.37 inches on a side.

its height is exaggerated by the distant view of buildings in the Exposition grounds. The first gallery, which consists of an immense hall, is to be used as a promenade or for restaurants. It is 230 feet from the ground. Still further up is the second gallery, about 100 feet square and at a height of 377 feet, which exceeds the altitude of the following well-known structures:—

The dome of Milan,	363 feet.
Spire of the Invalides, Paris,	342 “
Spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York,	332 “
Statue of Liberty, New York Harbor (above the water),	328 “
Brooklyn Bridge towers,	278 “

Continuing up the Eiffel tower until it has narrowed to about 75 feet on a side, we come to a point where the four great pillars combine at about the height of the great Washington Monument, the next highest known structure in the world. Only three of the following public edifices, aside from the greatest of the Egyptian pyramids, are more than half as high as the Eiffel tower:—

Washington Monument,	555 feet.
Cathedral of Cologne,	522 “
Old St. Paul's, London (destroyed by fire),	520 “
Cathedral of Rouen,	492 “
Pyramid of Cheops,	480 “
Cathedral of Strasbourg,	465 “
Cathedral of Vienna,	453 “
St. Peter's, Rome,	432 “
Present St. Paul's, London,	404 “

After adding 306 feet to the height of the Washington Monument, making 861 feet, the third gallery of the Eiffel tower is reached, where there is a glass-enclosed room 32 feet square, surrounded by a balcony. Surmounting this and 124 feet higher is a small observation room, with two windows on a side, from which can be seen Paris and its environs for a radius of about 75 miles.

The elevators, four in number, are to be worked in pairs, — two to be used for visitors ascending, and two for those descending, that an incessant stream of

people may move in each direction. The ascent is to be made no faster than 20 inches a second, because great speed in stopping and starting would be decidedly alarming and disagreeable.

The escape of lightning is to be provided for by two cast-iron conducting pipes about 20 inches in diameter, reaching from the summit to the base, and thence 60 feet into the ground.

The construction of a tower composed of curves that will best withstand the wind has produced a very graceful architectural outline. The air of trimness in the realization of the design is due to the fact that there has been no waste of material. An upward moving force in taking the direction of least resistance would doubtless assume approximately the form of this structure. Nearly all kinds of growth acquire something like this cone shape while manifesting concentrated motion necessitated by surrounding forces. Many beautiful designs are founded upon the tapering forms of flowers and leaves, as in the delicate tracery of frost-work. In building to secure safety from the action of the elements, M. Eiffel has perhaps unintentionally followed the methods of nature, and thus the architectural beauty of his work has the best possible confirmation.

The well-worn criticism that this scheme lacks utility is ever present in all daring scientific enterprises. But the value of this tower is admitted by eminent French scientists. It will take the place of the great balloon let up into the air by means of a cable worked by steam, which was so successful during the Exposition of 1878. An ascent can be made without the danger of collapse or gas explosion caused by lightning, often present in a captive balloon. The unexpectedly rapid approach of a local storm might cause loss of life before the winding-in of a balloon could be completed. The view of Paris at night, with its seemingly interminable boule-

wards brilliantly lighted, is marvelous, and such as aeronauts only have experienced. The feeling of distance and height will not be lessened by intervening lower slopes, as in most mountain views.

It is proposed to put upon the tower a number of electric lamps, powerful enough to light the city. The advantage of such a system had been long thought of, but it was a very difficult project to carry out, owing to the great intensity necessary. It has been decided, however, that the Exposition buildings and grounds are to be lighted in a manner never before equaled. In 1881, M. Sebillot proposed to place electric lights at an elevation of 1000 feet, but the idea involved difficulties of construction and a waste of illumination that made it impracticable. It has been found that to make printed matter sufficiently legible in the park and gardens of the Exposition, not less than three concentric zones, numbering 48 lamps, would be required at so great a height. With special reflecting mirrors concentrating the light within prescribed limits, it is believed that the effect would be better than anything before accomplished so far as known.

Many eminent men promptly admit the value of the tower for scientific purposes. M. Hervé-Mangon, of the Meteorological Society of France, points out the importance of observations made at different distances from the earth's surface under these conditions, and that experiments of the greatest interest are possible. The law of the decrease of the temperature with the height would be demonstrated better than from high points of land or from vast structures of masonry, which retain much heat, causing currents of air that interfere with observations or make them inexact. The variability of rainfall could be well observed, also the average height to which fogs reach above the earth's surface near Paris. A relatively complete knowledge

might be gained of the volume of water held in a globular condition in different air strata. This would make clear the reason why clouds light in volume sometimes precipitate so much water. As the condition of the air varies with the height, the advantage of having instruments far enough apart, one above the other, is obvious. On calm days, the general direction of the wind would be free from the effect of local heat accumulation due to the influence of neighboring buildings. All these phenomena could be carefully observed at a height to which only balloons ascend for an appreciable length of time. At this distance from the ground, the atmospheric conditions, freed from the surroundings of a mountainous or hilly region, are not precisely known.

A position above the fogs that very often obscure the horizon of Paris will facilitate astronomical observations impossible in ordinary weather. The vibration of the tower will doubtless exclude it from use in obtaining the precise positions of the stars, as pointed out by some astronomers, but it will leave the field free to researches regarding the chemical constituents of the stellar universe. Observations intended to establish the proper motions of stars by the displacement of lines in the spectrum would be more exact at a height of 1000 feet than at that of the observatories. Photographic apparatus at the summit of the tower would be more efficient in case of an eclipse near the horizon, but work upon stars or nebulae, requiring steadiness of position, ought to be reserved for calm nights. In every case the moon and the planets could be studied and drawn under more favorable conditions. The known temperature of the air at different heights is also of great importance in astronomical observations, because the resulting variation in refraction is so often a matter of conjecture.

In addition to the above experiments

in meteorology, electrical science, and astronomy, there remain to be considered further questions of vegetable chemistry, peculiarities of growth under various conditions, and more exact data respecting the material constituents floating in the air. Further and finer investigations can be made, showing with additional interest the value of Foucault's well-known pendulum experiment demonstrating the rotation of the earth. The distinction between magnetic attraction and gravitation, which Faraday investigated with a falling body, might be carried further with advantage.

The instantaneous transmission of time signals for the benefit of all Paris, the more exact measurement of the velocity of sound under various atmospheric conditions, the estimated resistance of the air as a body falls at given rates of speed, the law of metallic elasticity in the contraction and expansion of the iron-work of the structure, the study of compressed gases and vapors with such extensive vertical possibilities, — these are some of the objects to be attained by this tower, destined to be one of the landmarks of scientific advancement. It may be of use as an army signal station in case of war, as a position from which to observe the movement of an enemy. At a time of siege or of interruption to telegraphic communication, the tower could be used as a centre for optical military signaling for long distances, such as the 70 miles from Paris to Rouen. In such instances an answering signal might be sent from a high hill near at hand.

The immense outlay of work in this great structure cost only 6,500,000 francs, \$1,300,000. There are 27 iron panels, each of which required a separate diagram, that in turn formed the basis of a series of geometrical designs calculated by means of tables of logarithms. The metallic pieces number about 12,000, and the position of each and the places for its rivets had to be decided

without error. In the iron plates were drilled 7,000,000 holes, which if placed end to end would form a tube 43 miles long. There were 500 engineers' designs and 2500 leaves of working drawings. It was necessary to employ 40 designers and calculators for a period of about two years. It is thus seen that the iron forms a vast complicated network, not easily realized when contemplating the gracefulness of the completed tower. The large halls at Levallois-Perret had almost the appearance of a government administration.

M. Eiffel did not employ workmen of special skill, accustomed to very high scaffolding. It was feared that few could be found not subject to vertigo. But in the tower they did not work high in the air, with an open and dangerous footing. They were on platforms 41 feet wide, and as calm as on the ground.

It is proper that two great republics should, regardless of nationality, recognize the constructive genius of M. Eiffel, as they have already done in the instance of M. Bartholdi, designer and constructor of the wonderful statue of Liberty Enlightening the World. Mr. Roebling's great work, the Brooklyn Bridge, thus seems extended into new conditions. The idea of a tower 1000 feet high first assumed definite form, it will be remembered, in the United States, and it remained for a man of constructive genius in another and newer republic to crystallize it into an accomplished fact.¹ The power of thought over the refractory materials of the earth, as shown by the ingenuity of Thomas A. Edison, a power which Emerson illustrated in various ways, is thus emphasized anew. The limits of scientific achievement slowly recede.

William A. Eddy.

BONNY HUGH OF IRONBROOK.

By half past four in the afternoon the breaker at Rainbow Slope was nearly deserted, and the miners were either wending their ways homeward, or reveling in their baths (minus modern conveniences, privacy included); or, having already undergone their daily transformation from imps of darkness to creatures of peculiar fairness, were lounging about in clean shirts, smoking pipes of peace and comfort. Now and then, however, until as late as six o'clock, grimy stragglers might be seen trudging wearily along the coal-dust roads, all tending in the direction of Ironbrook, which was the centre of a string of collieries, although the nearest breaker was fully a quarter of a mile distant, standing in a

hollow behind a long hill; its towering top of charcoal black, surmounted by an eternally ascending plume of white smoke, being all that gave evidence of its existence from the village. The remoteness of the breakers had much to do with the unusual cleanliness of the place, which, except at those hours of the day when the miners were going to or returning from their work, would hardly have been taken for what it was, namely, the oldest and most important mining settlement in the region. It contained few of those hideous stereotyped rows of cottages which characterize the more recent mining villages, and from the hill-tops around its simple dwellings of varied form and color, surrounded by more or less well-kept gardens and set irregularly along the crooked, rocky streets, produced a picturesque

¹ The tower is designed to be 300 metres (984 feet) high. A slight addition, making it 1000 feet, could be easily made.

ness of effect that even a walk through it could not quite dispel.

Across the extreme lower end of one of these climbing streets, which was, in fact, nothing more than a moraine, and had been appropriately christened Featherbed Lane by some waggish person of eld, was a stream, whose clear, reddish-brown water, flowing over what seemed more like chunks of rusty iron than stones, sufficiently indicated its mineral source and gave the settlement its name.

Close by the stream stood, or rather reposed, the smallest and prettiest cottage in all Ironbrook. Its log frame, now concealed by clapboards, was nearly a century old, having been put together by an Englishman, who, before the days of regular mining, undertook to get coal for himself from a broad "surface vein," and gained the doubtful honor of being the first victim of a mine disaster in these parts.

A tall tree hung yearningly above the cottage, as if jealous of the vines that lay lovingly all over its low roof, and cuddled in the corners of its tiny latticed porch. A fence of unpainted boards, nailed lengthwise from post to post, held as in a rude box a minute garden, where shrubs, flowers, and vegetables grew with a generous luxuriance which showed that a contracted space has often room for great breadth of idea.

Six whistles had blown from Rainbow Slope, and were reëchoed with cheerful shrillness by the neighboring breakers, followed by fainter responses from Far Vista, Black Diamond, and Mountain Side. A brown twilight was falling over the village and into the valley below, but behind Long Hill still hung a cloudless sheet of pale October yellow.

Suddenly from the ridge there stood out against this soft luminousness, vivid as jet upon amber, a gigantic silhouette. The hat with its noble sweep of rim and lamp hung high in front, the loose blouse, the dinner-pail swung by a strap

across the shoulders, the baggy trousers tucked in wrinkled boot-tops, all formed a type of outline familiar and common enough hereabouts; but the ideal moulding of those shoulders and limbs could not be concealed under the conventional sooty garb of the miner; the broad hat needed not to be lifted in order to recognize that head, the very poise of which, even when seen at a distance by lurid flickering lights in the dismal gangways below ground, betrayed "Bonny Hugh" to his companions.

He stood one moment only in full relief, and turned as if to go back the way he had come, and stood again for a second, his noble profile cutting into the yellow sky; then he flung himself around, and walked resolutely down the stony lane towards the cottage at its foot.

Leaping lightly over the gate to avoid the tell-tale squeak caused by opening it, he went softly to one of the vine-curtained windows, parted the leaves, and looked in. There was no light in the room save from a tiny grate fire, which reflected brightly from its white-washed brick-work upon two black cats sitting at roasting distance before it, upon an old cushioned rocking-chair drawn up to one side of the hearth, and upon a table set for two, placed in front of a black settle.

In the middle of the room, with his back towards Hugh, stood a man whose Scotch uprightness of hair added several inches to a stature already far from mean, and enabled him fairly to brush the low ceiling when he stood erect. His huge bulk trebled itself in shadow that spread over and darkened one whole side of the room. He was filling a pipe, and presently sat down in the cosy rocking-chair and toasted his stockinged feet, smoking the while luxuriously.

A few moments later a door at the further end opened, and a girl in a pink dress entered, carrying a large steaming bowl, which she placed upon the

table, and then seated herself. The man took his place on the settle, and the cats, not unwilling to exchange one creature comfort for another, left their rug, and jumped up on either side of their master, indulging no vain hopes of a share in the "stir-about."

Hugh had by this sunk down upon his knees and removed his hat, which interfered with the vines. He saw but one thing, — the girl, upon whom all the firelight in the room seemed to shine. It turned her common pink gown to purest rose; it brightened her short brown elf-locks; it flowed around her like a sea; there seemed no shadow where she was; it held her in its embrace of flame; it kissed her hotly from head to foot. Hugh envied the spoon that she put between her red lips; he could in pure jealousy have wrung the neck of one of the cats, who, thinking herself not to have been justly treated on the settle side of the table, had left the master and sought the lap of the mistress.

In his eagerness he touched the window-pane, thus attracting the attention of those within. The man sprang to his feet, and the girl cried out in momentary terror. Hugh bolted through the gate, regardless of squeak and bang, tore up the cobbly hill, and was over its crest and out of sight before Mr. Kidd had reached the door to discover who might be the intruder upon his domestic privacy.

Before Effie's dishes were put away the young men began to come. It sometimes struck Mr. Kidd as remarkable that the young men should so persistently seek his society. Every night in the week a ring of well-scrubbed fellows sat around the fire in the common room, or, the temperature permitting, formed a row of male wall-flowers in the stiff, clean, stuffy-smelling best room.

This best room had an organ with twelve stops, over which hung a shelf

of books, among them those which Mr. Kidd and his wife (now dead) had studied in the old-country school together. The most worn book on the shelf was Burns. A table stood opposite, cluttered with glass vases, china trinkets, an enormous family Bible, and a photograph album of nearly equal dimensions. Against the mock fireplace leaned great slabs of slate fossils and "rainbow coal," and upon the narrow mantel were ranged choice bits of anthracite coated with sulphur and glittering chunks of iron pyrites. These native curios were chiefly presentations to Effie from the young men, who all vied with each other in bringing her the best the bowels of the earth would yield. Her little low chamber in the roof was a perfect museum of such treasures; and Mr. Kidd used to say that if ever Rainbow vein got worked out, they might get all the coal they wanted for the hauling, up-stairs in his house, without the trouble of drill or blast.

And yet he thought the boys came to see him!

He greatly liked the boys, and never wearied of communicating useful information to them. The more worldly wise among them always came primed with questions. They would inquire as to the probable success of engines that could consume culm or the latest thing in ventilating fans, while some whose minds flowed in less scientific channels would seek advice about the readiest way of building a brattice, or the easiest method of using a hand-drill, or what to do with kicking mules. In these or any other matters connected with the mines they always found Mr. Kidd full cocked, and it was only necessary to pull the trigger to insure a steady shower of talk, under cover of which many a sly fellow got a chance at conversation with Effie on the settle against the wall.

Dan Hatty — saucy imp! — who would have dared the devil in his den, used to manage to slip out behind Mr. Kidd's

back into the kitchen and wipe the dishes. It was his dear delight to stand in the crack, flourishing his dish-towel and making faces at the other boys, who sat trying to look solemn while being pelted with Mr. Kidd's solid lumps of wisdom.

One night his love of mischief betrayed him. He was vigorously polishing Mr. Kidd's favorite basin for stir-about, and at the same time making a feint of kissing Effie, who, with both hands in the dish-water, was supposed to be defenseless. But in his desire to arouse the passion of jealousy among his less daring co-mates, and possibly over-tempted by opportunity, he ventured too near, and a splash of hot, soapy water in his face caused him to recoil suddenly and drop the precious bowl upon the floor. The crash brought Mr. Kidd, who uttered some pious Scotch imprecations, and turned Dan out of the kitchen; but the good man could no more put two and two together than he could join the broken bits of his "parritch" basin. Dan mended matters by asking an opinion on the subject of mine-props, and did not venture into the kitchen again for at least two nights.

When John Johns came they always had music. John Johns did not care whether there was fire or not; he could play himself warm any day, and positively sing himself into a fever. When his fine Welsh tenor swelled the walls of the best room almost to bursting with Men of Harlech, or moaned out the Marsh of Rhuddlan, or jingled the Bells of Aberdovey with pathetic sweetness, even Mr. Kidd stopped talk to listen, and after each song would come a request from Dan Hatty to "squawk some more."

For some time the absence of Hugh Wilson from this jolly circle had been very noticeable and much commented upon. The boys teased Effie a good deal about it, implying strongly her accountability, and professing great sym-

pathy with Bonny Hugh in his jilted condition; but every man's heart in him rejoiced at the immense increase of chances for himself which the withdrawal of so important a unit from their number caused. Mr. Kidd, who absolutely ignored the boys' chaffing, and whose mind was always underground, thought he must have offended Hugh in a dispute they had had concerning the car tally; and Dan, after exhausting his wits with frivolous suggestions, at length produced a shout from his audience by declaring that "that pretty fellow was growin' so big he could n't come for fear of bustin' the ceilin' through."

But whoever the accountable person might be, the true reason was known only to Bonny Hugh himself, unless perchance Effie, being a woman, divined it by that sense which is neither sight, nor hearing, nor touch, but is more akin, though in a spiritual way, to the subtle instinct that *scents* what is distant, indefinite, possible.

Not that Effie at this time gave it any conscious thought. The boys came and went, but she was not a girl to count noses. Such social triumphs as Ironbrook could furnish had been easily and exclusively hers since the days when she had waded, bare-legged, with Dan and John and Hugh and the rest of them in the brown stream, of which her eyes seemed two brimming cupfuls. So far as her manner was concerned, while perfectly cordial and free, a looker-on might have supposed that she shared her father's views as to the object of the young men's visits. But coquetry is planted so deep in some natures that growing-time is nearly over before any tell-tale sprout forces its way to the surface, and it cannot be averred that Effie did not know more than she told. There could be no doubt on this point regarding Hugh. He had a counsel and he kept it, and in so doing he stayed away; that is, he did not appear with the others to take his

share of the lectures and the side-flirting.

He could not absent himself entirely, poor fellow. In these dark autumn days he purposely came home late from work that he might have a peep through the vines, unknown to any, unshared by any, at the girl who filled his heart so full that hardly a drop of blood seemed to pass it when he looked at her.

These were miserable evenings for Hugh, but he had made his choice of evils, and in his present state of mind not to see Effie at all, except by stealth, was preferable to seeing her in the same company with that wild, singing Welshman, John Johns.

The night when he was so nearly caught by Mr. Kidd was a peculiarly painful one; for during the day he had overheard some of the boys talking, and gathered from what they said that John and Effie were getting very "thick." The evening before Effie had followed John into the best room, while the others stayed by the fire, and sung the Ash Grove with him; and everybody knows what the Ash Grove is to a Welshman. It is his Home, Sweet Home, his Wenn die Schwalben, his Normandie. All his patriotism and all his passion are in the magnificent melodious sweep of that song. Hugh felt as if hope's death-knell had sounded, and all day, like melancholy after-vibrations, there fell upon his ear with torturing regularity the liquid syllables and rich intervals of Llwyn On. How he hated the song, now that Effie and John Johns had sung it together!

He had, as we have seen, hesitated before going down the hill that evening for his accustomed peep, feeling that all looks in that direction were henceforth empty folly, but finally he resolved to go and take a last farewell.

As he knelt at the window, embracing fondly with his eyes the bewitching form that he might never hold in his arms, a passionate despair such as he had never

known before seized and tore him. He strained his sight as if he saw her from a vast distance; there seemed indeed miles, leagues, between the ruddy room where sat that pink angel and the outer darkness where his black form crouched. Had he ever sat within and touched her? It all looked so familiar, yet so far away.

As he ran up the hill Hugh had a sense of utter, hopeless banishment that was overwhelming. He was not used to reasoning, and it never occurred to him that Mr. Kidd could not possibly have known who he was.

He felt in his dumb anguish that his best friends had turned on him and chased him from their door. All the old, happy days with Effie came back to him in warm memory waves, which, subsiding, left him chilled, outcast, and stranded.

For the idea of pitting himself against John Johns was too wild to be entertained for an instant. Not only could John Johns sing; he could also write essays upon subjects that were as "Welsh" to Hugh as the language in which they were written, and on Friday evenings, after his work, used to trudge miles, to read these essays before his literary society. Then as to his singing, everybody knew it was too good for Ironbrook. Why, he belonged to the first oratorio society of the valley, and could sing at sight every solo and chorus in the Messiah, Judas Maccabæus, and anything else, for aught Hugh could tell. And if John Johns trained a choir for the Eisteddfod, it was simply a foregone conclusion where all the prizes would go.

What had Hugh to show for all this? He was the handsomest man in Ironbrook, — that was all. He knew that he was handsome, and he knew that everybody else knew it. His nickname had not been bestowed upon him in irony. When people from the city visited Rainbow Slope, they always noticed him and

made remarks about him, with the open shamelessness of tourists. One young woman of culture had pronounced him "an Apollo in black marble," which expression in an unknown tongue caught the ear of a viciously precocious young slate-picker, who christened Hugh "Polly Black," a name which clung to him for a long time.

He had always been quite vain, and since his thoughts had turned on love and Effie he had rejoiced doubly in his own beauty; but what was it worth if she could put up with a fellow whose hair was like molasses candy, and whose legs were joined on at his waist?

Hugh stumbled home through the darkness, and after his bath and supper went to bed, feigning illness, which indeed he truly felt, but of a deep sort that no mother's potions nor coddlings could reach.

Late one afternoon, Hugh was starting out for work on the "night shift," and saw Effie at a distance coming toward him.

He had several times, when huckle-berrying on the mountains, met a bear or a wild-cat, and his prowess on these occasions was quite worthy of that boastful shepherd lad, David; but yonder soft girl in her pink dress (by the way, who had ever told Effie that pink became her?), — terrible as an army with banners was she to the man who could have dislocated her little wrist with his thumb and finger.

He tried to think of something he had forgotten, that he might turn back for it; but his mind was a muddle, and on she came, so there was nothing for him but to face the music.

Effie was on her way to Black Diamond, and carried a little basket of goodies for poor Mrs. Walsh, a former neighbor of the Kidds', who had lost her husband and her eldest boy Terry, and was now ill from sorrow and overwork. Effie met Hugh just as he had decided to take a cross-cut to the slope, and with-

out waiting for him to speak hailed him with a charming openness: —

"What's the matter, Hugh, that you have n't been to see us for so long?"

Hugh had on his black oily clothes, and his cheeks were white with the pallor which comes from the insufficiency of day-sleep, while the fine rim of black (that unmistakable mark of a miner) around his large, luminous, intense eyes gave to his extraordinarily handsome face a look unbearable, uncanny. It was also something back of those eyes that made Effie look away after she had asked her naive question.

There was a moment of awkward silence, and then Hugh mumbled out something about working on the night shift.

"But the boys said you'd only just begun night-work, and you have n't been around for more'n a week. Father's asking for you every night."

Hugh was burrowing with his heel in the fine coal dust, and hanging his head so that the lamp swung loose from his hat. He saw that he had not made a brilliant success with his first excuse, and was dumbly cursing himself for not having another ready; but he had never thought of meeting Effie, — he had somehow felt that he should never see her any more; and who could dream that she would pitch into a fellow this way?

"Well, may be I'll come round to-night," he said, and made as if he were going on his way.

"Do come!" exclaimed Effie. "John Johns is going to sing us his new song, — the one he's practicing for a prize at the next contest."

Hugh turned about, striking his foot into the culm so that it spurted like water. His face was blood-red, and his eyes flamed like two angry headlights. "*Curse John Johns!*" he shouted, as if all Ironbrook were more than welcome to hear.

Was it Bonny Hugh using such words? This violent passion in him was new to

Effie, and its suddenness made her grow pale. "I thought you liked John Johns," she faltered. "What's he been doing to you?"

Hugh's face was whiter than ever now, but the terrible look still burned in his blue, black-rimmed eyes.

"Do you think I'd like a fellow that's taken my girl away? You're *my* girl," said he, with an air of outraged ownership, — "not one of them fellows has any right to you but *me*; and as for John Johns" — He stopped, an expression of archangelic scorn completing the sentence.

Effie was not averse to admiration, and she rolled the idea of being a cause of jealousy as a sweet morsel under her tongue; but this brutal appropriation, without a "by your leave," she resented, as any fancy-free girl would do.

"I never heard anything about being your girl or anybody else's girl," she replied, "except father's," and glanced down at her basket as if to intimate that she entertained no thoughts outside her own housekeeping.

Hugh was not looking at her, — he did not dare to, his eyes were not strong enough, — but he saw her all the same; he even saw the demure housewife look, and his heart seemed to turn over in his breast with the vision of Effie at his table, his fireside. He stood dreamily gazing off in the distance, where Far Vista loomed like some huge fossil creature against the sunny afternoon sky, showing through its open timber-work mountain slopes of misty blue.

"I want you for my girl, Effie," he said tenderly; "you don't care for John Johns, do you?"

It was surely a true story, that of the cat turned into a woman; of course the woman would always be more or less of a cat. Effie now felt her prey under her paw, so to speak, and tease it she must. She had never bestowed a serious thought upon John Johns, but Hugh had been unwise enough to betray his

jealousy, thus giving her an advantage over him of which she was quite woman enough to avail herself.

"It's nobody's business who I care for," said she, tossing her head, on which that most unstylish head-gear, a sun-bonnet, sat jauntily in spite of itself, — "least of all *you*, Hugh Wilson." She felt this was mean when she said it, but the delightful new sense of being able to hurt some one so much bigger than herself excited her, and she dashed on recklessly: "John and I are very good friends. He is n't much for good looks, but looks ain't everything, though *some* folks think so; he's very pretty behaved, and father likes him, — father says he's a saving young man" (this pin went in very deep, for Hugh's pockets were like the coal-shoots, and let everything run through); "and he does sing beautiful, — you know that yourself, Hugh Wilson, — and he's going to teach me Welsh, so that I can sing with him."

This was too much. Hugh had been stung by the blow to his vanity, and galled by the allusion to his extravagance; but a handsome fellow can always stand the former, and what spendthrift was ever seriously touched by the latter? But the suggestion of intimacy implied in Effie's last words fairly scorched the blood in him; his veins withered in the fire. Teach her Welsh indeed! John Johns was coming on!

Rage and love were tearing him to pieces in their mad strife. He never knew what words he used; he was only conscious of a crazy sort of relief in pouring out pell-mell the perilous stuff in his heart. Nor did Effie fully comprehend what he said; she stood like a little flower in a hailstorm, — bent, patient, appalled.

When silence came at length she lifted her head timidly, and caught a look which she never forgot. In another moment Hugh's black form was flying over the ground toward the slope, like a

strayed lost soul suddenly recalled to its place of torment, and Effie was walking as in a dream over the hill to Black Diamond.

Hugh did not go to the Kidds' that night, and indeed weeks passed without their seeing him. Mr. Kidd made constant inquiries concerning his absence, and the Rainbow Slope boys reported him as "grumpy." They also said he worked as if the devil were after him; and Dan Hatty, while wiping the dishes one evening, confided to Effie his suspicion that Hugh was going to the bad pretty fast. "Why, he don't comb that curl of his'n down on to his forehead any more," remarked this shrewd youth; "and I know I smelt liquor on him onst last week."

As for Effie, one "boy" the less or more did not matter. At any rate, the masculine beings about her detected no change in the merry, sweet girl, who treated them all like big brothers. None of them were so very jealous of John Johns, after all. He liked well enough to have Effie sing with him, but was too self-centred to think of much but his own singing, and often sharply criticised and snubbed her after she had done her best.

"*You should hear Lizzy Morgan sing that,*" he would say with Cymric bluntness and emphasis.

But love's bandage was too tight around poor Hugh's eyes for him to see anything. His imagination alone led him, and imagination is sometimes a blind guide; so it happened that Hugh got into a very deep ditch. He had two ideas in his mind which he held subject to neither doubt nor dispute: the one, that Effie was in love with John Johns; the other, that he hated "that singing fellow" enough to kill him.

John's work and Hugh's lay far apart, but they often met on the lift going up or down the shaft, and such times were the occasion both of torture and tempta-

tion to Hugh. In their rapid descent of many hundreds of feet, which sucks the very breath out of one unaccustomed to it, he would find himself in fancy strangling the throat that held that beautiful, hateful voice, or twisting the little telescoped body in two.

After these encounters he would work like a fiend; his great strength was trebled, and his drill would go through a breast of coal like a gimlet through a pine board. Those black chambers and corridors were fitting surroundings for the blackness of his thoughts during these days. The dense darkness met and mingled with the gloom in his heart, and gave him a sense of comfort which the upper air, with its autumn shine and sparkle, had no power to bestow.

The Rainbow mine was getting well worked out in its upper vein, but six hundred feet lower lay a fine "red ash" vein, which was now opening, a new shaft having been sunk to that depth.

John Johns had for some time been at work in the air-way of the lower opening.

One morning, Hugh, stopping as usual at the little underground station of the fire-boss, learned that all work in the Red Ash was forbidden until further notice, on account of a dangerous amount of gas in that region; for the air-ways not being completed, the ventilation was as yet defective.

As he came out of the station a man brushed past him, hurrying along the gangway, whom he knew by his "Welsh walk" to be John, though in the darkness he could not see his face. John was going in the direction of the new slope, and it was evident that he had not stopped at the fire-boss's station to learn instructions, and therefore did not know that it was unsafe to go below.

Hugh's heart jumped up and down in him. The fire-boss had just said there was more gas in the Red Ash than he had ever known; no man without a safety-lamp could go in and come

out alive. And John Johns was on his way there now! Good-by to him and his cursed singing!

But Effie! What of her? Hugh's heart suddenly ceased its mad jump, and seemed to fall with a thud and lie still. Effie! Effie with a broken heart! Effie stretched out senseless with the stroke of sorrow, or sitting with streaming eyes, clenching her little hands like one demented!

Could Hugh look upon this picture? Not for one moment.

He would overtake John and warn him—for what? That he might return safe to Effie? That he might sing himself into her heart, lie in her arms, be blessed by her love? Never! Let him go; he knew his own business; if he chose to rush into danger, what was it to Hugh?

Hugh was plunging along through the heavy culm, ground fine by the heels of miners and the hoofs of mules, totally absorbed in his own thoughts. The thundering of a long train of loaded cars, drawn by unusually spirited mules and driven by a hooting demon, which might have shattered a not over-sensitive tympanum, had no effect upon the inner ear of this youth who was undergoing his first real conflict with the evil in his own heart,—evil blacker than the blackest of earth's unlighted caverns, deeper than any shaft could reach, more dreadful and destructive than the foul-est vapor that ever gathered to choke out men's lives.

He strode unconsciously past the chamber where his own work lay, following hard after John; not as one who flies to save, but rather like an avenger of blood.

Suddenly he came to a full stop. Where was he going? What did he intend to do? He leaned back against a prop, his head in a whirl. A sickness of soul crept over him, invisible, stupefying, like the "white damp." Would he kill John Johns or wish him dead?

Had he wished him dead? He hardly knew.

A blast of cold air, caused by the opening of one of the doors placed at intervals to direct the ventilation of the gangways, brought strength to his weakening senses. Simultaneously came a strong, warm rush of feeling,—his love for Effie. What else was of any account? She loved him not, but he—he loved. There was always a debt to pay for such loving; he could do this for her,—nothing else in the wide world could he do but this. His heart gave a great, exultant, vivifying throb at the thought of serving her, and his spirit leaped free from its chains, rejoicing in self-conquest.

He darted down a transverse corridor toward the Red Ash slope, stumbling as he ran, but picking himself up again, mad to regain lost time and overtake John before he could reach the "heading" that led to the fatal air-way. John was meanwhile safely returning by the lift, having gone down, furnished with a safety-lamp (which Hugh had not observed), to fetch some of his implements left there on the previous evening.

When Hugh made the last turn before coming to the door that shut off the new part, he peered eagerly ahead to catch, perchance, a sight of John, calling his name wildly; but the flaring light upon his hat penetrated but a few paces before him, and no human answer came back to him in those reëchoing halls. He almost tumbled against the huge door, and, finding no one, opened it recklessly and rushed through,—rushed into a solid mass of flame, for his open lamp had instantly fired the slumbering deadly gas, that cracked with its igniting like many rifle-shots. Hugh threw himself forward on the ground, but jets of gas spurted out from every cranny, lighted by the sheet of fire above.

He lay for an instant, licked all over by the fierce flames, but remembering

that the door was standing open, he managed to crawl back, shutting it upon the burning gangway; then he fell, and groveled and agonized in the black dust, until some of his fellow-workmen, attracted by the explosion from a distant part of the mine, came and carried him away.

All the long winter, while Hugh was slowly recovering from his deep burns, life went on at Ironbrook as life always goes on, — relentlessly, with heartless cheerfulness and zest. Mr. Kidd's hearthstone seemed to have lost none of its attractive charm, nor had Mr. Kidd himself any reason to feel that his sun of popularity was setting. How the boys did like him, to be sure, and what jolly boys they were!

The absence of two former *habitués* of his ingleside, though duly noted, cast no permanent gloom upon the spirits of those who sat nightly in the roseate fire-light. How could it while the "dancin' lowe" still leaped to meet an answering flicker in certain brown eyes, and laid loving, warm fingers upon two cheeks that turned the redder for its touch?

Without doubt that melodious warbler John Johns was much missed. Mr. Kidd, who never could be made to understand why voices do not grow in every throat, was constantly calling for a song, to which call Dan Hatty not infrequently responded; his vocal performances resembling nothing so much as the abortive crow of a rooster that by reason of his callow youth is fitter to grace a gridiron than a fencé.

John was now entirely devoted to Miss Lizzy Morgan, whose singing and nationality together had proved a combination which to one of his clannish nature was quite irresistible.

Nor must it be thought that Hugh was forgotten. Dan was his devoted friend during his long affliction, visiting him every Sunday, and bringing back

bulletins of his condition. One Monday evening, toward spring, Dan was very dumpish. When asked how he had found Hugh the day before, he replied that "they'd taken off his swaddlin' clo'es, and dressed him like a Christian." Mr. Kidd inquired whether he was much scarred about the face, and Dan responded that "he'd seen him look handsomer;" but no more remarks would he make on this or any other subject that night. Once, when some of the other boys who had paid a visit to Hugh began talking about his appearance just as Effie was entering the room, Dan's chair suddenly became tipsy and precipitated him upon the floor, which incident turned the conversation effectually among this easily diverted crowd.

One day early in April, Effie was returning from one of her frequent expeditions to Black Diamond. Coming over the hill and beginning to descend the steep, rough street, she spied far ahead of her a man, walking slowly. At twice that distance she would have known him. There was but one man in Ironbrook with such shoulders and legs.

He was not in his working-clothes, and lounged along as if no business pressed, with bent head, kicking the small stones as he went. Effie had been told that Hugh was out of the hospital, and felt truly glad at the news; so she hastened forward that she might felicitate him upon his recovery and return home.

As she came up behind him he heard her step, and turned involuntarily. Her mouth was open to speak, but only a cry of horror came forth. Who was this she had been following?

Hugh covered his poor marred face with two limp, twisted hands, and shrank together as if a sudden blight had struck him.

Effie's own countenance was terrible to behold. There was one moment of tragic silence, in which she stood gazing

at the mighty form cowering so pitcously before her; then came the words, "Oh, Hugh, Hugh!" and he was left standing alone, still striving vainly to hide what the fire had done for love's sake.

Effie ran home by a kind of instinct, for her outer senses were all benumbed. She rushed immediately up to her little roof chamber, and, shutting herself in, gave way utterly to tears.

But while weeping herself blind, there hung ever before her inner vision an image of the seamed, drawn face, — the face of Bonny Hugh, never to be bonny again. The pity of it so smote her heart that it seemed unendurable. Then she remembered how he had tried to conceal his hideousness, crouching as in shame before her; and it came to her like a stab that she had shown only horror at the sight of him, and nothing that he might construe as sympathy. How could she have run away and left him without telling him how sorry she felt? But perhaps he would not have liked that.

It all came so unexpectedly upon her. If Dan had only prepared her for the change in Hugh! It had never occurred to her that his burns would disfigure him. Then she had shrunk away as if in disgust, when in reality her heart had never so gone out to him before. Yes, this was something she could not hide from herself any longer. A little feeling had been slowly creeping into her heart all winter, — such a little, little feeling that she had hardly taken any notice of it; she only knew now by looking back that it was there all the time. The evenings had not been so pleasant as formerly, and she had thought it was John Johns that she missed; now she knew it was Hugh.

And Hugh, — how he loved her! He had always loved her. She gazed around her little room, crowded with its geological treasures; she knew who had given her each piece, and at least two

thirds of them had come from Hugh. Then those passionate words of his, last autumn, when he had cursed his supposed rival, and she had let him think she cared for John. Yet it was in trying to save John that he had got burned. It was for her, for her! She knew it all now; why had it never come to her before?

Gratitude, pity, love, crowded together in her breast. How her spirit flew to him! It was not here; it surrounded and enfolded him in its motherliness. Her soul almost burst with a woman's yearning to help, to comfort, — yes, to protect the strong man she loved, as love can protect even though the arm be weak. But to these warm thoughts succeeded an icy chill. Never, never would Hugh speak to her of love again.

Effie sat staring out of the low window, her eyes dry, and all life turned black. Through the faintly green trees on the hill opposite the mountains gleamed a rich blue, — blue like huckleberries, like Hugh's eyes; poor eyes, bloodshot and with patched lids. No, he would never ask her to look into them with love; and yet — she would give her own two beaming eyes to be asked.

But it could not be. They would live, grow old, die, side by side, and never would he know how she valued his self-sacrificing love, nor that she loved him so that nothing, nothing could ever seem too hard for her to bear, if only —

What is shining in Effie's face? Not the sun, for it is behind the house; not its reflection, for the delicate spring tints offer at this hour but a mild absorbing mirror for its rays. The light is in Effie's heart, within which a thought has risen like a sun, and all the earth is bright again.

Her father's voice roused her, calling up and asking why his bath was not ready. She hastened down, smiling, and still smiled, although he stormed and scolded at having to sit in his mining clothes while the water was heating.

Days passed, but the light did not leave Effie's face, — that strange light of resolve. Yet she had not seen Hugh again. He had returned to work in a new position, that of fire-boss at Far Vista, for his burnt hands were unable to hold a drill and do miner's work.

One Sunday afternoon Effie started off with her basket, not to the Walshes' this time, but to gather arbutus up by "the old opening," a wild ravine, where the first outcroppings of coal had been found; the cliff on one side now a mere shell covering a vast, coal-lined cavern, and supported by a few gigantic pillars of solid anthracite.

The ravine was very beautiful on this lovely spring day. Its northern side, rustily carpeted with last year's winter-greens and arbutus, and picked out in the light green of budding trees, smiled cheerfully across at the frowning black openings, while its little brook foamed down over variegated slaty rocks, in very pride of life, from swelling springs above.

Effie ascended the steep path with sprightly step, her veins full of the spring, and her eyes bright with the smile that ever abode in her heart.

All at once she saw Hugh sitting on a ledge in front of one of the openings. His hat was off, showing to the full the sad ravages of the fire-damp. He sat with downcast face, unconscious of all about him.

Effie stood still, feeling as if a shot had passed through her. She was one throbbing pulse from head to foot.

Could she go on?

She had looked forward to this for days, — to meeting Hugh alone and speaking to him; and there he was, and here she was, rooted, unable to speak, longing to fly.

A bird's clear note rang out from the opposite cliff. Hugh looked up and saw Effie, then quickly seized his hat and drew it down over his brows. This brought Effie to his side in an instant.

"Oh, Hugh, I am so glad to see you!" she exclaimed.

Hugh gave a sort of groan, and turned away from her.

"Hugh," she persisted, "won't you let me speak to you? It's been so long since I had the chance, and I" — Here her voice suddenly broke off.

He did not reply, and Effie stood silently, the little basket fallen to the ground, and her hands clasped tightly before her. How she longed to throw her arms around him, and caress the head that once held itself so proudly erect, and now cowered under its pulled-down hat!

Presently with a great effort he spoke. It was the first time she had heard his voice in many months, and it sounded strangely to her, so low and choked it was.

"Effie," he said, "you'd better go away. You don't want to be talking to me. I'm a pretty fellow for you to be talking to!"

Were these, then, his first words to her after so long a time? Did he tell her to go away? Should a loving heart find no reward but this? There was a lump in her throat, and her eyes smarted with the tears that did not fall. She would not cry; no, he should not know how he made her suffer. As she waited beside him she remembered their meeting of the week before: she had hurt him then; it was on that account he treated her so to-day. How could she make amends? Could she tell him the truth, — that she had been frightened at the sight of him? Poor amends that!

But something must be said, and soon too. She tried to speak with cheerfulness.

"I do want to talk to you, Hugh. Wasn't I always willing to talk to you?"

"You like singing better," said he sullenly, "and I can't sing."

A happy thought struck her. "Do

you know, Hugh, John is going to marry Lizzy Morgan. He's with her all the time."

"I'm sorry for you, then."

"Oh, you need n't be sorry for me. I don't care who he marries. He would n't think of marrying anybody but a Welsh girl, you know. Did you think?" — She paused, and then added hesitatingly, clasping her hands more tightly than ever, "Did you think I'd marry a Welshman, Hugh?"

It was the veritable fiery Hugh of old that sprang to his feet, and stood towering above her on the crumbling ledge, oblivious of his burns and disfigurement. Passion had long lain speechless, but now had found a tongue.

"What do you come here for?" he said. "Why don't you leave me alone, now that you've broken my heart? You let me think you'd marry him, and it near killed me, and I—I'd have killed him—once I would; I'd have killed him for love of you. I loved you, Effie; all them fellows together could n't love you as I did; they don't know nothing about loving the way I do. Why, Effie," and he tried to clench his limp red fingers, "you've been just a bit of me ever since we was little. I don't know how to live without you. I ain't a man without you!"

The present had so overcome him that his words unconsciously took the present form. Suddenly he remembered, and groaned at the memory.

Silence fell upon them both, and upon all around them. The little brook whispered to itself for a few moments, and the bird stopped singing. Effie's hands were still clasped, and Hugh's dangled uselessly at his sides.

Eternity is neither short nor long; it

is an environment, simply; it is the atmosphere in which a soul breathes free from the flesh, and has nothing to do with duration.

Effie felt like a disembodied spirit.

When at length she lifted her eyes and looked upon the dear ruined countenance, she saw not it, but Hugh, that loved and loving entity. There was no longer any struggle, any movement of maiden modesty. She said in the tone of one who prays, —

"I love you, Hugh."

He threw himself down before her.

"Oh, Effie, don't, don't, — you can't love me! What am I, — what am I?" and he covered his face and wept aloud, the tears falling piteously between his fingers. "My life is gone, Effie. I can't offer it to you; I can't ask you to marry me."

"No," she said: "I knew you would n't ask me, and so — so that was the reason I thought I'd ask you, Hugh!" and she opened to him her arms, the doors of that sanctuary, her breast, whereon he laid his poor scarred head, and forgot the deadly peril that had blasted his beauty and his hopes together, forgot the anguish bitterer than death, forgot all but Effie and her love.

As they walked down the narrow path together, a low red sun shone straight up the ravine. Hugh's head was bent, but in pride now, not in shame, while he looked into Effie's bright face, all pink and white, like the arbutus she had forgotten to pick.

The bird whistled a good-night after them, and the woods and waters settled back with a sigh to the peace which this unwonted outburst of human passion had so rudely disturbed.

Edith Brower.

A WORLD OF ROSES.

SHE had a world of roses
 For half a wondrous day.
 (It was the thorny season,
 The summer far away.)

From space unknown they rallied,
 By rhythmic charm compelled;
 Their faces pale or crimson
 Close to her own they held.

She laughed amid her rose-guard, —
 It was a merry rout,
 That mocked the thorny season,
 And shut its white face out.

Each rose its heart did open,
 All tropic rich and sweet;
 Each rose-heart, kind and courtly,
 With her own heart did beat.

Untouched by time or canker,
 They fled, and left no trace.
 (And then the thorny season
 Thrust in its blanchèd face.)

Had she not wiselier chosen
 For every day a rose,
 Instead of this brief revel
 From elfland's garden-close?

Howe'er it be I know not;
 This only will she say,
 "I had my world of roses
 For half a wondrous day!"

Edith M. Thomas.

RAWDON BROWN AND THE GRAVESTONE OF "BANISHED NORFOLK."

IT is five years since Rawdon Brown died. His name is not widely known, but the students of the history of Venice are familiar with it as that of the author and editor of invaluable books, and of the

scholar who knew the city and its story as no one else did. The readers of the *Stones of Venice* and of *Ruskin's* later writings will recall his not infrequent affectionate and grateful references to

Mr. Brown, his "old and tried friend;" and so long as any one remains alive who was honored by Rawdon Brown's friendship, his memory will be cherished with a peculiar tenderness and freshness of regard. He was one of the kindest of men; an English gentleman in the full meaning of the term; Oxford bred, of the old-fashioned conservative type, hating modern innovations, loving the poetry and the picturesqueness of the past; solitary in his mode of life, but of a social disposition, and with a pleasant vein of humor, a wide range of culture, and quick sympathies that made him a delightful host. He had come to Venice as a young man, and he spent the last fifty years of his life there, never, I believe, revisiting England during all that time. "I never wake in the morning but I thank God," he said, "that he has let me spend my days in Venice; and sometimes of an evening, when I go to the Piazzetta, I am afraid to shut my eyes, lest when I open them I should find it had all been a dream." This century of democracy, the common modern men and common modern manners, were not to his liking. "My friends now and then ask me if I am not coming back to England. I tell them no, I could not live in England; I have been living too long with *gentlemen*." He did not mean with contemporaries, — there are few gentlemen left in Venice; the old families have died out, or gone away; he meant with the gentlemen such as built the palaces of Venice, such as Tintoret and Titian painted.

His home for many years was the upper part of the so-called Casa della Vida, "the house of the vine," once the Casa Gussoni, on the reach of the Grand Canal just above the Ca' d' Oro. The Gussoni were great people in the sixteenth century, and when this palace was built its front wall was painted by Tintoret, with two grand figures suggested by Michelangelo's Dawn and Twilight. Faint traces of them remained twenty years

ago, but in the last century, though already much faded, enough of them was visible to admit of their being engraved by Zanotti in his precious volume on the Paintings in Fresco by the principal Venetian masters. The engravings are ill-drawn and coarsely executed, but they are sufficient to give an impression, to one who knows Tintoret's work, of the power and splendor of the original design. In his apartment, furnished with English comfort, Mr. Brown had surrounded himself with a store of Venetian treasures, gradually accumulated during his long residence in the city at a time when the old houses were breaking up and their possessions were scattered. His means had enabled him to gratify his tastes as a scholar and an antiquary. His working-room was filled with manuscripts, books, documents, and adorned with paintings and engravings and a hundred pieces of minor art and curiosity. The walls of his dining-room were painted with cheerful scenes from Venetian life in the eighteenth century, taken from the designs of Longhi, the Goldoni of painting, whose pictures are always lively, gay, and full of the character of a charming, vanished society, which even in its decay retained a more poetic quality than was to be found elsewhere in Europe.

One day, sitting here after dinner, he told me the story of his coming to Venice. It was in the summer of 1833. His friends warned him against going there, for fear of cholera, but he was young and fearless, and he was inflamed with curiosity to find the burial-place of Mowbray, Shakespeare's Duke of Norfolk. He had been inspired by the noble verses in Richard II., in which, Bolingbroke having declared that Norfolk shall be repealed, —

"And, though mine enemy, restored again
To all his lands and signories," —

the Bishop of Carlisle replies, —

"That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought

For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And toil'd with works of war, retired himself
To Italy; and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long."

"It was with these verses in my head that I came to Venice," said Mr. Brown, "to find Mowbray's grave if I could. The Venetian scholars to whom I brought letters had never heard of Mowbray. They could tell me nothing. I got access to the archives of state, and to the store of historical manuscripts in the library of St. Mark's. I grew more and more interested in the search, and through it in the history of Venice; but for a long time I could discover nothing. I gathered, indeed, that Mowbray had been honorably interred within the precinct of St. Mark's, and that not long after his death his family had asked leave from the Signory of Venice to take his body from 'that pleasant country's earth,' and to carry it home. The request was refused, but at length, in 1533, one hundred and thirty-four years after Mowbray's death, after more than one renewal of the petition, permission was granted, and his bones were taken to his native land. This was all; the exact place where he had been buried, the monument that had marked his grave, were unknown. But I was now settled in Venice, and I never gave up the hope of finding out.

"Years passed, and nothing more turned up, till one day, by mere chance, turning over the pages of a little volume published in 1682 by a Frenchman named Freschot, who was living then in Venice, supporting himself by his rather scanty wits, my eye fell on a most remarkable plate. Let me get the book."

The book was called *Li Pregi della Nobiltà Veneta abbozzati in un Giuoco d'Arme*. It had but one plate, but that certainly was curious enough. Here is a copy of it, of the size of the original.



"You see," continued Mr. Brown, "what *armoiries parlantes* it shows. Freschot explains them all with great diffuseness as symbols of the majesty and sovereignty of Venice. But strangely arranged as they are, with no heraldic propriety, any eye versed in English heraldry sees instantly that they are English in origin and significance. The plate, says Freschot, represents a sculptured marble on the outer wall of the Ducal Palace, under the gallery that faces the Canal, looking toward San Giorgio Maggiore. It instantly struck

me that this was the monumental slab set over his tomb in memory of Mowbray. Here was the banner of Richard II., borne by Mowbray as the Earl Marshal of England. At the sides were the three Feathers of the Principality of Wales, which, owing to the king's having no son, remained merged in the crown from 1377 till the murder of Richard in 1399. Beneath the banner was the Mowbray Lion and Cap of Maintenance. To the left was the White Hart in a pale, the cognizance of Richard II., attached by a chain to a helmet which is beneath the Mowbray Cap and united to it by the collar of the Garter. This helmet conceals the head of the White Swan, the cognizance of Henry of Hereford, Bolingbroke. The Swan has a coronet round his neck, attached by a chain to the staff of the banner and to a collar of the Garter beyond. The meaning seems clear: it is Mowbray's boast, symbolized by his Lion standing upon the Helmet that covers the Swan, that it was Richard's protection alone that saved the Swan from the Lion, or, in plain words, that sheltered Bolingbroke from Mowbray's power. With a little study it all came out clear. But where was this monumental stone now? It was no longer where Freschot had seen and copied it. What had become of it since 1682? I consulted my old friend the librarian of St. Mark's, a good antiquary, but he had never heard of the stone; he could only fancy that it might have been taken from the place where Freschot saw it, during the French occupation of the city, in the first years of the century, when some ruthless changes and repairs were made in the palace. The *proto*, or master mason of the works done at that time, was dead, but his brother, who had worked with him, was still alive, and with a friend I hurried off to see him. He was old and ill in bed, but we insisted, and got speech of him. All to no purpose; he could re-

member nothing about such a stone, was sure he had never seen it. 'Why should I trouble a sick man about such a silly trifle?' Well, there was nothing to be got from him, and nothing from any one else whom I asked.

"So time went on. But one Christmas Day, or the day before Christmas, I was rowing over to the Lido, and as I passed in front of the palace I thought of the stone, and it came into my head that I had never asked about it of an old mason named Spira, the worthiest of masons, a genuine conservative, whom I had employed when I was putting the Ca' Dario in order, and whom I had often noticed for the care and reverence which he had for the old work. So, when I came back from my row, I took Freschot from the shelf, and gave it to Tony here, bidding him carry the book to Spira, show him the plate, and ask him if he had ever seen anything like it. Then the thing went out of my head; but that evening, as he was serving me at dinner, Tony said to me that Spira knew all about it, and was waiting outside to tell me what he knew. I could n't believe my ears. I had Spira in at once, and said to him, 'Good God! Spira, do you know about that stone? Be careful what you say.' 'But, your Signoria,' said he, 'I know all about it, and I am the only man in Venice who does, and I have a good right to know it. I almost lost my life for that stone.' Then he went on to tell me that he had been one of the workmen employed when the French—Lord bless them!—were hacking away, French fashion,—on the Doge's palace. They took this stone out of the wall on the front, as good a stone as ever was, and they had it put in the court; and one day the overseer of the works ordered him to chip off the carving and make the face smooth, so that it might serve for a block in the pavement. But Spira did not like the job, and employed himself otherwise, till a day or two afterwards, the

Frenchman, noticing that his order had not been obeyed, grew angry, bade Spira do what he was ordered, and directed that the stone should be laid in the pavement of the terrace that joins the church and the palace. 'So,' said Spira, 'I still would not spoil the stone. I thought it would answer as well to work the other side;' and he turned the stone over, face down, smoothed the back, cut away as little as possible round the edges to fit it to the space where it was to go, and then got help as speedily as possible to hoist it to the terrace, and have it laid, face downward still, before the Frenchman should come round again and find out that the carving had not been touched. 'But are you sure,' said I, 'that this was the very stone?' 'Sure?' replied he. 'I am not likely to be mistaken, for when we were hoisting it into place I got such a fall from the ladder as to stun me, and they took me up for dead; and when they found I was not killed, they cut the mark of a cross on the stone on which I fell, and there, your Signoria, you can see it any day with your own eyes.' And there, the next day, Spira showed it to me, and showed me too, in the pavement above, the back of the Mowbray stone I had been hunting for so long.

"Then I laid my plans to get it. There would be no use in asking the Austrian authorities for permission to remove it. They were too suspicious; they would have fancied some plot. So I told Spira I must have that stone, but must get it secretly, and bade him make a slab of precisely similar quality and dimensions. Then I went to the good old librarian, and asked leave to go freely upon the terrace, access to which was through the rooms under his charge, to make a drawing from it. I asked also that my servant might come and go with me, to carry my easel and other things. My old friend made no difficulty, and so day after day I went, till people got used

to seeing persons at work in this place, which was commonly closed and vacant. Before long Spira came to tell me the new stone was ready; then I told him to get a man whom he could trust, and with him and Tony to bring the stone down that afternoon, with all the means for raising the old one and setting the new in its place, and to do the work as quietly and expeditiously as possible. When it should be done, and the Mowbray slab should be in my boat, at the back entrance to the palace on the Canal, Tony was to come to me, who would be in the library, at hand to explain if any question should arise or any unforeseen difficulty be encountered. All went well. It was late in the winter afternoon when Tony appeared and said the boat was waiting to take me home. I went down, and there it was, covered with a cloak. I got it safely to my house, and then looked at it. Yes, it was the real stone that had been set up as a memorial of Norfolk, just as Spira had said, just as Freschot had engraved it, except that at the top it bore the inscription, omitted in the engraving and affording a new proof of its genuineness, *ADI XXII SETEMBRIO MCCCIC*, — the date of Mowbray's death.

"The next thing was to get it out of Venice and to England. An English vessel was in port, and I arranged with the captain to take it. He was to sail in about three weeks. Before it should go I thought I would have a cast of it made. But this was not done when, one day, much short of the appointed time, the captain sent me word that he must sail early the next morning. I bade Tony fetch the *formatore* and his man at once, and keep them at work, with abundant supply of wine, till the mould should be made. They were to work all night, if needful. It was three in the morning when Tony came to tell me the work was done, but that there was such a fog that you could not see your hand before you. Never mind; I

knew the way down the Canal blindfold. The stone was put in the boat, Tony and I, Spira and his man, at the oars. It was dark indeed, and, to my shame be it said, I missed the place where the vessel was moored, and brought up at San Giorgio instead of close to the Piazzetta. But then I knew just where we were, made for the vessel, and found that she had sailed an hour before! We must chase her, and just as we got to the entrance of the port the sun was near rising and the fog lifted a little. I looked up, and there was the stern of the vessel above me. The slab was hoisted on board. It got safely to England, and when you are next there you must go to Corby Castle and see it."

Not long afterwards, Mr. Brown went on to relate, he told the authorities in

Venice what he had done, and gave them a cast from the stone. They took it all in good part, and the cast was set up in that hall in the Ducal Palace from which one enters the stairway above which is Titian's fresco of St. Christopher. There is a glowing inscription beneath the cast in honor of Rawdon Brown, the illustrious investigator of the history and monuments of Venice. The love of Rawdon Brown for Venice and his services to her deserved this public record. In a letter written when he had been almost fifty years a Venetian, he said, speaking of the death of an old English friend, "It seems to me to bode my own speedy departure hence, and always with gratitude to the Almighty for having been allowed to pass so great a portion of my life here."

Charles Eliot Norton.

THE GERMAN GYMNASIUM IN ITS WORKING ORDER.

GERMAN schools may be divided into three leading classes: the Gynnasium, the Real-school, and the Bürger-school. The gymnasium ranks first, not only in regard to patronage, — it is favored by those holding high rank in life by merit, position, and birth, which does not, however, exclude a large attendance of other classes, — but also in regard to the results at which it aims. And why? Because the gymnasia are schools where pupils are trained, not for a special walk in life, but to bring them under the influence of such general truths and such general instruction as shall not only help them most effectually in any studies and professional pursuits they may enter upon later in life, but shall remain a storehouse of ideas and acquirements which neither rust nor moth consumes, from which the recipients are able to draw comfort and delight in all vicissitudes of life, and which give the stu-

dent the sure means for further intellectual development. The very word "gymnasia" suggests what these schools are, namely, *palaestrae*; not for the body, however, but for the mind, preparing and strengthening the student for intellectual life. Their aim, as is stated in the educational constitution of these schools, is not merely to help the student in acquiring such a degree of classical and scholarly education as is needed for a thorough understanding of the systematic and learned lectures at the universities, but to equip him with a mode of thinking and feeling which befits ennobled humanity. In this way the gymnasia have done their work for many decades; and if we review their history, we cannot but pay them the tribute that, though conservative, they have been duly progressive, too; that they have adhered to the principle both of "go ahead" and of "hold fast."

The materialistic tendency of the age, to be sure, they have never favored, and as this materialistic tendency has gained ascendancy they have severed themselves from the newly rising schools in which learning and intellectual pursuits are treated rather as the means than as the end to be attained. Not that they have left their programmes unchanged during the last century, but they have always maintained firmly that "carrying utilitarian principles into their curriculum would lower their standard, and would deprive those who desire them of higher intellectual blessings, and thus would not satisfy their demands on life." There is a vast difference, as a great writer has said, between worshiping science as a high, heavenly goddess and regarding it merely as a fine cow which provides us with butter.

The name "gymnasia" as applicable to schools dates back as far as the sixteenth century, and the record of some of these schools extends even to the fourteenth century, although the term became generally established for all schools of the highest grade only in the year 1812; some having passed until then by such names as college, lyceum, etc. This historic background has by no means been unimportant and insignificant in the development of the gymnasia at large. Whether we are conscious of it or not, the historic spirit does hold a mighty sway over us all, — age implying experience, — and I do not think at the present day the firmness of the system, which does not bear the slightest mark of experimenting, could be maintained in these schools if it were not for historic growth and historic results that speak so much in their favor; for the large majority of German scholars who have stocked the libraries with valuable works in all branches of learning were bred in these schools.

In former centuries they were independent, but of late they have all come under the supervision of the state gov-

ernment, which has laid out one universal course for all of them; inspects them through its commissioners; insists most rigidly, without any regard to numbers, upon the maintenance of the prescribed standard; and tests the teachers before considering them competent to fill a position. The Germans have always been treated more or less like children by the government. Can we wonder that the government assumed a paternal position in the most important phase of life, education? Moreover, it has not abused this position. To be sure, this paternal government has often proved a drawback to the people; it has tended to deprive them individually of a feeling of self-reliance and independence of action, which, in their places, deserve due admiration; but in schools this supervision and provision have had the very best influence, keeping up a high judicious standard of intellectual development independent of any popular interference, and thus securing and preserving unspeakable blessings. I do not wish to give the impression that the educational system of Germany or of any other country could by its excellence claim the right of being transferred just as it is to another country. No educational system is transferable *in toto*. The very difference that exists between the character and life of various nations would make such a scheme impracticable. Countries may learn from each other, but each must work out its own national education. Here, too, as in so many spheres of life, the maxim holds good that "one thing is not befitting for all," and it applies especially in regard to discipline. Having been for sixteen years a teacher in American schools, which means as many years as I was a student in German institutions, I have arrived at the firm conviction that American boys can be managed to better advantage by what I may call the American method of discipline, which consists to a great extent of a judicious

appeal to the manliness and honor of the boys, than by the German method, which is rather an absolutism on the part of the teacher. But the German boy is by nature differently constituted; his surroundings, his home life, the whole aspect of private and public life, are different; his future differs in all these respects. Next to complete mastery of the subjects to be taught and natural or acquired ability for imparting knowledge, the most essential requisite for real success on the part of the teacher is sound judgment and understanding of the very character of those he has to deal with, and of the circumstances under which they live and will have to live. There is a dissimilarity of national character and life which must be taken into account with reference to pedagogy in shaping the educational system.

The regular German gymnasium is divided into six classes, *Prima*, *Secunda*, *Tertia*, *Quarta*, *Quinta*, *Sexta*; the upper three forms requiring a course of two years each, the lower three a course of one year each, so that the time a pupil is expected to spend at the gymnasium amounts to nine years in all. A boy who is to enter *Sexta* must have passed his ninth year, and must prove by written and oral examinations, to be held in the presence of all the faculty, that he has had such a preparation as is equivalent to three years' regular instruction in a public school or private fitting-school of good standing. He must be able to read ordinary German and Latin type with fluency; must be acquainted with the elementary rules of the parts of speech; must be capable of following dictation of easy German in good, plain writing without any gross mistakes in spelling; must be firm in the principles of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division of whole numbers; must be acquainted with the outlines of the history of the Old and New Testaments; must have some ele-

mentary knowledge of geography, especially of the geography of the state in which he lives; and must have acquired the first elements of drawing. This seems, indeed, a large requirement for a boy at the age of nine or ten, but it is accomplished, and how? During the earlier years the whole tendency of the instruction is to have the boy do as much work as possible in the class-room, under the guidance of the teacher. Consequently the number of recitations appears exorbitant during that period, but we must take into consideration that the hours for preparing the lessons are comparatively few. All the principles involved in the lesson have been most carefully explained and practically applied beforehand, so that it requires comparatively little time to get the lessons ready for recitation. In this way much misapplied time and useless labor are saved, there is little to be unlearned, and at an early age the boy becomes acquainted with proper habits of thinking and working. The large number of hours in the gymnasium, especially for the lower forms, must likewise be considered from this point of view, else thirty or thirty-two hours a week — that is, from seven to eleven in summer, eight to twelve in winter, during the forenoon, and two to four during the afternoon, with the exception of Wednesday and Saturday, when no afternoon sessions are held — would seem an unreasonable amount for a boy at the age from nine to fourteen. But during this period it took us, to the best of my recollection, only one hour and a half or two hours a day to prepare our lessons; and the study-hours were chosen judiciously, so that we might do good work in the least possible time. Work never followed closely upon a substantial meal, for "*Plenus venter non studet libenter*" is a maxim with which we became early acquainted, and which I should like to translate into English thus: The condition of digesting a heavy

meal is not the proper condition for doing good mental work. We were, as a rule, not allowed to eat as much as we felt inclined to, nor at all times when it suited our pleasure; and, on the whole, everything was avoided that might interfere with our work and distract our minds when we were studying. The hours of play were strictly divided from those of study, absolute quiet was required and provided for when we prepared our lessons, and from the very beginning we learned to look at work earnestly, as at something which demanded our full and undivided attention. Nine hours for sleep, seven or eight hours for work, and seven or eight hours for recreation is, after all, a division of time that will not injure the health of an average boy between nine and fourteen. The excellent methods of guidance on the part of the teachers, together with the judicious regulation of life in general, enabled us to accomplish, with such a division of time, the large requirements set before us at that age, and at the same time imbued us early with habits of punctuality, order, resignation, earnestness, and concentration, which contribute greatly to the saving of time, and thus permit a larger amount of work to be done.

All this could readily be effected by the mutual understanding which existed between teachers and parents. As a rule, the father of the boy had been in the gymnasium himself, and valued highly what he had carried away from it. He listened to no complaints on the part of the boy; he had the utmost confidence in the teachers whose competency had been so thoroughly tested, and he granted them the privilege of advising him as to the best plans and methods to which the life and work of the boy should conform outside of school. The student whose parents did not reside in the town where the gymnasium was located could live only in such families as were recommended by the

principal, and was visited constantly in his quarters by the teachers who watched his habits. If a boy were seen too much in the street at times when he ought to study, both he and his guardians were given warning. The teacher was, indeed, everything to the boy,—he was the absolute authority; and disagreeable as it seemed at times even to the naturally submissive German student, as a rule he looks back upon these stern masters with gratitude and respect; for not only were they able men, but they labored day and night for the welfare of those entrusted to them, and for the purpose of securing high attainments at an early age they took a great deal of work upon their own shoulders.

The subject which is always placed first in the catalogue of any gymnasium is religion. It absorbs three hours a week in the lower forms, and two in the upper. The course includes Bible history, catechism, with memorizing of Bible verses as references and of old church hymns, Bible reading with exegesis, moral philosophy as based upon the teachings of Christianity, and church history. The teachers of religion are invariably theologians, it being the law that no religious instruction shall be given, at least in the upper and middle forms, by any one but a teacher who is a graduate in theology; and being a graduate in theology means to have passed through the gymnasium, and to have pursued the study of theology for three or four years at one of the universities. Men who have undergone such training successfully are apt to know what they are about when they come to teach; and it has always seemed strange to me that while in all other branches we should demand skilled men as instructors, religion should be considered a subject which anybody might undertake to teach. All teaching ought to be done by persons whose minds have been sufficiently educated to treat the subject systematically, logically, and in general

judiciously. If it is lacking in these respects, it hurts not only the common cause of education, but above all the pupil's mind, that ought never to be exposed to the dangers of inaccurate instruction. The predominant feature of the work which the theologians did in these schools was that they set forth the history of the Bible scientifically, taught its doctrines of belief and morals systematically, and adapted those doctrines to the present age judiciously. I admit that I was perhaps specially favored in regard to the teachers I had in this branch of instruction, but I certainly owe them nothing but deep-felt gratitude for the many lasting blessings they bestowed upon heart and soul; for besides treating the course scientifically, they appealed warmly to our religious feeling, and endeavored to arouse and strengthen it, being themselves thoroughly imbued with the worth of Christianity.

The next branch of study, the mother-tongue, has obtained only in this century a more prominent position in the curriculum as a separate study, with three hours a week in the lower forms, two in *Tertia* and *Secunda*, and three again in *Prima*. The phonetic element of the German language is such as to facilitate the acquisition of correct reading and spelling. Oral spelling exercises of words are hardly practiced at all, but spelling is taught almost exclusively by writing, dictation, and reading, and the dictation exercises have the excellent effect of enabling the boy at an early age to take notes during the recitations. He soon finds out that without taking notes he cannot keep pace at all in any branch of study, since in his further course of education the teacher elaborates the work to a great extent from his own resources; creates what is called class-grammars, suited to the needs of the class; and requires the student to remember such commentations as he furnishes with the reading. It is evident

what vitality the work must gain in this way.

At the age of thirteen a German boy has been carried so far as to write and speak his language correctly; and as to reading, a boy is not admitted to the third form unless he can read firmly, distinctly, and intelligently. The greatest exactness is required in this respect. The laws of punctuation are closely watched; the slightest transposition of words, be it ever so insignificant, is never allowed to pass; and here too, at an early age, the boy becomes deeply impressed with that leading principle which runs through the whole system of education, that there are no two ways about truth. Parsing is never practiced in connection with reading in the student's vernacular, and exactness in distinguishing the parts of speech is obtained through the medium of other languages by comparison. Such a thing, for instance, as parsing a classical poem like Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea*, analogous to the practice of parsing Milton's *Paradise Lost* until it really becomes a lost paradise, was unheard of in those schools. As the instruction in German advances, the "gymnasiast" reads in the class-room the leading works of prose and poetry. Special stress is laid upon developing the faculty of expounding thoughts in all their bearings, and upon developing the faculty of individual thinking. Free composition exercises are required every month, the sphere of subjects widening with the general course of the class, be it in Latin, Greek, history, French, or German, all teachers keeping in touch with each department, which they can do the more easily as the whole course runs in fixed channels. During the last four years the composition exercises consist of more extensive essays, only one being required every quarter of a year; and special stress is laid upon a clear, logical division and arrangement of the subject, it being usually required that the student

should set forth by numbers the main divisions of his essay, and confine his thoughts to the headings, without indulging in vague digressions. The course in reading is now laid out in connection with the history of literature, a good deal of attention being paid to Middle-High-German and the language of the Nibelungen; also to ancient German mythology, which, as all mythology, introduces the student to the very spirit and character of the people of ancient times. The final results to be attained from the instruction in German are these: to render the student perfectly familiar with the spirit and history of German literature, to sharpen his critical judgment, to educate his taste, and above all to make him master of a correct and skillful use of his own language both in speaking and writing, and thus master of a systematic and logical way of thinking; for there is "no reason without language" and "no language without reason," as appears on the title-page of Max Müller's recent work on *The Science of Thought*. The composition exercises or essays are considered by all teachers as the best criterion of the student's general mental development, and he who does not come up to the standard in these can never expect to be promoted, especially as deficiency in this respect, from its very nature, must usually be coincident with deficiency in other branches.

I approach now those two subjects which, in the way they are taught, are preëminently the exclusive property of the gymnasium, namely, Latin and Greek. To Latin were given, in my time, nine years, with about ten or eleven hours a week; the number is now, however, reduced to eight or nine. It is the language *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, with which the student becomes so well acquainted that he finally uses it for speaking and writing by the side of his vernacular in the class-room. It is the comparative language from which he learns to under-

stand his own more thoroughly; for the saying that no one understands his own language until he has learned another is quite true. It seems to me a wise plan to have chosen for this purpose a language which is no longer subject to any change. Moreover, there is such a thing as denationalization, and the very first step to it is taken by acquiring a second language so as to use it equally with one's own every day; for no one can deny the reciprocal influence which language exercises on man who made language, and in turn is to a great extent made by language what he is. With a dead language there is no possibility of its having a practically denationalizing effect upon the character of its devotees, and the very remoteness and difference of the Roman age from the modern Christian age on the one hand diminish the danger of an exaggerated assimilation, and on the other hand increase the facilities for enlarging the horizon of thought. The time when the French literature and language were used equally with German in Germany was not a prosperous time in German history. Rome's decline was coincident with the introduction of another language into the very life of the people. Those nations which have not one established language are not the leading nations of the world. Moreover, the necessity for having one language as the general medium of expression is most apparent in this country, where English has superseded and does constantly supersede all other languages, in spite of a large foreign population. The saying that no one can speak two languages is by no means a contradiction to the above saying that no one can understand his own language until he has learned another; but it must be taken *cum grano salis*. My own experience has made me take it in this sense: it is most essential that one's daily thoughts should find expression in one fixed channel of speech; it is most essential not only for the sake of

communication, but also for the sake of being in full harmony with one's self and with one's surroundings. When I came to this country and found the English language prevailing everywhere, my first resolution was to strain every nerve to make myself as familiar with English as with my mother-tongue, — to abandon the practical use of German, which I could never forget after having been so thoroughly rooted in it; and I found, as soon as the channel for conveying thought was unobstructed and uniform, that I was what I desired to be, in harmony with the people and myself. Now, in the gymnasium, the Latin course, it seems to me, tends to make the student as well acquainted with the language as can be done by thorough-going study, and thus acquaints him with the very spirit of the people; but as there are no longer any Romans, as the language is an ancient and dead one, unfitted for practical use, the possibility of duality of speech is excluded *per se*. Latin can never have the unsettling influence which the parallel use of a coexisting language, belonging to a coexisting people, is apt to exercise, especially on the juvenile mind. I have often heard it said, How nice it is for children to speak two modern languages! I do not agree with this view: first, because in all such cases I have universally found that each language loses at the expense of the other, and it is better to speak one well than to speak two "confoundedly;" and then, even if two languages could be carried along with equal accuracy in every-day life, such a practice cannot but have an unsettling effect upon the mind. Let Latin be taught thoroughly, and it will be easy enough to acquire later any living language without much effort.

To begin with pronunciation, there is only one method for pronouncing Latin throughout Germany, and Latin text is read with the same fluency and expression as the mother-tongue. This is no

slight advantage. He who is well read in the literatures of the leading historic peoples cannot fail, indeed, to see the universality of human thought. The truth, to be sure, exists before men express it; but as its expression would lose force if we read its statement like a vocabulary of disconnected words in our own language, so it must gain reality when we read it according to its very spirit in a foreign tongue. I will not enter here into the question of what method of Latin pronunciation can claim the best right for universal acceptance, but one appeal I desire to make, namely: let the Latin professors of colleges and academies come to an understanding as to one method, which shall be rigidly enforced and shall be one of the requirements for admission. What a firm basis of uniformity of pronunciation would lend to the knowledge of Latin in this country, how much labor and time it would save both teacher and student, how much misunderstanding it would exclude! As the simplest method seems to be the one used at Harvard, I wish it would be adopted throughout the country.

As Latin is the first language besides his own with which the student becomes acquainted, the teaching of Latin grammar is very minute. From the Latin grammar the student is expected to acquire such grammatical knowledge as is applicable to all languages. The grammatical channel to which Latin can be confined will indeed hold all other tongues. Grammar is read carefully in the class-room during the first years; its rules are thoroughly explained and recited afterwards; the student is instructed accurately as to the bearing of the principles involved, while his *pensum* consists chiefly in their practical application. A great deal of translation at sight is carried on from the very beginning, under the guidance of the teacher. One written exercise is handed in every week; besides this, one so-called *extemporale*,

which is written in the class-room from dictation; that is, the teacher reads in German and the class writes in Latin. These exercises are corrected outside of the class, are marked according to their merit, and are discussed during the first half hour of the next recitation. Connected prose is not taken up before the third year, Cornelius Nepos being the first author that is read. Up to that time the reading consists of easy prose sentences, well chosen, and introducing the student gradually to more complicated constructions. In preparing the lessons the student is not allowed to use special dictionaries; at least we were not. Each student was required to have a large dictionary; for instance, the one by Georges. I am glad now that this rule was enforced. A scholarly, comprehensive dictionary develops the meanings of a word step by step, shows the history of the word, and furnishes the connecting links between the various meanings. Thus it cultivates the habit of cohesive thinking, at the same time compelling the student to use and sharpen his own judgment in selecting from a variety of meanings. We were required to write down any word with which we were unfamiliar, in the form in which we found it in the lexicon, and then always the literal meaning first; and if this meaning did not seem to fit, one or two other meanings which we thought proper. These vocabularies were inspected by the teacher and committed to memory, special stress being laid on a knowledge of the literal meaning, which furnishes, indeed, in most instances the key to a variety of significations. The word had more or less become our own property already when we wrote it down and chose its rendering, and it was much easier to commit it to memory from our own handwriting than from any vocabulary found in books. We took pleasure in seeing these lists of words constantly grow smaller, and together with the excellent exercise of the *extemporalia*

they helped us greatly in acquiring a ready command of words.

The authors read were: Nepos, six books of Cæsar, Cicero's *Catilinarian*, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Cicero's *De Imperio Cn. Pompeii*, *Pro Roscio*, *Pro Archia*, Cato Major, Sallust's *Catilinarian Conspiracy*, Livy, Vergil, Cicero's *Tusculanæ*, *De Officiis*, Lælius, *Pro Milone*, *Pro Sestio*, *Pro Murena*, *Verrinæ IV.* and *V.*, Tacitus, Horace, Terence, Catullus. Latin verses were constantly committed to memory, especially such as might introduce us to the philosophy of Roman life and thought. Versification was practiced in the upper forms, and tended to give us command of synonymous expressions as well as knowledge of syllabic quantity. From *Secunda* upwards a Latin composition had to be handed in every three months on a given subject, ten pages at least being required for each essay. Written translations and *extemporalia* were continued. In translating a Latin author into our vernacular great stress was laid on entering into the very spirit of the passage, and rendering it as it would be expressed naturally in our own language. Comical mistakes happened quite often in this process of forcing the student to jump from ancient times and expressions to modern ones. Thus a student once rendered "*Quibus rebus cognitis Cæsar summa diligentia in Galliam profectus est*" by "After hearing of this condition of affairs, Cæsar traveled on the top of the diligence into France." Exercises in Latin discussion are carried on in the upper forms: the student is required to read five chapters a week, for instance, from Tacitus or Livy, and to state the contents in Latin freely, or in reply to Latin questions. The whole aim of the course is this: to secure by careful grammatical instruction not only a thorough acquaintance with the Latin language, but a firm basis of universal grammatical knowledge which may enable the student to acquire readily the

mastery of any language, and to introduce him to the spirit and life of classical antiquity.

The course in Greek covers seven years at six or seven hours a week, beginning with Quarta. Greek is pronounced with the same fluency as Latin. Grammatical instruction is also very much the same as with Latin; free composition exercises are, however, excluded. Extemporalia from dictation are continued throughout the course. The authors read are Xenophon, who is taken up towards the end of the second year; Homer, who is kept alive throughout the course, as all the *Odyssey* and *Iliad* are to be read; Lysias; Herodotus; Plato's *Apologia*, *Crito*, *Phædo*; four books of Thucydides; six orations of Demosthenes; three plays of Sophocles, one of Euripides, and one of Æschylus. The weekly hours for reading are divided between prose and poetry, with a preponderance in favor of prose. Well-chosen passages from the respective authors are committed to memory. In Prima, students were sometimes appointed to declaim in German a whole oration of Demosthenes which had been translated and thoroughly explained. Of course the preparation for such an exercise did not consist simply in memorizing, but in a careful analysis of the whole oration. The practice of directing our attention to special passages was also a very excellent one. Such passages were constantly called for in the further course of reading, and thus we attained skill in looking up references. The aim of the instruction was to bring about a thorough-going knowledge of the grammar and the structure of the language, so that the student might be able to read at sight, with due allowance for very difficult passages, the authors appointed for Prima, — for example, Thucydides; and, above all, to introduce him, by means of the excellent mental discipline the course implies, to the very spirit of the Grecian age, in which so many

treasures of human knowledge, art, and science lie concealed, and which can never be fully appreciated and understood without a knowledge of the beautiful language of the Greeks itself.

In connection with Greek there was also in Prima a course in philosophic propædæutics. Trendelenburg's handbook of logic was used for this purpose, which contains chiefly passages from Aristotle, and sets forth the outlines of logic. The teacher supplemented these by lectures.

French takes the fifth position in the curriculum. Instruction in this language was taken up in Quinta, when three hours a week were given to it, the next year five, and the remaining six years two, so that it formed a regular branch of instruction for eight years at an average of two or three hours a week. Thorough-going grammatical groundwork was required. Composition exercises had to be written every week, and later on we were drilled in writing French from dictation in German. Our French professor managed these composition exercises with a great deal of judgment, raising the standard from year to year; so that on entering the second form we found ourselves quite able to write free composition exercises, and in the first form French essays. The reading we did after the elementary instruction was principally historical in the third form, in the second and first forms classical. Explanations of the subject matter were occasionally rendered in French in the upper forms, with the exception of grammatical explanations, which were invariably given in the vernacular, so as to make us firmer in German grammar by comparing it with that of another language. The principal aim of the instruction was on the whole that we should become able to read French at sight, to pronounce it with ease and with good accent, and to write it with correctness.

The sixth subject is history, which is taught for nine years.

After the boy had been rooted in Bible history during his preparatory course, two hours were given in Sexta to the outlines of ancient history. The main divisions and dates were committed to memory from history tables, the lives of eminent men were read or narrated in connection with the principal events these heroes brought about, and we were called upon to repeat from memory at the following recitation these *Geschichtsbilder*, or historical pictures. In Quinta, besides constant reviews of ancient history, a similar course was pursued with the universal history of the Middle Ages; and in Quarta the same was done with modern history, special attention being paid throughout these two years to German history. Thus during the first three years we gained a general view of the history of the world, setting forth the leading men, events, divisions, and dates; furnishing, so to speak, the framework of history. In the following six years this framework was filled out by special history; that is, in the first year, Oriental and Greek history; in the second, Roman, to 375 A. D.; in the third and fourth years, mediæval history to 1517, with special attention to German history, and constant reviews on Greek history and observations on the constitutional government of the Greeks; in the last two years, finally, modern history from 1517, with special reference to Germany, and constant reviews on Roman history and observations on the constitutional government of the Romans. In this historical course there was comparatively little book-learning. To be sure, we had a handbook which set forth the leading events and dates. The paragraph which was to be treated on was pointed out to us beforehand, so that we might make ourselves familiar with the main facts; then the professor delivered a lecture on this paragraph from his own notes, which he had carefully prepared, founding them on the

original works of ancient and modern historians. The students listened, and took down such parts of the lecture as constituted its main features. In the next hour two or three students were called upon to repeat in connected speech the outlines of the preceding lecture. The accuracy with which facts were elaborated and discrepancies of statements were sifted could not but make a deep impression on the mind. It has often occurred to me since that the way in which Germans look at history is in close keeping with the word they have for it in their language. The word *Geschichte* (history) conveys at once the idea of *das Geschehene* (that which has happened), and the careful and convincing truthfulness of the German historians no one will doubt. Whether it was drudgery at times or not, when I look back on this historical course I cannot speak too highly of it. It was the broadest and at the same time the most exact and judicious treatment of facts, men, and nations, bearing on its very face the stamp of truth. And it was not simply book-learning and book-teaching; it was life-giving and life-receiving, because the men who taught knew life, knew the world, and thus could understand and disclose the mainsprings of human action. The aim of the instruction was, on the whole, to make the student acquainted with the leading events of universal history, and especially of Greek, Roman, and German history; to bring about a conception of the continuity and cohesion of events, and of the connection between causes and results; to enable him to read the leading historical works intelligently, for which purpose it is most essential that he should have a wide, exact knowledge of the times when and the places where these events occurred. Besides this, historical instruction was intended to awaken and foster patriotism, and to arouse in the hearts love for the ideal tasks of humanity as they appear from

the moral lessons of history, "which is the judgment-seat of the world." Geography is taught separately from history only in the lower forms of the gymnasium; in the upper forms it is reviewed in connection with history. The geographical text-books used in the lower forms connect this study likewise with history by giving a *résumé* of each country's history before entering upon its geographical description.

The last subjects in the course are mathematics, natural history, and physics. Mathematics absorbed three hours a week in Sexta, four throughout the rest of the course. Natural history claimed two hours for four years, and one hour for the first half of the fifth year; physics, one hour during the second half of the fifth year, and two hours for the remaining four years. The course was about the same as any ordinary mathematical course spread over an equal amount of time. One exercise was rather unusual, and one from which we derived good discipline for mental activity and quickness, namely, mental arithmetic, to which one hour a week was given for two years. The rapidity with which we solved problems without using pencil or paper was due to the skill with which the teachers introduced us to and trained us in the easiest methods of dealing with numbers mentally.

Examinations, though occurring twice a year, did not play, to the best of my recollection, as important a part in the course as they do with us here, with the exception of the final examination, the *Abiturienten-Examen*, or "examination of maturity." The class examinations were both written and oral at Easter. The written consisted, with the upper forms, of a Latin, German, and French essay, a translation into Greek, and a mathematical paper; and with all other classes, in translations from the German into Latin, Greek, and French, a German composition, and a mathematical paper. Translating from

the languages into our own vernacular, and grammatical questions, as well as examination in religion, history, natural history, and physics, were confined to oral exercises. These were carried on in the presence of invited guests, who had also the privilege of inspecting the papers, and thus of obtaining some insight into the work which had been done. About the first week of October written examinations alone took place, and they were private. Whether a student should be promoted from one class to another depended principally on the work he had done during the year. Those who, from want either of application or of ability, had not come up to the standard during the year stood little chance for advancement, and were ultimately advised to pursue another course in life. Absolute continuity of work, without any gaps, was a most essential requirement for promotion, and thus the classes were pretty thoroughly sifted, and could do better work. The graduation examination, however, was an affair of great significance. It covered one week for written papers, beginning with a Latin essay the first day, a German the second, a French the third, a Greek translation the fourth, a mathematical paper the fifth, and a Latin *extemporale* the sixth. The subjects for the three essays were assigned by the teacher who stayed with the class. We were allowed eight hours for each essay. A few weeks later, after the papers had been corrected by the teachers and inspected by the government, those who had passed were examined orally on some appointed day, from eight in the morning to four in the afternoon, with one hour's intermission. This examination covered all subjects of the course, and was carried on in the presence of all the faculty and a government commissioner. After giving thoroughly satisfactory evidence of having attained the prescribed proficiency in all branches of the curriculum, the student receives a

diploma, which contains a statement of his advancement in every department; also of his conduct and application. It bestows upon him the privilege of becoming matriculated at any of the German universities. As the university holds out only post-graduate courses in law, medicine, philosophy, and theology, by which the student may prepare for his profession, and as all recitations are dispensed with at these institutions, the gymnasium corresponds to our grammar, high-school, and college courses combined.

Catalogues are published every year. The professors take turns in writing a paper for each year's issue. Most interesting treatises on philological, historical, literary, theological, and mathematical subjects lend importance to these catalogues, and give at the same time evidence to government, patrons, and students that the teachers have not stood still in their respective fields of learning, but have carried on individual research and study beside their work in the class-room.

George Moritz Wahl.

THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS.

NOT long ago, a French scholar announced that he had discovered in the Louvre an Arabic manuscript of the tale of Aladdin, whereupon there was great rejoicing among Orientalists. This charming history had been under a cloud. Galland, indeed, had included it in his *Contes Orientales*, but since his day no one had seen it in the original, and there was doubt of its genuineness. The late Professor E. H. Palmer, he who met an untimely death at the hands of the Arabs, believed that it was not of Oriental origin, but a European re-hash of Eastern material; others reserved opinion. The question has been set at rest by the discovery of the manuscript, and the lovers of the story may enjoy it with the assurance that it is a genuine product of Arabian fancy.

It is less than two hundred years that the *Nights* have been known to Europe; for a hundred years they have been a European classic, one of the few books that please all classes and ages. We owe our knowledge of them to the distinguished French Orientalist, Antoine Galland, who, coming as a poor boy to Paris, rose by his energy and talents to be antiquary to the king and member

of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres. He had prepared himself for his translation by many years of study and of travel in the East. In 1704 appeared the first part of his *Mille et Une Nuits, Contes Arabes traduits en Français*; he was then fifty-eight years old. The work was to consist of four volumes, of which only three have come down to us. The first two include, according to the edition of De Sacy, printed at Paris in 1840, two hundred and thirty-four *Nights* (elsewhere the number is given as two hundred and sixty-four); the third volume contains a number of stories in which there is no division of *Nights*. As this last group of tales differed somewhat in tone from the rest and were not found in the manuscripts known to scholars, it was surmised that Galland had picked them up from story-tellers in the East; but the discovery above mentioned gives probability to De Sacy's opinion that he found them in the public libraries of Paris.

The popularity of the *Contes* was immediate and widespread. The novelty and freshness of the scenes, representing the extremes of Oriental splendor and squalor, the fancifulness and *naïveté* of

the supernatural machinery, the variety and charm of sentiment, the delicacy of the humor, in a word the richness and mystery of the strange life thus revealed, made the book immensely attractive to the French public of that day. France had been nourished on the plays of Corneille and Racine, the discourses of Bossuet, and the skeptical philosophy of Bayle, with only Molière to express the humor of life; here were opened the doors of unlimited and delicious romance. All Paris was full of the wonderful stories; it was a triumph resembling that achieved by the Waverley Novels. In his *Biographie Universelle*, Michaud (quoted by Burton) tells a story that illustrates the popularity of the Nights: In the first part of the work Galland always introduced the narration by the formula, "My dear sister, if you are not asleep, I beg you to relate one of those pleasant stories that you know." Some young persons, tired of this dull repetition, went on a very cold night to Galland's house, knocked at his door, and called him to the window, where he appeared in scant clothing. After a number of unimportant questions, during which he stood shivering, they said to him, "Oh, M. Galland, if you are not asleep, tell us one of those beautiful stories that you know." Galland took the hint, and suppressed the formula in the subsequent parts of the book. If the literal correctness of this story cannot be vouched for, it at any rate suggests that Galland in some way discovered that his standing phrase was thought to be a little ridiculous, and therefore dropped it.

No doubt the Contes owed their popularity in part to the pleasant modern French in which they were written. Galland did not attempt to reproduce the peculiarities of the Arabic prose style, nor did he use the Oriental modes of address. His instinct as translator led him to avoid whatever might seem barbarous to his generation. Public taste has changed since then; we prefer to pre-

serve the Oriental coloring of manner and style, partly on account of its novelty, partly from the historical feeling which delights in the precise presentation of old customs. In the beginning of the eighteenth century there was danger that people might be appalled by strange expressions; at any rate, Galland's gallicized Contes received universal applause. It seemed quite natural that the king should be addressed as "Sire" and "votre Majesté," and that in speaking to one another people should say "Monsieur" and "Madame," that the young ladies should be "aimables" and "agréables" and the men "seigneurs" and "cavaliers." Everywhere the straightforward, matter-of-fact Arabic is transformed into fine French phrases. The translation bears somewhat the same relation to the original that Pope's *Iliad* does to Homer; and as Pope has introduced Homer to thousands of persons who would not have read a better translation, so Galland gave the Nights a position which a scientifically accurate rendering would certainly have failed to secure. The fame of the new work speedily spread outside of France. In a few years four editions of an English translation of Galland were published, and the stories became as popular in England as in France. It was, indeed, on these reproductions of the French that the English-speaking world depended for nearly a century, — perhaps we may say till the appearance of Lane's independent translation in 1839. It is to Galland that we owe the spelling of some of the famous names in the Nights, as those of the two sisters Scheherazade and Dinarzade, which doubtless sound well enough in French, but in English, it is to be feared, become barbarous, and ought to be abandoned for the proper spellings, Shahrzad ("the child of the city") and Dinarzad ("the child of the treasure") or Dunyazad ("the child of the world"); the famous Calif of Bagdad we continue to write Haroun al-

Raschid (which I have heard pronounced "Raskeed") instead of Harun al-Rashid. But in spite of Galland's modernisms and inaccuracies, his book had a genuine flavor of Oriental sentiment and adventure, and achieved a brilliant success; it made the *Nights* a European classic.

The origin of *The Thousand and One Nights* is almost as difficult to trace as that of the *Iliad* or the *Pentateuch*. These are all, not products of single minds, but masses of literature, shaped anew from generation to generation; the beginnings of them wrapped in obscurity, because there was no one to chronicle the first silent growths. The tales which make up the Arabian book are varied in character. There are fables, in which a moral or prudential lesson is expressed by beasts; stories of everyday life, of commerce and travel, love and intrigue and adventure, in which the marvelous is more or less mingled; fanciful and wild fairy stories, in which loose rein is given to the imagination and the fancy, and the ordinary conditions of life are turned topsy-turvy; anecdotes of historical personages, and long quasi-historical stories of wars between Moslems and their enemies; and theological narratives, in which a heroine, for example, undergoes an examination in Mohammedan dogmatics which would do honor to a modern theological seminary or examining board. Any reader would be inclined to judge that all this material has not come from the same stratum of culture or the same period of history; the natural inference is that it has grown by successive deposits, by a continued process of elaboration, and the question arises, Where and how did the process of growth begin? On this point scholars are divided, some preferring India as the starting-place, others Persia, and still others some Moslem land, as Syria or Egypt. The first view is favored by Galland and Benfey; the second by Hammer-Purgstall and Burton and others; and the third by De

Sacy (who selects Syria) and Lane (who prefers Egypt). Instead of giving the arguments of these writers in chronological order, I will state the general considerations which, as it appears to me, may lead us to an approximate solution of the question.

In the first place, it seems clear that the body of the stories in their present form are Moslem and Arabian. The language is pure Arabic: not, indeed, of the classic type, not that of the *Koran* nor even of the great historians; rather comparatively modern and popular, but still genuine Arabic. It contains a number of Persian words, but not more than it would naturally appropriate from its Persian-speaking neighbors, not more in number than the French words which many an English book of to-day contains. The style also is Arabian, sharply contrasted for the most part with the Persian; possibly somewhat affected by Persian influence, yet far from that deliberate and persistent system of balanced short phrases which to the Western mind becomes sometimes positively irritating. The manners and customs of the *Nights* may many of them be found in the Arabic-speaking world of to-day. Lane's notes to his translation are a treasure of sociological information, and a large part of his illustrations are derived from his own observation of life in Egypt. All domestic details, such as the construction of houses, customs of eating, sleeping, education of children, marriages, social intercourse; methods of commerce, the forms of shops and khans, habits of commercial travel, the organization of bazaars, modes of attracting customers; the political organization, califs, sultans, kings, wazirs, judges, courts, officers of police, prisoners, laws of debtors and creditors; regulations of religion, mosques, imams, prayers, ablutions, *Koran*-recitations, funerals, — all these are Moslem and Arabian. There is an accurate knowledge of the topography and life of Bagdad, Damas-

cus, and Cairo. When the scene is laid in Cairo, one may now trace the fortunes of the personages by the streets and gates mentioned in the story. Even when the history deals with remote lands, as China and India, the narrator transfers thither his own Moslem customs; for example, in the long and dramatic story of Kamar al-Zaman, which moves almost over the face of the globe, one is not conscious of change of social and religious conditions; and so everywhere, unless indeed there be specially introduced a city of the fire-worshippers, which the writer's historical sense forces him, of course, to represent as non-Moslem. The attitude of the *Nights* toward the Persian Zoroastrianism, or fire-worship, is noteworthy. The Magians are represented as fiends in human shape, mostly clever adventurers, adepts in diabolical arts and inspired by a fiendish hatred of Moslems,—a representation that we should refer more naturally to Arabian Moslems than to converted Persians; it points to the period when the conflict between Islam and Zoroastrianism was still raging, and religious differences were magnified and distorted by political hate.

But while the material of the body of the *Nights* is thus Arabian, there are clear traces of Persian influence. The personages of the Introduction, which gives the framework of the tales, are Persian. The two kings, Shahryar and Shah Zaman, are Sassanian, and the wazir's two daughters bear Persian names. Here again the manners are Moslem, but one naturally asks why a collection of Arabian stories should be attached to an adventure of Persian kings. If the tales had grown up originally on Arabic soil, one would expect the occasion to be Arabian; one naturally refers the Persian form of the Introduction to a well-established tradition which connected the *Nights* with the Persian land. It is no objection to this view that Persia is called by a

name which signifies "outside, or barbarian land;" this would be the ordinary Arabic designation of the country, and the evidence of a tradition of Persian origin is not affected by the geographical term employed.

There is, however, much stronger proof of Persian origin in the existence of Persian material in the *Nights*. One of the most famous Eastern books of wisdom and of entertainment is *Sindibad*, or *The Seven Wazirs*, a Persian work which was probably in existence in the seventh century of our era, at the time of the Moslem conquest of Persia. The framework is simple: A young prince, who has been instructed in philosophy and religion by the sage *Sindibad*, is accused of a crime by a damsel of the court, and is defended by the seven wazirs. Accuser and defenders endeavor to move the king to severity or clemency by short stories which illustrate the dangers that beset monarchs and the wiles of women. The king oscillates daily between the two extremes: having heard a story from the damsel, he will put his son to death; but after one of the wazirs has spoken, he inclines to mercy. So the round of stories goes on, until, at the end, the innocence of the prince is demonstrated, and the accuser is put to death. The book speedily made its way from Persia into other lands; it was translated into Arabic, Syriac, Spanish, Hebrew, Greek, Turkish; it appears in later Persian forms, and a good deal of its material is to be found in the *Gesta Romanorum*. The point of special interest for us, in this connection, is that the story of *The Seven Wazirs* is actually found in our edition of *The Thousand and One Nights* (*Nights* 578-606). The Introduction is the same as in our copies of the *Sindibad* book and a later form of the same work, known as the *Bakhtyar* book. It is unnecessary to mention the stories in detail. They are such as *The Prince and the Gul* (ghoul), *The Lady*

in the Glass Case, and The Lion's Track. One of them, called sometimes The Concealed Robe, and sometimes The Burnt Veil, is a current story in Cairo to-day, and is found in the collection of tales which Dr. Spitta took down from the mouths of the people of that city. Other stories also of the Nights are found in Sindibad; its tale of The Four Liberators, for example, is identical in idea with the stories of The Enchanted Horse, and Prince Ahmad and Pari Banu. There can be no doubt, therefore, that a considerable mass of Persian material has been taken bodily into our present redaction of the Nights; and when we combine this fact with the Persian form of the Introduction, it is a natural inference that the genesis of the book is Persian.

One might then suppose that the Arabs, having learned the art of this sort of literature from their neighbors, and continued to cultivate it, had in the course of time partly recast the borrowed material, and partly invented new material out of their own social conditions and experiences. No small support is lent to this view by the fact that the Arabs do not seem to have been originally narrators of stories. The earliest form of their literature known to us is that of short poems, in which the hero describes his own prowess. There is no prose piece earlier than the Koran, and Mohammed's narratives are either borrowed from Jews and Christians, or are very curt renderings of popular traditions. There is no trace of fable or apologue. One great prose romance there is, the story of the great warrior-poet Antar; but that is nothing but a string of adventures interspersed with poetry, and, moreover, belongs to a comparatively late period, when the Arabs were fully under Persian influence. An outburst of story-telling, therefore, would seem to come more naturally from foreign impulse than from national Arabic tendencies.

We have direct testimony on this point, which, if it can be accepted as trustworthy, would seem to be decisive, — statements made in two Arabic historical works, and first brought to the attention of the learned world by Hammer-Purgstall. The first witness is the celebrated Masudi, who, in the beginning of the tenth century of our era, composed a famous encyclopædia of history, entitled *Meadows of Gold*. Speaking of collections of stories existing in his time, he expresses the opinion that they were the work of men who commended themselves to kings and people by their recitations. Such, he says, are the books which have been translated into Arabic from the Persian, Indian, and Greek, and he adds, "Such is the book entitled *Facetiæ*, or *The Thousand Tales*, known to the public under the name of *The Thousand and One Nights*: it is the history of a king and his wazir, the wazir's daughter and a slave-girl, named Shirzad and Dinarzad. Such also is the book of *Sindibad*." This is explicit testimony to the existence of a book whose contents resemble those of our Nights, and under the same name; the only variation in the framework is that the second woman, instead of being the wazir's daughter, is a slave-girl, — just such a variation as we might expect in a growing work. The difference of the titles, *Thousand Tales* and *Thousand and One Nights*, if indeed the figures can be relied on, is quite natural. It is doubtful whether the number of Nights was at first so great; in the course of time they may have reached the thousand, and the one may have been added to make assurance doubly sure.

The second witness is the Arabic bibliographical work called the *Fihrist*, or *Index*, composed in the latter part of the tenth century. In the section treating of tales and fanciful adventures, the author says that the old Persian kings were the first to collect fanciful stories and beast-fables and deposit them in

libraries, and that these collections were added to by the Sassanian monarchs, the dynasty which was destroyed by the Moslem conquest. These Persian works, he adds, were translated into Arabic; then further enlarged, embellished, and imitated by the Arabs. As the first Persian work of this kind, our author cites the book of *Facetiæ*, mentioned above, and gives as the framework of the stories precisely that which we have in the Introduction to our *Nights*, except that *Dinarzad* is not sister, but nurse, to *Shahrzad*, the sultanness. He gives the number of *Nights* as one thousand, but the number of stories as less than two hundred; finally he declares that he himself has often seen the book complete.

It must be confessed that the *Fihrist's* account of the origin of the Arabian stories is very natural and plausible, and it agrees perfectly with what we know of the literary relations between the Arabs and the Persians of the eighth century. In the middle of that century the second Abbaside calif, *Al-Mansur*, caused many Greek, Syrian, and Persian works to be rendered into Arabic. It was a time of keen literary interest and activity. The Arabs had come from their long isolation in the desert with a robust appetite for learning. The califs of Damascus had begun the process of absorbing the contents of Greek and Syrian books, and the califs of Bagdad continued the work with the added zeal which sprang from their proximity to the great Persian civilization. The Arabs came into possession of the most eminent works of the Greeks, philosophical, mathematical, geographical, — Aristotle, Euclid, and Ptolemy. The sciences of grammar and Koran-exegesis were founded or organized; the poems and legends of the old Arabian heroic period were collected, expounded, and imitated; the Persian *Ibn al-Mokaffa* translated into Arabic the famous Prince's Manual, *Kalila* and *Dimna*, and the great Persian epic of *Firdusi*, the *Shahnameh*,

or *King's Book*. If there then existed a Persian collection of amusing stories, nothing would be more natural than that it should be translated into Arabic.

But there remains a further step to take. The *Sindibad* book, so closely connected with *The Thousand and One Nights*, stands, on the other hand, in close relation with some famous Indian books. Its opening chapters are substantially identical with those of the *Panchatantra*, a book of every-day wisdom, based on the instruction given to the three sons of a king; and parts of this last work are again found in the *Kalila* and *Dimna*, which certainly came to the Arabs from the Persians, and to the Persians from the Indians. It would seem, therefore, that it was from India the Persians received their impulse in story-telling. In the present form of *The Thousand and One Nights* there are remains of that apologue and beast-story which are characteristic of the Hindu books; for example, in the Introduction and in *Nights* 146–152. When we consider that this is a new apparition in Arabic literature, but comparatively old in India, and that the tradition speaks confidently of the passage of such books from India to Persia and from Persia to the Arabs, the natural inference is that we have in the *Nights* survivals of this old Hindu philosophy of life.

We may then represent to ourselves the history of the Arabian story-book somewhat as follows: For many centuries, beginning at a point not known to us, the Indians had been used to embody their ideas of true life-wisdom in beast-stories and apologues, and these had in some cases been combined into a continuous narrative, the framework being often furnished by the education of a young prince. When the intercourse between Indians and Persians became closer, the latter obtained and translated these works, then expanded and imitated the stories, recasting them in accordance with their own customs and modes of

thought. In this enlarged form, the tales coming to the Arabs were in like manner appropriated by them, but with further embellishments, so that the stories gradually assumed a purely Arab form. And we have also to suppose that the men of Arabia, transferred from the desert to city life, acquiring new tastes and experiences, developed a great capacity for the invention of stories, and out of very little material brought at last into being the rare collection that has come down to us.

The tales are of different dates, some probably going back to the time of Al-Rashid, in the latter part of the eighth century, and others falling as late as the sixteenth century. The book is thus an epic of story-telling; chronicling the exploits of the Arabs in this sort of literature, growing and taking new coloring from generation to generation, — a kind of epitome of the national life, rounded off at last and finished by some hand or hands. The completion of the great body of the work may fall in the thirteenth century or the fourteenth, but additions continued to be made to it up to the sixteenth century. The recitation of stories did not, however, cease when this book was finished. In hundreds of coffee-houses in the East, people still gather to listen to the reciter, who from night to night carries on his interminable stories, which he has learned from other reciters, or from manuscripts the origin of which nobody knows, and to which he may make additions or embellishments, to be received from him by others, and after further changes to be at last perhaps published in a book as a new series of Arabian Nights' Entertainments. That much of the social coloring of the Nights is such as may be seen in Egypt to-day is doubtless true; but Lane is not thereby justified in regarding the present form of the book as wholly or substantially Egyptian, for Eastern customs remain long unchanged, and what one now observes

in a Cairo khan may have occurred a thousand years ago in a Bagdad bazaar. It was in many quarters of the Moslem world that the stories took their final shape, receiving local color here and there, and were gathered into collections of different extent in divers places. The time has not come to trace their history minutely, but the beginning has been made, and further research will no doubt bring to light new facts, and satisfy our curiosity more fully.

Fortunately our literary enjoyment of the Nights does not depend on our knowing their genealogy. Like all such literary organisms of slow growth, their beauties and treasures lie partly on the surface, partly deeper down. The adventure, magic, drollery, wit, and passion are easily recognizable; the profounder social and religious sentiments must sometimes be searched for. The book is both the history of Moslem culture and the record of Moslem *esprit* in the palmy days of the Arabs in Asia; it gives a truer as well as a more vivid picture of their life than all the ordinary histories combined. To learn what an Arab's religion is to him, one must go, not to the Koran nor to the commentaries and theological treatises, but to the actual men and women of the tales, who are devout or superstitious, serious or scoffers, conscientious or perverse, very much as people in Christian lands show themselves to be, and are generally not without the art of making their religion accept and sanctify their desires; yet in the main there is a simple, earnest religious faith, which is real, though it may not always stand the tests of life. Here we have the self-respecting courtesy of the Arab gentleman, the devotion of friendship, wiles and tricks, passion and treachery, soberness and silliness, nobility and meanness, the Arab individual independence standing beside the uttermost political despotism, the high intellectual and social position assigned to women, — all the elements of life.

The literary charm of the Nights is of course best felt in the original, where there are a thousand happy turns that cannot be precisely reproduced in an English translation. Still, from a really good translation one gets the literary substance, the color and timbre of the thought, and the English-speaking world may congratulate itself that it has the best of the European renderings. Lane, though some are inclined to ridicule his stiffness and formality, has given us a readable book, more uniformly grave and dignified than is necessary, with too little attention to the shadings of the style, yet on the whole a fair presentation of the original. There is also in the Nights, as is well known, besides the literary attraction, a great mass of material ready at hand for those who like to trace the genesis and distribution of folk stories. It may happen to one to read in the Nights some tale or anecdote that he once heard as a nursery rhyme, and one is sure to find in the Gesta, Boccaccio, and Chaucer some echo of the Arabian tales. I have already spoken of the way in which stories seem to have passed from India to Persia, Arabia, and Europe, and one might also suppose a movement in the opposite direction; but those who have read Mr. Andrew Lang on this subject need not be cautioned against rashness in drawing conclusions as to the relation between similar forms of fables and tales in different lands. Whether in the case of such stories there has been actual borrowing on one side, or independent origination in different places, or mutual influence and slow assimilation, — these questions can be answered by no general rule, but only by a careful study of the facts in each particular instance.

I should like, if there were space in this article, to call up some of the personages of the Nights, and to follow their adventures of body and mind: the gracious and noble figure of the sultanness in the Introduction, who risks her life for the sake of her people; the sad Aziza, devoting her life with complete self-abandonment to secure the happiness of the man who repays her love with indifference and harshness; the admirable slave-girl, Tawaddud, who, being a miracle of beauty, was able to state to the Calif Harun al-Rashid her accomplishments in the following terms: "O my lord, I am versed in syntax, poetry, jurisprudence, exegesis, and philosophy, and skilled in music and the knowledge of the divine ordinances, in arithmetic, geodesy, geometry, and the fables of the ancients; I know the Koran by heart, what parts of it were revealed at Medina and what at Mecca, and the holy traditions of the apostle's sayings, both the certain and the doubtful; I have studied medicine, logic, rhetoric, composition, have learned many things by heart, am fond of poetry, and play the lute;" the revolting Queen Budur, the barber and his brothers, the famous court-jester Abu Nuwas, and a hundred others whom even to name would be too long. They are permanent figures in literature, the outcome of a peculiar combination of social and cultural conditions. The Arabs have preserved for us the gist of Indian and Persian folklore and practical wisdom in a setting of quaint and serious adventure, reflecting the most brilliant life of one of the most brilliant civilizations of the world, — a worthy and acceptable gift, for which we should offer them our heartfelt thanks.

C. H. Toy.

THE TRAGIC MUSE.

XIII.

[Continued.]

FOR an instant Lady Agnes seemed not to understand, and to be on the point of laying her finger quickly to her lips with a "Hush!" as if the late Sir Nicholas might have heard the "only." Then, as if a comprehension of the young man's words promptly superseded that impulse, she replied with force, "You will be in the Lords the day you determine to get there."

This remark made Nick laugh afresh, and not only laugh, but kiss her, which was always an intenser form of mystification for poor Lady Agnes, and apparently the one he liked best to practice; after which he said, "The odd thing is, you know, that Harsh has no wants. At least it is not sharply, not eloquently conscious of them. We all talked them over together, and I promised to carry them in my heart of hearts. But upon my word I can't remember one of them. Julia says the wants of Harsh are simply the national wants — rather a pretty phrase for Julia. She means *she* does everything for the place; *she's* really their member, and this house in which we stand is their legislative chamber. Therefore the *lacunæ* that I have undertaken to fill up are the national wants. It will be rather a job to rectify some of them, won't it? I don't represent the appetites of Harsh — Harsh is gorged. I represent the ideas of my party. That's what Julia says."

"Oh, never mind what Julia says!" Lady Agnes broke out, impatiently. This impatience made it singular that the very next words she uttered should be: "My dearest son, I wish to heaven you'd marry her. It would be so fitting now!" she added.

"Why now?" asked Nick, frowning.

"She has shown you such sympathy, such devotion."

"Is it for that she has shown it?"

"Ah, you might *feel* — I can't tell you!" said Lady Agnes, reproachfully.

Nick blushed at this, as if what he did feel was the reproach. "Must I marry her because you like her?"

"I? Why, we are *all* as fond of her as we can be."

"Dear mother, I hope that any woman I ever may marry will be a person agreeable not only to you, but also, since you make a point of it, to Grace and Biddy. But I must tell you this — that I shall marry no woman I am not unmistakably in love with."

"And why are you not in love with Julia — charming, clever, generous as she is?" Lady Agnes laid her hands on him — she held him tight. "My darling Nick, if you care anything in the world to make me happy, you'll stay over here to-morrow and be nice to her."

"Be nice to her? Do you mean propose to her?"

"With a single word, with the glance of an eye, the movement of your little finger" — and Lady Agnes paused, looking intensely, imploringly, up into Nick's face — "in less time than it takes me to say what I say now, you may have it all." As he made no answer, only returning her look, she added insistently, "You know she's a fine creature — you know she is!"

"Dearest mother, what I seem to know better than anything else in the world is that I love my freedom. I set it far above everything."

"Your freedom? What freedom is there in being poor? Talk of that when Julia puts everything that she possesses at your feet!"

"I can't talk of it, mother — it's too

terrible an idea. And I can't talk of *her*, nor of what I think of her. You must leave that to me. I do her perfect justice."

"You don't, or you'd marry her to-morrow. You would feel that the opportunity is exquisitely rare, with everything in the world to make it perfect. Your father would have valued it for you beyond everything. Think a little what would have given *him* pleasure. That's what I meant when I spoke just now of us all. It was n't of Grace and Biddy I was thinking — fancy! — it was of him. He is with you always; he takes with you, at your side, every step that you take yourself. He would bless devoutly your marriage to Julia; he would feel what it would be for you and for us all. I ask for no sacrifice, and he would ask for none. We only ask that you don't commit the crime" —

Nick Dormer stopped her with another kiss; he murmured, "Mother, mother, mother!" as he bent over her.

He wished her not to go on, to let him off; but the deep deprecation in his voice did not prevent her from saying: "You know it — you know it perfectly. All, and more than all that I can tell you, you know."

He drew her closer, kissed her again, held her there as he would have held a child in a paroxysm, soothing her silently till it should pass away. Her emotion had brought the tears to her eyes; she dried them as she disengaged herself. The next moment, however, she resumed, attacking him again —

"For a public man she would be the ideal companion. She's made for public life; she's made to shine, to be concerned in great things, to occupy a high position and to help him on. She would help you in everything, as she has helped you in this. Together, there is nothing you could n't do. You can have the first house in England — yes, the first! What freedom *is* there in

being poor? How can you do anything without money, and what money can you make for yourself — what money will ever come to you? That's the crime — to throw away such an instrument of power, such a blessed instrument of good."

"It is n't everything to be rich, mother," said Nick, looking at the floor in a certain patient way, with a provisional docility and his hands in his pockets. "And it is n't so fearful to be poor."

"It's vile — it's abject. Don't I know?"

"Are you in such acute want?" Nick asked, smiling.

"Ah, don't make me explain what you have only to look at to see!" his mother returned, as if with a richness of allusion to dark elements in her fate.

"Besides," Nick went on, "there is other money in the world than Julia's. I might come by some of that."

"Do you mean Mr. Carteret's?" The question made him laugh, as her reference, five minutes before, to the House of Lords had done. But she pursued, too full of her idea to take account of such a poor substitute for an answer: "Let me tell you one thing, for I have known Charles Carteret much longer than you, and I understand him better. There is nothing you could do that would do you more good with him than to marry Julia. I know the way he looks at things, and I know exactly how that would strike him. It would please him, it would charm him; it would be the thing that would most prove to him that you are in earnest. You need to do something of that sort."

"Have n't I carried Harsh?" asked Nick.

"Oh, he's very canny. He likes to see people rich. *Then* he believes in them — then he's likely to believe more. He's kind to you because you're your father's son; but I am sure your being poor takes just so much off."

"He can remedy that so easily," said Nick, smiling still. "Is being kept by Julia what you call making an effort for myself?"

Lady Agnes hesitated; then, "You need n't insult Julia!" she replied.

"Moreover, if I've *her* money, I sha'n't want his," Nick remarked.

Again his mother waited an instant before answering; after which she produced, "And pray would n't you wish to be independent?"

"You're delightful, dear mother — you're very delightful! I particularly like your conception of independence. Does n't it occur to you that at a pinch I might improve my fortune by some other means than by making a mercenary marriage or by currying favor with a rich old gentleman? Doesn't it occur to you that I might work?"

"Work at politics? How does that make money, honorably?"

"I don't mean at politics."

"What do you mean, then?" Lady Agnes demanded, looking at him as if she challenged him to phrase it if he dared. Her eye appeared to have a certain effect upon him, for he remained silent, and she continued, "Are you elected or not?"

"It seems a dream," said Nick.

"If you are, act accordingly, and don't mix up things that are as wide asunder as the poles!" She spoke with sternness, and his silence might have been an admission that her sternness was wholesome to him. Possibly she was touched by it; at any rate, after a few moments, during which nothing more passed between them, she appealed to him in a gentler and more anxious key, which had this virtue to touch him, that he knew it was absolutely the first time in her life Lady Agnes had begged for anything. She had never been obliged to beg; she had got on without it and most things had come to her. He might judge therefore in what a light she regarded this boon for which,

in her old age, she humbled herself to be a suitor. There was such a pride in her that he could feel what it cost her to go on her knees even to her son. He did judge how it was in his power to gratify her; and as he was generous and imaginative he was stirred and shaken as it came over him in a wave of figurative suggestion that he might make up to her for many things. He scarcely needed to hear her ask, with a pleading wail that was almost tragic, "Don't you see how things have turned out for us; don't you know how unhappy I am — don't you know what a bitterness?" — She stopped for a moment, with a sob in her voice, and he recognized vividly this last tribulation, the unhealed wound of her bereavement and the way she had sunken from eminence to flatness. "You know what Percival is, and the comfort I have from him. You know the property, and what he is doing with it, and what comfort I get from *that*! Everything is dreary but what you can do for us. Everything is odious, down to living in a hole with one's girls who don't marry. Grace is impossible — I don't know what's the matter with her; no one will look at her; and she's so conceited with it — sometimes I feel as if I could beat her! And Biddy will never marry, and we are three dismal women in a filthy house; and what are three dismal women, more or less, in London?"

So, with an unexpected rage of self-exposure, Lady Agnes talked of her disappointments and troubles, tore away the veil from her sadness and soreness. It almost frightened Nick to perceive how she hated her life, though at another time it might have amused him to note how she despised her gardenless house. Of course it was not a country-house, and Lady Agnes could not get used to that. Better than he could do — for it was the sort of thing into which, in any case, a woman enters more than a man — she felt what a lift into brighter

air, what a regilding of his sisters' possibilities, his marriage to Julia would effect for them. He could n't trace the difference, but his mother saw it all as a shining picture. She made the vision shine before him now, somehow, as she stood there like a poor woman crying for a kindness. What was filial in him, all the piety that he owed, especially to the revived spirit of his father, more than ever present on a day of such public pledges, was capable, from one moment to the other, of trembling into sympathetic response. He had the gift, so embarrassing when it is a question of consistent action, of seeing in an imaginative, interesting light anything that illustrated forcibly the life of another; such things effected a union with something in *his* life, and the recognition of them was ready to become a form of enthusiasm in which there was no consciousness of sacrifice — none scarcely of merit.

Rapidly, at present, this change of scene took place before his spiritual eye. He found himself believing, because his mother communicated the belief, that it was in his option to transform the social outlook of the three women who clung to him and who declared themselves dismal. This was not the highest kind of inspiration, but it was moving, and it associated itself with dim confusions of figures in the past — figures of authority and expectancy. Julia's wide kingdom opened out around him, making the future almost a dazzle of happy power. His mother and sisters floated in the rosy element with beaming faces, in transfigured safety. "The first house in England," she had called it; but it might be the first house in Europe, the first house in the world, by the fine air and the high humanities that should fill it. Everything that was beautiful in the place where he stood took on a more delicate charm; the house rose over his head like a museum of exquisite rewards, and the image of poor

George Dallow hovered there obsequious, as if to confess that he had only been the modest, tasteful forerunner, appointed to set it all in order and punctually retire. Lady Agnes's tone penetrated further into Nick's spirit than it had done yet, as she syllabled to him, supremely, "Don't desert us — don't desert us."

"Don't desert you?"

"Be great — be great," said his mother. "I'm old, I've lived, I've seen. Go in for a great material position. That will simplify everything else."

"I will do what I can for you — anything, everything I can. Trust me — leave me alone," said Nick Dormer.

"And you'll stay over — you'll spend the day with her?"

"I'll stay till she turns me out!"

His mother had hold of his hand again now; she raised it to her lips and kissed it. "My dearest son, my only joy!" Then, "I don't see how you can resist her," she added.

"No more do I!"

Lady Agnes looked round the great room with a soft exhalation of gratitude and hope. "If you're so fond of art, what art is equal to all this? The joy of living in the midst of it — of seeing the finest works every day! You'll have everything the world can give."

"That's exactly what was just passing in my own mind. It's too much."

"Don't be selfish!"

"Selfish?" Nick repeated.

"Don't be unselfish, then. You'll share it with us."

"And with Julia a little, I hope," said Nick.

"God bless you!" cried his mother, looking up at him. Her eyes were detained by the sudden perception of something in his own that was not clear to her; but before she had time to ask for an explanation of it Nick inquired, abruptly —

"Why do you talk so of poor Biddy? Why won't she marry?"

"You had better ask Peter Sherringham," said Lady Agnes.

"What has he got to do with it?"

"How odd of you to ask, when it's so plain how she thinks of him that it's a matter of common chaff!"

"Yes, we've made it so, and she takes it like an angel. But Peter likes her."

"Does he? Then it's the more shame to him to behave as he does. He had better leave his actresses alone. That's the love of art, too!" laughed Lady Agnes.

"Biddy's so charming — she'll marry some one else."

"Never, if she loves him. But Julia will bring it about — Julia will help her," said Lady Agnes, more cheerfully. "That's what you'll do for us — that *she* 'll do everything!"

"Why then more than now?" Nick asked.

"Because we shall be yours."

"You are mine already."

"Yes, but she is n't. However, she's as good!" exulted Lady Agnes.

"She'll turn me out of the house," said Nick.

"Come and tell me when she does! But there she is — go to her!" And she gave him a push toward one of the windows that stood open to the terrace. Mrs. Dallow had become visible outside; she passed slowly along the terrace, with her long shadow. "Go to her," Lady Agnes repeated — "she's waiting for you."

Nick went out with the air of a man who was as ready to pass that way as any other, and at the same moment his two sisters, freshly restored from the excitements of the town, came into the room from another quarter.

"We go home to-morrow, but Nick will stay a day or two," their mother said to them.

"Dear old Nick!" Grace ejaculated, looking at Lady Agnes.

"He's going to speak," the latter went on. "But don't mention it."

"Don't mention it?" said Biddy, staring. "Has n't he spoken enough, poor fellow?"

"I mean to Julia," Lady Agnes replied.

"Don't you understand, you goose?" Grace exclaimed to her sister.

XIV.

The next morning brought Nick Dormer many letters and telegrams, and his coffee was placed beside him in his room, where he remained until noon answering these communications. When he came out he learned that his mother and sisters had left the house. This information was given him by Mrs. Gresham, whom he found at one of the tables in the library, dealing with her own voluminous budget. She was a lady who received thirty letters a day, the subject-matter of which, as well as of her punctual answers, in a large, free hand, was a puzzle to those who observed her.

She told Nick that Lady Agnes had not been willing to disturb him at his work to say good-by, knowing she should see him in a day or two in town. Nick was amused at the way his mother had stolen off; as if she feared that further conversation might weaken the spell she believed herself to have wrought. The place was cleared, moreover, of its other visitors, so that, as Mrs. Gresham said, the fun was at an end. This lady expressed the idea that the fun was, after all, rather a bore. At any rate, now they could rest, Mrs. Dallow and Nick and she, and she was glad Nick was going to stay for a little quiet. She liked Harsh best when it was not *en fête*: then one could see what a sympathetic old place it was. She hoped Nick was not dreadfully tired; she feared Julia was completely done up. Mrs. Dallow, however, had transported her exhaustion to the grounds

—she was wandering about somewhere. She thought more people would be coming to the house, people from the town, people from the country, and had gone out so as not to have to see them. She had not gone far—Nick could easily find her. Nick intimated that he himself was not eager for more people, whereupon Mrs. Gresham said, rather archly, smiling—

“And of course you hate *me* for being here.” He made some protest, and she added, “But I’m almost a part of the house, you know—I’m one of the chairs or tables.” Nick declared that he had never seen a house so well furnished, and Mrs. Gresham said, “I believe there *are* to be some people to dinner: rather an interference, isn’t it? Julia lives so in public. But it’s all for you.” And after a moment she added, “It’s a wonderful constitution.” Nick at first failed to seize her allusion—he thought it a retarded political reference, a sudden tribute to the great unwritten instrument by which they were all governed. He was on the point of saying, “The British? Wonderful!” when he perceived that the intention of his interlocutress was to praise Mrs. Dallow’s fine robustness. “The surface so delicate, the action so easy, yet the frame of steel.”

Nick left Mrs. Gresham to her correspondence and went out of the house; wondering, as he walked, whether she wanted him to do the same thing that his mother wanted, so that her words had been intended for a prick—whether even the two ladies had talked over their desire together. Mrs. Gresham was a married woman who was usually taken for a widow; mainly because she was perpetually “sent for” by her friends, and her friends never sent for Mr. Gresham. She came, in every case, and had the air of being *répandue* at the expense of dingier belongings. Her figure was admired—that is it was sometimes mentioned—and she

dressed as if it was expected of her to be smart, like a young woman in a shop or a servant much in view. She slipped in and out, accompanied at the piano, talked to the neglected visitors, walked in the rain, and, after the arrival of the post, usually had conferences with her hostess, during which she stroked her chin and looked familiarly responsible. It was her peculiarity that people were always saying things to her in a lowered voice. She had all sorts of acquaintances, and in small establishments she sometimes wrote the *menus*. Great ones, on the other hand, had no terrors for her: she had seen too many. No one had ever discovered whether any one else paid her.

If Lady Agnes, in a lowered tone, had discussed with her the propriety of a union between the mistress of Harsh and the hope of the Dormers, our young man could take the circumstance for granted without irritation and even with cursory indulgence; for he was not unhappy now, and his spirit was light and clear. The summer day was splendid, and the world, as he looked at it from the terrace, offered no more worrying ambiguity than a vault of airy blue arching over a lap of solid green. The wide, still trees in the park appeared to be waiting for some daily inspection, and the rich fields, with their official frill of hedges, to rejoice in the light which approved them as named and numbered acres. The place looked happy to Nick, and he was struck with its having a charm to which he had perhaps not hitherto done justice; something of the impression that he had received, when he was younger, from showy “views” of fine country-seats, as if they had been brighter and more established than life. There were a couple of peacocks on the terrace, and his eye was caught by the gleam of the swans on a distant lake, where there was also a little temple on an island; and these objects fell in with his humor,

which at another time might have been ruffled by them as representing the tawdry in ornament.

It was certainly a proof of youth and health on his part that his spirits had risen as the tumult rose, and that after he had taken his jump into the turbid waters of a contested election he had been able to tumble and splash, not only without a sense of awkwardness, but with a considerable capacity for the frolic. Tepid as we saw him in Paris, he had found his relation to his opportunity surprisingly altered by his little journey across the Channel. He saw things in a new proportion, and he breathed an air that excited him unexpectedly. There was something in it that went to his head—an element that his mother and his sisters, his father from beyond the grave, Julia Dallow, the Liberal party and a hundred friends were both secretly and overtly occupied in pumping into it. If he was vague about success, he liked the fray, and he had a general rule that when one was in a muddle there was refreshment in action. The embarrassment, that is the revival of skepticism, which might produce an inconsistency shameful to exhibit, and yet very difficult to conceal, was safe enough to come later; indeed, at the risk of making our young man appear a purely whimsical personage, I may hint that some such sickly glow had even now begun to color one quarter of his mental horizon.

I am afraid, moreover, that I have no better excuse for him than the one he had touched on in the momentous conversation with his mother, which I have thought it useful to reproduce in full. He was conscious of a double nature; there were two men in him, quite separate, whose leading features had little in common, and each of whom insisted on having an independent turn at life. Meanwhile, if he was adequately aware that the bed of his moral existence would need a good deal of mak-

ing over if he was to lie upon it without unseemly tossing, he was also alive to the propriety of not parading his inconsistencies, not letting his unreconciled interests become a spectacle to the vulgar. He had none of that wish to appear complicated which is at the bottom of most forms of fatuity; he was perfectly willing to pass as simple; he only aspired to be continuous. If you were not really simple, this presented difficulties; but he would have assented to the proposition that you must be as clever as you can and that a high use of cleverness is in consuming the smoke of your inner fire. The fire was the great thing, and not the chimney. He had no view of life which counted out the need of learning; it was teaching, rather, as to which he was conscious of no particular mission. He liked life, liked it immensely, and was willing to study the ways and means of it with a certain patience. He cherished the usual wise monitions, such as that one was not to make a fool of one's self and that one should not carry on one's subjective experiments in public. It was because, as yet, he liked life in general better than it was clear to him that he liked any particular branch of it, that on the occasion of a constituency's holding out a cordial hand to him, while it extended another in a different direction, a certain bloom of boyhood that was on him had not resisted the idea of a match.

He rose to it as he had risen to matches at school, for his boyishness could take a pleasure in an inconsiderate show of agility. He could meet electors, and conciliate bores, and compliment women, and answer questions, and roll off speeches, and chaff adversaries, because it was amusing and slightly dangerous, like playing football or ascending an Alp—pastimes for which nature had conferred on him an aptitude not so very different in kind from a gallant readiness on platforms. There

were two voices which told him that all this was not really action at all, but only a pusillanimous imitation of it: one of them made itself fitfully audible in the depths of his own spirit, and the other spoke in the equivocal accents of a very crabbed hand, from a letter of four pages by Gabriel Nash. However, Nick acted as much as possible under the circumstances, and that was simplifying — it brought with it enjoyment and a working faith. He had not gone counter to the axiom that in a case of doubt one was to hold off; for that applied to choice, and he had not at present the slightest pretension to choosing. He knew he was lifted along, that what he was doing was not first-rate, that nothing was settled by it, and that if there was essentially a problem in his life it would only grow tougher with keeping. But if doing one's sum to-morrow instead of to-day does not make the sum easier, it at least makes to-day so.

Sometimes, in the course of the following fortnight, it seemed to him that he had gone in for Harsh because he was sure he should lose; sometimes he foresaw that he should win precisely to punish him for having tried and for his want of candor; and when, presently, he did win, he was almost frightened at his success. Then it appeared to him that he had done something even worse than not choose — he had let others choose for him. The beauty of it was that they had chosen with only their own object in their eye: for what did they know about his strange alternative? He was rattled about so for a fortnight (Julia took care of that) that he had no time to think save when he tried to remember a quotation or an American story, and all his life became an overflow of verbiage. Thought retreated before increase of sound, which had to be pleasant and eloquent, and even superficially coherent, without its aid. Nick himself was surprised at the

airs he could play; and often when, the last thing at night, he shut the door of his room, he mentally exclaimed that he had had no idea he was such a mountebank.

I must add that if this reflection did not occupy him long, and if no meditation, after his return from Paris, held him for many moments, there was a reason better even than that he was tired, or busy, or excited by the agreeable combination of hits and hurrahs. That reason was simply Mrs. Dallow, who had suddenly become a still larger fact in his consciousness than active politics. She *was*, indeed, active politics; that is, if the politics were his, how little soever, the activity was hers. She had ways of showing she was a clever woman that were better than saying clever things, which only prove at the most that one would be clever if one could. The accomplished fact itself was the demonstration that Mrs. Dallow could; and when Nick came to his senses, after the proclamation of the victor and the cessation of the noise, her figure was, of all the queer phantasmagoria, the most substantial thing that survived. She had been always there, passing, repassing, before him, beside him, behind him. She had made the business infinitely prettier than it would have been without her, added music and flowers and ices, a charm, and converted it into a social game that had a strain of the heroic in it. It was a garden-party with something at stake, or to celebrate something in advance, with the people let in. The concluded affair had bequeathed to him not only a seat in the House of Commons, but a perception of what women may do, in high embodiments, and an abyss of intimacy with one woman in particular.

She had wrapped him up in something, he did n't know what — a sense of facility, an overpowering fragrance — and they had moved together in an immense fraternity. There had been no

love-making, no contact that was only personal, no vulgarity of flirtation: the hurry of the days and the sharpness with which they both tended to an outside object had made all that irrelevant. It was as if she had been too near for him to see her separate from himself; but none the less, when he now drew breath and looked back, what had happened met his eyes as a composed picture — a picture of which the subject was inveterately Julia and her ponies: Julia wonderfully fair and fine, holding her head more than ever in the manner characteristic of her, brilliant, benignant, waving her whip, cleaving the crowd, thanking people with her smile, carrying him beside her, carrying him to his doom. He had not supposed that, in so few days, he had driven about with her so much; but the image of it was there, in his consulted conscience, as well as in a personal glow not yet chilled; it looked large as it rose before him. The things his mother had said to him made a rich enough frame for it, and the whole impression, that night, had kept him much awake.

XV.

While, after leaving Mrs. Gresham, he was hesitating which way to go, and was on the point of hailing a gardener to ask if Mrs. Dallow had been seen, he noticed, as a spot of color in an expanse of shrubbery, a far-away parasol moving in the direction of the lake. He took his course that way, across the park, and as the bearer of the parasol was strolling slowly it was not five minutes before he had joined her. He went to her soundlessly over the grass (he had been whistling at first, but as he got nearer he stopped), and it was not till he was close to her that she looked round. He had watched her moving as if she were turning things over in her mind, brushing the smooth walks and the clean turf with

her dress, slowly making her parasol revolve on her shoulder, and carrying in the hand which hung beside her a book which he perceived to be a monthly review.

"I came out to get away," she remarked when he had begun to walk with her.

"Away from me?"

"Ah, that's impossible," said Mrs. Dallow. Then she added, "The day is so nice."

"Lovely weather," Nick dropped. "You want to get away from Mrs. Gresham, I suppose."

Mrs. Dallow was silent a moment. "From everything!"

"Well, I want to get away too."

"It has been such a racket. Listen to the dear birds."

"Yes, our noise is n't so good as theirs," said Nick. "I feel as if I had been married and had shoes and rice thrown after me," he went on. "But not to you, Julia — nothing so good as that."

Mrs. Dallow made no answer to this; she only turned her eyes on the ornamental water, which stretched away at their right. In a moment she exclaimed, "How nasty the lake looks!" and Nick recognized in the tone of the words a manifestation of that odd shyness — a perverse stiffness at a moment when she probably only wanted to be soft — which, taken in combination with her other qualities, was so far from being displeasing to him that it represented her nearest approach to extreme charm. *He* was not shy now, for he considered, this morning, that he saw things very straight and in a sense altogether superior and delightful. This enabled him to be generously sorry for his companion, if he were the reason of her being in any degree uncomfortable, and yet left him to enjoy the prettiness of some of the signs by which her discomfort was revealed. He would not insist on anything yet: so he observed that his

cousin's standard in lakes was too high, and then talked a little about his mother and the girls, their having gone home, his not having seen them that morning, Lady Agnes's deep satisfaction in his victory and the fact that she would be obliged to "do something" for the autumn — take a house, or something.

"I'll lend her a house," said Mrs. Dallow.

"Oh, Julia, Julia!" Nick exclaimed.

But Mrs. Dallow paid no attention to his exclamation; she only held up her review and said, "See what I have brought with me to read — Mr. Hoppus's article."

"That's right; then I sha'n't have to. You'll tell me about it." He uttered this without believing that she had meant or wished to read the article, which was entitled *The Revision of the British Constitution*, in spite of her having encumbered herself with the stiff, fresh magazine. He was conscious that she was not in want of such mental occupation as periodical literature could supply. They walked along, and then he added, "But is that what we are in for — reading Mr. Hoppus? Is that the sort of thing that constituents expect? Or even worse, pretending to have read him when one has n't? Oh, what a tangled web we weave!"

"People are talking about it. One has to know. It's the article of the month."

Nick looked at his companion askance a moment. "You say things every now and then for which I could kill you. 'The article of the month,' for instance: I could kill you for that."

"Well, kill me!" Mrs. Dallow exclaimed.

"Let me carry your book," Nick rejoined, irrelevantly. The hand in which she held it was on the side of her on which he was walking, and he put out his own hand to take it. But for a couple of minutes she forbore to give it up, and they held it together, swing-

ing it a little. Before she surrendered it he inquired where she was going.

"To the island," she answered.

"Well, I'll go with you — and I'll kill you there."

"The things I say are the right things," said Mrs. Dallow.

"It's just the right things that are wrong. It's because you're so political," Nick went on. "It's your horrible ambition. The woman who has a salon should have read the article of the month. See how one dreadful thing leads to another."

"There are some things that lead to nothing."

"No doubt — no doubt. And how are you going to get over to your island?"

"I don't know."

"Is n't there a boat?"

"I don't know."

Nick had paused a moment, to look round for the boat, but Mrs. Dallow walked on, without turning her head. "Can you row?" her companion asked.

"Don't you know I can do everything?"

"Yes, to be sure. That's why I want to kill you. There's the boat."

"Shall you drown me?" asked Mrs. Dallow.

"Oh, let me perish with you!" Nick answered with a sigh. The boat had been hidden from them by the bole of a great tree, which rose from the grass at the water's edge. It was moored to a small place of embarkation, and was large enough to hold as many persons as were likely to wish to visit at once the little temple in the middle of the lake, which Nick liked because it was absurd and Mrs. Dallow had never had a particular esteem for. The lake, fed by a natural spring, was a liberal sheet of water, measured by the scale of park scenery; and though its principal merit was that, taken at a distance, it gave a liquid note to the rather stuffy verdure of the prospect, doing the office of an

open eye in a dull face, it could also be approached without derision on a sweet summer morning, when it made a lapping sound and reflected candidly various things that were probably finer than itself — the sky, the great trees, the flight of birds.

A man of taste, a hundred years before, coming back from Rome, had caused a small ornamental structure to be erected, on artificial foundations, on its bosom, and had endeavored to make this architectural pleasantry as nearly as possible a reminiscence of the small ruined rotunda which stands on the bank of the Tiber and is believed by tourists to have been dedicated to Vesta. It was circular, it was roofed with old tiles, it was surrounded by white columns and it was considerably dilapidated. George Dallow had taken an interest in it (it reminded him not in the least of Rome, but of other things that he liked), and had amused himself with restoring it.

"Give me your hand; sit there, and I'll ferry you," Nick Dormer said.

Mrs. Dallow complied, placing herself opposite to him in the boat; but as he took up the paddles she declared that she preferred to remain on the water — there was too much malice prepense in the temple. He asked her what she meant by that, and she said it was ridiculous to withdraw to an island a few feet square on purpose to meditate. She had nothing to meditate about which required so much attitude.

"On the contrary, it would be just to change the *pose*. It's what we have been doing for a week that's attitude; and to be for half an hour where nobody's looking and one has n't to keep it up is just what I wanted to put in an idle, irresponsible day for. I am not keeping it up now — I suppose you have noticed," Nick went on, as they floated and he scarcely dipped the oars.

"I don't understand you," said Mrs. Dallow, leaning back in the boat.

Nick gave no further explanation than to ask in a minute, "Have you people to dinner to-night?"

"I believe there are three or four, but I'll put them off if you like."

"Must you *always* live in public, Julia?" Nick continued.

She looked at him a moment, and he could see that she colored slightly. "We'll go home — I'll put them off."

"Ah no, don't go home; it's too jolly here. Let them come — let them come, poor wretches!"

"How little you know me, when, ever so many times, I have lived here for months without a creature!"

"Except Mrs. Gresham, I suppose."

"I have had to have the house going, I admit."

"You are perfect, you are admirable, and I don't criticise you."

"I don't understand you!" she tossed back.

"That only adds to the generosity of what you have done for me," Nick returned, beginning to pull faster. He bent over the oars and sent the boat forward, keeping this up for ten minutes, during which they both remained silent. His companion, in her place, motionless, reclining (the seat in the stern was very comfortable), looked only at the water, the sky, the trees. At last Nick headed for the little temple, saying first, however, "Shan't we visit the ruin?"

"If you like. I don't mind seeing how they keep it."

They reached the white steps which led up to it. Nick held the boat, and Mrs. Dallow got out. He fastened the boat, and they went up the steps together, passing through the open door.

"They keep it very well," Nick said, looking round. "It's a capital place to give up everything."

"It might do for you to explain what you mean," said Julia, sitting down.

"I mean to pretend for half an hour that I don't represent the burgesses of Harsh. It's charming — it's very del-

icate work. Surely it has been re-touched."

The interior of the pavilion, lighted by windows which the circle of columns was supposed, outside and at a distance, to conceal, had a vaulted ceiling and was occupied by a few pieces of last-century furniture, spare and faded, of which the colors matched with the decoration of the walls. These and the ceiling, tinted and not exempt from indications of damp, were covered with fine mouldings and medallions. It was a very elegant little teahouse.

Mrs. Dallow sat on the edge of a sofa, rolling her parasol and remarking, "You ought to read Mr. Hoppus's article to me."

"Why, is *this* your salon?" asked Nick, smiling.

"Why are you always talking of that? It's an invention of your own."

"But is n't it the idea you care most about?"

Suddenly, nervously, Mrs. Dallow put up her parasol and sat under it, as if she were not quite sensible of what she was doing. "How much you know me! I don't care about anything — that you will ever guess."

Nick Dormer wandered about the room, looking at various things it contained — the odd volumes on the tables, the bits of quaint china on the shelves. "They keep it very well; you've got charming things."

"They are supposed to come over every day and look after them."

"They must come over in force."

"Oh, no one knows."

"It's spick and span. How well you have everything done!"

"I think you have some reason to say so," said Mrs. Dallow. Her parasol was down, and she was again rolling it tight.

"But you're right about my not knowing you. Why were you so ready to do so much for me?"

He stopped in front of her and she

looked up at him. Her eyes rested on his a minute; then she broke out, "Why do you hate me so?"

"Was it because you like me personally?" Nick asked. "You may think that an odd, or even an odious question; but is n't it natural, my wanting to know?"

"Oh, if you don't know!" Mrs. Dallow exclaimed.

"It's a question of being sure."

"Well, then, if you're not sure" —

"Was it done for me as a friend, as a man?"

"You're not a man; you're a child," said his hostess, with a face that was cold, though she had been smiling the moment before.

"After all, I was a good candidate," Nick went on.

"What do I care for candidates?"

"You're the most delightful woman, Julia," said Nick, sitting down beside her, "and I can't imagine what you mean by my hating you."

"If you have n't discovered that I like you, you might as well."

"Might as well discover it?"

Mrs. Dallow was grave; he had never seen her so pale and never so beautiful. She had stopped rolling her parasol now; her hands were folded in her lap and her eyes were bent on them. Nick sat looking at them, too, a trifle awkwardly. "Might as well have hated me," said Mrs. Dallow.

"We have got on so beautifully together, all these days: why should n't we get on as well forever and ever?" Mrs. Dallow made no answer, and suddenly Nick said to her: "Ah, Julia, I don't know what you have done to me, but you have done it. You've done it by strange ways, but it will serve. Yes, I hate you," he added, in a different tone, with his face nearer to hers.

"Dear Nick — dear Nick" — she began. But she stopped, for she suddenly felt that he was altogether nearer, nearer than he had ever been to her before,

that his arm was round her, that he was in possession of her. She closed her eyes, but she heard him ask, "Why should n't it be forever, forever?" in a voice that was kinder in her ear than any voice had ever been.

"You've done it — you've done it," Nick repeated.

"What do you want of me?" she demanded.

"To stay with me, this way, always."

"Ah, not this way," she answered, softly, but as if in pain, and making an effort, with a certain force, to detach herself.

"This way, then — or this!" He took such insistent advantage of her that he had quickly kissed her. She rose as quickly, but he held her yet, and while he did so he said to her in the same tender tone, "If you'll marry me, why should n't it be so simple, so good?" He drew her closer again, too close for her to answer. But her struggle ceased and she rested upon him for a minute, she buried her face on his breast.

"You're hard, and it's cruel!" she then exclaimed, breaking away.

"Hard — cruel?"

"You do it with so little!" And with this, unexpectedly to Nick, Mrs. Dallow burst straight into tears. Before he could stop her she was at the door of the pavilion, as if she wished to quit it immediately. There, however, he stopped her, bending over her while she sobbed, unspeakably gentle with her.

"So little? It's with everything — with everything I have."

"I have done it, you say? What do you accuse me of doing?" Her tears were already over.

"Of making me yours; of being so precious, Julia, so exactly what a man wants, as it seems to me. I did n't know you could," he went on, smiling down at her. "I did n't — no, I did n't."

"It's what I say — that you have always hated me."

"I'll make it up to you."

She leaned on the doorway with her head against the lintel. "You don't even deny it."

"Contradict you *now*? I'll admit it, though it's rubbish, on purpose to live it down."

"It does n't matter," she said, slowly; "for however much you might have liked me, you would never have done so half as much as I have cared for you."

"Oh, I'm so poor!" Nick murmured, cheerfully.

She looked at him, smiling, and slowly shook her head. Then she declared, "You never can."

"I like that! Have n't I asked you to marry me? When did you ever ask me?"

"Every day of my life! As I say, it's hard — for a proud woman."

"Yes, you're too proud even to answer me."

"We must think of it, we must talk of it."

"Think of it? I've thought of it, ever so much."

"I mean together. There are things to be said."

"The principal thing is to give me your word."

Mrs. Dallow looked at him in silence; then she exclaimed, "I wish I did n't adore you!" She went straight down the steps.

"You don't, if you leave me now. Why do you go? It's so charming here, and we are so delightfully alone."

"Detach the boat; we'll go on the water," said Mrs. Dallow.

Nick was at the top of the steps, looking down at her. "Ah, stay a little — *do* stay!" he pleaded.

"I'll get in myself, I'll put off," she answered.

At this Nick came down, and he bent a little to undo the rope. He was close

to her, and as he raised his head he felt it caught; she had seized it in her hands and she pressed her lips to the first place they encountered. The next instant she was in the boat.

This time he dipped the oars very slowly indeed; and while, for a period that was longer than it seemed to them, they floated vaguely, they mainly sat and glowed at each other, as if everything had been settled. There were reasons enough why Nick should be happy; but it is a singular fact that the leading one was the sense of having escaped from a great mistake. The final result of his mother's appeal to him the day before had been the idea that he must act with unimpeachable honor. He was capable of taking it as an assurance that Julia had placed him under an obligation which a gentleman could regard only in one way. If *she* had understood it so, putting the vision, or at any rate the appreciation, of a closer tie into everything she had done for him, the case was conspicuously simple and his course unmistakably plain. That is why he had been gay when he came out of the house to look for her: he could be gay when his course was plain. He could be all the gayer, naturally, I must add, that in turning things over, as he had done half the night, what he had turned up oftenest was the recognition that Julia now had a new personal power over him. It was not for nothing that she had thrown herself personally into his life. She had by her act made him live twice as much, and such a service, if a man had accepted and deeply tasted it, was certainly a thing to put him on his honor. Nick gladly recognized that there was nothing he could do in preference that would not be spoiled for him by any deflection from that point. His mother had made him uncomfortable by intimating to him that Julia was in love with him (he did n't like, in general, to be told such things); but the responsibility seemed

easier to carry, and he was less shy about it, when once he was away from other eyes, with only Julia's own to express that truth and with indifferent nature all around. Besides, what discovery had he made this morning but that he also was in love?

"You must be a very great man," she said to him, in the middle of the lake. "I don't know what you mean, about my salon; but I *am* ambitious."

"We must look at life in a large, fine way," Nick replied, resting his oars.

"That's what I mean. If I did n't think you could I would n't look at you."

"I could what?"

"Do everything you ought — everything I imagine, I dream of. You *are* clever: you can never make me believe the contrary, after your speech on Tuesday. Don't speak to me! I've seen, I've heard, and I know what's in you. I shall hold you to it. You are everything that you pretend not to be."

Nick sat looking at the water while she talked. "Will it always be so amusing?" he asked.

"Will what always be?"

"Why, my career."

"Sha'n't I make it so?"

"It will be yours; it won't be mine," said Nick.

"Ah, don't say that; don't make me out that sort of woman! If they should say it's me, I'd drown myself."

"If they should say what's you?"

"Why, your getting on. If they should say I push you, that I do things for you."

"Well, won't you do them? It's just what I count on."

"Don't be dreadful," said Mrs. Dalow. "It would be loathsome if I were said to be cleverer than you. That's not the sort of man I want to marry."

"Oh, I shall make you work, my dear!"

"Ah, that!" exclaimed Mrs. Dalow, in a tone that might come back to a man in after years.

"You will do the great thing, you will make my life delightful," Nick declared, as if he fully perceived the sweetness of it. "I dare say that will keep me in heart."

"In heart? Why should n't you be in heart?" Julia's eyes, lingering on him, searching him, seemed to question him still more than her lips.

"Oh, it will be all right!" cried Nick.

"You'll like success, as well as any one else. Don't tell me—you're not so ethereal!"

"Yes, I shall like success."

"So shall I! And of course I am glad that you'll be able to do things," Mrs. Dallow went on. "I'm glad you'll have things. I'm glad I'm not poor."

"Ah, don't speak of that," Nick murmured. "Only be nice to my mother; we shall make her supremely happy."

"I'm glad I like your people," Mrs. Dallow dropped. "Leave them to me!"

"You're generous—you're noble," stammered Nick.

"Your mother must live at Broadwood; she must have it for life. It's not at all bad."

"Ah, Julia," her companion replied, "it's well I love you!"

"Why should n't you?" laughed Julia; and after this there was nothing said between them till the boat touched the shore. When she had got out Mrs. Dallow remarked that it was time for luncheon; but they took no action in consequence, strolling in a direction which was not that of the house. There was a vista that drew them on, a grassy path skirting the foundations of scattered beeches and leading to a stile from which the charmed wanderer might drop into another division of Mrs. Dallow's property. This lady said something about their going as far as the stile; then, the next instant, she exclaimed, "How stupid of you—you've forgotten Mr. Hoppus!"

"We left him in the temple of Vesta.

Darling, I had other things to think of there."

"I'll send for him," said Mrs. Dallow.

"Lord, can you think of him now?" Nick asked.

"Of course I can—more than ever."

"Shall we go back for him?" Nick inquired, pausing.

Mrs. Dallow made no answer; she continued to walk, saying they would go as far as the stile. "Of course I know you're fearfully vague," she presently resumed.

"I was n't vague at all. But you were in such a hurry to get away."

"It does n't signify. I have another one at home."

"Another summer-house?" suggested Nick.

"A copy of Mr. Hoppus."

"Mercy, how you go in for him! Fancy having two!"

"He sent me the number of the magazine; and the other is the one that comes every month."

"Every month—I see," said Nick, in a manner justifying considerably Mrs. Dallow's charge of vagueness. They had reached the stile and he leaned over it, looking at a great mild meadow and at the browsing beasts in the distance.

"Did you suppose they come every day?" asked Mrs. Dallow.

"Dear, no, thank God!" They remained there a little; he continued to look at the animals, and before long he added: "Delightful English pastoral scene. Why do they say it won't paint?"

"Who says it won't?"

"I don't know—some of them. It will in France; but somehow it won't here."

"What are you talking about?" Mrs. Dallow demanded.

Nick appeared unable to satisfy her on this point; at any rate, instead of answering her directly he said, "Is Broadwood very charming?"

"Have you never been there? It shows how you've treated me. We used to go there in August. George had ideas about it," added Mrs. Dallow. She had never affected not to speak of her late husband, especially with Nick, whose kinsman, in a manner, he had been and who had liked him better than some others did.

"George had ideas about a great many things."

Julia Dallow appeared to be conscious that it would be rather odd, on such an occasion, to take this up. It was even odd in Nick to have said it. "Broadwood is just right," she rejoined at last. "It's neither too small nor too big, and it takes care of itself. There's nothing to be done; you can't spend a penny."

"And don't you want to use it?"

"We can go and stay with *them*," said Mrs. Dallow.

"They'll think I bring them an angel." And Nick covered her hand, which was resting on the stile, with his own large one.

"As they regard you yourself as an angel they will take it as natural of you to associate with your kind."

"Oh, *my* kind!" murmured Nick, looking at the cows.

Mrs. Dallow turned away from him, as if she were starting homeward, and he began to retrace his steps with her. Suddenly she said, "What did you mean, that night in Paris?"

"That night?"

"When you came to the hotel with me, after we had all dined at that place with Peter."

"What did I mean?"

"About your caring so much for the fine arts. You seemed to want to frighten me."

"Why should you have been frightened? I can't imagine what I had in my head: not now."

"You *are* vague," said Julia, with a little flush.

"Not about the great thing."

"The great thing?"

"That I owe you everything an honest man has to offer. How can I care about the fine arts now?"

Mrs. Dallow stopped, looking at him. "Is it because you think you *owe* it?" — and she paused, still with the heightened color in her cheek; then she went on — "that you have spoken to me as you did there?" She tossed her head toward the lake.

"I think I spoke to you because I could n't help it."

"You *are* vague!" And Mrs. Dallow walked on again.

"You affect me differently from any other woman."

"Oh, other women! Why should n't you care about the fine arts now?" she added.

"There will be no time. All my days and my years will be none too much to do what you expect of me."

"I don't expect you to give up anything. I only expect you to do more."

"To do more I must do less. I have no talent."

"No talent?"

"I mean for painting."

Mrs. Dallow stopped again. "That's odious! You *have* — you must."

Nick burst out laughing. "You're altogether delightful. But how little you know about it — about the honorable practice of any art!"

"What do you call practice? You'll have all our things — you'll live in the midst of them."

"Certainly I shall enjoy looking at them, being so near them."

"Don't say I've taken you away then."

"Taken me away?"

"From the love of art. I like them myself now, poor George's treasures. I did n't, of old, so much, because it seemed to me he made too much of them — he was always talking."

"Well, I won't talk," said Nick.

"You may do as you like — they're yours."

"Give them to the nation," Nick went on.

"I like that! When we have done with them."

"We shall have done with them when your Vandykes and Moronis have cured me of the delusion that I may be of *their* family. Surely that won't take long."

"You shall paint *me*," said Julia.

"Never, never, never!" Nick uttered these words in a tone that made his companion stare; and he appeared slightly embarrassed at this result of his emphasis.

To relieve himself he said, as they had come back to the place beside the lake where the boat was moored, "Shan't we really go and fetch Mr. Hoppus?"

She hesitated. "You may go; I won't, please."

"That's not what I want."

"Oblige me by going. I'll wait here." With which Mrs. Dallow sat down on the bench attached to the little landing.

Nick, at this, got into the boat and put off; he smiled at her as she sat there watching him. He made his short journey, disembarked and went into the pavilion; but when he came out with the object of his errand he saw that Mrs. Dallow had quitted her station — she had returned to the house without him.

He rowed back quickly, sprang ashore and followed her with long steps. Apparently she had gone fast; she had almost reached the door when he overtook her.

"Why did you basely desert me?" he asked, stopping her there.

"I don't know. Because I'm so happy."

"May I tell mother?"

"You may tell her she shall have Broadwood."

XVI.

Nick lost no time in going down to see Mr. Carteret, to whom he had written immediately after the election and who had answered him in twelve revised pages of historical parallel. He used often to envy Mr. Carteret's leisure, a sense of which came to him now afresh, in the summer evening, as he walked up the hill toward the quiet house where enjoyment, for him, had ever been mingled with a vague oppression. He was a little boy again, under Mr. Carteret's roof — a little boy on whom it had been duly impressed that in the wide, plain, peaceful rooms he was not to "touch." When he paid a visit to his father's old friend there were in fact many things — many topics — from which he instinctively kept his hands. Even Mr. Chayter, the immemorial blank butler, who was so like his master that he might have been a twin brother, helped to remind him that he must be good. Mr. Carteret seemed to Nick a very grave person, but he had the sense that Chayter thought him rather frivolous.

Our young man always came on foot from the station, leaving his portmanteau to be carried: the direct way was steep and he liked the slow approach, which gave him a chance to look about the place and smell the new-mown hay. At this season the air was full of it — the fields were so near that it was in the small, empty streets. Nick would never have thought of rattling up to Mr. Carteret's door. It had an old brass plate, with his name, as if he had been the principal surgeon. The house was in the high part, and the neat roofs of other houses, lower down the hill, made an immediate prospect for it, scarcely counting, however, for the green country was just below these, familiar and interpenetrating, in the shape of small but thick-tufted gardens. There was something

growing in all the intervals, and the only disorder of the place was that there were sometimes oats on the pavements. A crooked lane, very clean, with cobblestones, opened opposite to Mr. Carteret's house and wandered towards the old abbey; for the abbey was the secondary fact of Beaulere, after Mr. Carteret. Mr. Carteret sometimes went away and the abbey never did; yet somehow it was most of the essence of the place that it possessed the proprietor of the squarest of the square red houses, with the finest of the arched hall-windows, in three divisions, over the widest of the last-century doorways. You saw the great abbey from the doorstep, beyond the gardens of course, and in the stillness you could hear the flutter of the birds that circled round its huge, short towers. The towers had never been finished, save as time finishes things, by perpetuating their incompleteness. There is something right in old monuments that have been wrong for centuries: some such moral as that was usually in Nick's mind, as an emanation of Beaulere, when he looked at the magnificent line of the roof, riding the sky and unsurpassed for length.

When the door with the brass plate was opened and Mr. Chayter appeared in the middle distance (he always advanced just to the same spot, like a prime minister receiving an ambassador), Nick saw anew that he would be wonderfully like Mr. Carteret if he had had an expression. He did not permit himself this freedom; never giving a sign of recognition, often as the young man had been at the house. He was most attentive to the visitor's wants, but apparently feared that if he allowed a familiarity it might go too far. There was always the same question to be asked — had Mr. Carteret finished his nap? He usually had not finished it, and this left Nick what he liked — time to smoke a cigarette in the garden, or even, before dinner, to take a turn about the place. He

observed now, every time he came, that Mr. Carteret's nap lasted a little longer. There was, each year, a little more strength to be gathered for the ceremony of dinner; this was the principal symptom — almost the only one — that the clear-cheeked old gentleman gave of not being so fresh as of yore. He was still wonderful for his age. To-day he was particularly careful: Chayter went so far as to mention to Nick that four gentlemen were expected to dinner — an effusiveness perhaps partly explained by the circumstance that Lord Bottomley was one of them.

The prospect of Lord Bottomley was, somehow, not stirring; it only made the young man say to himself with a quick, thin sigh, "This time I *am* in for it!" And he immediately had the unpolitical sense again that there was nothing so pleasant as the way the quiet bachelor house had its best rooms on the big garden, which seemed to advance into them through their wide windows and enlarge their dullness.

"I expect it will be a lateish eight, sir," said Mr. Chayter, superintending, in the library, the production of tea on a large scale. Everything at Mr. Carteret's appeared to Nick to be on a larger scale than anywhere else — the tea-cups, the knives and forks, the door-handles, the chair-backs, the legs of mutton, the candles and the lumps of coal: they represented, and apparently exhausted, the master's sense of pleasing effect, for the house was not otherwise decorated. Nick thought it really hideous, but he was capable at the same time of extracting a degree of amusement from anything that was strongly characteristic. and Mr. Carteret's interior expressed a whole view of life. Our young man was generous enough to find a hundred instructive intimations in it even at the time it came over him (as it always did at Beaulere) that this was the view he himself was expected to take. Nowhere were the boiled eggs, at breakfast, so

big or in such big receptacles ; his own shoes, arranged in his room, looked to him longer there than at home. He went out into the garden and remembered what enormous strawberries they should have for dinner. In the house there was a great deal of Landseer, of oilcloth, of woodwork painted and "grained."

Finding that he should have time before the evening meal, or before Mr. Carteret would be able to see him, he quitted the house and took a stroll toward the abbey. It covered acres of ground, on the summit of the hill, and there were aspects in which its vast bulk reminded him of the ark, left high and dry upon Ararat. At least it was the image of a great wreck, of the indestructible vessel of a faith, washed up there by a storm centuries before. The injury of time added to this appearance — the infirmities around which, as he knew, the battle of restoration had begun to be fought. The cry had been raised to save the splendid pile, and the counter-cry by the purists, the sentimentalists, whatever they were, to save it from being saved. They were all exchanging compliments in the morning papers.

Nick sauntered round the church — it took a good while ; he leaned against low things and looked up at it while he smoked another cigarette. It struck him as a great pity it should be touched : so much of the past was buried there that it was like desecrating, like digging up, a grave. And the years seemed to be letting it down so gently : why jostle the elbow of slow-fingering time ? The fading afternoon was exquisitely pure ; the place was empty ; he heard nothing but the cries of several children, which sounded sweet, who were playing on the flatness of the very old tombs. He knew that this would inevitably be one of the topics at dinner, the restoration of the abbey ; it would give rise to a considerable deal of orderly debate. Lord Bottomley, oddly

enough, would probably oppose the expensive project, but on grounds that would be characteristic of him even if the attitude were not. Nick's nerves, on this spot, always knew what it was to be soothed ; but he shifted his position with a slight impatience as the vision came over him of Lord Bottomley's treating a question of æsthetics. It was enough to make one want to take the other side, the idea of having the same taste as his lordship : one would have it for such different reasons.

Dear Mr. Carteret would be deliberate and fair all round, and would, like his noble friend, exhibit much more architectural knowledge than he, Nick, possessed : which would not make it a whit less droll to our young man that an artistic idea, so little really assimilated, should be broached at that table and in that air. It would remain so outside of their minds, and their minds would remain so outside of it. It would be dropped at last, however, after half an hour's gentle worrying, and the conversation would incline itself to public affairs. Mr. Carteret would find his natural level — the production of anecdote in regard to the formation of early ministries. He knew more than any one else about the personages of whom certain cabinets would have consisted if they had not consisted of others. His favorite exercise was to illustrate how different everything might have been from what it was, and how the reason of the difference had always been somebody's inability to "see his way" to accept the view of somebody else — a view usually, at the time, discussed, in strict confidence, with Mr. Carteret, who surrounded his actual violation of that confidence, thirty years later, with many precautions against scandal. In this retrospective vein, at the head of his table, the old gentleman always enjoyed an audience, or at any rate commanded a silence, often profound. Every one left it to some one else to ask another

question; and when by chance some one else did so every one was struck with admiration at any one's being able to say anything. Nick knew the moment when he himself would take a glass of a particular port and, surreptitiously looking at his watch, perceive it was ten o'clock. It might as well be 1830.

All this would be a part of the suggestion of leisure that invariably descended upon him at Beauclere—the image of a sloping shore where the tide of time broke with a ripple too faint to be a warning. But there was another admonition that was almost equally sure to descend upon his spirit in a summer hour, in a stroll about the grand abbey; to sink into it as the light lingered on the rough red walls and the local accent of the children sounded soft in the churchyard. It was simply the sense of England—a sort of apprehended revelation of his country. The dim annals of the place appeared to be in the air (foundations bafflingly early, a great monastic life, wars of the Roses, with battles and blood in the streets, and then the long quietude of the respectable centuries, all corn-fields and magistrates and vicars), and these things were connected with an emotion that arose from the green country, the rich land so infinitely lived in, and laid on him a hand that was too ghostly to press and yet, somehow, too urgent to be light. It produced a throb that he could not have spoken of, it was so deep, and that was half imagination and half responsibility. These impressions melted together and made a general appeal, of which, with his new honors as a legislator, he was the sentient subject. If he had a love for this particular scene of life, might it not have a love for him and expect something of him? What fate could be so high as to grow old in a national affection? What a grand kind of reciprocity, making mere soreness of all the balms of indifference!

The great church was still open, and

he turned into it and wandered a little in the twilight, which had gathered earlier there. The whole structure, with its immensity of height and distance, seemed to rest on tremendous facts—facts of achievement and endurance—and the huge Norman pillars to loom through the dimness like the ghosts of heroes. Nick was more struck with its human than with its divine significance, and he felt the oppression of his conscience as he walked slowly about. It was in his mind that nothing in life was really clear, all things were mingled and charged, and that patriotism might be an uplifting passion even if it had to allow for Lord Bottomley and for Mr. Carteret's blindness on certain sides. Presently he perceived it was nearly half past seven, and as he went back to his old friend's he could not have told you whether he was in a state of gladness or of gloom.

"Mr. Carteret will be in the drawing-room at a quarter to eight, sir," Chayter said; and Nick, as he went to his chamber, asked himself what was the use of being a member of Parliament if one was still sensitive to an intimation on the part of such a functionary that one ought already to have begun to dress. Chayter's words meant that Mr. Carteret would expect to have a little comfortable conversation with him before dinner. Nick's usual rapidity in dressing was, however, quite adequate to the occasion, and his host had not appeared when he went down. There were flowers in the unfeminine saloon, which contained several paintings, in addition to the engravings of pictures of animals; but nothing could prevent its reminding Nick of a comfortable committee-room.

Mr. Carteret presently came in, with his gold-headed stick, a laugh like a series of little warning coughs and the air of embarrassment that our young man always perceived in him at first. He was nearly eighty, but he was still shy—he

laughed a great deal, faintly and vaguely, at nothing, as if to make up for the seriousness with which he took some jokes. He always began by looking away from his interlocutor, and it was only little by little that his eyes came round; after which their limpid and benevolent blue made you wonder why they should ever be circumspect. He was clean shaven and had a long upper lip. When he had seated himself he talked of "majorities," and showed a disposition to converse on the general subject of the fluctuation of Liberal gains. He had an extraordinary memory for facts of this sort, and could mention the figures relating to elections in innumerable places in particular years. To many of these facts he attached great importance, in his simple, kindly, presupposing way; returning five minutes later and correcting himself if he had said that some one, in 1857, had had 6014 instead of 6004.

Nick always felt a great hypocrite as he listened to him, in spite of the old man's courtesy — a thing so charming in itself that it would have been grossness to speak of him as a bore. The difficulty was that he took for granted all kinds of positive assent, and Nick, in his company, found himself immersed in an atmosphere of tacit pledges which constituted the very medium of intercourse and yet made him draw his breath a little in pain when, for a moment, he measured them. There would have been no hypocrisy at all if he could have regarded Mr. Carteret as a mere sweet spectacle, the last, or almost the last, illustration of a departing tradition of manners. But he represented something more than manners; he represented what he believed to be morals and ideas — ideas as regards which he took your personal deference (not discovering how natural that was) for participation. Nick liked to think that his father, though ten years younger, had found it congruous to make his best friend of the

owner of so nice a nature: it gave a softness to his feeling for that memory to be reminded that Sir Nicholas had been of the same general type — a type so pure, so disinterested, so anxious about the public good. Just so it endeared Mr. Carteret to him to perceive that he considered his father had done a definite work, prematurely interrupted, which had been an absolute benefit to the people of England. The oddity was, however, that though both Mr. Carteret's aspect and his appreciation were still so fresh, this relation of his to his late distinguished friend made the latter appear to Nick even more irrecoverably dead. The good old man had almost a vocabulary of his own, made up of old-fashioned political phrases and quite untainted with the new terms, mostly borrowed from America; indeed, his language and his tone made those of almost any one who might be talking with him appear by contrast rather American. He was, at least nowadays, never severe nor denunciatory; but sometimes, in telling an anecdote, he dropped such an expression as "the rascal said to me," or such an epithet as "the vulgar dog."

Nick was always struck with the rare simplicity (it came out in his countenance) of one who had lived so long and seen so much of affairs that draw forth the passions and perversities of men. It often made him say to himself that Mr. Carteret must have been very remarkable to achieve with his means so many things requiring cleverness. It was as if experience, though coming to him in abundance, had dealt with him with such clean hands as to leave no stain, and had never provoked him to any general reflection. He had never proceeded in any ironic way from the particular to the general; certainly he had never made a reflection upon anything so unparliamentary as Life. He would have questioned the taste of such an obtrusion, and if he had encountered it on the part of another would have re-

garded it as a kind of French toy, with the uses of which he was unacquainted. Life, for him, was a purely direct function, not a question of phrasing. It must be added that he had, to Nick's perception, his variations — his back windows opening into more private grounds. That was visible from the way his eye grew cold and his whole polite face rather austere when he listened to something that he did n't agree with or perhaps even understand; as if his modesty did not in strictness forbid the suspicion that a thing he did n't understand would have a probability against it. At such times there was something a little deadly in the silence in which he simply waited, with a lapse in his face, without helping his interlocutor out. Nick would have been very sorry to attempt to communicate to him a matter which he probably would not understand. This cut off, of course, a multitude of subjects.

The evening passed exactly as Nick had foreseen, even to the rather early

dispersal of the guests, two of whom were "local" men, earnest and distinct, though not particularly distinguished. The third was a young, slim, uninitiated gentleman whom Lord Bottomley brought with him, and concerning whom Nick was informed beforehand that he was engaged to be married to the Honorable Jane, his lordship's second daughter. There were recurrent allusions to Nick's victory, as to which he had the fear that he might appear to exhibit less interest in it than the company did. He took energetic precautions against this, and felt, repeatedly, a little spent with them, for the subject always came up once more. Yet it was not as his but as theirs that they liked the triumph. Mr. Carteret took leave of him for the night directly after the other guests had gone, using at this moment the words that he had often used before —

"You may sit up to any hour you like. I only ask that you don't read in bed."

Henry James.

THE WAR-CRY OF CLAN GRANT.

A BONNY bird frae France has flown,
 A breeze blawn o'er the sea;
 The White Rose yet shall hae its throne
 Beside the Fleur de Lys.
 In whispers low gaes on the word
 To bid us do or dee;
 The cry fu' mony a field has heard,
 "Stand fast, Craig Ellachie!"

He comes, auld Scotia's rightfu' king,
 Who twice has come in vain;
 He proves the sooth, "The third time wins,"
 King Charles shall o'er us reign.
 For Falkirk's flight and Preston's rout
 Once taught King George what we
 Can do when peals Clan Grant's wild shout,
 "Stand fast, Craig Ellachie!"

The oak that hid a royal Charles
 A royal Charles maun see;
 For brows o' Hanoverian carles
 Nae leaf grows on that tree.
 An' rantin' Rob, wha buys and sells,
 To "Herring-House" will flee
 When our victorious war-cry swells,
 "Stand fast, Craig Ellachie!"

There's no' an exile's heart that bleeds
 Beside the banks o' Seine,
 There's no' a wife wears widow's weeds
 And weeps Culloden's slain,
 But now shall cast their care aside
 And change their dool to glee,
 When echoes wide o'er Teviot's tide,
 "Stand fast, Craig Ellachie!"

They wha the ancient faith maintain
 To the old line are true;
 They'll gie the king his own again,
 And Holy Kirk her due.
 Then, Claymores, out and send the shout
 Frae Berwick-law to Dee,
 Till Windsor's towers aince mair are ours,
 "Stand fast, Craig Ellachie!"

'T will bid Dundee's brave wraith look down
 On Killiecrankie's Pass,
 When Holyrood shall see the crown,
 St. Giles's Kirk the mass.
 Mons Meg shall speak to Arthur's Seat
 And Calton Hill, when we
 With loyal cry our monarch greet,
 "Stand fast, Craig Ellachie!"

Walter Mitchell.

THE STATE, THE CHURCH, AND THE SCHOOL.

AN acute if somewhat near-sighted critic has traced what he is pleased to call the emancipation of Massachusetts, meaning by that term a release of the commonwealth from the tyranny of priestcraft; but there is a wider and nobler sense in which this commonwealth worked out its emancipation in

common with other English colonies on the Atlantic coast. Under the rapid evolution of free social and political life, the great experiment was tried and proved of detaching the church from a pragmatic relation to the state, without rendering the state less Christian or the church less vigorous. The evolution

tended not to disintegrate an essential integrity, but to discriminate functions.

This separation of church and state in America is indeed one of the great landmarks in human history, but the attention of students has been directed too exclusively to the effect upon the state and the person; the effect upon the church hardly has had adequate consideration. Americans, especially, have been so greatly interested in political studies, and accept the separation of church and state so much as a matter of course, that they fail to realize that the contribution which the country is making to ecclesiastical history is quite as momentous as that which it is making to political history. Only when some conflict arises between the state and that organized body which claims, *par éminence*, to be the church does the citizen bethink himself of the very different conditions under which his life is led from those which prevail in England, Germany, or Italy.

The conversion of Constantine, by which the Roman Empire and the church ceased outwardly to be antagonists and began to coalesce, took place early in the fourth century. At the beginning of the tenth century the establishment of the Holy Roman Empire seemed to make organic the union of church and state. The contest between Hildebrand and Henry IV., in the last quarter of the eleventh century, marks the height of supremacy of the ecclesiastical power in this union. The next four centuries show the church outwardly appearing to strengthen its position, yet really, by the silent working of that spiritual power which inhered in it, moulding and shaping the forms of human freedom. The rise of nationality had its legitimate issue in the revolution which we call Protestantism. That name, as all students know, was not given to a revolt against the errors of the church, but to a bold assertion of national independence of the Vatican. The first Diet of Spire,

in 1526, was both the register of the independence of the states in the empire as regarded allegiance to the Pope, and the starting-point whence the notion of religious freedom was to make rapid progress.

Out of the general movement which goes by the name of the Protestant revolution came the religious independence of England, the reformation of the English church, most of all in this: that it was now to be part and parcel of the English nation, and was to be the great spiritual guardian of the life of the English people. But again was set in motion on new lines that activity which had caused humanity to refuse to be bound by the swaddling-clothes of ecclesiasticism. Just as the great Elizabethan expansion of England in the fields of commerce, science, literature, and art was very intimately connected with the separation of the English church from Roman superintendence, so the Jacobean and Carolan expansion of England in colonial operations was very intimately associated with the separation of the Puritan party from a close connection with Episcopal superintendence. The revolt of the Puritans in England issued in a temporary independence, a momentary disintegration of church and state; but the formal relation was quickly restored, and the real change is to be sought in the gradual relaxation, during the generations which have followed, of ecclesiastical restrictions, as instanced in the abolition of tests and the disestablishment of the Irish church, while these releases have been attended by great spiritual advances in the church of England itself.

But the most remarkable as well as the most fruitful result of the Protestant revolution is to be seen in the condition of things in the United States. The removal of a large section of the Puritan party to New England made it possible for the ideas underlying the Puritan movement to have free exer-

cise, and the issue is seen in such a differentiation of the functions of church and state as the world has never witnessed on so great a scale and with such promise of permanence. These ideas have had gradual expression, and they are but partial exponents of the fundamental idea of the Christian church. The founders of New England, though they were out of sympathy with the Episcopal form, had by no means reached the point where they could understand the significance of those essentially modern words, a free church in a free state. They also established a church in New England. They sought an even closer identification of the church with the state than existed in the mother country, and it was in pushing this notion of a state-church and church-state to an extreme that they demonstrated the truth that the pragmatic connection of the two is an historic incident, not an underlying and essential relation.

We have rid ourselves, in historical studies, of the crude belief that our institutions in America are the result exclusively of the Declaration of Independence and the formation of a written Federal Constitution. We are accustomed to the thought that American social, religious, and political life, as formulated in organizations and institutions, has been the outcome of an indefinite series of developing forces, and that such great advantage as we possess over European nations lies in the freedom of the conditions under which our national development has taken place. The immense advantage at the start of a virgin continent upon which to exercise our power, the absence of a marked feudal system, the preponderating influence of a race educated to the practice of political power, — all these prime favors have accelerated the movement of a development which is more sluggish in Europe because it is more embarrassed by the inert accumulations of centuries. Institutions which had been buttressed by

custom, long endurance, and an intricate interdependence with other institutions, when transferred to these shores could not survive the change, and went down under the shock of vital forces.

Was the church one of these institutions? Or is the church like the nation, a moral organism, which not only survives in spite of changes in organization, but has within it a vital force which is the author of these very changes? No student of the history of the United States fails to see that it was the people of the thirteen colonies who instituted the nation. With what noiseless ease, their political instincts trained and under control, they destroyed the colonial fabric, and substituted the more perfect fabric of the commonwealth; and though with the throes of labor, yet with equal certainty they erected an independent Union in the place of a dependent congeries of states. The postulate is in an inherent political power, and this is the postulate also in the church, namely, that there is an inherent spiritual power. The possibility of change, of reform, in the church and society rests on this great truth, that there is a light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world; and however any man, or any society, or any generation may suffer this light to be obscured by the coverings which untoward systems, education, or sentiment may produce, the light is essential, the coverings are accidental and temporary. There never is a moment when in some church, in some organization, in some human being, that everlasting light may not blaze forth with such incandescent fury as to burn away all the flimsy coverings which have seemed so impervious to light. The miracles of reform which have been wrought are the same as the miracles wrought by the Christ in the field of physical nature; they are the destruction of obstructions, not the creation of what did not previously exist. New eyes are not given, but the scales fall.

If one apprehends the deep spiritual energy which is at work in Christianity, he may reach some apprehension of the processes by which this energy constantly is transmuting the forms of Christianity; he may be able to note the moments when the church, having existed long enough in one form to permit the expansion of the spiritual idea inclosed in it, gives way when that spirit can no longer be contained within it. Again and again does the prophecy come true, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will build it again;" I, because the I within the temple is greater than the temple. There was a great destruction of that temple when the church which owned the Holy Father at Rome as its one earthly head was broken and appeared to lie in fragments over Christendom, but the building again is going on. From the gathering of the Apostles after the Sermon on the Mount, that Magna Charta of Christianity, to the upper chamber in Jerusalem; from the upper chamber to Constantine; from Constantine to Hildebrand; from Hildebrand to the Diet of Spire; from the Diet of Spire to the establishment of the First Church in Boston; from that day to this year of grace, there is a series of steps which marks the development of redeemed humanity. At every stage it has been possible for the prophets of God and man to see essential coincidence with that primitive Christian society which had its presentation in the Beatitudes, or the ten-sided base of human character, and yet to look forward eagerly to a more complete resolution of all the forces of human society into that twofold relation summed up in the first and great commandment, and the second like unto it.

Freedom brings rights, and rights have their correspondent duties. The release of the church from pragmatic connection with the state means an access of power to the church within its scope as a great spiritual factor; and upon the superficial

evidence of material prosperity there has unquestionably been given an immense momentum to the growth of organized Christianity in America. Whatever the future may hold for us, we may confidently aver that the differentiation of political and ecclesiastical functions in America will deepen, not lessen. In all our vaticinations, we need not consider the hypothesis of a return to an organic union of church and state. The more interesting and far more practical question relates to the independent and interdependent action of these two great organizations upon the same person, and when this question is put in the terms of education it becomes of supreme moment.

Time was, even in our own country, when state, church, and school were only three manifestations of the same organism. In the separation which has come about between the church and the state, the school has been partitioned between them, not formally, but through the operation of natural laws. Looking over the field to-day, we see a few instances of what may be termed educational independence of both church and state. The most notable illustration is Harvard University, which once was formally united to each. We see a great many illustrations in the higher and secondary institutions of a connection between the school and the church. Such are our denominational colleges and academies. The charter of Yale requires that a certain number of her trustees shall be clergymen of the Congregational order, and though the university in its expansion has risen above mere denominational lines, still it is identified with Congregationalism of the Trinitarian type; while Trinity College at Hartford and S. Paul's School at Concord are illustrations of the most manifest association of church and school. We see also by far the largest body of educational institutions in intimate dependence on the state. Under this category come

the public schools, the state academies, and those state colleges and universities which flourish especially in Western soil. Finally, we see a number of institutions which, while having no organic connection either with the state or with any one corporate ecclesiastical body, are yet openly and distinctively religious and Christian schools; having, indeed, sometimes in their articles of corporation a provision for establishing and preserving both a Christian character and an independence of any one body of Christians. Such is Wellesley College, which provides for an adherence to the evangelical type of Protestant Christianity, both in the *personnel* of administration and in the college curriculum.

Thus it appears that the conditions of education as regards direct Christian teaching vary greatly. In separating church and state we have not determined under which organization the school shall be fostered, — we have left this to the operation of general social laws; but by a necessity of the very nature of the state as conceived by Americans, primary education has come to be the special charge of the state. Now the state has no formal religious character; can it then provide for the religious education of the young? And if it does not, are the schools therefore non-Christian or anti-Christian?

We have referred to the contribution which America is making to the conception of Christianity in its separation of the functions of church and state, in its heroic use of the voluntary system, in the enlargement of religious freedom. Yet no one can take note of this momentous fact without observing also the existence in the United States of an ecclesiastical power which in its history, its official utterances, and its alliances stands opposed to the interpretation of Christianity which is denoted by American Protestantism. The Roman Catholic church has thriven under the enormous advantages which our liberty has given it.

No state alliance could afford it such an impetus as it has received from occupying the same privileges with other religious bodies in America. It lies within the great circle of American religious freedom, but by the very charter of its organization, so to speak, it is a protest against the life which nourishes it.

It is inevitable that in one form or another a conflict should arise between this body and American Protestantism, nor is it strange that the conflict should appear first and most emphatically in the arena of education. The theory of the Roman Catholic church makes the prime element in education to consist in loyalty to the church of God as interpreted by its tenets. The theory of American Protestant Christianity makes the prime element in education to consist in the formation of right character. Hence the former says to the child, Whatever else you may or may not learn, you shall first of all know your catechism and become familiar with the ritual of the church; the latter says, You shall learn all you can in school, but the end in view is always your character.

The Roman Catholic church has begun to put its theory into systematic practice by the general adoption of the policy of parochial schools, into which are withdrawn pupils who would otherwise receive their training in the public schools. A test through results may therefore be looked for. By their fruits ye shall know them. I do not say that the parochial schools fail to give a thorough training in character and the development of the faculties, though I hear many complaints of their inferiority to the neighboring public schools; we must bear in mind also that they collect boys and girls whose antecedents do not make the best material of them, and they deprive these pupils of contact with minds quickened by inheritance of generations of freedom. Nor do I say that our public schools necessarily produce

boys and girls of a high type of character; on the contrary, those most familiar with the public schools are most sharp in their criticism of the results in this respect. What I assert is that we have the spectacle of two antagonistic systems, and that the issue will prove which of the two is more vital. In other words, we are witnessing a trial between two phases of Christianity, — the Christianity of Hildebrand and the Christianity of the American republic.

We who heartily believe in this later phase have a task before us which may well inspire us with enthusiasm. We have to convince an apparently securely intrenched church that the God whom they worship is not, as each nation of antiquity fancied, their own peculiar divinity, inaccessible to the voice of any beyond the pale. We have to build an invisible temple, whose true catholicity shall render a material assumption of catholicity ignoble and self-destructive. The church of Rome, with its compact and magnificent visible strength, appeals to our imagination, and by its apparent solidarity seems to render the opposing force of American Protestantism broken and irresolute. How insignificant, how jealous of each other, how incapable of union, appear our separate bodies of Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians! We cannot so misinterpret the issue. The opposition to this great hierarchy is not in any one of these churches or societies, nor in all of them combined. The true opposition is to be found in Christianity itself, in that larger, fuller conception of the life of God in the world which is only feebly expressed by our separate churches. The thought of Romanism is that God is manifest only in and through the Roman Catholic church; and just so far as our Protestant churches faintly echo that same notion, and say, Lo, He is here, and only here, do they stand in the same category as against the eternal idea

which was manifested to the world in the Christ.

In this most interesting contest, one factor should not be left out of sight. We must not forget that the Roman Catholic church in America is itself working out a problem. No more than the rest of the world has it reached its final change, and in its edict commanding the establishment of parochial schools it is taking up a weapon of defense whose handle may prove a blade. It is working in America under very different conditions from those under which it works in the Old World. In opposing its church schools to the public schools it suffers the enormous disadvantage of being compelled to use authority and a certain extrinsic force as against a freedom which is self-determined. So long as parochial schools are mainly the imposition of an order, and not the spontaneous outgrowth of the people supporting them, they are foreign, not native, and they exist with overwhelming odds against them. They even threaten themselves, for the state is profoundly jealous of any foreign power which seems to interfere with the liberty of its citizens; and events have shown that those who are directing the policy of parochial schools find themselves at once on the defensive and compelled to use circumspection, if they wish to carry on their experiment unopposed. Let the people of any commonwealth be convinced that a church is deliberately exercising supremacy in political rights, and they will make short work of such pretensions.

Assuming, then, in the absence of any systematic effort to establish primary schools except on the part of the Roman Catholics, that American Christians expect to work out the problem of primary education through the agency of the state, the question may be repeated, How far is their Christianity recognizable in the school system, and what function does the church play along-

side of the state in the education of the young?

We are not giving a definite and comprehensive answer when we contend that the Bible shall be read every day in every school without comment. I am not denying the value of this exercise. In the hands of a reverent, thoughtful teacher it may be of inestimable worth; but the Bible is not a charm nor a talisman, and the merely formal, perfunctory use of it in the presence of the young is mischievous and deadening. The Bible is a divine instrument, to be used wisely and rationally; not a fetich from which the divinity has fled. Least of all is it desirable to make a test of such an exercise. Happy they who can begin the school-day with their children with a message from God's word, with the offering of the Lord's Prayer, with some hymn of praise! Is one shut out from all this in the public school, and is the source of Christian education therefore dried? Our conception of Christianity will determine our conception of Christian education; and as education, in the last analysis, is the influence of one person on another, so Christian education is the outflow of that influence from a person who owns in his or her life the power of a Christian faith.

Mr. Bryce, in his far-reaching book *The American Commonwealth*, has illustrated by many examples the discovery which thoughtful men are making of the real seat of power in America. He traces the working of power through various organizations of government and society only to find it finally resident in the people. Public opinion, he avers, is the court of final appeal, and legislatures and administrations are becoming steadily more sensitive reflections of public opinion. We accept the conclusion. We perceive that the schools of the country represent the public that institutes them. The community in one place is homogeneous, religious, high-minded; its schools are expressions of

its character. Elsewhere the community is honeycombed with corruption, religious indifference, a low spiritual temper; its schools will scarcely show a higher standard. Yet in the one case eternal vigilance is requisite to preserve a high ideal; in the other the aggressive force of a true Christianity may work upon the schools through the community, upon the community through the schools. A warm-hearted, large-minded Christian woman or man will transform the shady place into one of sunshine. The spread of the Christian faith is more than the augmentation of any one religious order, and its exercise is through a multitude of channels which have not a religious name. As the prime, fundamental notion of that faith subsists in a personal relation, so its development and exercise are in and through personal relations, and those personal relations extend to the entire organization of human society; nor can they stop short of that universal application. Business, government, literature, art, education, yes, the church itself,—these are all under the transforming influence of that faith which subdues kingdoms and works righteousness.

It is here that, speaking in a large way, the church has its great part to play in Christianity in America. Because the state, the church, and the school have become in a degree separate organisms, so much the greater freedom and power has the church; so much the more surely is it to penetrate the state, to infuse the spirit of its Master into the school. Withdrawn from official, perfunctory relations, with how much more pervasive force shall it establish spiritual, invisible, and healthful relations! Nay, in the very separation of the church from the school we see the precious power of the church in education. Command that the church be invested with the education of the young, and you introduce the insidious peril of formalism; you make Christian faith to

be a thing of rules ; you make it possible for arid religious training to take the place of the expansion of character under the force of vital Christian faith.

We cannot shut up the idea of education within the boundaries of the school-room ; nor can we crowd into that room all the influences which directly affect character. In the development of modern American civilization there is a disposition to distinguish the functions of the church and the school. The church is to assume the distinctively religious education of the child ; the school is to be concerned with its mental and industrial education. But in the development of spiritual Christianity, the public which is imbued with the principles of Christ recognizes no such sharp distinctions in practice. It will study to spiritualize the public schools by making the teacher's desk the honorable goal of a devout disciple of Jesus ; by using the great spiritual forces of art and literature in the formal lessons of the day, and, so far as Christian wisdom will sanction, the Bible, the prayer, and praise ; most of all, by making Christian character the lever to lift the whole mass into a nobler place.

There is no short and easy road to such an end. By no system of legislation can we expect to enforce Christianity. Nor is any skillful manipulation of school committees or boards of education to secure devout Christian men and women at the head of our schools. No ; the spread of Christianity in the school-room, like the spread of Christianity in the world, is by the consecration of the children of God. Our school system is like our political system. There are those who think we never shall be a Christian nation so long as the name of God is not in the Constitution of the United States. There are those who think our public schools cannot be Christian so long as they do not directly teach Christian dogmas. The answer is in the sublime words of the Master : " Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven ; " and in education as in national life, Christianity is not a thing of names and phrases, but a real manifestation of the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

Horace E. Scudder.

BREVET MARTYRS.

I SOMETIMES think we have, each one of us, a kind of private gold mine, which affords us a store of pleasant memories and fancies. It is strictly our own property, and may be as devoid of interest to mankind in general as are, to the unpracticed eyes, the desert places of a treasure-bearing soil. It would puzzle us to be asked the " open sesame " to this secret store, for often the perfume, the color, the strain, the chance grouping of familiar objects which worked the spell, cannot be recalled at will.

There is an old record book in numerous volumes, with dingy covers and well-thumbed pages adorned with many a blot and rectifying finger-mark, which contains for me such hidden treasure. It is the record of the sixty thousand enlisted men who, in the far-off war times, were fed, clothed, lodged, and generally sustained at a sanitary commission " Soldiers' Home " in northern Ohio, situated on one of the great centres of railroad travel.

To eyes unanointed with the true,

particular balsam there is nothing to attract or interest in what seems a mere business ledger, but to those of us who can still recall the recorded as clothed in flesh and blood these ill-spelt names are characters, recalling almost as many histories, grave and gay. They are names now entered on earthly and heavenly rolls of honor, and of the story of their lives circumstance has too often given us only stray pages, a prologue, an entr'acte, a finale. Can nothing be done to rescue these memories from certain oblivion, — nothing to save John Smith, martyr, and once private in the 20th Alaska Infantry, from being known solely as the recipient of one lodging in a Soldiers' Home, three meals, and a flannel shirt? It is something to remember that his name and rank are recorded in that carefully cherished volume; but how can this John Smith, saint, preserve his identity in the immediate neighborhood of John Smith, sinner, since both are represented only by certain thick strokes of the enactive pen of that recording official who, for unknown cause, signs himself "per J. Jardine, Superintendent Soldiers' Home"?

The ink fades, the page discolors; time is stealing away distinctness of form and clearness of outline. Virtues and faults are melting on memory's horizon into a gentle haze of tender blue. In that sanctified region incipient halos are dawning over even the least worthy brows. Before it is too late, let us re-animate some of those shadowy personalities, beginning with a handful of memories of people who, while really but common flints, aspired to be estimated as gems from the old mine.

THE REFUGEE.

There was a time — now far removed within the mists of the dim 1860s — when the loyal public heart responded promptly to the watchword "refugee." It was less stirred than at the mention of the stars and stripes, or at sight of

the familiar pale blue of the faded army coats, even when in intimate association with barrel-organs, but still it is undeniable that for the thronging exiles from the Land of Dixie, whose number increased so enormously and so unaccountably during the last year of the war, the sympathy of the Northern public was prompt and ever on draught.

In those stormy days, indeed, the mantle of charity was broad, and in the case of the refugees covered many deserters from the South, who, while claiming to have suffered on account of the imputed righteousness of Union proclivities, were really, politically, neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. In the second year of the rebellion a slender stream of emigration trickled northward, which at last became a mighty torrent overflowing the land. We believed — how willingly! — that all of these Southern refugees had seen the error of their ways; we forgot the parable of the rats and the sinking ship. We prepared for the manifold prodigal the robe and the ring, and introduced him to the heritage of the beloved elder son.

We inhabitants of the Border States can well remember those dismal wagon trains of emigration which crept along our white roads by day, and at night encamped under that strictly neutral flag, the star-set sky. What a vast proportion of women and children the caravans contained! What mystery too often shrouded the absent husbands and brothers! I believe we knew as well then as we know now the probable color of the absentees' uniforms, convinced that the wearers were even then confronting loyal cannon, or, mustered out, lying under Virginia sod.

But Union colors were always flying at the peak, and the wagon trains coming to us from Tennessee brought many and many a family of loyal people, driven from their homes, insulted, persecuted, exiled by local tyranny. What sad freight those humble processions often

bore! — the pitiful wrecks of modest homes, those few household goods of the Tennessee mountaineers, endeared by inherited possession, made sacred by the usage of a lifetime, shabby and poor enough when torn from familiar association and unveiled to indifferent eyes. There was also that other freight of shadowy personal possessions which occupied no place in the crowded caravan, — the memory of things still more precious, destroyed in the course of the domiciliary visits made by neighbors of differing political creed, and warranted by Heaven knows what martial code. Some of the sad stories we heard and remember: of that cherry bureau, the boast of the Tennessee mountain home, chopped to pieces by the axes of suspicious acquaintances; of the wedding-quilt, the fireside chair, which had met the fate of common destruction.

But of these loyal refugees I do not propose to write. They have nothing in common with the martyrs of brevet rank whom I have in mind, and association with those who left their homes from motives of purest self-interest, unanimated by a spark of political principle, would but degrade the noble character of men who staked in defense of patriotism and loyalty all that can make life dear. We must earnestly wish that the history of those obscure men, remote from the sympathy of their fellows, to whom the expression of duty meant the surrender of home, of daily bread, often of life, may be worthily written. Our brevet martyr is one whom neither North nor South can honor.

The wandering caravans of refugees were like meteors in the orderly regions of planetary space. They roamed aimlessly from county to county, from town to town, and when the conditions appeared favorable made deposits of one or more families, who remained, generally the charge of the citizens, unassimilated, foreign, distinct, until the return of peace restored them to their

former homes. Wherever the tents of these nomads were pitched in the unknown, despised North, some sweet spring of charity was sure to bubble up to the wayfarers' refreshment. How many of these strangers were loyal through inward conviction, or were converts to the Union plenty, we were wise enough not to inquire too closely. The immediate question regarding those pinched, hatchet-faced men and women, with complexions of *café-au-lait*, was the one so satisfactorily answered by Mr. Dick, who, when asked by Miss Betsey Trotwood what to do with David Copperfield, replied, "Give him something to eat." The Soldiers' Homes of the Sanitary Commission were ordinarily the objective point of all or any whose sufferings could be traced even indirectly to the war. In the hurry, the hot haste, of stirring times, these Homes afforded the relief of immediate want even to those who applied with all their equipment of public and private prejudice.

With the opening of 1864 came an influx of deserters from the Confederate army, and the passing charity of a meal or a lodging was never refused them by the Soldiers' Homes. There were sometimes almost as many gray as blue coated men in the common sitting-room of these institutions, where, gathered about the huge stove, war stories were told and favorite commanders discussed and compared. But the strangers were silent, these men seemingly of alien race, posing as that historic prodigal, confessing sin and imploring protection, — men who had fought three years for a cause, and deserted only when success under its flag became uncertain. They contributed nothing to the fervid discussions as to which general was the best leader: Grant, who "led his men straight up to fortifications," or Sherman, who "always flanked 'em." The prodigals were on other thoughts intent: how to get away from the drafting-wheel of Union provost-marshals, and on what de-

gree of the map of the Northern States the line of perfect safety from enlistment could be drawn. Anything more hopeless can hardly be imagined than the attempts made by the local officers of the Sanitary Commission to help these "truly loyal" applicants, who had no remotest idea how to help themselves. If further progress northward could not be effected, employment must be obtained for the brevet martyr, a peaceful old age spent by the fireside of a Soldiers' Home being the alternative. Philanthropy has ever a weighty profit-and-loss account to keep, and even subsequent enlightenment cannot induce vain regrets over the occasional unworthy recipients of the bounty, so broad and free, of the great North.

Here is a typical specimen of the genus brevet martyr, species *Virginien-sis*, entered on memory's ledger. Behold "Jeems" Brown *redivivus*, loose-jointed, shambling, inert, butternut in complexion as in coat. Do you not wonder that energy was developed in that limp personality to procure his escape from the Confederate States, the necessary crawling through hostile lines, the struggling through nature's sterner defenses of marsh and tangled forests? He has his credentials from the Confederate authorities, descriptive list unrecorded, unsigned, but unmistakable. His history as verbally related is simple: Jeems, born near Petersburg, Virginia, the son of a small planter, or farmer, who was the owner of fifteen slaves, was drafted into the Confederate army in 1862, deserted virtuously and repeatedly, was three times conscripted with ever-fresh zeal, and, in view of the inevitable, discovered that he could not "fight against the old flag;" so, summoning his brothers five, who had also, apparently, passed the time in endeavoring to avoid the draft and cultivating the arts of peace, they took to their heels one fine night, swam rivers, waded swamps, hid by day, progressed by night, deftly eluded

sentinels, and reached at last the land of safety, with only a bullet-hole through Jeems's right sleeve and a corresponding vacuum in the flesh of the right arm as a parting token of esteem from a watchful Confederate picket.

All these dangers past, and full three hundred miles stretching between themselves and possible capture, the Brown brothers presented themselves at the Sanitary Commission Soldiers' Home of a flourishing and patriotic Northern town as candidates for the sympathy of the loyal, as suffering Unionists, — in short, as brevet martyrs in defense of constitutional right.

What could be done with them? We of the Sanitary Commission were not unused to having various species of distress gently assisted to our observation by a loyal but preoccupied public. We found it absolutely necessary to remove that solid presentment of martyrdom in six divisions, seated in helpless despondency by the stove of our office. That was, indeed, a circle of hopeless figures, with shabby coats of dead-leaf shades, boots, with autobiographic soil attached, extended to the reviving heat, drooping forms, shock heads, bad hats; the only sentiment discernible a mild revival of vital force, as the warmth and sense of comfort penetrated the outer mail of wretchedness. But let us remember that around the youngest Brown brother, a boy of fifteen, the solitary warm garment, an old shepherd's plaid, was pinned.

Yes, the problem was there, not to be ignored, — a many-headed problem, which must be fed, clothed, warmed, and suitably established on the high-road to fortune. Thank Heaven, at that period we still kept open the Soldiers' Home, whose charity was broad as its white face, and into that fold the wandering flock was turned, while the next step was anxiously discussed.

The Brown brothers were open to any proposition from any quarter what-

ever on the question of employment, provided the exact kind of work suited to their capacity and experience could be found.

"What can you do?" we asked of Jeems. "What have you done?" "Merchandising," was the too frequent reply from the brevet martyr.

But we had already ten exiles registered upon the books of our Sanitary Commission Employment Agency for that particular industry. In 1864 we had systematized our efforts to find occupation for the disabled discharged soldiers, a task imperative and disheartening, opened the books of an employment agency, and provided our office with a blackboard at its door, setting forth the nature of our wants.

Ben Brown's tastes and habits inclined him to the profession of horse-dealing, and we were again discouraged. Another exile proposed to borrow from the "Sanitary" the money wherewith to build an attractive saloon commanding the Union railroad depot, and sure to ensnare returning paid-off soldiers. With these propositions the way was blocked on the part of the brevet martyrs. But what were benevolent and distracted institutions to do, with ten exiles on their hands to be fed, lodged, and salaried?

Emphatic and startling notices were chalked upon our bulletin-board, bristling with capitals and underscored with triple lines: —

"WANTED!

Situations for ten able-bodied men as clerks, merchants, tailors, draymen, blacksmiths, shoemakers. Apply at Employment Agency, Sanitary Commission Office, No. 20 Independence Street."

Now they really could do one of these things as well as the other.

Our friends were personally entreated: —

"Dear Mr. Railroad Superintendent, good Mr. Engineer, kind Mr. Bridge-Builder, can you not find something

to do for a refugee or two, or possibly nine or ten? The poor fellows have had a hard time of it, and are quite destitute, — loyal, too, you know; Southern Unionists, rare species," etc., etc. Then followed the singular and oft-told tale of loyalty and flight, — nouns in unpleasant conjunction.

Hearts of stone could not resist such a plea, and a personal interview was appointed with a tenth part of the applicants. Alas that the outward man of our brevet martyr did not always convey conviction of inward worth! But perhaps we were at last so fortunate as to find an employer whose requirements were modest enough to be filled by our Jeems, and a fractional part of the burden was lifted from our soul. Let it not be supposed that the object of so much solicitude had shared our anxiety. His confidence in the protecting properties of the old flag was quite childlike. He dined, lounged, and possessed his soul in peace.

Unluckily there seemed no affinity between man and place. Can this be the refugee returning to the home, expectant of robes and fatted calf? 'Tis he, a little depressed, yet calmly resigned. We receive him with mild displeasure. We begin to cast longing glances at the recruiting office over the way, but on that point our Jeems can be firm. We suspect that an armed neutrality may not be the best method of showing devotion to the oft-adjured "old flag." "Why *don't* you enlist?" "Cos I'd be hung ef I was kotched." "But need you be caught?" we murmur.

One lucky investment relieved us of several stalwart but unresolvable refugees, who, replying to the advertisement of a new railroad company, were provided with axes and pitted against those primeval forests which are currently supposed to be stepping on the toes of our young Western cities. But our brevet martyrs speedily reduced themselves to a pensionable condition, and we knew

that there was no pension law applicable to their case, yet we were briefly, rapturously happy. This happiness not even the periodical return of one and another refugee, on foraging intent, who appeared by favor of a passing train or other fortunate circumstance, could reduce to its antecedent despair. A lean, lank, shambling figure still haunts the door of memory's chamber, as — how often! — it leaned against a palpable door casing, the features of the brevet martyr contorted into what was supposed to be an engaging expression.

"Jeems, are you here again?"

"Yes, 'um. I dun come for to tote some stores. Could yer gimme a tin cup?"

"No!" firmly. "Everything necessary was given you when you went down on the railway."

"Any sugar? Jes' a chaw of ter-bacca?"

"No!" crescendo.

"Well, missus, can't yer gimme some coffee?"

"No, no!" with an attempt to interpose the door between ourselves and that horrible leer.

"Butter?" is inserted between the jaws of the closing door, and a faint murmur of "Cheese?" dies away in the distance.

So much for the brevet martyr in outline. Numerous, indeed, were the variations of that type. Like the captive Israelites, the brevet-martyr host dwelt in the land of strangers, a separate people, relinquishing none of the strange habits of life which mark the wide divergence of their species; viewing the comfort and luxury of the North with more than the stolid indifference of the Indian, — with the silent contempt of the resident in Jackson County, Florida. It was not an unusual spectacle, that of a cracker family established under a tent pitched on a vacant lot in the heart of the city, or settled in an empty shed, the centre of every small eddy of pass-

ing curiosity, unconscious of it all; dipping, smoking, chewing, squatting about a small fire; eating how, when, and what fate might direct; throwing the responsibility of continuing this half existence upon the "Yankee," because of that shadowy flag which, like the shadow of the cross, blessed all beneath its shelter.

Indeed, the generic name "refugee" seemed that typical omnibus which was always able to contain one more variety of the species.

Let me recall another example, — a brevet martyr from the Tennessee Mountains, he claimed, — unfortunately and mistakenly visited with the wrath of his disloyal neighbors, and suffering martyrdom most unjustly and to his own amazement.

He was a man of tall, commanding presence, shabby black alpaca coat, over which streamed age's flag of truce in silvered locks. So organically connected with his personality was his black leather portmanteau that it emphasized his sentences, and served to elucidate descriptive statements. He was a mendicant of rare ability, and poured forth to the auditor his tale of woe, from the first inexplicable but unlucky conviction of loyalty in his Tennessee home to the consequent destruction of his personal property and his own too hasty flight.

The crisis of the story was heralded and accompanied invariably by frantic wavings of the black portmanteau, as the martyr drew near and still nearer to his audience in the *élan* of narration, which always culminated in this peroration denunciatory of "the neighbors" at home: "An' when Gabriel blows, dear, what'll they do *then*, dear, when they see *me* a-coming up to judgment?" What, indeed?

THE SPY.

A strange variation of the species brevet martyr was Charlotte Anderson;

hardly to be classed among the refugees, although pleading suffering and loss through the war as a claim for the honors of the type.

It is an old saying that corporations have no souls, but the war gave evidence to the fallacy of that proposition as upon many another disputed point. Only those who, as agents of the people's bounty to its soldiers, had occasion to ask the help of the great railroad companies of the West know the enormous sum of unheralded good done by their officers to the penniless wives and children of men sick in hospital, and to discharged soldiers returning from the front. We of northern Ohio fully appreciate the tax upon the charity of the Cleveland, Columbus, and Cincinnati and the Cleveland and Pittsburg railroad companies from the beginning to the end of the war.¹ We remember that no favor for soldier, for his wife or widow, was ever refused when the plea was supported by the reasonable judgment of the officers of the local Sanitary Commission, who, on this account, pledged themselves to the utmost care in protecting the generous companies from imposition.

In the winter of 1865, the number of spies and deserters had marvelously increased, the government's plans of campaigns were frequently and mysteriously betrayed, and undoubtedly too many of the refugee recipients of Northern bounty, in their safe and comfortable places of refuge, were discharging the debt of hospitable reception by eager and accurate reports of observations to the authorities of the Confederate States; in short, it was impossible at that period to know who might not be taking treasonable notes. On a day of this year two women entered the rooms of the Sanitary Commission in the very city of northern Ohio of which we have been writing.

¹ The Cleveland and Toledo and Lake Shore railroad companies were equally generous, al-

The ladies who were the officers of the local Sanitary Commission were just leaving the great storehouse of hospital supplies, those articles of awful significance with which custom had made them familiar. There were the huge receptacles lining the sides of the room, marked for the collection of the rags, lint, compresses, invoiced by the donors as garments; there on the desk lay the day-book, wherein a patriotic and faithful woman, disciple of order, had labored to reconcile those discrepancies between debit and credit which were too often forced by hasty ardor. There were the boxes of hospital stores, unloaded, but yet unpacked, containing the gifts of a self-devotion and self-sacrifice of which our Western world had hitherto known nothing. A pile of neat packing-cases, which was then awaiting shipment, occupied its own space, wherein, classified, reconstructed hospital stores were sent to the front. Struggling with the shadows which sought to combine and confuse outline and shape was the great castellated stove, looking eight ways at once with its circle of unwinking eyes.

The more delicate-looking of the two strangers told their story. Mrs. Charlotte Anderson, of central New York, claimed to be the wife of a private soldier, who had recently been ill in a hospital in Louisville, Kentucky. She said she had gone to him on hearing of his illness, had nursed him until he was able to return to his regiment, and was going back to her own home, when on the train her pocket was picked, and she found herself penniless in a strange city. She said enough, and no more, and the customary close inquiry failed to shake her story on any most trivial point. She was thoroughly familiar with her Louisville surroundings, replied quietly and courteously to any searching query made, and by her appearance personally vouched for the correctness of though the roads were not such thoroughfares as those specialized above.

her position. Charlotte was essentially ladylike and refined, fair-haired, slight, and of delicate complexion. Her story was by no means improbable; indeed, was not uncommon. The general unspoken verdict was in her favor.

"But," said the shrewd little president of the Sanitary Commission, "who is this other person?"

"Oh," replied Mrs. Charlotte, "she is a soldier's wife, too. I met her on the cars; she is out of money, and would like to get a ticket for transportation."

"Well," decided the president, "I think we may promise you a ticket, but hardly this other woman, unless she can prove as good a claim as you present."

"But we can't be separated!" broke suddenly and unexpectedly from soldier's wife Number Two. The emphatic exclamation startled the little company, and a moment later the quickest witted of women, the secretary, quietly moved to the other side of the stove, to ascertain the condition of the fire. As she threw open the stove door, a broad shaft of flame-light fell full on the fair and gentle face of Mrs. Charlotte Anderson.

"It is late," said the secretary, "and the train does not leave until ten o'clock in the morning; we will talk the matter over, and let you know our decision in your friend's case early to-morrow."

Well content, the women departed, and hurriedly and secretly the secretary imparted to her associates what she had read in Mrs. Charlotte Anderson's face by the light of the tell-tale flame, — that the decorous soldier's wife from Central New York was a man in disguise, and most probably a rebel spy. The ardor of the companion's exclamation had excited the secretary's suspicion, and closer scrutiny revealed a truth which the other Sanitary Commission officers accepted as a matter of faith, unsupported by a particle of personal conviction.

The secretary was firm, and as about steadfast objects indeterminate things will collect, so, without the coöperation

of her companions, but without objection from them, she summoned the provost-marshal from the adjoining building to advise as to future action.

But Colonel Lee could not be found, nor would he return to his office that night.

At half past eight o'clock on the following morning, the Sanitary Commission corps assembled, and by the office porter, Mike, sent message after message to the provost-marshal, all of which found him still not reported.

With waning time, with obstacles accumulating, the faith of the secretary in her convictions became ever stronger. It survived the shock of seeing Mrs. Charlotte Anderson and her attached companion enter the office about nine o'clock; the former, neat, trim, fragile, delicate as before, the cruel eye of day failing to reveal joints in her armor. The body of the Sanitary Commission officers promptly deserted, but mentally only, to Mrs. Charlotte's side.

Every courteous method was employed to detain the strangers, the porter being still kept in a state of constant progression from the Sanitary Commission quarters to the office of the provost-marshal. The provost guard lounged on the stairs; there was everything at hand save the requisite authority. It was ten, twenty, twenty-five minutes past nine; no valid excuse presented itself for further delay. The order for transportation was given Charlotte, her companion was recommended to the state agent at the depot, and in her own excellent language the former expressed gratitude for the favors, graceful, sufficient. After them, at a safe distance, down the hill to the Union depot, went the faithful Mike, with orders to the station police officer to arrest the woman who should be pointed out to him, as certainly a man in female dress, and in all probability a deserter or rebel spy. He soon returned, breathless, with this note from Officer Smith Potter: —

"I bin deppo officer here this twenty year, and I know a man when I see him, and I know a woman when I see her. I can't be taken in, and I can't arrest that woman neither."

I shall always insist that it required in the secretary more than that faith which removes mountains to persevere in her theory, in face of the immense experience of a veteran policeman, and with only the limp support of her associates to back her. Only one precious space of time remained for decision, — one moment, upon whose issues who can say what fate lay trembling? But fifteen minutes remained before train time, and the station was distant a five minutes' walk. Just then Colonel Lee sauntered down to his morning duties, and with no deferring now to the rights of private judgment, was requested firmly, on sufficient grounds, to be later explained, to arrest the woman who should be indicated by the energetic Mike.

By ten o'clock Mrs. Charlotte Anderson and her friend were ushered into the provost-marshal's office, under a strong guard, and the president and vice-president of the Sanitary Commission were summoned to give evidence.

The secretary at her desk in the little glazed-in office behind the Sanitary Commission storehouse awaited the decision which should win her the gratitude of a spy-ridden country, or render her forever the scoff of the police contingent.

Time dragged on, but at last the door opened, and Colonel Lee led in a young, fair-haired man dressed in the uniform of a private in the United States army.

"Mrs. Charlotte Anderson."

There was only one unworthy, but she hopes patriotic, woman who turned away her eyes, lest over-curious gaze should increase discomfiture. But it must be said no signs of such emotion were evident on the impassive countenance of Mrs. Charlotte. She, or rather he, had undeniable grit, shown not only during this trying interview, but throughout

subsequent confinement in military prisons. Even a year later, when reported at Harper's Ferry, he had never allowed the natural sound of his voice to be heard, disguised by some unknown but effectual means. So far as known, he had never revealed anything nor betrayed anything of his real personality nor of the nature of his mission.

The inquiries made by the provost-marshal revealed the fact that Charlotte and his companion had been staying in the city for some days, at one of the second-rate respectable hotels. He had received voluminous mail through the post-office, and half an hour before appearing at the Sanitary Commission office, on that fatal morning, had obtained several letters, which he had read and destroyed, telling the postmaster to burn any which might afterwards arrive. None, however, subsequently came for him.

Charlotte Anderson's trunk, which was seized on board the train, revealed the importance of the mission. It contained disguises of many and diverse kinds: the uniform of a major-general in the United States army, one of an officer of similar rank in the Confederate army, the dress of privates in both services, female attire of various styles and degree, and a handsome citizen dress. The outfit was so costly as to indicate operations of a delicate and dangerous nature.

For one so bold and clever as the prisoner, so provided against detection, and so ready in expedient to founder upon the rock of exposure, for the sake of spoiling the Egyptians to so small an amount as a free railroad journey, is certainly mysterious, and can only be explained on the ground of the recklessness induced by a long course of successful fraud, effected by a disguise so perfect as to defy the criminal experience of a veteran police officer.

The circumstances of the case certainly sustained the assumption that in

the capture of Charlotte Anderson the Sanitary Commission had rendered important service to the government.

Upon Charlotte's arrest he made a curious affidavit, which, although minute in detail, was believed by the provost-marshal to be entirely false. In this affidavit, so called, although unsigned, he claimed to be a member of Company D, 60th Ohio Infantry, first having served in the 39th Pennsylvania V. I. He said he was a native of Hamburg, and enlisted at Erie, Pennsylvania. According to this statement, he had repeatedly deserted under both enlistments, and could not clearly explain whether the present journey was towards his regiment or in full retreat.

It must be said that the story was entirely unworthy of the clever Charlotte, who had so deftly defied inquiry from the Sanitary Commission officials, but the significance of the affidavit lay in the man's anxiety to profess himself a deserter, — no light charge to be brought against a soldier at that critical period of the war. The character was evidently assumed to hide a graver charge, — that of being a spy and informer; and as such Charles Anderson was regarded, and under that charge held a prisoner.

Emma, as his companion was called, claimed to have known nothing of Anderson's deception, but admitted the falseness of the first statement regarding her own status. She told wonderful stories of her friend's accomplishments: that he could sew, knit, crochet, and embroider; dance, sing, play on the piano, and speak three languages fluently; and to these attainments he added the unfeminine accomplishment of firing a pistol with perfect aim and of riding admirably.

Emma was allowed to go her own way, because, although false and unreliable, there was no evidence of her being the accomplice of Anderson in his more serious undertakings. One curious ad-

mission she is said to have made: that her companion expressed most vindictive feeling against the North, and threatened to kill President Lincoln. He was then, she insisted, on his way to Washington, and this was three months before the President's death.

The pretended residence of Anderson in Erie, Pennsylvania, was easily disproved, as he betrayed complete ignorance of all local features, and subsequently contradicted his previous statements on this point.

In time, the Soldiers' Homes rejected the assumed loyalty of these refugees as of base coinage, granting them only the occasional grace of a meal or lodging. Then, by some impalpable but reliable impulse of information, the majority of refugees sought assistance elsewhere. There were strangers' societies, who took the wanderers in, and by whom the compliment was, as a rule, returned. On the record books of these associations can be found many curious histories: as, for instance, that of Mr. Fly nobly refusing to consider the five dollars granted to his necessities as a gift, but receiving it simply as a loan, which of course relieved him from obligation. Exit Fly from the record and forever! — and there are many such. It is pathetic to see how faith and purest womanly feeling returned to the encounter, when so often and so brutally knocked out. Martyr after martyr proved the brevet character of his rank, but his successor was believed in, trusted, helped, encouraged. There were plenty of bright spots in this record, but, as I said before, I am concerned only with the false claimants.

The brevet martyr is a thing of the past, and a gentle curiosity prompts the query, Where and what is he now? Is he re-assimilated with his old surroundings, unchanged, unimproved? Has the touch of a finer civilization left the denizen of mountains and pine forest where

it found him, torpid, inert, or have new and restless impulses disturbed that pre-deluge quiet?

Time alone can solve this problem, — time to develop insignificant germs of higher life. Something better and loftier did germinate and display vigorous life among equally unfavorable condi-

tions, in the real martyrs which the Border States produced; in those men who, rising above the petty limitations of state and neighborhood, recognized the envioning urgency of the national peril. Is not this an earnest of possible resurrection and revivification even for their brothers of brevet rank?

E. T. Johnson.

A CITY OF REFUGE.

ON the 20th of June, 1646, Oxford surrendered to Fairfax, and Presbyterian visitors were put in possession of her university. Nine years later, Cromwell resolved to protect the political faith he deemed orthodox from the ruinous competitions of free thought, and, convinced that intellectual liberty thrived sturdily in soil prepared by Wyclif, Colet, and Erasmus, issued a military proclamation requiring all recusants found within five miles of the city to be treated as spies.

In 1665, when it had become obvious to all men that the Protectorate had ceased to protect, Parliament, frightened from Westminster by the plague, sat at Oxford, and Charles II. proceeded to justify the familiar lines written by Rochester upon the door of his bed-chamber: —

“Here lies our sovereign lord, the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.”

Imitating the great Protector, the utter collapse of whose expensive structure, ten years after its completion, should have taught even the blind that, whatever methods of governing the English nation might prove effective, Cromwell's methods were futile, Charles set about copying those acts of his predecessor which his own presence at Oxford advertised conspicuously as failures.

In the face of vehement opposition

and carefully recorded protest from a few of the wiser sort, he procured, in 1665, the passage of the Five Mile Act. By this all persons suspected of lukewarm affection for the new order of tyranny were required to subscribe to the following oath: “I do swear that it is not lawful upon any pretense whatever to take up arms against the king; and I do abhor that traitorous position of taking arms against his person, or against those that are commissioned by him in pursuance of such commission; and that I will not at any time endure any alteration of government either in church or state.”

All who failed to take this oath before six months had elapsed were forbidden, under stringent penalties, to approach except as travelers within five miles, not of Oxford alone, but of any city in the realm. Somewhat of growth here visible in the seed the Protector had planted! “My father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions,” said Solomon's sagacious son, forgetting that the scorpions might prove like the snakes on Medusa's head, from which other people could run away, but she could not.

A majority of the manliest men in England were intellectually hospitable to the ideas from which Independency had grown. The elect of the land, therefore, — those who prized their birthright

above a mess of pottage, and craved the bread of life more than a portion of the king's meat,—resigned their livings, forsook their homes, and settled in the north and midland villages, Leeds, Manchester, and others which, because incorporated towns, were exempt from the terms of the Five Mile Act. These villages which welcomed the ejected ministers with their adherents into the shelter of their own insignificance were for that reason called “cities of refuge.”

One of the least among them stood on the little river Rea, near Coventry. It had done nothing to attract the notice of the great, but something to win the admiration of the wise; for its first, and for a century its only, public building had been a church. It had sturdily contended against a Niagara of ecclesiasticism for the right to choose its own chaplains, and had gained the right; so that in Wyclif's day the Lollards, who sought refuge in its hospitality, were singularly exempt from persecution. Here too John Rogers had received the training which made him stand when others blenched, the first martyr at Smithfield.

The true name of this obscure little town has been much debated, and never determined. It has been spelt in a hundred and forty different ways, because no one knows its origin or meaning. But—a fact which is unquestioned and which seems to have been prophetic—the final syllable of the name is the Saxon equivalent for “home,” that sweetest among English words, which binds in one bundle of myrrh, with a band woven at Nazareth, wife, mother, child, sister, all that Englishmen hold dearest. For this village on the Rea, which was not till this year, in the English sense, a city,—because, like the New Jerusalem, there is no temple therein, nor its modern equivalent, a cathedral,—is called Birmingham.

The wisdom of Charles was justified by its results, precisely as the wisdom of

Cromwell had been. In 1685, the government which the king had established with so much sagacious foresight went the way of marsh fogs before the sun and Macbeth's witches when a true man approached; that is, “made itself into thin air and vanished.” During the years immediately preceding that achievement, while the London rabble crowded daily to applaud blackguard actors for performing the play of Pope Juan and similar obscene travesties written to ridicule what Charles held dearest, the party which was busily throwing down all that the king had set up was named, by that popular intuition which rarely errs, the Birminghamers. So conspicuous and so influential in guiding the nation had the little village by the Rea become in fifteen years.

“We will not have these scoundrels in the ship!” cried the captain. “They impede the navigation of the vessel. Put them in the yawl, and let them starve as they are dragged behind!” So into the yawl they were put. But in twenty years the great steamer, puffing and paddling with all its huge might to keep its course, appears moving in the opposite direction, stern foremost too, dragged in the wake of the yawl.

The late Elihu Burritt has catalogued the causes to which he attributes the industrial preëminence of Birmingham. He finds them in her exceptional, as it is claimed her unparalleled, material resources. But these advantages existed from the beginning. In them Birmingham has no advantage over Coventry, is surpassed by Wolverhampton, and is equaled by a dozen midland towns whose names have not escaped imprisonment in gazetteers. Three facts require explanation:—

(1.) The greatness of Birmingham dates from the Five Mile Act, or, to speak more accurately, from the legislation of which that act was the consummation. Before that legislation she had neither wealth, influence, nor reputa-

tion. Twenty years after it she stood in the front rank of English communities, and has steadily advanced, until to-day she can claim without presumption a relation to London such as Boston sustains toward New York.

(2.) During the whole period of her growth she has been distinguished among English communities by this significant fact: her brains, her wealth, and her social influence have belonged, with inconsiderable exceptions, not to Churchmen, but Dissenters.

(3.) To a degree unparalleled in other English towns, her policy, both municipal and national, has been shaped by the influence of non-conforming ministers.

These facts all point in the same direction.

"What was the cause of your downfall, Sir Cardinal?"

"Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king!"

"With what do you mix your colors, Sir Joshua?"

"With brains, sir!"

"What have been the causes of your prosperity, Peru?"

"Gold and guano, and all things pleasant to the eyes and good for food."

"What were the causes of your prosperity, New England?"

"Character and brains."

Character and brains, mistaken for offal and flung away by Charles II., have created the greatness of Birmingham.

I ask permission to exhibit a few of the many wares she has produced. For some of them, it may be, a market might be opened in our own country without crowding our existing industries.

In 1868 Mr. Burritt wrote that it was doubtful if a single battle had taken place in the civilized or uncivilized world, since firearms superseded tomahawks, in which guns made at Birmingham had not been used. The sports-

man still looks thither before buying his weapon, though there are now other directions in which he may glance with advantage, but fishermen must still go to Heath & Co., or be satisfied with an inferior reel.

The pen, we are told, is mightier than the sword, though the truth of the statement would seem to be conditioned upon the relative skill of the hands that wield them. But Josiah Mason's pens, still manufactured by Gillott Perry & Co., still made at the old factory, but stamped in German, English, French, Italian, Russian, Spanish, with the names of the vendors who are supposed to manufacture them, have written most of the literature, state documents, private and public correspondence, and filled most of the ledgers of this century. Sheffield tried to stop the business, and petitioned Parliament to forbid it, because steel pens created no demand for Sheffield knives to sharpen their points. But Sheffield papal bulls were burnt to ashes by the comet.

Elkington taught us electrotyping. Henry Clay in his papier-maché works started us on the road to paper buckets and car-wheels. Birmingham recovered the lost art of staining glass as they had stained it once in Florence. She first learned how to make the crystal fountain which astonished the world in Prince Albert's first exposition, and the chandeliers which adorn the palace of Berlin.

You have read the charming paper, which I believe is anonymous, upon the still unanswered question, "Where do the pins go?" If the question had been, "Whence did they come?" we should not have needed Macaulay's schoolboy to answer "Birmingham."

Even in the early part of the sixteenth century the town was noted as the abode of smiths and cutlers. In the manufacture of cutlery it has been supplanted by Sheffield, though in various other sorts of metal-work it still holds its supremacy.

Nails, wire, brass-work, the first Atlantic cable, ropes, tin plate, ploughs, machinery of all kinds, locks, — Birmingham has taught us how to make all these; in some of them to rival, and in the last to excel her.

It is true that not all her products can be commended. There was at least one snake in Paradise, though there are none in Ireland; one traitor among the Apostles, though none among the geese whose cackling saved the Capitol. When his converted sailors got drunk and began to despair in consequence, Father Taylor used to bid them take heart, because they might be sure the devil would never tug so hard to drag a bag of chaff to his own place. When the coiners of false money at Birmingham had become so skillful that bad money throughout the kingdom was called "*Brunmagem coin*," Matthew Bolton blushed for his city. But he did not think that he had done his whole duty by blushing for her. He started a mint, stamped for the government with impress so fine that it could not be duplicated. Soon Bolton's coin became the accepted standard, and he was minting coinage for Great Britain, China, Turkey, Italy, and the countries of South America. It was he also who taught the world to do its work by steam, and before such a thing had been elsewhere attempted illuminated his factory by coal gas to celebrate the peace of 1802.

In naming these fruits of the city's exuberant vitality, I feel as the reporters do at banquets where they are compelled to pique twenty orators by their silence, while they appall five by reporting — one must be truthful, though it mars the illustration — what they did not say.

But more important wares than these has Birmingham produced. She has saved the world's thinkers and scholars from blindness. Her Baskerville first taught mankind to print books which could be read without peril to the

eyesight. Benjamin Franklin, I think, deserves the credit of inducing the great printer to make his chief work the famous edition of the Bible; for Baskerville himself hated the Bible, and was so averse to its teachings that he stipulated in his will against receiving Christian burial.

From Birmingham Rowland Hill gave the world cheap postage by proving the wisdom of taxing weight instead of distance.

Birmingham was nearly the first to follow Raikes in establishing Sunday-schools, and John Angell James is a name that must stand third, or certainly fourth, among those whose influence destroyed slavery through England's dominions.

It is not needful to describe the beauty of the palaces of Birmingham nor the comfort of her artisan dwellings. For it is not the shell, but the spirit, which makes home, and what most deserves notice is the culture and temper of her people.

Hers is the most democratic community I have ever seen. The average of her culture is higher and the thoroughness with which it permeates her society more entire than it has been my fortune elsewhere to witness. Her charitable institutions are unsurpassed. Her free library is admirably arranged and is extensively used. Workingmen frequent it in great numbers. Her Shakespearean library was the most complete in the world, and although it has been destroyed by fire a second is rapidly accumulating.

For a trifle so small that it can be spared from the wages of the day-laborer, any man, woman, or child may receive nightly the best instruction that can be had in art, music, science, history, or literature. A few facts may illustrate the results of such opportunities.

Political speakers expect their most exacting, but their most appreciative, audiences at Birmingham. Bright pre-

pared more carefully his utterances to the artisans of Birmingham than those to his associates in Parliament. When Gladstone means to arrest the ear of the English nation he goes to Birmingham.

In art the public taste has become so true and so exacting that not only was the finest collection of paintings ever brought together in the world exhibited in Birmingham, but her permanent gallery of art, though small when compared with many others, is the only public gallery in Europe which contains no single canvas an artist can afford to pass unstudied, and several of the statues in her public squares may safely challenge comparison with Landseer's work in Trafalgar Square.

In music Birmingham must yield precedence to London only because the superior size and wealth of the metropolis subsidize the world for her entertainment. But the triennial musical festivals of Birmingham are nowhere surpassed, and in few centres of musical culture are they fairly rivaled.

I attended a performance of the forest scenes from *As You Like It*, given in the open air upon the private grounds of Mr. Chamberlain, brother to the parliamentary leader. One rarely sees upon any stage an average of finer acting than was witnessed there. Yet the performers were amateurs.

The strength and grace of Birmingham have been produced by fostering the spirit which made the Non-Conformists, in the day of King Charles, count their livings a small thing when weighed against their principles. That spirit has taught her citizens to fix their gaze on things more precious than meat and drink, and houses and lands. It has created her love of liberty, her municipal patriotism, her public spirit, her true democracy.

Bolton was perhaps her most representative citizen. It was he who originated her Lunar Club. It met each

month at the full of the moon, whence its name. Its members were the ablest men of the region.

"Every man," said Robertson, "should have a vocation and an avocation." So thought these notable high priests of industry. By their vocations they re-created the world's industrial activities. By their avocations they made that possible by re-creating themselves.

Watt, Bolton, Murdoch, were the first mechanicians of their age. They were not satisfied with that. They frequented the Lunar Club to learn what Priestley could teach them of chemistry. Darwin of Lichfield turned from his lancets and his botany to hear Murdoch's wild ideas about illuminating streets by coal gas. Here Lovell Edgeworth crossed dialectic swords with Priestley; and, as these men of science believed there were other things than science worth their knowing, here John Collins may have told how

"The Romans in England they once bore sway,

And the Saxons after them led the way."

The first men of the time, Franklin, the Herschels, and their peers, made pilgrimages to attend a single session of this Lunar Club, and share its plain living and high thinking. It is probable that little Charles Darwin gained from its members much of his reverence for hard and honest intellectual work. This central club was copied in humbler forms, or rather in the same form by humbler constituencies. The artisans formed debating societies, of which the Robin Hood was the first. Others followed. Women were admitted to membership, — a startling innovation that. All subjects men chose to introduce were freely discussed. One single condition was rigorously enforced, — that no man should lose his temper.

In tracing the rise and development of intellectual liberty at Birmingham, it would be misleading to forget that there were rocks in the current. More than once the Birminghamers tried to imi-

tate, in their way, those acts of Cromwell and King Charles to the futility of which their city was a monument. Two examples of that fatuity may serve to mark the reefs which always lie near such channels as they had to navigate. These may be named respectively the battle of the feet and the battle of the heads.

At his restoration Charles II. brought from the Continent, upon his august person, metal buttons and metal shoe-buckles. These were the only articles he brought which endured a year beyond his death. They became the fashion. Presently some wretch in Birmingham began to manufacture them, to manufacture them better than any one else could do, and so to coin money at the expense of the worthy people who made cloth buttons. An act of Parliament passed under William and Mary to relieve these latter proved ineffectual. Metal buttons and metal buckles prevailed until another dastard invented shoe-strings. The day of buckle-boots grew cloudy. In vain the prince regent, the first gentleman in Europe, doubtless with Beau Brummel for chief aid, cast all his influence in favor of buckles, gave a gorgeous birthday ball, and appeared at it with the princesses, his sisters, all of them profusely adorned with metal buttons. His labor was vain. Shoe-strings won. Birmingham was furious. At the great triennial Handel festival of 1796 the pickpockets of London devised a plan to profit by the rage of its citizens. They came from London wearing gorgeous buckles, all of Birmingham manufacture. In the crowd around the concert-hall they set about hustling all who wore shoe-strings as despisers of the good old customs of England. The local prejudice was so great that neither police nor people would interfere, and after reaping a rich harvest in the confusion the strangers returned in safety to London. It was not until the next day that the good

burghers discovered that their pockets were empty, while the thieves alone had profited by their prejudice.

Again, when Burke, provoked, perhaps, by Priestley's masterly reply to his strictures upon the French Revolution, called Birmingham, Priestley's home, "the world's toy-shop," an elegant suggestion that the place was a nursery of childish theories unworthy the notice of statesmen, Birmingham justified the scornful epithet by a childish outbreak of spite. Angry with France on account of the war and the taxes it had entailed, angry with Priestley because he was not so angry as they were, they raised the cry of heretic against him. A dinner was given upon the anniversary of the capture of the Bastille. The mob assumed that Priestley was at the dinner, though he was not. They rushed to his house, whence the great thinker barely escaped with his life; burned his library, which was the finest private one in England; destroyed his chemical laboratory, which was the finest in Europe; read soon afterward in their newspaper his letter of remonstrance addressed to them, which was the noblest plea for liberty of thought since Milton's plea for the press; and at last awakened to the fact that they had driven forth their most illustrious citizen, given him to the United States, and disgraced themselves in the eyes of the civilized world. It was their last imitation of Cromwell and Charles.

From that hour they set themselves to their greatest work, and did not rest until they had perfected an engine the most powerful, the only engine wholly irresistible which has been known among men. Its name is Organized Public Opinion. They began its construction lighted by the flames of Priestley's home.

The latter part of the eighteenth century found both France and England suffering similar afflictions from similar causes. France had been helplessly op-

pressed by the tyranny of a king, England by the tyranny of an aristocracy. Louis XIV. counted himself the state. The English House of Lords counted itself "the state." The House of Commons was simply an Æolian attachment, softening somewhat the stern music to which the peers made the people march. Eighty-four individuals sent by their own authority one hundred and fifty-four members to Parliament, and the careful Molesworth indorses the statement that a decided majority of the House was returned by one hundred and fifty-four peers and wealthy commoners. The industrial classes were not represented. Legislation was effected almost solely in the fancied interest of the favored few. Aristocrats repeated with sneers what the French princess had said in ignorant sincerity: "If the people cannot get bread, why do they not eat cake?" Petitions for relief were laughed down in Parliament again and again, and yet again. Few among the people knew precisely what ailed them. They only knew that they were hungry and helpless, and taxed beyond endurance, while the nobles were pampered and powerful.

Two or three futile endeavors were made to discover and cure the ills from which the vast majority were suffering. In each of these attempts Birmingham assumed the leadership.

Napoleon's Berlin and Milan decrees had closed against English products and manufactures all the ports of Europe. The British government retorted with orders in council which double-locked those ports and closed others in America against herself. The merchants of Liverpool petitioned against these orders. Lord Brougham advocated the petition powerfully, but without result until Birmingham took the matter up and procured the abrogation of the disastrous orders.

In 1812 the East India Company began to move for the renewal of its char-

ter. By that charter no Englishman was permitted to double Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope, or to navigate any part of the Pacific or Indian Ocean, without permission of the company. Birmingham procured those modifications in the terms of the charter which led to its repeal twenty years later. England therefore owes the supremacy of her commercial marine largely to this city of refuge which never saw a ship.

The distress which followed Waterloo and the prostration of business caused by the close of the Napoleonic wars were an inevitable part of the process by which a nation changes from a camp and an arsenal back again to a home. But the suffering entailed was appalling. Industry was paralyzed. There was rioting, incendiarism, processioning with banners inscribed "Bread or Blood," Luddite outbreaks, Isle of Ely murders, famine, and panic throughout all England. The simple story was this: every one had been making guns or firing them. When guns were no longer needed, and men who could do nothing else were forbidden to fire them, all must suffer until the gun-makers and the soldiers could find something else to do, and learn to do it.

The class which suffered most was not the farmers, though of course they suffered with the rest. But the farmers were the feeders of the pockets in the House of Lords. Therefore the farmers were relieved. The corn law of 1815 was enacted. It was a reproduction of the odious act of 1670. By its terms no wheat could be imported until the price had reached eighty shillings the quarter. A majority of the people were threatened with famine that one tenth might be fed. The distress was not greatly less than that which preceded the destruction of the Bastille.

I would have you observe that it was not at Manchester, but at Birmingham, that the agitation which ultimately led to the repeal of the corn law began.

Two years before the Peterloo affair Birmingham set the example which Manchester only imitated.

The Hampden Clubs formed in Birmingham by Mr. Cartwright were copied throughout the kingdom. They made Birmingham what she has since remained, the centre of what may be correctly named English conservative radicalism; that is, of efforts which sought to attain fundamental reforms by conservative methods.

In 1815 England was in the condition of France at the death of Louis XIV. A revolution had become inevitable. The world had seen but one revolution wrought without help of swords, and that, being eighteen hundred years old, had been, like most old things, forgotten. France, in her supreme crisis, raised the *drapeau rouge*, danced the *carmagnole*, and with Napoleon for partner *ça ira'd* herself into the Place de Grève, Waterloo, and blackest perdition, where for three quarters of a century she has been lying, given over to a strong delusion that she should believe a lie and mistake fantastic tricks of political charlatans for statesmanship. Her Birmingham was Marseilles and her battle-cry its hymn.

But England had this little town in the black country by the Rea trained and ready to become her saviour from such disasters as always come of mistaking tame eagles for cherubim and a Strasburg coop for the New Jerusalem.

For the first time in their history, with William the Conqueror, Runnymede, York and Lancaster, Cromwell, Charles II., 1688, Rye House, and Gunpowder Plots, and Gordon Riots for their only national precedents, Englishmen entered a path wholly new, or rather one so old that it had been buried out of sight beneath the *débris* of eighteen centuries.

The artisans of Birmingham resolved that they would not be blinded by fury; they would search until they were sure

what they needed; they would test if public opinion were not stronger than guns. "Certain things are right," they said. "If England can be made to understand what they are, England will do them. But before we can show England her duty we must find out what that duty is."

In accordance with this rare but not unreasonable opinion, a few artisans, who had been members of the committee appointed to present to Mr. Attwood a testimonial for his successful work in checking the East India Company's monopoly, formed themselves into a society for the discussion of needed reforms. They called it the Hampden Club. Mr. Cartwright was its organizing spirit. The single condition of membership was that each candidate should answer affirmatively these three questions: (1.) Do you highly venerate the Constitution of England as vested in the three estates of King, Lords, and Commons? (2.) Do you acknowledge the necessity of parliamentary reform? (3.) Are you fully convinced of the obligation to prosecute this great object by legal and constitutional means alone?

From this seed Hampden Clubs multiplied faster than Christian Endeavor Societies have done among us. In a short time they were found in all important centres.

The workingmen had begun to suspect what Romilly and Brougham and Earl Grey had long seen clearly. At first the workingmen saw it dimly, but through the mist of their debates the stars at last came forth.

Pitt had publicly declared in 1783 that no honest man could administer the affairs of the British nation without a radical reform in the House of Commons. When Tom Sheridan exclaimed, "Parliament is so corrupt that every man in it is either hired or for hire. If I enter the House, I will be honest enough to write upon my forehead, 'To Let,'" his father replied, "But don't

forget to write beneath 'Unfurnished,' Tom." That was Brinsley Sheridan's estimate of the political virtue of his associates.

So soon as the workingmen began to realize these facts with which their rulers had been long familiar, the clubs of Birmingham in which the lesson had been learned were proscribed by government. A blouse became the badge for policemen to follow. No landlord would let a hall for a workingmen's meeting. The artisans petitioned for permission to meet in the open air. It was refused. They met without consent of bailiff on New Hall Hill. They chose a representative, Sir Charles Wolesley, and instructed him to present his credentials to the House. The men appointed to inform him of his election were arrested and imprisoned. Sir Charles escaped imprisonment only because an accident had prevented his attendance at the meeting which appointed him. In 1817 the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended by government, and with such aid the Hampden Clubs were suppressed.

For a year the reformers were paralyzed. Then followed the Peterloo massacre at Manchester. By it the coals at Birmingham were again fanned into flame. Efforts were made to revive the peaceful agitation. But the leaders in the attempt were cast into prison, whence all, some after six, some after eighteen months' detention, were released without trial.

So the first move toward parliamentary reform ended in eclipse. Through all this trying experience the reformers had not once resorted to violence, nor even to serious threats of violence.

The misery of the people continued. On the 8th of May, 1829, a meeting convened in Birmingham to consider the general distress. From it Thomas Attwood retired to his library at Harborn with certain definite plans. Upon his knees he besought God that if they were not such as would promote the liberty

and happiness of the people they might be thwarted. His purpose was to form a political union of the middle and industrial classes throughout the realm. Mr. Bardsworth opened his repository for the proposed assembly. Fifteen thousand persons — the largest number that had ever been collected under one roof in England — were present. In assuming the presidency Mr. Attwood said: "I feel it my duty to declare to you that I know my country to be on the verge of dreadful calamities. It may be thought because I come forward now that I shall be ready, come weal, come woe, to lead you through thick and thin, through the dark and dreary seasons we are approaching. As far as law will justify me I will go with you, but if the elements of law and order are disorganized I will go with you no further."

A council was appointed to consider the needs and the rights of Englishmen, and instructed to report at a future meeting. This was the origin of the famed political union.

The example of Birmingham was again followed throughout the kingdom. Branch clubs were formed in London, Manchester, Leeds, Nottingham, all taking direction and leadership from Birmingham. Under this pressure the Reform Bill was brought in. Twice it was defeated by the peers, though the king, the commons, and the people were enthusiastic for its passage. Birmingham was tempted to accept representation for herself alone. In a monster meeting she refused by voting twenty to one. In 1832 the third attempt was made to carry the bill. To strengthen its friends a monster meeting was held on New Hall Hill in Birmingham, the political unions of Warwick, Worcester, and Stafford attending. Molesworth indorses the statement that 200,000 men were present. Over every one fourth acre of the immense space they covered, and from the house-tops thronged with spectators,

banners floated, bearing mottoes new to the history of revolution, — mottoes like these: "Law and Order," "No Violence," "We are Loyal Citizens," "No Bloodshed."

Such a meeting had never been seen before. Knight declares there was "a solemnity in the enthusiasm of the vast body which may recall the enthusiasm of the old Puritans." Mr. Salt called upon every man present to repeat after him with uncovered head these words: "With unbroken faith, through every peril and privation, we here devote ourselves and our children to our country's cause." As the voice of many waters, every tongue joined in the solemn oath. When the meeting closed, all united again in an oath of loyalty to the government.

Then came the startling announcement that the bill passed by the House, favored by the king, had been again defeated by the peers. The wrath of the people seemed to make a French Revolution inevitable. Instantly the political union at Birmingham issued and sent everywhere, thick as plumed dandelion seeds, that memorable proclamation which closed with these words: —

"Friends, countrymen, brothers, listen to us. The sword must not be drawn in England. The terrible knell of the tocsin must not sound. We will have no barricades. Without blood, without anarchy, without violation of law, we will accomplish the most glorious reformation in the history of the world. God bless the king. By order of the council.

THOMAS ATTWOOD, *Chairman.*

BENJAMIN HADLEY, *Secretary.*"

This proclamation checked the popular fury, and allowed the influence of the public opinion developed by the artisans of Birmingham to do its superb work.

To meet that force, impalpable as the air we breathe, but as omnipresent, Wellington had been twice called to the ministry, because his was counted the strongest will in England. In the Iron Duke the supreme of authority was matched against the supreme of influence. The iron gave way, its strength corroded into weakness by the power of the atmosphere of Birmingham. Here he found a power stronger than the French Revolution; stronger than Napoleon, who had conquered that; stronger than himself, who had conquered Napoleon. Its name was Organized Public Opinion. It had been brought into existence by the artisans of Birmingham. There had been before their day abundance of conspiracies, rebellions, bloodshed enough and to spare. But no great body of men had ever assembled on English soil in full conviction that the one and only way of getting the right thing done was peacefully but distinctly to make all men know what it was, and that it was right. The principle had been announced by a certain Leader of men eighteen centuries before, and with due success it had been obeyed by twelve of his disciples. But for the first time, after an interval of seventeen hundred years, it was repeated at Birmingham, and the liberty, the intellectual force, the spiritual power, and the commercial supremacy of the English nation remain to testify with what results.

William Burnet Wright.

REFLECTIONS AFTER A WANDERING LIFE IN AUSTRALASIA.

SECOND PAPER.

I.

MUCH more interesting to a stranger than even the political condition of a new country is the national type that it is developing. But a brief wandering, especially through the more settled parts of a land, can tell you but little of so complex a matter as a new social type. You must camp and hunt, or do business, with the frontiersman of our race for a long time before you can comprehend him. In the cities he has arts of his own for concealing himself. You know him best when you have seen him in the wilds, and the Australian, like the New Zealander, has been long enough in his own country to be decidedly conscious of his peculiarities, and decidedly contemptuous of the traveler or of the "new chum" who pretends too easily to understand him. Only a few social features of the colonies attracted my attention sufficiently to make their mention here at all worth while.

Most noteworthy of these features is the prominence of public sports. Such prominence is natural in an English colony, but its extent surprised me. The great popularity of public sports in this country dates only a little way back in our history. For a long time we were either too pious or too busy to play; we were ashamed to seem amused; we had few holidays, and were bored by what we had. Nowadays there is an apparent change, but it still does not go so deep as might be supposed (by a careless observer). Our most popular athletes, outside of the colleges, are "professionals," who perform for our amusement like gladiators. Public sports are not in such sense popular, as they are in the colonies. There the professional

players of football and cricket are not nearly so numerous as the devoted amateurs. Young men of very fair social station, who can somehow find the time, long to become famous as amateur athletes. The athletic rivalries between clubs, towns, colonies, do not lead, as with us, to a mere buying and selling of a few prominent professional athletes to represent the contesting associations and communities. The people take warm interest, because it is the people who are carrying on the contest; and those actually engaged in the game are not hired gladiators, but picked representatives. Hence, as I was more than once assured, athletic and other sporting ambitions take up a very large place indeed in the lives of the young men of Australia and New Zealand. "Our young men do not read," said one friend to me; "they play." This was an irresponsible and very general remark, and was not meant to cover everything; but I fancy that this out-door life of the colonial population is going to affect in a very important way their future as compared with ours.

At all events, thus far life in the colonies, without being by any means idyllic or perfectly healthy, lacks some of the elements of strain and worry that make our own life bear so hard upon our constitutions. Competition is severe, but not so merciless to the individual as with us. Such, at least, was the impression that I gathered from several sources; and such is what one would be led to expect from the comparative isolation of the little nation that now occupies Australasia. When the strain comes, as of course it must come with time, as the population grows denser and the problems of existence become harder, one feels that

the colonial will always have two safeguards to fall back upon. One will be this love of healthy exercise and of sport, — a love whose dangers are surely far outweighed by its advantages; and the other will be found in the influence of that very tendency which our previous paper showed to be so marked and probably often so dangerous in colonial political life, namely, the strong tendency to close social organization. For if one leaves politics, and passes to other forms of social life, the tendency to high organization is surely one of the best that a rapidly growing community could desire.

Political organization is indeed apt to be of that artificial Frankenstein sort that in our former sketch we viewed with such suspicion. And this fact is due to the coercion that must usually attend every step in the process, from the temptations that the possession of power offers to the rulers, from the false hopes that a strong government will excite in the minds of the voters who expect to control its policy. But elsewhere in social life this is not so. Organization, if it succeeds, does so by virtue of the loyalty of the individuals, and the result must be in general normal and progressive. Now with us, in this country, the tendency has always been, until recently, decidedly individualistic. Our greatest expositor of the practical wisdom of life, Emerson, was an apostle of individualism, who found the divine plan perfectly realized in the best of possible worlds precisely because he found each atom moving according to its own sovereign will and sacred choice. In practice we have largely lived as nearly in accord with that philosophy of the sacredness of broken ties as our sound English common sense would permit us to do. In consequence, we have (not indeed by Emerson's authority) often cultivated flippancy for the sake of not seeming to ourselves too submissive to order and to social bondage, and have

preferred to be rebellious in our lives, even if we had to give ourselves the strain and wear that lonesome individualism always brings with itself. An odd result has been noticeable more than once, of late years, when remarkable and novel forms of social organization have forced themselves upon our attention. In such cases we have accepted the novelty and have enjoyed its benefits, but we have regarded it as something foreign to ourselves, as a form of tyranny or as an expression of somebody's greed. We have rebelled at our own progress. A good example is seen in the case of the organization of capital, first in the management of our great modern railway systems, and later in the formation of the trusts which are just now such a terror to our public. Nobody with his eyes open ought to doubt that these forms of organized enterprise, however selfish may be the purposes of their managers, and however corrupt may be this or that great corporation or trust, are on the whole inevitable stages in our healthy social evolution, beginnings of a higher social order. The movement towards concentration of effort in great companies is simply one of our most noteworthy forms of progress, preventing in the long run the waste of effort involved in capricious competition, and giving a great number of people fixed and rational careers, instead of leaving them to wild schemes and vain private struggles. Yet this modern tendency, irresistible as the tides, and beneficent as any sort of true social growth must be, we denounce as monopoly, and regard as a public enemy. As if it were not we ourselves whose combined will is expressed in these great organizations! They are not foreign oppressors, these "monopolies;" they are our own creatures, our most powerful servants; and, despite their sins and their failings, they represent our destiny.

Now in the colonies, if I am right, the growth of extra-political social organ-

ization will be much more rapid and much healthier than with us, simply because individualism is subordinated from the outset. The Australian will have in his past history no Declaration of Independence, no Boston Massacre, no King George, to keep alive the tradition that the higher life consists, above all things, in hating tyrants. He received his true freedom — that is, the freedom to develop his social order in his own way — long since, and quite peacefully; and with this freedom he has inherited an immense respect for the social order itself. Consider, for instance, the prevalence of lynch law amongst us, and observe that the colonies, often with quite as bad elements to deal with as we have ever known, have been everywhere almost free from lynch law. The Sydney mob has been, in its way, as much of a nuisance, in proportion to the size of the population, as our worst cities have had to show. The old convict life left behind it enough bad characters to render several great vigilance committees necessary, if the colonial frontiersman had been as much a believer in that sort of thing as our frontiersman. Meanwhile, the ordinary types of degeneracy found in new countries have been well known in both New Zealand and Australia. The colonist has often drunk hard, like our frontiersman, has often gambled, has lived his wild life; and yet, after scarcely a generation of organized freedom, the colonies show a degree of conservatism, of public spirit, of social discipline, of cheerful conformity to the general will of the community, which decidedly puts to shame, I think, such a region as our own California, as it exists at this moment. This I say not by any means solely on the basis of what I saw with my own eyes, but after a somewhat careful study of a good many sources of information. The very newspapers, as compared with our own, are evidence of a much higher and cleaner social consciousness. Only one prominent weekly

that came under my eyes in Australia (the representative, namely, of the young Australian movement, whose motto is "Australia for the Australians") made a show of imitating our own fashions of newspaper flippancy, irresponsibility, and rebelliousness. This seemed to me a very ably edited weekly, and I took it to be the organ of an important social tendency in the colonies; but I was far from believing that Australia, whenever it comes to exist in reality "for the Australians," will conform to the ideals of this journal. On the contrary, the Australian, while loving the liberty of his wide land and of his out-door sports, will, if the present promise is fulfilled, always have a great love for social ties. New enterprises, where they are not handed over to the state, will from the first be conducted by organized association. The high development of trades-unions in such a new community as Victoria is already a sufficient indication of the general instinct. The rapid growth of Melbourne in comparison to the country population of Victoria, exemplifies the same tendency, especially if one contrasts the municipal development of this city, as shown by the very externals of the place, with the ill-kept streets that still distinguish San Francisco amongst the cities of our own land.

If we turn to other features of colonial society, we meet, indeed, with tendencies that are not altogether so promising. In New Zealand, people of intelligence complain very justly of the extravagant provincialism that characterizes life in the far too isolated districts of the two long islands. In a less degree, the same is true of the Australian colonies. Every one has heard of the jealousies, to an outsider so amusing, between Victoria and New South Wales. Such petty jealousies imbibited our own national life long enough to make the thing as comprehensible as it is lamentable in the eyes of any

American. Of course two such vigorous young states must needs have their generous rivalries; and where there exists a difference of opinion about the tariff, such rivalries must needs be somewhat hearty, not to say passionate. But when Sir Henry Parkes, the premier of New South Wales, calls the Victorians "foreigners," as he not long ago did in a very savage speech in Parliament, and when the two colonies at times wax so fierce over some boundary question, of riparian rights or of tolls, that a stranger would fancy war to be imminent, then indeed the rivalries must appear to the world rather schoolboyish than generous, and rather peevish than hearty. Yet the reality of the thing seems as clear to those engaged as its shameful triviality appears to all disinterested persons. People of the same race and nation, heirs to the same great land, separated from all the world by vast oceans, and given the common task of developing the great future empire of the southern hemisphere, waste most stupidly every moment of eternity that they spend in such absurd neighborhood squabbles, when all the interests at stake are of the sort that civilized men are wont to adjust by appealing to established courts of law.

Here, in fact, is the other side, and the darker side, of that swift and easy tendency to social organization of which we have been speaking. Each community organizes itself, and the temporary result is provincialism. The rapid growth of Victoria has become a burden on the soul of New South Wales; while the free trade and the pretension to historical dignity which characterize New South Wales excite astonishingly acute jealousies in Victoria. Accusations of want of true patriotism are freely exchanged between the two colonies. "Who stands in the way of Australian federation?" asks the Victorian. "New South Wales," he answers, "of course; for New South Wales opens her

ports to all the countries of the world, and thereby makes it impossible for us to open our markets to her industries. Hence New South Wales, driving off not only ourselves, but other self-respecting colonies as well, chooses to stand isolated amongst us, the foe to union." "Talk of union!" the dweller in New South Wales indignantly retorts,—"talk of union! And yet you will not even trade with us on even terms. Who establishes a tariff wall between the colonies? Who by this means creates continual discord among brethren? Not we, surely. We are the free traders. You are the ones to insist upon local isolation. Take down your walls, and where is the obstacle to federation?"

I happened to witness an amusing incident in this standing feud while passing through Sydney. It was my good fortune to meet several gentlemen, mostly Victorians, who were then attending a conference, held in Sydney, of an union intended to promote the cause of the federation of the colonies. These gentlemen, all of them very able and successful men, were just then in a very idealistic mood, as we of English stock are apt to be when we are on a holiday, and are about to speak for a noble cause. They pointed out to me, as a sympathetic stranger, the vast possibilities of the future of Australia. They insisted that this was the world where everything, from those somewhat doubtful six-hundred-foot gum-trees of the Australian mountains to the human spirit itself, would be sure to grow farther heavenward than anywhere else on the planet. For courtesy's sake they were willing to except America, which for the present they regarded as an elder sister, of lofty fame and great nobility; but they bade America beware of her laurels whenever Australia should come to exist, as she ere long must exist, solely "for the Australians." Then her glories would know no bounds. I cheerfully assented, with a few becoming patriotic

reservations, to all these assertions, and we feasted harmoniously together.

When the conference in question assembled, I was visiting friends in the suburbs of Sydney, and did not attend; but, as I learned from the papers, the speakers at the conference pursued these same thoughts further in their addresses, and then proved that the one thing needful to make Australia glorious was that she should be united within her own borders by all the ties of free inter-colonial traffic and of close federation, whereas in relation to the world without her ports should be well guarded, her industries fully protected, her foreign trade carefully regulated.

But although this conference was held in Sydney, the voices of its orators were as the voices of men crying in the wilderness. Nobody seemed to be converted. The Sydney Chamber of Commerce declined to recognize the conference as a representative affair. The Sydney papers with one accord laughed, and said: "Aha! See these Victorian capitalists! Here they come and talk of colonial federation and the glorious future of United Australia, and all that they want is to have at their mercy the markets of New South Wales, and to set up here amongst us a protective tariff against England, so as to keep out their competitors. Intercolonial free trade indeed! When have we set up any obstacles to intercolonial free trade? Are we not the one free-trade colony? Who then stands in the way of United Australia but your Victorian protectionist?" I confess that in this controversy I somehow sympathized in the main with my Victorian friends, although I am in general no protectionist. But, at all events, this mingling of lofty ideals, of intercolonial jealousies, and of conflicting business interests formed a small comedy, with which a visiting stranger was not a little amused.

Provincialism, then, is the great curse of the Australasian; and so it must

needs be for years. Especially unfortunate, however, is the tendency already existent amongst certain young Australasians to feel indifferent towards all influences from other parts of the world. I heard indeed more of this indifference than I saw. "Many of our young men," people said, "knowing nothing of the older world, fancy that nothing can be of great value in civilization which has not already been transplanted here. They are intolerant and narrow." I confess that such bigotry is not very noticeable on the surface of things as yet. The Australian newspaper preserves, on the whole, the sound old English traditions; devotes large space to the rest of the world; has correspondents in England, and often also in America and on the continent of Europe; and discusses many of the world's current social and literary questions almost as much as we do. But the healthy sporting life of the intelligent young men does not leave them much time for reading or for thinking. Their parents still speak familiarly of "home," meaning England; but ere long this home feeling will pass away; and one questions whether that intimate union with the world's intellectual life, which we ourselves have cultivated with a very warm zeal only within the last quarter of a century, will be possible for the coming generation in the colonies. Nothing could be more dangerous for Australia than to "cut the painter" in the intellectual life, whatever may be the result in politics. And the fact remains that a land which at best is about three weeks farther removed from Europe than is our eastern border can only too easily become apathetic about so difficult a matter as the course of modern thought. Meanwhile, the very tendencies that make the Australian journals so well edited and so encyclopædic seem to threaten in another direction the cause of popular education. In early California days, newspapers were almost the

only printed matter that the mining population read. Knowing this fact, I was rather strongly impressed by the very first remark that I heard from one prominent gentleman as to the intellectual condition of Australia. "You must know," he said, "our people do not read books; they devour journals." Against this opinion one must of course put the existence of the splendid public library at Melbourne, the numerous town libraries scattered throughout the colonies, and the very respectable trade of the booksellers in Melbourne, in Sydney, and even in the much smaller city of Auckland. Yet, after all, there are undoubtedly many influences at work in the colonies against the formation of a strong literary class. I do not think these influences at all remarkable in their results so far; what I fear is the future, when the better part of the people will have forgotten the old home, and when a provincial self-consciousness will tend more and more to fight against the vast industry required to keep pace with the world's mental work. Think how vastly our own intellectual life, such as it is, would suffer if we were two or three weeks farther removed from Europe!

The most serious form that intellectual provincialism anywhere can take is the fear of being "dependent" upon foreign ideas and fashions. Now, dependence as such is always an evil; but the true relation to foreign lands is one of interaction. When we do our share of the world's work, and give while we take, then only are we mentally alive. What I think almost inevitable, however, in Australia, is a long period during which, for fear of being slaves, the Australian youth will not care for that close intercourse with the world which alone can make them freemen. And surely these foolish intercolonial jealousies and disputes will do nothing to help the lovers of true civilization in that contest with barbarism which is the

fate of all new countries. Unless the really admirable motto, "Australia for the Australians," comes to be interpreted in its true meaning, as implying also "and the Australians for mankind," the future generations will lead a dull and starved mental life under that disappointing Southern Cross of theirs.

One asks, perhaps, at this point, What literature is Australia producing to prove its power as a growing intellectual nation? Of course, one who asks this question makes at present small demands. What literature had we to show before 1825? But still, so far, after all, the literary production of the colonies, outside of the work in the journals, is not quite on a par with what the general cleverness and intelligence of the colonial population would lead one to expect. Lindsay Gordon is once for all not a poet worthy of more than a passing mention. He wrote a good song or two, and many pages where once in a while a very good line flashes out in the midst of a mass of poor stuff. As for Marcus Clarke's *His Natural Life*, that noted novel of the convict days, nobody can fail to feel that its hero is a rather poor Jean Valjean, while its incidents are too numerous, and its plot, with all the ingenuity and vigor displayed, is founded upon the absurdest possible misunderstandings on the part of certain principal characters. However, the book is an extremely intelligent one, with much fine psychology, normal and abnormal, at the basis of its inventions; and it forms, with all its faults, a fine beginning for a literature of fiction. For the rest, if Australia has thus far produced no Bret Harte, a Bret Harte is from one point of view a doubtful blessing. For he may devise such exquisite and unfounded romances concerning a new land that it will thenceforth be impossible to get anybody to hear a word of truth about the country. And that was very much what Mr. Bret

Harte actually did for early California. Marcus Clarke's book has at all events the merit of being in part based upon documents.

At best, however the literature of a new country is but a poor basis for judging the intellectual future of the place. The first genius who happens to appear will set things to rights for himself as we never can hope to imagine them beforehand. Meanwhile, it is not the literary man nor the student, but the man of the people, and especially the frontiersman, who really represents the existing capacity and promise of a new nation. He will not be a learned man, nor yet a perfect man, but he will show one the spirit of his people. I shall never forget one specimen of the true Australian bushman, of the more intellectual type, whom I chanced to have as a fellow-passenger across the Pacific, on my return from the colonies. He was a man a good way past middle life, but still full of vigor and quick of wits; a person of endless experience, character, impetuosity, ignorance of the great world, practical knowledge of his own little world, bitter humor, fearlessness, independence, and loquacity. He had been in early youth a naval officer, but had passed many years in the bush as explorer, adventurer, and country-newspaper editor. His name I found on official record as one of those who had sought out the survivors of Burke's ill-fated exploring party; he had fought the political battles of a frontier town for years as independent editor; and now, in his old age, he had resolved to see America, and to instruct us a little, I fancy, in the arts of editing and of politics, and meanwhile to interest certain people in this country and in England in the natural wonders of Australia. I think that he had some plan of giving lectures in various parts of the world, although I somehow doubt whether he will ever make a very great success in that field. He was a man

with few acquaintances and no great influence, but to talk with him was to have a fine experience of a new sort of manhood. What one most noticed was his courageous idealism. He had passed through all the bitternesses of a long and hard life without ever losing his faith in the value of faithfulness. He was himself as bitter as gall in much of his speech; he damned with a delightful heartiness; but there was after all no trace of the cynic about him. He could not believe in many men; he did believe in human life. His humor, such as it was, was totally different from the kind so characteristic of our frontiersman. The cautious self-possession, the show of half-amused melancholy which is our most common art in frontier society, the mixture of good-humor and cynicism, the affected drawl, the quiet manner with which our humorist approaches his end, — all these things were as foreign to my friend as they would be foreign to Frenchmen or Italians.

He was all fire and ferocity from the start; his every tone was a cheerful challenge, and his every remark hunted for your weak point. He was full of his own enthusiasms, and his wit was simply the fire that played above the glowing mass of them. He easily grew excited; and then he knew no bounds to his plainness of speech, except the mere natural boundary caused by the fact that at heart he was a very good fellow, who could never knowingly utter a mean thing. He was impulsive as the squalls that the sailors call the "southerly busters" of Melbourne. He cared not if you at any time saw his weakness or thrust at it; he trusted to throw you off again by main force. His impulsiveness showed itself also in the judgment of character. He knew you at first sight. You were his friend or his enemy, on God's side or the other, forthwith, and he greeted you accordingly. He surrendered himself uncrit-

ically and carelessly to the man whom he chose to like; bargained away his own rights almost without knowing the fact; expected all from his friend, as he gave all; expected the worst of his enemy, as he meant to give it; and went about everything, his wordy warfare, his friendly self-surrender, his bitter enmities, with the same merry earnestness and cheerfully impulsive fierceness. By reason of his tireless aggressiveness, he might indeed have been a fearful household companion, but he would surely have been a magnificent desert companion, — one who only needed troubles to make him the more spirited, and common foes to make him the more warm-hearted a friend. In his criticisms of Australian life and people he was as reckless as he was idealistic. He had a strong love for strong government as such, but a bitter hatred of all dominant personalities, like one who longs to have God's kingdom come on earth, but who somehow cannot bear to see any priest or any one else called holy strutting about amongst his fellows here below. Hence, with all his evident love of authority in the abstract, my friend damned most violently the colonial aristocracy for its shams, the radical politicians for their time-serving, the rich for their greed, and the workingmen for their grossness. Yet, withal, the condemnation was not the merely bitter talk of a disappointed man. It was the free speech of the nomad, who in youth had known the discipline of a quarter-deck, and who had ever since carried about, in a faithless world, the ideal of a good order, which somehow nobody near him seemed to be loyally disposed to rear. One could make, as is plain, no very practical use of my friend. His ideas were numerous, but they depended largely on a bushman's instinct; and he looked for signs of the truth in his world as he would have looked for signs of distant water in the bush. His judgments were meanwhile all his own; he despised au-

thority in matters of opinion. He was as honest a man as he was blunt.

Perhaps my friend was after all no Australian type, but merely an anomaly. In any case, I found in him a more sharply defined, loyal, and yet self-reliant character than I had met on my travels for a long time. There was a little romance, too, in his past that I learned from another fellow-traveler. And this, while I cannot undertake to repeat it at length here, was of a sort to make me think yet more of him. As the reader sees, my regard was not unmingled with a certain dread of the old man; for who could tell in intercourse with him where his quick sword would next fall? But at all events I felt that if this is the sort of independent manhood that dwelling in the bush develops, Australia ought not to want for stuff out of which to make plenty of life in the future.

II.

The preceding sketch has enumerated, along with many bright and promising features of Australian life, several dangers that seem to me to threaten the future development of the colonies. The remedy for provincialism is of course always such a breadth of ideals and purposes as enables one, not to destroy, but to transcend, one's naturally narrow interests. Great nations are never without their provincial temperament, but they have become great by more or less completely humanizing their temperament, by sharing the ideals and the work of humanity without forgetting their private concerns. The remedy for Australia's other great evil, for overactivity and hasty organization in the political sphere, is such a wealth of political duties as forces a community to move deliberately and cautiously. Therefore in any case the chief hope of Australia must lie in the federation of her now disunited communities. In fact, this work is at present slowly going on. Its significance and its future prospects

furnish the most important topic that any one interested in Australia can find there presented to his attention.

The present condition of the federation question in Australasia at large is easily summarized. In 1885 an act to constitute a Federal Council of Australasia was passed by the British Parliament.¹ This act was intended to recognize in every possible way the liberty of action of the individual colonies. No colony was to be subject to the act unless it first passed an act of its own whereby it entered the federation. The topics upon which the Federal Council could legislate were for the first limited to such obvious matters as the enforcement of civil and criminal processes throughout the colonies beyond the original jurisdiction of the courts of any colony, the relation of the colonies with the islands of the Pacific, and similar elementary subjects. No power as to more important topics of legislation was given to the Council except in so far as these topics should first be referred to it by the colonies, and then in so far as the acts of the Council should be especially ratified by each colony concerned in its individual capacity. The Federal Council as constituted is thus little more than a conference of the colonies concerned, with a few special powers added. Into the Council Victoria, Queensland, western Australia, Tasmania, and Fiji entered almost at once. New Zealand is hardly expected to enter at present. The persistent unwillingness of New South Wales to join is due in part to prejudices which our previous discussion has touched upon, but is in any case a serious obstacle in the way of the progress of the federal principle. The close of 1888 has seen south Australia also giving in its adhesion to the Federal Council, so that the isolation of

New South Wales becomes more obvious and regrettable.

Very curious, however, is the timidity which has been shown in some quarters at this approach of the coming federation. South Australia, for instance, in its recent action, limits its own acceptance of the act to a period of two years: "a needless precaution," remarks the Melbourne Leader, "seeing that there is nothing to prevent a withdrawal at any time." And the same colony declines to permit its own legislature to refer any new matter to the Council, in the way contemplated by the imperial act, without the concurrence of an absolute majority of both the provincial legislative houses. New South Wales journals, meanwhile, are in the habit of frequently ridiculing the Council as something that stupidly calls itself federal, whereas it cannot be federal since New South Wales chooses to remain outside. These jealousies and fears will remind any reader at once of parallel cases in an important period of our own history; and we shall at once be led to look forward hopefully to the ultimate triumph of true patriotism over local vanities.

But, after all, federation of the true sort is, as one sees, some distance away. The entrance of New South Wales into the Council would still be far from giving us an Australian nation; and yet such a nation, as we have said, is what must come if Australia is to rise above her crudities, and is successfully to meet her dangers. The form which this future national growth must take becomes an object of no small interest to a sympathetic observer.

In trying to define this future, friendly critics are nowadays accustomed to pretend to expect something named imperial federation. The "larger England" is to be ultimately joined, by so-called "silken ties," into an empire that will in some mysterious fashion differ from the British Empire as now

¹ For an account of the act and of the work done under it in the first session of the Council, see the Victorian Year-Book, 1886-87, page 24.

constituted, and that will accordingly represent, perhaps by means of a reformed imperial parliament, all the now widely separated political communities over which the Crown rules. The nation of the future Australasian will thus be, as before, the British nation, but this new British nation will have an unity and an organization far higher than that of to-day. To devise a possible constitution for this imperial federation is a favorite academic exercise of some men who ought to be wiser.

Now it is not hastily, but on the basis of a good deal of reflection upon many facts, that I seriously question the possibility of tying together the widely distant parts of the British Empire any more closely than they are now tied. The present British Empire, so far as it concerns the Australian colonies, exists by virtue of a general good-will, and because it is at present the most convenient fashion of life for all parties. To interfere elaborately with its forms would be to risk very seriously its unity. Enough ground there already is for friction between the colonies and the mother country. From the appointment of a governor for Queensland to the much more vexatious Chinese business, events have lately shown that the life together of mother and child is subject to many greater or less disagreements. Meanwhile, thus far, the good-will outweighs the mutual discord, and Australia is indeed in no immediate danger of "cutting the painter" to-day or to-morrow. But one thing which ought to be fairly clear is that Australia does not grow any *more* closely bound by imperial ties, and is not apt to do so. In the long run the friction must increase rather than decrease. We believe in highly organized social life, but we know also that the inner union of a mother organism and its offspring has definite biological limits. And the British Empire is already big with child, this child being the coming Australian nation. It does not

become us to desire that the pregnancy should last forever merely because unity is good, nor even because childbirth has its pangs. Let the child be born, not prematurely, but in due time, and grow, and increase in favor with God and man.

This view that, not from the mere love of discord, but from the very necessity of its own healthy development, an Australian federation must come in time to seek its destiny outside of the imperial connection needs some defense, especially in our days, when the fashion of political speculators is to proclaim the coming imperial federation, and to preach to the colonies the gospel of salvation by British unity. But the considerations which should lead us the other way in this investigation are not hard to state.

In the first place, one may ask, Of what present service is the imperial connection to the young Australian communities? The service is undoubtedly great, but it is not boundless. As a prominent Australian politician observed to me, "We need two things, above all, from the empire. Against direct foreign invasion Victoria and New South Wales could indeed already feel reasonably secure. The harbors are well defended, and our interior, with our resolute and skillful population, would be such a difficult conquest that it is very doubtful whether any foreign power could spare the means and the men to undertake the task, or would find the result worth the enormous cost. But what we do need in the way of protection is security against the violent colonization of the still unsettled parts of Australia by an enemy; for example, by Russia, or even, in an extreme case, by China. For this amount of self-protection we are still too weak; we could not spare men enough to defend the whole continent. Here the prestige of the empire must for a good while be our refuge. The other aid that we require and get from

the imperial connection lies in the investment of home capital. This would be forthcoming in no such quantity if we were to separate ourselves; and we have not enough financial strength at present to depend upon our own resources." To these two advantages one might obviously add the indirect protection which is given to the colonies by the fact that British prestige prevents a general seizure of the islands of the Pacific by various European powers. It would be somewhat hard to find what other tangible interests at present require of the Australian colonies a continuance of the imperial connection.

In the second place, we may inquire whether these ties are likely to be always as binding upon the Australians as they now are. The obvious answer is negative. To grow older is in time to outgrow these forms of dependence. English capital will not only be less needed in Australia when the country has become richer, but it will be more willing to come to Australia, even without the protection of the imperial flag, whenever Australia has grown strong enough to protect herself from all foreign foes; and then no physical obligations will longer force the Australian to hold on to his "painter."

But once more we may inquire whether the colonies can ever outgrow the strong natural affection which binds them to the British connection. True loyalty is indeed not a mere matter of money and of protection, but rests upon ties of kindred and of patriotic love. Will not the great British Empire always excite in the heart of a true Australian this loyalty? Would not separation involve a treason that the healthy colonial mind must always hate?

This question brings us at length before two problems, one of fact and one of right. The question of fact is just here the more important. Social duties never run utterly counter to social facts, but depend upon a sound and just use

of the facts. If the actual tendency of social evolution in Australia is pretty sure to forbid the permanence of a strict loyalty to the empire, we may be tolerably sure that such loyalty is not permanently defensible on moral grounds. The deeper loyalty of the Australian must always be to his own people. If it is his fate to make on his continent a nation, it will be his duty to make a strong and a free nation.

To return, then, to the facts, is the mere sentiment of imperial loyalty likely to grow stronger in the colonial mind as time goes on? Mr. Froude, in his *Oceana*, has stated the case in favor of an affirmative answer to this question, and I think that sensible readers must be surprised at the weakness of this case. Could nothing but a few rambling and unauthoritative conversations be used as evidence of the noble sentiments which Mr. Froude attributes to the colonial public? Is it true that the colonist desires only good-will from his mother country, truly estimable gentlemen for colonial governors, and his share of titles and other honors, in order to be made a true subject of the old land forever? If so, could not Mr. Froude have proved the fact by other evidence than the aforesaid conversations, and even by other evidence than the glorious public self-sacrifice which was involved in sending the Soudan contingent from New South Wales? As for that Soudan contingent, there are those who laugh at it, and say that some young men wanted adventure, and some older men wanted court favor at home; and that these together took advantage of a momentary enthusiasm to raise a "patriotic fund" for use upon an enterprise which the sound sense of the country did not approve. At all events, it seems to me extremely improbable that the experiment of the Soudan contingent is liable soon to be repeated in Australia.

Meanwhile, as against these facts, we

have the much stronger evidence of a growing spirit of independence in the colonies, which is furnished (1) by the recent troubles over the appointment of a governor for Queensland, (2) by the general unwillingness of the colonies to submit to any sort of "Downing Street" influence in their home or foreign affairs, (3) by the strong passions that were in particular shown in the course of the anti-Chinese agitation of May and June, 1888, and (4) by the size and vigor of the before-mentioned young Australian party.

As for the first of these indications, the incident in question has small momentary importance, but shows the existence of tendencies of a wider scope than the occurrences themselves can fully express. The contention of the Queensland ministry has in effect been that no governor should be appointed to the colony unless he were sure to be personally acceptable to the people. In its form this contention seemed even to involve as a practical measure the submission of any nomination of an imperial governor to the Parliament of the colony for confirmation. The *Saturday Review*, in commenting on the case, admitted that Queensland is one of the most forward of the colonies in respect of the loose popular talk about "cutting the painter." Surely, however, such tendencies, when once they appear, are hard to deal with. If the home government humors them by visibly deferring to the popular choice of the disaffected colony in every appointment of a governor, the tendencies in question are so much the more encouraged; but if they are visibly resisted by the appointment of unpopular governors, discontent is only inflamed. The serious thing is that any influential colonial party at all should become disposed to interfere actively with the choice of the representative of the Crown. For such a tendency there is no remedy but forgetfulness; and Queensland is not likely to forget,

nor is her example likely to remain without imitators.

That "Downing Street" is something of a bugbear in colonial politics, and that no ministry will gain by the reputation of deferring thereto, is plain enough to any reader of current discussion in the Australian journals. "Downing Street" is a safe object of attack, because, under the present constitution of the empire, it is so helpless, and is forced to take colonial abuse and resistance so meekly. This impotence of the home government was very clearly illustrated in the case of the Chinese agitation of last year, and we cannot do better than to pass on at once to that matter, especially because the interests therein involved are so far reaching, and because, as I feel, these interests must of themselves alone prove, in the long run, decisive of Australia's future, and especially decisive in securing her ultimate separation from the empire.

No one, on taking a really wide view of the future history of civilization in the Pacific, ought to doubt a few fundamental truths. First, China is not at all likely to be conquered by any foreign power. The day when such a result seemed probable has passed. The powers nearest to her in intercourse now respect China's growing strength and political intelligence, and prefer rather to humor than to threaten her indomitable obstinacy. Secondly, if China remains independent, she will become a comparatively formidable and aggressive power, both in Asiatic politics and in the affairs of the Pacific. Self-preservation will in fact force upon her this position. Thirdly, as she grows in activity, great masses of her people will grow more and more disposed to make life comfortable by migrating elsewhere. Finally, no region will prove more attractive to great numbers of Chinese emigrants, or be more liable, if unguarded, to fall under Chinese influence, than Australia, and especially the warmer, sub-tropical

portions of Australia. If these things are so, then, in proportion as Australia approaches in wealth and population the dignity of an English-speaking nation, her policy, in self-defense, must be distinctly an anti-Chinese policy, one opposed to the growing influence of the Chinese Empire in the Pacific, and, above all, to an unrestricted introduction of a Chinese population into her own territory. On the other hand, so long as the British Empire remains largely an Asiatic power, with Russian rivalry to contend against, the imperial policy must on the whole aim rather towards a conciliation of Chinese obstinacy, towards the maintenance of friendly commercial intercourse with China, and even, on occasion, towards a closer alliance with China against Russia. Should England ever lose the Indian Empire (which may God forbid! for therein lies one of the strongest safeguards of the progress of civilization in Asia), then indeed her interest in a generally friendly policy towards China would grow far less; but so also would her power, and the value of the imperial connection to the Australian nationality. But if, as is probable, the Asiatic calling of the British Empire is long to remain the most important factor in determining the imperial foreign policy, then surely the duty of Australia and the duty of England must needs become more and more divergent. In time the moment will surely come when for them to remain together will involve a sacrifice of their respective missions; and then they will serve humanity best by parting company, not in enmity, but in faithful pursuit of their very different callings. Australia, when she grows a great nation, is to be the first civilized power of the Pacific, and as such must always steadily strive to restrain the influence of China. England, while holding China within certain bounds, must keep her as a friend and ally, so far as may be possible, in the work of resisting Russian ambitions in

Asia. Australia may never come to open war with China, but her policy towards the latter can never be one of conciliation, of large mutual concessions. At best these two nations must learn to let each other severely alone. But the British Empire, if it is to exist at all in Asia, must form close relations with China. The only other solution would be an English conquest of China, one of the most improbable of contingencies.

But one may still urge that Australia need never adopt this supposed anti-Chinese policy in the fulfillment of her own mission in the Pacific. Why should not Australia welcome a large Chinese immigration? Is not the prejudice against such immigration founded upon all sorts of economic fallacies about the evils of cheap labor, and upon various race prejudices that higher civilization will surely teach us to forget? Has not the American agitation against the Chinese been on the whole rather disgraceful to our intelligence? Are not the best of us even now ashamed of it? Is the future of Australia to be determined by the blind hatreds of men of baser sort?

The plain answer is that, whatever be the merits of the anti-Chinese agitation in America, the Australian feeling on the subject, although shared by the Sydney mob and disgraced by various absurd speeches and indecent outrages, stands for something far more significant than a hatred of cheap labor, or even than a contempt for an alien race. We in this country have suffered and will yet suffer far too deeply from the presence in our midst of a few million very docile and well-meaning negroes to be in a position to doubt the dangers of founding a great nation, in a new country, upon a basis of race heterogeneity. Europe will of course in time master by far the larger part of both Asia and Africa, and will find how to deal with alien races on their own soil. But conquest for the sake of introducing our own civilization is one thing; introducing an alien

civilization amongst us for the sake of seeing whether haply we may not some day conquer it is quite another thing. The one act may be forced upon us by historical necessity ; the other amounts to hanging the millstone around our own necks to display the strength of our backs. We did not create the Orientals, and are not to blame if we have trouble in trying to adjust our Asiatic policies ; but we are to blame if, knowing the inevitable disagreements that must result, we invite them to help us form a great nation in our own territory. No, indeed ; race homogeneity is the basis of healthy national life ; and even the mixture of the European stocks themselves, although it is inevitable, involves, as here in America, evils enough on the way. It would be suicidal for the Australians to encourage such free intercourse with China as would give them, in fifty years from the present time, when their white population will number perhaps fifteen millions, a Chinese population of say five millions or more.¹ The possible form that the evil results would take need not to be especially defined in our speculations. The Russians and the Poles, the Turks and their Christian subjects, the Hungarians and their German neighbors, England and the Irish, the North and South in America, will serve to exemplify in various forms the endless possible complications that arise when a great nation must be made, and there are only heterogeneous stocks out of which to make it. That the Chinese will be attracted to northern, and in considerable degree to southern Australia also ; that, if not kept off, they will come in great numbers ; that, as time goes on, they will grow more and more willing to migrate with their families, and so to colonize the new lands ; and that, as colonists, they would not amalgamate with the European stock, — all

these are plainly probabilities of a very high order. Equally probable it is that Australia cannot ward off such a fate without assuming towards China an attitude that must at best be frequently unfriendly, and that will in the long run be utterly inconsistent with the natural Asiatic policy of Great Britain.

We conclude, then, that no base prejudice, but the highest political wisdom, calls Great Britain and Australia along pathways that must further and further diverge. No sentimental cloud-fabric called imperial federation can hope to meet such plain material difficulties as these. Whenever that vision of the hero of Locksley Hall is realized, imperial federation may exist as a part of the federation of mankind. Meanwhile, the hero of Locksley Hall is known to have abandoned his youthful dreams altogether ; and, however loyal we try to be to humanity, we cannot forget that such loyalty must for many centuries to come be expressed only in concrete, and therefore in somewhat exclusive, national organizations.

Well, what history on the whole will probably demand of Australia began to make itself felt last year in the form of a particular "Chinese agitation." And as the tragedies of history usually have many farcical incidents in them, so the Chinese agitation of 1888 was no very noble affair. English communities love panics ; and without any other immediate reason than the news that several cargoes of Chinese were on the way to Australia, the population of all the great colonies became suddenly excited. Even New Zealand tried to share in the enthusiasm, although New Zealand has no great reason to fear the coming of the Chinese at present. In estimating the importance of this incident, we must not be deceived by mere shows. It would be folly to call the

sis of the estimate being the rate of increase between 1871 and 1881 (*l. c.*, page 40).

¹ The Victorian Year-Book, 1886-87, gives, as estimated population of the whole of Australia in 1941, a total of some 23,000,000 ; ba-

somewhat unheroic devices by which the Victorian government discouraged the Chinese who tried to land at Melbourne statesmanship; it would be absurd to dignify the swelling words and cowardly deeds of Sir Henry Parkes at Sydney, in May and June of 1888, by the name of lofty patriotism; and it would be a mistake to call the wild talk of agitators in all the colonies a fair expression of the dignified national spirit. But, on the other hand, it would be unworthy of sensible observers to deny that the whole excitement had a deeper basis in the healthy instinct of the Australian public, and that the attitude which the colonies in this case assumed will be assumed again and again in future, whenever circumstances shall require. The immediate outcome of the agitation was the Chinese conference at Sydney, in June. This conference was as straightforward and sensible in its actions as the public agitators had been unwise and indirect in their conduct. As one of the prominent participants in the conference personally assured me, the question in its present shape seemed to the knowing men a very simple one. The Australian public was of one mind that Chinese immigration must be discouraged, and the responsible statesmen who constituted the conference of colonial representatives were still, on the whole, unwilling to do anything to embarrass unnecessarily the imperial policy. The resulting uniform measure which the colonial legislatures were advised by the conference to adopt was accordingly very moderate in form and very decided in substance. Ships carrying Chinese passengers into Australian ports were to be limited to one Chinese passenger per five hundred tons of the vessel bringing him. As for the imperial government, that was very mildly, but rather peremptorily, advised to see that its treaty obligations towards China were made consistent with this requirement. There the matter for the time ended.

But most noteworthy of all was the fact that throughout the agitation nearly all men in Australia, wise and foolish alike, seemed to agree that if the imperial policy on the Chinese question was really in conflict with Australian interests, the imperial policy must simply give way. There was little talk of imperial patriotism as counseling serious self-sacrifices. Duty to the empire, indeed, meant to everybody, except Sir Henry Parkes and his like, moderation and caution in method. But about the outcome there was no question. In the long run, Australia must make its own Chinese policy, and the empire must conform thereto. This was the sentiment rashly expressed in foolish wise by Sir Henry Parkes and the agitators; quietly assumed in wiser forms by the actually representative public men of the colonies. And this sentiment, I believe, stands for something at once justifiable and permanent. The Chinese question will always be amongst the actualities for Australia. There will always be a conflict between the imperial and the colonial interests in the matter. This conflict will grow worse in time. Australia will never consent to be used as a tool by the empire, and will always insist on going her own way. Some day a crisis will be reached. China will obstinately insist on something that Australia cannot concede, and that the empire, for reasons connected with its Asiatic policy, cannot refuse. Then Australia, by that time grown strong, will decline to be ruled by the interests of England in India, and a separation will take place. No hostility to the great future mission of the British Empire, but on the contrary a strong desire to see that mission successfully carried out, leads us to hope that a vain ambition for a showy imperial federation will not be permitted to stand in the way of the true freedom and prosperity of all branches of the great English stock.

For the rest, whenever Australia is strong enough to live alone, she will lose nothing by escaping from the complications into which European politics, endlessly conflicting radical and conservative foreign policies, Egyptian, Irish, and all the other imperial questions, are sure more and more seriously to involve the now so rapidly changing and so seriously embarrassed English nation.

Finally, as to the young Australian party, that, with all its crudities, is no doubt the beginning of the party of the future in Australia. If it makes a true colonial federation its goal, it will become a great, and in time a wise party. Whether its federation ever will include New Zealand may be doubted. New Zealand has its own destiny, more modest than that of its great neighbor, but possibly no less interesting. The two will always be very close friends; it is not so clear that they will need to

be one nation. For Australia there is but one happy destiny, — unity within, and, whenever the proper time comes, a wise independence of all foreign domination. We in America, whose work at home will always be so much more engrossing than our work abroad, but who have, amongst other future tasks, our duty also in the Pacific, will never feel any unkind rivalry towards our southern co-worker in the cause of free civilization, our future sister republic. On the contrary, we shall rejoice and profit by the fact that in time, not by virtue of any narrow provincialism, but in the exercise of a humane vigor, in the carrying out of a vastly important destiny, our brethren of the other hemisphere will serve all mankind by claiming first of all their Australia "for the Australians." We all work best abroad when we first possess our own homes in peace.

Josiah Royce.

THE BEGUM'S DAUGHTER.

V.

It is still market-day; the fort bell has not yet rung its curfew peal. Before the door of a small shop in Winckel Street sits a middle-aged burgher. The man is not comely, he is not agreeable looking, but he fixes attention. It would be hard to account for the instant and strong impression his personality creates, — an impression which provokes while it baffles analysis. One point soon becomes clear: the result of the whole outgiving of the man, so far as the physical may reveal the moral, is presently recognized in an atmosphere of power. Details here may not be neglected: a burly, robust figure, a head bristling with energy, harsh features, a severe aspect, are points each and all necessary to a

clear realization of his person. Significant, too, is his evident contempt for small decencies: his chin is rough with a two days' beard, his long hair is uncombed, his nails are black, his linen is soiled, his coarse hose are ill-gartered, his breeches show divers rents, and his threadbare doublet is splashed with grease; for all that, he has an air of entire respectability.

A certain strong odor from the shop proclaims the man's calling: he is a liquor-dealer. In fact, he is at this very minute awaiting the arrival of an invoice of foreign wine now unloading in the dock.

As he sits waiting and smoking, there comes along the street a tall figure with shambling gait, and stops before him.

"Well?" grunts the sitter, with a sharp interrogative accent.

"I am h-here — ye see."

"Ye come with the rent?"

"Look at this!" shaking a pouch.

"Ye are late."

"'T is mar-market day."

"Ye found time to go to Vrouw Litschoe's."

"Ei?"

"Ye're drunk again" —

"Not I!"

— "and no wonder, with the damned dregs and lees ye get yonder."

"I had but a drop passing the door; 't is all — 't is" —

"Give me the money."

"Here — here 'tis, all safe for ye!" producing it from his pouch.

"'T is not enough."

"Ei?"

"Here is wanting four strings of seawant yet."

"So?" with a blank stare.

"The old story, — ye spent it at the pot-house, ye drunken dog! But ye shall make up the lack, mark ye, — every stuyver of it!"

Mumbling and fumbling in his pocket, the tenant affected a tipsy astonishment.

"What gave ye to your vrouw of your gains at the market?"

"Ei?"

"What had the vrouw from ye, I say, to keep soul and body together?"

"Tryntie? N-never ye fear for her! She — hic — gets ever all that's left."

"So! They'll not grow fat, she and the brat, this time. Get home with ye, and mark my words: keep clear of Vrouw Litschoe, or I'll have ye put into the stocks!"

Calling a bareheaded apprentice from the shop, as his crestfallen tenant staggered away, the landlord growled, —

"Go get ye after yonder fool and see him safe home to the bouwerie; and, Claes — stay! Come here!" He paused, and regarded with calculating eye the treasure in his lap, from which

he picked up presently two strings of seawant, and added, "Hand you this to the little vrouw yonder, on the sly, and whisper there is no need to pay it back."

As the apprentice hastens after the tipsy Rip, Mynheer sees on the other side his expected load of wine approaching. A heavy ox-cart tugs up the muddy street, and after much shouting on the part of the driver and some brutal clubbing of the patient oxen, it is at last duly backed up before the shop-door. A gang-plank is then adjusted, and the huge butts and casks are rolled down and disposed so as completely to fill the narrow space between the street and the building, except that part occupied by Mynheer and his wooden bench.

Mynheer looks on in silence, save for bawling out now and then some direction to the slaves who are handling the casks, or grunting assent to the idle comments of his neighbors, who have gathered to witness the unloading.

The cart being driven away the diversion is ended, and these worthy tradesfolk fall back upon the staple topics of the day for gossip.

"What think you, neighbor Leisler, of these stories from over the water?" asked the bareheaded haberdasher from next door, taking a seat on the bench.

"Stories?" echoed the grocer, chewing a piece of African ginger, and scraping his bedaubed leather apron with a cheese-knife.

"That the Prince of Orange has invaded England and King James is thrust off the throne," explained the haberdasher, before Mynheer could empty his mouth of smoke.

"Poh! 'T is an old granny's tale," put in a Scotch tobacconist, whose shop was close at hand.

"As Christ lives, it is the truth!" cried Leisler, bringing his heavy fist down upon the bench.

"Fudge! I say the English are not a folk to be put down by a handful of Dutchmen."

"Who talks of putting down? 'T is the British themselves; they were sick of the Stuart's Popish plots."

"Have a care, Mynheer Leisler!"

"Bah! I stand by my words. They called in Prince William because the old Romish serpent was winding them in his coils."

"What avails knocking down the father to set up the daughter?"

"They are as different as light from dark. Mary is no Papist; the prince would as soon take a viper to his bed."

"But 't is a revolution you talk of," continued the Scotchman.

"What then? 'T is time, God knows, for a revolution when the king begins to plot with the Pope and the French against his own."

"Trim your tongue, Master Leisler! 'T is rank treason you're talking."

Leisler knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and gave a snort of defiance.

"If this tale prove false," persisted the Scotchman, "as many another has, you may answer for it with your head."

"I'll answer it with sword and arquebuse, come who will to the reckoning."

"And what ground is there for all this pother? Tell me that."

"Was not an honest man cast into jail in Boston t' other day by yonder beast, Andros?"

"Sh-h!"

"Fie!"

"Hush, man! are you mad?" There was a sibilant chorus of protestation.

"—for showing a copy of the prince's own declaration?" persisted Leisler.

"Whence had he it?"

"Fetched by himself from England, and he that moment landed from the ship."

"And because some idle fellow shows a paper, call you that proof the throne of England is overturned?"

"How if it be stamped with the great seal?"

"Eh?"

"What say you?"

The suggestion caused a sensation: the little group gathered closer about the bold speaker; others, passing, attracted by the loud voice, joined the circle, which soon swelled to a dozen or more interested listeners.

"What is more," went on Leisler, "the great Dr. Mather himself sent over an account of the whole matter. But I waste my time talking to blind men who cannot see, to deaf men who will not hear, and to fools who cannot understand what goes on. I tell you," he concluded sternly, "when the air has been so long time full of thunder, 't is time for the lightning."

"But *we* are safe, at any rate," chimed in the official inviter-to-funerals, who had just joined the crowd; "'t will hardly reach over here."

"Will it not? Ugh!" cried Leisler, with an ominous snort.

"Eh?"

"What?"

"There will be violence here, think you?"

"But we are good Protestants."

"Tell us your mind, Captain Leisler!"

"Are there not Papists holding office here?" roared Leisler in a thundering voice,—"boldly and shamelessly keeping themselves in high places when their master is thrown down?"

"Sh-h!"

"Speak softly, captain!"

"Have a care!"

"Who are those in authority, and what are they doing?" pursued Leisler, ignoring the cautions whispered in his ear. "Why is not William proclaimed, since he is king?"

A feeble murmur ran through the crowd, and the listeners looked at one another in doubt.

"Why, indeed?" cried a bold-looking man, elbowing his way towards the bench. "How will the new king take such backwardness?"

"Think not that is all," went on Leisler. "Those rascally Papists are plotting to seize the government and make us into a Catholic province; then they will invite the old king over, and set up a Catholic kingdom here in the New World."

The Scotchman alone dared sneer at this suggestion, but he was speedily silenced by the growing applause.

"The French devils in Canada are stirring up the savages this very minute to help on the plot, and as soon as James lands on these shores they will swoop down and burn our houses and butcher our children, if we go not over to the Papists."

"Right, captain, right! You have hit it. Some say the savages are already on the march."

"What measures are taken here against them? What are they doing, — the governor, the mayor, and the worshipful councilors yonder at the Stadthuys?"

"Ay, ay! Tell us that!" echoed the bold-faced man.

"Hatching treason," answered Leisler bluntly.

"Fie! they are no more Papists than you!" cried the Scotchman.

"Is not Nicholson a 'Piscopal?"

"And if he be?"

"I would rather be an out-and-out Papist than a make-believe," said Leisler's adherent.

"Where is the treason in that?" put in the Scotchman again. "Look out, my masters, how you play with gunpowder! A fire is easier set going than put out."

"Have they not seized upon the public money and locked it up in the fort?" went on Leisler, with increasing vehemence. "'T is seized for King James! 'T is the people's money, — 't is our money; will ye have it given to a Papist?"

A loud cry of protestation arose from excited bystanders.

"'T is ours, I say: it came from the sweat of our faces, and we will have it back!" pursued Leisler, clenching his fist and glancing ominously towards the fort.

At this moment a hurried footstep was heard coming down the street. The new-comer was recognized and hailed by many of the group.

"Holla, Stoll!"

"What now, Joost?"

"One might think his father had died and left him an heir."

"Make way! Make way! Where's the captain?"

"Here! Here!"

"The devil breaks loose — ugh! ugh! Everything goes to pieces — ugh! ugh! All the country is up in arms."

"Have done with your grunting, and tell your story like a Christian."

"My — my wind is gone" —

"Damn your wind! What is your news?"

"The Bostoneers have uprisen and — and laid the governor by the heels and" —

"Andros?"

"The old Turk yonder that kept the people down."

"God!" exclaimed Leisler, springing to his feet in uncontrollable excitement.

"The people — ugh! — have cast him into prison — and — and" —

"Go on!" cried Leisler fiercely. "Go on, I say!"

— "and set up the old governor" —

"Yes — and then" —

"They choose a committee to carry on the business."

"Who told you this?"

"An express is just come to the Stadthuys, most dead with haste: he says the whole country follows after Boston, — Plymouth, Rhode Island, Connecticut, all; they have all cast down the Papists and up with King William."

Leisler glared at the man for a moment, and said no more. He sat down

upon the bench, with elbows on his knees, and deeply pondered this startling news, while the others gabbled and chattered about the panting Stoll.

In the midst of the confusion a striking-looking person quietly turned the corner of the street from the direction of the fort, and slowly approached the spot: a small, slender woman, with a complexion as dark as a mulatto's, but with features of the most delicate type, and a very marked air of high-breeding and dignity. Her dress was as extraordinary as her person. Both in fashion and in fabric it was notably different from that in vogue among the Dutch women of the period. Over her head was draped a scarf of rich embroidery wrought in colors, beneath which gleamed another head-covering of the finest lawn. Across her low forehead hung a thin plate of beaten gold set in gems. Wrapped about her shoulders was a rare Indian shawl which fell almost to her feet, displaying as she walked a white skirt of the softest cashmere. She was accompanied by two negro slaves, one following, and the other going before to secure a passage and inspire respect.

As she approached the noisy group before Leisler's door, some of those in the outer circle made a movement to afford her passage.

"Make way!"

"Stand aside!"

"Make room! Do you hear, junkers?"

"'Tis her mightiness!"

"The begum!"

The lady, brought to a standstill, hastily drew a veil across her face as she noted the gaze of the group fixed upon her. All stepped aside to make room for her, — all save a group of three or four directly about Leisler.

"Do you hear, there?" bawled out the Scotchman. "Are your ears stuffed with wool? Make room for the lady."

"Who is it calls?"

"Bestir yourselves, I say, and let the worshipful lady pass!"

With much grumbling, the others climbed the casks or stepped into the shop, but the doughty captain kept his seat.

"Damn the worshipful lady, and all other worshipfuls! There'll be no more worshipfuls here! I'll give way to no one before my own shop!"

Turning his eyes as the others moved aside, and recognizing the person for whom so imperative a demand had been made, he went on with a fresh access of rage: —

"What, Staats' huysvrouw? Make way for Staats' blackamoor? Not I! Let her take the street! There'll be no more worshipful masters and high-mightinesses in this land, thank God! Let her take the street, I say! I have better-looking wenches in my kitchen."

The woman started; she lifted her veil, and gazed steadily at Leisler, as if to identify the man and realize his meaning. More impressive than any contortion of feature or outburst of passion was the suppressed look of profound outrage in the woman's face, and the parting glance she cast at her aggressor was sinister in its deep resentment.

Motioning to her slaves, she turned without a word, and disappeared in the direction whence she had come.

VI.

Returning from their visit to Tryntie, Steenie and Hester entered the town by way of the Landpoort, and sauntered down Broadway. Coming near the fort, they found the green filled with an excited crowd.

"What is it?" asked Hester, reluctantly admitting any distraction in her new happiness.

"Wait, and I will bring you word."

"Never mind. What matters it?"

But, leaving her on the corner of Petticoat Lane, Steenie had already darted across to mingle with the throng.

Hester gazed after him with wistful eyes, sitting down meanwhile on a wayside boulder to beguile the time. It was not long. He came back almost directly with an explanation.

"'Tis nothing. Those noisy trainbands are discontent. You know, since this late news came from abroad, they have been set to guard the town."

"Yes; my father is one of the captains, and he has to take his turn."

"Well and good. But last night, Lieutenant Cuyler, one of De Peyster's men, took upon him to set a guard at the sally-port without leave of the lieutenant-governor, who, when he heard of it, called the rascal up and had like to have broken his head with a pistol; and served him right, too."

"To be sure, he was very bold," said Hester absently, as she fastened a knot of flowers in her lover's button-hole.

"And now these grimy fellows would make a stir about it. 'Let them stick to their shops, and leave the guidance of public matters to their betters,' says my father, and he should know. I will go tell him of this uproar, and beg him send a file of soldiers to drive these greasy fellows back to their work."

At this moment the bell in the fort sounded. Trained to the clockwork regularity of a Dutch household, the junker dropped the subject in mid-air, and involuntarily turned his face homeward.

"Let us mend our pace, or we shall be late."

But Hester, defiant even of discipline in her present bliss, loitered on the way, lengthening out every remaining inch of the distance.

Arrived at the corner of the Strand, they stopped and gazed at each other; it was their first parting. Unhappily it was broad daylight and there were passers in the street.

"Must you go?" he asked, holding both her hands.

She answered by a look which acknowledged no compulsion.

"Think what a sweet day 't will be to-morrow at Staaten Island!" he said, by way of lessening the pang.

"But — till then?"

"I must overhaul my ketch this evening, while the light holds."

The excuse was plainly not accepted as sufficient.

"If we are to go — it must needs be repaired" —

Still with swaying hands clasped tightly in his, Hester would not, by word or look, make herself an accomplice in the impending separation. What mortal man could resist such sweet stubbornness? The enraptured junker, catching her in his arms, kissed her again and again, careless of consequences.

Overwhelmed with shamefacedness, she broke from him and ran away.

"Stay! Hester — Hester, I will go with you!"

"But if we are seen — No, you must not."

Realizing the wisdom of this caution, he watched her out of sight along the winding street, and, heaving a big sigh, turned to go home, when plump upon him, around a neighboring corner, came his young acquaintance of Smiet's Vly. Filled at the moment with thoughts of peace and good-will to all mankind, and wishing perhaps to make amends for his mischievous prank of the morning, he nodded and smiled, and in further testimony of his friendliness held out a flower which he carried in his hand.

Incensed by such effrontery, she snatched the flower and contemptuously flung it to the ground as she swept along, leaving the junker to hide in his sleeve the laugh he dared not show.

Hester, meanwhile, on reaching home was rudely awakened from her sweet meditations by finding a crowd of rough

men gathered before the door, and her father, bareheaded, upon the stoop, haranguing them. Unable to make her way into the house, she perforce stood still and listened. What could her father be saying that these men hung on his words with such breathless interest? Her curiosity was awakened.

"Cuyler was right, I say. Will he fall upon an honest man for doing his duty? He'll pistol us all next. Will ye stand and wait to be shot down like dogs?"

Loud cries of "No! No!" arose from the crowd.

"What right has he yonder in the governor's chair? He is no governor; he is but the underling of that old rat Andros the Bostoneers have trapped."

"Out with him!"

"What is he doing there? Plotting, — plotting to steal away your liberties. He is a Papist; his hand is against us. He would burn the town; he is getting his torches ready day and night. And why? Because we are Protestants, because we are Dutchmen, because we will not bow down to idols and yield ourselves slaves to Rome."

A hoarse cry like a muttering of thunder arose with ominous effect from the increasing mob.

"What would they do? They would bring over the Stuart, him the English have kicked out, and set him up here for a king."

"Never! Never!"

"That is not all. The worst is to come. There is a plot to destroy us; do ye hear? — a hellish plot. Next Lord's Day morning, on God's own blessed Sabbath, while we are at worship in his holy tabernacle, the devils are to fall upon us. They will cut us down, kill, slay, murder us, one and all, and hand over the town to the Papists."

"Down with them all!" roared the crowd.

"Where are our city rulers? What are they doing? The worshipful mayor

and council, — why do they not protect us? Why? Because they are hand in glove with these bloodhounds!"

This was a touch too much; a murmur of consternation and protest arose from the crowd. For one moment there was a feeble movement of reaction, but with the instinct of a demagogue Leisler saw, and furiously stamped it out.

"Hand in glove, I say," he repeated, coming down the steps into the very midst of the throng, in his ardor. "They are all one brood, — cursed aristocrats. They look down upon the poor man. They would make lords of themselves! Years ago they cheated the poor savage out of his home. They seized upon all the fat lands in the province. Now they're grown rich they forget their Dutch blood. Damn their traitorous souls! They would betray us!"

The momentary compunction of the mob was swept away by this blast of invective, and with the blind impulse of sheep they followed on where their bold leader showed the way.

"They sell body and soul to the English, and are paid by riches and titles, — a pack of rogues and knaves and Papist cut-throats! Will ye have men like these to rule the country?"

"No! No!"

"Will ye suffer them to stay yonder in the Stadthuys another hour?"

"No! We will fling them out! Lead us on!"

"Mark ye what the people did in Boston?"

"Ay, ay! Lead us on! Huzza! Leisler! Leisler! To the fort!"

Turning suddenly about, bearing the bold orator in their midst, the infuriated rabble started to carry out their threat. Unprepared for the movement, Hester was thrown down and trampled upon. Happily her father saw it all. Beating back the crowd, he sprang to her aid, natural affection overriding even the fierce excitement of the moment.

"You are hurt, child? Hetty, my little Hetty, they have not killed you? Speak, child! No! Well, then, stupid jade! what do you in the street? Get you in, and serve you right!" kissing her tenderly as he placed her in safety upon the stoop. "Get you in, I say, and let me not catch you in the street again."

Unhurt save for a few scratches, Hester stood gazing, dumfounded, after the howling mob until they disappeared along the winding street. With no suspicion of any serious cause of discord among her fellow-townsmen, she naturally regarded their action in breaking the peace of the sweet twilight hour, filling with clamor the quiet little town, and setting up for enemies their own neighbors and brother churchfolk as simple madness.

In her bewilderment only one impression remained clear: somehow, somewhere, there was a grievance against Mayor Van Cortlandt. Instinct took alarm; the secret she locked in her bosom had already become a dangerous one.

In this doubtful mood she went into the house. Her mother, seated at the supper-table, surrounded by the family, chid her perfunctorily for tardiness.

Vrouw Leisler, an easy-going, motherly Dutch housewife, with a mind given wholly to the management of her family, could throw no light on the state of public affairs, but dismissed the question Hester addressed to her upon the subject, as usual, with, "I know nothing of all that; go ask your father, child." When told of the projected sail, however, and that Tryntie was to be of the party, the indulgent mother readily gave her consent. There was now nothing wanting but to secure Catalina.

Dr. Samuel Staats lived in a comfortable mansion on a quiet street not far from the fort, whither, directly after supper, Hester took her way, skirting without notice the excited groups that

thronged the streets, nor troubling herself to ask the cause of the disturbance.

Hardly had she entered the garden gate when she was greeted by a cry of joy from an upper window, and before she had time to ply the knocker the door was thrown open and Catalina flew into her arms.

The two friends presented an interesting contrast. Notwithstanding the slight difference in their ages, one was as unmistakably a child as the other was a woman. For the rest, they were as unlike as possible, and all the better friends in consequence.

"Hola, I heard you! I knew 'twas you. There — there — there!" cried the breathless Catalina, showering her friend with kisses. "Bad, bad girl! — there, again! — 'tis two whole days since I saw you."

"I sent Quimbo for you this morning to go for flowers in the Magde Paetje, but" —

"I was out. I am enraged at it. Come in here! Sit you down — so!" and the imperious young hostess pushed her visitor into a big chair in a corner of the living-room, and nestled down by her side with arms tightly clasped about her waist. "Yes, what a pity for me to be out! Where was Quimbo loitering on the way? Why sent you not sooner? I went to Smiet's Vly with the rest to see Wouter Olfert set up his new water-wheel."

"But you are here now," put in Hester at the first chance, "and I am come to bespeak you for a sail in a ketch to-morrow, to Staaten Island, which is full of flowers."

"Dearest Hester!"

"Go ask your mother."

"No, come you and ask her. She thinks you so wise."

"But let her know, besides, that Tryntie is to go and have care of us."

"Oh, then is there no doubt; mother thinks me always safe with Tryntie. But come, you shall ask for me."

Hester arose, and followed across the hall and into the opposite room, Catalina announcing her entrance.

"Mother, it is Hester; she has come to speak with you."

The room they entered answered to the parlor in an ordinary Dutch house, where it would have been shut up in sacred disuse save on ceremonial occasions. This room was flooded with light, richly and curiously appointed, and had withal a characteristic air, notwithstanding the bizarre jumble of Dutch furniture, Eastern rugs and draperies, Indian pottery, and Oriental curios with which it was crowded.

The mistress of the house sat near one of the windows, busied with some embroidery. A shadow, like a passing cloud, swept across her face at sight of Hester. She rose, however, with great ceremony, and made her visitor a courtesy.

"Mother — I — we have come — You tell her, Hester."

"I come to beg you will let Catalina go with us for a sail to Staaten Island, to-morrow," began Hester with directness.

The begum regarded her visitor with an inscrutable look. The pupils of her eyes dilated and contracted, the action of her heart visibly quickened, but she did not speak.

"It is to gather flowers," pursued Hester, insensible to small barometric indications. "We are to go in a ketch."

Madam, wearing the same baffling expression, silently shook her head.

"It is but a few miles over and back."

The argument produced no effect. Hester was naturally puzzled by this demeanor, for the begum had hitherto received her with the cordiality due to her daughter's dearest friend. Catalina, too, was evidently quite as much perplexed, for she stole around to her mother's side in a caressing way.

"We count upon being gone but a short time," continued Hester with perseverance.

Still the lady made no answer.

"Tryntie is to go with us. My mother gave me leave to ask Catalina."

Quite unimpressed by these additional reasons, the begum sat quietly opposing a bulwark of silence to Hester's strengthening attack.

"Catalina, I am sure, is very urgent for going."

"Yes, mother, that I am."

"I should count it a great favor if you would let her go."

A dawning look of impatience at this untiring persistence began to show in the lady's face.

"If the day be not fair we shall not go. We may, with good luck, be home for dinner. From your chamber window above you may watch us all the way yonder and hither again."

The petitioner stopped to take breath. Without a word, the begum suddenly arose and courtesied in a very significant manner.

Hester flushed, but kept her seat. Catalina, with keener apprehension, after a respectful salute, drew her friend from the room.

Hardly was the door shut behind them, however, when the disappointed girl burst into tears.

"What means she by treating you in such a fashion, — you that have given no offense? 'Tis the first time you had such a greeting from her."

Between her outbursts of tears and indignation, she asked for more news of the expedition.

"And in what ketch are you to go?"

"The best in the harbor."

"And which call you the best?"

"Mynheer Van Cortlandt's."

The visitor's bewilderment was completed on beholding Catalina spring to her feet, and cry with flashing eyes, —

"Never! *Never* would I set foot in it!"

VII.

A score of miles, more or less, northward from the town stood the manor-house of Councilor Frederick Philipse, the richest man in the New World. His estate, comprising vast tracts of land bought for a song from the Indians, stretched for miles along the eastern bank of the Hudson. Intact in its virgin beauty, it formed a natural garden unspoiled by human hand, where thick-wooded hills, wild ravines, bold cliffs, and wide-sweeping meadows exhausted the resources of variety. Close at hand, gleaming through every clearing in the forest, flowed the broad and tranquil river, shut in on its western shore by pinnaced heights, which rose palled in purple splendor against the sunset sky, or withdrawn to mysterious distance in the morning mists, as, fold on fold, the fleecy vapor floated up from the surface of the water.

The house which stood upon this demesne was as worthy its surroundings as man's handiwork can well be in the midst of God's. It was simple, ample, unpretentious, and thus not without dignity. In answering the claims of convenience, comfort, and an enlarged hospitality, the builder had incidentally achieved a certain homely grace and unsought impressiveness.

It chanced that Lieutenant-Governor Nicholson was visiting the councilor at the time of the outbreak in town, and he very gladly accepted his host's invitation to remain. Clearly he saw — as who could fail to see? — the significance of the Boston news. He felt the spirit of change in the thickening air. Directly all interest in his administration fled; he thought only of retreat with a saving of dignity. Daily, therefore, after his routine work at the Stadthuys was dispatched, he made haste to shake off the dust of the caviling little town, and gallop up to this lovely re-

treat, radiant now in all the beauty of early spring.

The London bachelor, with his fashionable habits, would never have been permitted to upset the sober regulations of the household in Madam Margaret's time, — she who used to go as supercargo on her own ships to Holland without relaxing for a moment her regulating grip on things at home. As it was, the widower-host allowed his visitor the largest freedom, and each went his separate way without interfering with the other.

It chanced, one morning, that the two were seated very late at breakfast; for although Mynheer had long since broken his fast, he returned to the table to keep his guest in countenance; moreover, the two had business of moment in hand.

"Whatever their new Majesties may conclude to do with the provinces," said Nicholson, chipping an egg, "'t is clearly my part to stand by the helm for the time being."

Philipse, with his heavy neutral face void of expression, did not commit himself by assenting.

"There can be no two minds about that as a matter of right and propriety," went on his Excellency rather nervously. "Somebody must govern; there is nobody with a better right, or for the matter of that any right at all."

He paused as if expecting an answer, but his host simply bowed.

"I was appointed by the Crown," he continued, salting his egg quite unconsciously for the third time, "and, whatever may be the state of things now, nobody will pretend to deny that King James had the power, at the time, to appoint me, or that he proceeded in a regular manner. Then 't is plain, until somebody is sent over with a new commission, I am in of right, eh?"

"It would seem so," said Philipse, driven at last from cover.

"But we are standing on the verge of

a volcano. Since those rebellious Bostoners opened the ball by laying hands on Sir Edmund the leaven of discontent has been working through the whole country."

"Sir Edmund carried it with too high a hand yonder in Boston. There is no cause for the like discontent here."

"They'll not stick at causes; they'll find a cause fast enough, never fear. But the question is what to do. My authority is boldly defied. Heard you what Bayard said? Why, when I sent him last night to call these train-bands to order, as their superior officer, an impudent clown comes blustering forth and lectures him. 'Go back to them that sent ye! Go back,' says he, 'and tell them to go about their business; we'll none o' them!'"

"The fellow was in liquor."

"Not he. 'T was a well-known creature of this Leisler."

"Stoll! Yes, I know him. A rough dog."

"But for this Leisler himself, — how came he so suddenly to the fore? Who is the man?"

"A liquor-seller in the dock. He married a rich widow, and straightway thrust himself in among honest folks. He is grown of much consequence with the rabble, and he is, moreover, a deacon of the church."

"'T is a lesson for you dissenters. A low-bred, scurvy fellow like that could never come to office in the Established Church."

"'T is his money gives him consequence; but for all he has grown so rich he can scarce write his own name, and goes about as ragged and greasy as when he was a varlet in a leather apron."

At this moment a servant entered hastily, and paused at the threshold with an air of some excitement.

"Pardon, Mynheer" —

"What is it?"

"There be great doings down at the

fort. All the train-bands are gathered, and there is talk of the city being stormed by the Papists. 'T is said Staaten Island is alive with them."

"Bring me no more such idle tales," said Philipse sternly. "Go, and see you spread not this silly report among the people!"

"You see the fever grows," said Nicholson significantly, as the man withdrew.

Philipse nodded ominously.

"What's to be done?"

"If you were to go down to them yourself" — began the councilor tentatively.

"Not I! After Bayard's experience last night the rascals would stone me. If they have reached the point of turning upon their own colonel, all discipline, you may be sure, is thrown to the winds."

Philipse glared at the floor, barren of further suggestion, while his Excellency walked up and down.

"If we could but seize the ringleaders, this Leisler and his creatures, the contagion might be stayed for the moment."

"You have waited too long."

"Too long!" repeated Nicholson irritably. "And by whose advice, prithee, did I wait?"

"We — ahem — nobody could well foresee such a state of affairs as" —

"I will send off a runner forthwith to Albany and another to Connecticut," interrupted Nicholson, with a sudden burst of energy. "I will appeal to the country. These scurvy clowns shall find with whom they have to deal. Come, let us get to work."

They were met on the threshold by another servant, with the breathless announcement, —

"Here is Captain Ludowyck, with a troop behind him, demanding to see your Excellency!"

"How now?" cried Nicholson, with a startled glance at his host.

The latter stood struggling with his dismay, and made no suggestion.

"Go say I will see Ludowyck, but not his myrnidous."

The servant stared.

"Bring in the leader, but keep out the men," explained Philipse, coming to himself.

The servant withdrew. The two turned back into the breakfast-room, and looked at each other in silence. Nicholson hurriedly poured and tossed off a glass of wine. He had not wiped his lips when the tread of heavy feet was heard in the hall, the door was flung open without ceremony, and a short, thick-set man, with a half score armed attendants, entered the room.

"Mynheer Nicholson," began the leader, without preamble, "I come to demand of ye the keys of the fort."

"What say you?" shouted Nicholson, starting to his feet, half choked with indignation. "Who dares send me this message?"

"I come at the behest of Captain Jacob Leisler and the other captains of the train-bands, and it will be well for ye if ye presently obey."

"Get back to that rabble that sent you, and tell them they shall pay dearly for this insolence! Begone, I say!"

The lofty look and spirited tone of the governor took the doughty captain by surprise. His men, too, were plainly overawed by the magnificence of the house and the dignity of the two officials.

Ludowyck, none too confident, as it seemed, of his position, wavered before the angry glare of the governor, and showed signs of withdrawing, when his lieutenant whispered encouragement in his ear.

He began again:—

"Take good heed, Mynheer Governor, what consequences ye bring on yourself."

"Will you go?"

"I am sent hither for the keys,"

answered the captain, with a returning hesitancy of tone.

Disdaining to reply, Nicholson maintained his attitude of contemptuous dismissal.

"'T is none of my affair, — 't is for them that sent me to judge. Ye'll hear from them again, — trust me, ye will," muttered the daunted train-band captain, retiring with his followers slowly and reluctantly from the room.

Standing rigidly in his theatrical attitude until the sound of their footsteps died away in the hall, his Excellency then whirled about, crying, —

"This is not to be borne. Let us away to the Stadthuys and call together the council! I will punish these rascals at the risk of my neck. The keys of the fort, forsooth! This blow is struck at us all. It means deadly mischief. Come, let us be stirring."

Even the stolid councilor was startled by this revolutionary incident. Acting upon Nicholson's suggestions speedily and with vigor, he dispatched runners with appeals for aid to the other provinces, he posted off messengers to his fellow-councilors, and in an hour's time the two were on the way to town.

Colonel Bayard and Mayor Van Cortlandt promptly obeyed the summons. Once closeted with his council, Nicholson laid the matter before them in a few words. Bayard heard it all without surprise, and coolly remarked, —

"This is but the beginning."

"Let us make it the end!" retorted the governor sharply.

"I am with you. What does your Excellency advise?"

"Proclaim William and Mary," suggested the mayor doubtfully.

"Impossible! We have no official notice of their accession. 'T is unsafe to take action on such idle rumors as are blown across the water to us."

"And who knows but next week the tables may be turned?" added Philipse. "The French have taken up King

James, and he has a great following in Ireland."

"None the less," went on the governor impatiently, "something must be concluded here and now as to dealing with these rascals. They are stirring up the people against us with tales of plots and conspiracies and a thousand such lies."

"Why not gain time by affecting to make terms?" said the mayor again.

"The terms I would make are the four walls of a dungeon!" broke out his Excellency.

"The stocks and the whipping-post are better suited to that sort," added Bayard contemptuously.

"I fear me the disease has got beyond that stage," interposed the mayor, with a wag of his head.

"Poh!" cried the governor, with an intermittent gust of resolution. "Poh! I say. A show of authority and the thing is done. These curs have been at somebody's beck and nod all their lives, and they'll heed the crack of the whip like a dancing bear."

"There's nothing, then, but for you to go down to them again, colonel, and bid them disperse under penalty of being held rebels," ventured Van Cortlandt.

"Not I," growled Bayard, shrugging his shoulders. "I took my turn yesterday, and was well-nigh tossed in a blanket."

"What then shall we do? Come, come, gentlemen, life and property are at stake. If the sun goes down with this question unsettled, 't will settle itself in a way you won't like."

Philipse, who had been listening for some minutes in silence, now interposed: all turned to him with an air of expectancy.

"Threats and bluster are waste of time; we have no means of enforcing them; we must try other measures."

"Other measures" is vague, Mynheer," laughed the governor ironically.

"Let your Excellency issue a procla-

mation," calmly pursued Philipse, "calling upon all good citizens to keep the peace" —

The governor gave an impatient sniff.

— "commanding these men to go back to their workshops on pain of being declared enemies to the welfare and peace of the community" —

"Poh! Poh, sir!"

"Let the mayor follow this up by calling a public meeting," continued Philipse, with unruffled composure, "and appeal to the citizens to uphold the present government and preserve the peace until orders arrive from England."

"And pray what will all this avail?" asked the governor, with a sneer.

"'T is good advice," said Colonel Bayard decisively; "it will gain time, it will create a diversion, it will throw them off their guard meanwhile, mark you! When night comes, we can seize this braying ass and thrust him into prison."

"'T is something, at least," commented the governor doubtfully; "'t is better than sitting still. Colonel, I am with you; we will make the trial. They shall find in the end who is ruler here. Once let me lay hand on that knave Leisler, and — Hark!"

"Eh?"

"What was that?"

A scuffling of feet was heard outside. Directly the door was burst open, disclosing Ludowyck at the head of his entire band, wearing this time a very significant air of resolution.

"Mynheer Nicholson," he began in an uncompromising tone, "I come again to demand of ye the keys of the fort!"

Nicholson controlled himself by a visible effort.

"On whose authority come you?"

"Captain Leisler sent me, as I told ye, and he will very speedily satisfy ye of his authority if ye comply not with his request."

Stung by this threat, his Excellency lost all command of himself, and roared,

"Go back to this braggart, and say I will have his saucy head struck off and his body given to the crows if" —

Before the incensed governor could complete his foolish threat the other councilors interfered, and proceeded to hold apart a whispered consultation, which Captain Ludowyck interrupted without ceremony: —

"Will ye give me the keys or no? If ye yield them quietly, well and good. If not," striking his halberd on the floor with a ringing blow, "the consequences be upon your own heads. I leave not the room without the keys."

Nicholson paced up and down, accompanied by Van Cortlandt and Philipse on either hand, talking to him in tones of expostulation and entreaty. At length, whirling about, he said with an outraged air, —

"I yield only to violence."

Ludowyck bowed grimly.

"You shall answer for this, mind you, with life and estate."

"We fear not the threats of Papists and traitors."

"Never think to escape the penalty of your villainies by calling names! The day of reckoning!" —

"Will ye give me the keys?"

"There they lie!" cried the governor in an outburst of exasperation, tossing the heavy keys upon the table. "Take them at your peril!"

Without further ado the sturdy train-band captain seized the ponderous iron symbols, and marched from the room without so much as a salute to the humbled officials.

Meantime, at the fort, the return of Ludowyck with the keys produced a profound moral effect. The little knot of captains were startled at their own victory. They had taken the first step of a career in which they could no more stop than a falling stone can stay in its course. They must needs go on; the revolution had begun. Realizing too

late that they had called up a spirit beyond their control, the timid took alarm; they began to count chances and to weigh consequences; several crept away by stealth to the Stadthuys to patch up a compromise with their offended commander, Bayard.

One bold spirit, however, there was who knew no dismay. Leisler was not wanting to the moment. He accepted the situation freely, fully, and defied its worst consequences. Mounting the rostrum, he straightway threw off all disguise, and frankly confessed there was no turning back.

"At last, my friends, we are free. See, here is the pledge of it!" shaking the keys. "At last we have cast off the yoke. We'll have no more to do with yokes. We'll have no more to do with Papists and Popes and despots. Down with them all! Henceforth we stand for liberty! William comes of a race of freemen, — he will leave us to rule ourselves! But the work is not done. Those vipers yonder in the Stadthuys, they thirst for our blood; they will not rest till they have done us a harm. Beware of them! Beware of next Lord's Day! They have planned to make it a new St. Bartholomew's, more bloody than the old. Beware, I say! The torch is kindled under your roof-tree; the knife is whetted that will drink your blood!"

Cries of "Traitors! Traitors! Bloody villains! Down with them! Drag them out! Down with them!" drowned the voice of the orator.

"Stand by one another, and look to me. I will care for ye. When the signal sounds for the murderers and savages to begin their work, come ye here. I will protect ye from the malice of these devils!"

This harangue was received with such storms of applause by the rank and file that the unhappy captains had no alternative but to join in. Thus the waverers were brought back to the fold. Leisler too

seized the occasion. He drew up a declaration on the spot, which the nine captains of the train-bands signed then and there on a drum-head.

At nightfall, after a day of exhausting toil and excitement, Leisler took his accustomed course homeward along the Strand. The events of the day had made him a man of mark. Partly by his own boldness and address, partly by the force of circumstances, he had been lifted into great and sudden prominence. The effect was notable. Every eye was upon him; the very children and slaves gazed in awe and admiration upon the hero of the hour. Absorbed, elated, unconscious of all this public homage, he strode along, loudly declaiming to his companions upon the day's transactions.

Nearing his own house, he seemed not, for a time, to note a couple, laden with baskets and wild-flowers, loitering upon the stoop. It was indeed not until he reached the bottom of the steps that he fairly recognized the two standing there, with hands clasped and deep in converse. Immediately he flamed forth:—

"Ei—ye dare touch flesh and blood of mine! Stand back! Stand back! Get into the house, ye shameless hussy! What do ye here with this Papist whelp?"

Choking with rage and shame, Steenie could not articulate the words which came flooding to his lips.

"I—I—well for you 't is Hester's father—else would I—but—but you shall smart for it—I'll—I'll make you sorry yet!"

"So! your worshipful father will send the schout for me! Bah! that for your father! We'll have no more of him and his sort. We'll pull him down, strip him of his thievings, and send him begging. But for *you*, young puppy! let me catch ye about my house again,—I'll have ye whipped at the cart's tail!"

About to retort, Steenie was hustled

away by Leisler's rough companions, and although he made a vigorous resistance he was quickly overpowered and driven down the street, covered with mud and offal rained upon him from the gutter.

VIII.

Virtus sibi munus was the high-sounding motto of the Van Cortlandts, and the design upon the family escutcheon signified in some heraldic way their descent from the Dukes of Courland.

On the whole, as men and mottoes go, they had done fairly well in making good the boast. Their record for uprightness was at least as clear as their neighbors', while for shrewdness and energy it was for the most part better. Indeed, later generations had turned into a jest the reproach once suggested by their patronymic, Short-land.

Although born with a silver spoon in his mouth, Stephanus Van Cortlandt, the father of Steenie, owed what he had and what he was chiefly to his own exertions. He had not only made the most of himself individually by cultivating his wits and curbing his passions, but had added a hundred fold to his estate both in lands and chattels.

Naturally, the management of such large interests had developed in him certain qualities of mind and character which gradually came to be recognized by his fellow-townsmen as the traits most fit for a chief magistrate. Thus it came about in the course of time he was made mayor. In the discharge of his public duties he gave such general satisfaction that he was returned again and again to the office. And with good reason: he not only administered the government with ability, but upheld its dignity with a becoming pomp. Furthermore, his comely person, his costly garb, his sumptuous mansion, his troop of servants and slaves, and, by no means

last or least, the forceful character and commanding presence of his wife were all factors of value in the sum total of his popularity. Withal, Mynheer Van Cortlandt was esteemed a model magistrate.

Accustomed so long to rule over a law-abiding populace, the worshipful mayor regarded the present violent proceedings at the fort with unmixed dismay. Flying in the face of law and order, withstanding duly appointed officials, seemed acts so illogical and unwarrantable that he could find no rational standpoint from which to judge them.

Accordingly he went home from the Stadthuys, after the episode of Ludowyck's seizing the keys, shocked and bewildered. Indeed, his extreme astonishment appeared to have quite overbalanced the wrath and humiliation proper to the moment.

Madam Van Cortlandt sat awaiting him. The lady is not unknown to history. A native vigor of understanding, a masculine force of will, and a lifelong association with the leaders of thought and action in the little world in which she lived had begotten in Gertryd Van Cortlandt a virile interest in public affairs. She had, moreover, so often given sound and practical advice in matters of moment that she had come to be regarded in administration circles as the silent member of the council.

Well aware of the present crisis, knowing too that her husband had been hastily summoned to the Stadthuys a few hours before upon urgent business, madam was naturally anxious to hear what new turn affairs had taken. For her own reasons, however, she chose not to betray by so much as a word or look any interest in her husband's return.

Profoundly acquainted with his temperament, she perhaps achieved thereby economical results in the way of time and patience.

Mynheer, with exasperating scrupulosity, put away his hat and stick, wiped his shoes again and again, sat down in his easy-chair, fumbled with the papers in his hand, sighed, adjusted his ruffles, cleared his throat, crossed his legs, coughed, and otherwise temporized, until, perhaps finding the ominous silence of his helpmeet more imperative than a volley of questions, he began:—

"I know not what we are coming to."

Madam knit on in a controlled way, but with a staccato stitch.

"Everything is upside down, authority is put at defiance, the people are gone mad."

Madam vouchsafed no comment.

"The train-bands are risen against us."

"Leisler?" suggested madam, with contempt.

"Yes."

"Humph!"

"His aim is clear under all his pretense: to bring himself into power, and thrust us out."

"How came he to such a pitch of credit with these men?"

"By inflaming their minds with talk of plots and Papists."

"A braggart's wind is nothing," said madam, coolly loosening by a little jerk the tension of her yarn. "Let him talk."

"But he begins to act: to-day he sent Ludowyck to demand the keys of the fort."

"So?"

"And his Excellency refused."

"Of course."

"But, seeing the danger, he hurried to the Stadthuys, called a council, and laid the matter before us. We were in the midst of discussing some means of punishing their insolence when the door was burst open, and in he came again."

"Ludowyck?"

"Yes, with his whole troop at his heels, and demanded the keys then and there to be delivered."

"And his Excellency?"

"Had no resource but to give them up."

"Father in heaven!" Shocked out of all self-control, madam started to her feet. She presently checked herself, and walked up and down, profoundly moved. At length stopping before her husband, she asked abruptly, "And were you standing by?"

The worshipful mayor quailed before the eyes of his wife.

"I — I was there. I told you so."

"And suffered it to go on?"

"What was to be done? The man was backed by a score of hulking fellows. They were ready for any violence; the madness had already seized upon them."

Madam did not answer; she continued looking at her spouse with a gaze that caused the sweat to start out in beads on his pale forehead.

"What was to be done?" he repeated, in a tone of deeper deprecation. "There was Leisler yonder at the fort with ten times as many more rascals to burn down the Stadthuys and hale us forth if we refused."

"And what then?"

"Eh?"

"If they had haled you forth?"

This was a cruel question. Mynheer had no answer for it. Unable to bear the intolerable look with which it was accompanied, he started to his feet, and walked about the room, plucking up a show of spirit as he talked.

"'T is my part as a public officer to do everything to keep the peace. This business is only a fever, a passing excitement, which will blow over in a few days if met with calmness."

Madam did not answer; she sat down and resumed her knitting. She made bad work of it, too, repeatedly raveling out what she had done. Her husband studied her face with anxiety. He seemed waiting for her to speak, but she held her peace.

"What think you we must do?" he asked, after a long pause.

"Seize that man."

The crisp laconism of this answer and the unwavering positivism which inspired it so took the wind out of Mynheer's sails that his little fleet of objections and obstacles could hardly come to port.

"'T is impossible. He holds the fort, mind you; he has a small army besides."

"Seize him, at all hazards," repeated madam, as if she had not heard a word of all this.

"We have no force equal to it; he has the men, he has the arms, he has the public money. 'T is impossible, I say."

Madam knit and raveled in silence.

"'T is useless to attempt what is not in our power," continued Mynheer presently, as if to invite further discussion.

"Are all the train-band captains in league with him?" asked madam suddenly.

"No; three are still wavering."

"Three, — 't is something." She spent a long minute in deliberation. "And what hinders these from going over?"

"Their own qualms, — nothing else."

"Get them together, then!" sharply and with decision. "Stay the progress of the contagion. Fix them in their allegiance; find out their following."

"I have sent for them already," plucking up at this unexpected point of coincidence. "I am waiting for them now."

"Waiting!"

Mynheer perceptibly winced at the intonation.

"I expect them every minute."

"If every minute of this night were an hour, every hour of it would be precious. Why are you sitting here?"

"What better can I do?"

"Put forth a proclamation! Brand

these wretches as traitors! Set a price on their heads! Let not the people think they are gaining ground!"

The decision and energy of his wife's tone affected Mynheer; it afforded him visible comfort. He arose, and seemed on the point of taking some action, when the outer door was heard to slam violently, there was a rush in the hall, and his eldest son came bursting into the room.

"Father — sir — I — that dog — that hog — quick! send and seize him!"

Mynheer, simply irritated by the interruption, gave no heed to its merits.

"Don't trouble us now, my son. Your mother and I have weighty matters to discuss."

"You have nothing weightier than this," persisted Steenie. "That beast heaped insults upon me!"

Absorbed as he was with the one imperative question of the hour, this persistence was intolerable to Mynheer.

"Go away, I say!" he cried angrily. "Leave us alone! I have no time for foolish quarrels."

"'Tis no foolish quarrel, this!" shouted the junker, confronting his father with blazing eyes, and pounding the table with his big clenched fist until everything on it rattled. "He called me a Papist, and threatened me with the cart's tail!"

Mynheer was getting bewildered at the universal spirit of insubordination. He simply stood and stared.

"Who is this, my son?" asked his mother, with unshaken equilibrium.

"Old Leisler."

It may be taken as an evidence of madam's control over the small emotions that she did not change front at this.

"I told him," continued Steenie, addressing his father, "you would call him to account, and he snapped his finger at you and cursed you, and said you were a traitor, and to be pulled down; and when I would make answer to his taunts, his brutal fellows thrust me into the street, and pelted me with mud."

"Where was this?" asked Mynheer, gradually awakening.

"In the Strand."

"What were you doing there?"

"We — I had taken a party to Staat-en Island in my ketch" —

"And then?"

"We had but just come ashore in the dock, and — and the basket was heavy, and I was helping Hester home with it" —

"So, that silly chit again! You brought it on yourself, then," interposed madam calmly.

"She is not to blame for her father," retorted Steenie stoutly.

"But she is of his brood, and her pink cheeks will not cure her bad blood. Take warning, my boy, and keep clear of her."

Mynheer had at last a tangible thread to the snarl. Forthwith he put in angrily: —

"Mark you, now from henceforth I forbid you to hold any acquaintance with that girl, or ever be seen in her company. As for this matter, you are well served for your folly."

Madam did not join in this foolish inhibition, but, studying the junker's crestfallen face as he turned to withdraw, she added, with a significance which fixed his attention, "Whenever an ill afflicts you, my son, which you can find no cure for, bide your time!"

Edwin Lassetter Bynner.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

THAT M. Adolphe Jullien should have followed up his *Life of Wagner* with a similar *Life of Berlioz*¹ is one of the things which, as he himself more than half admits, may fairly be called fated. As a French Wagnerian who had written the first really worthy *Life of the Bayreuth master*, his position with his compatriots would hardly have been a comfortable one had he not seen fit to pay an equal tribute to the great French composer, whose memory all artistic France chose to agree in honoring, if only to show the world that Germany was not alone in possessing a great musical innovator. Just in how far the Berlioz cult in France was the result of national jealousy — sharpened by the political events of 1870 — on the one hand, or of a normal settling and coming to its bearings of French musical opinion on the other, is not easy to determine. Undoubtedly it was, in some measure, due to both influences; and it would be as untrue to say that Berlioz's present popularity in France is wholly owing to the French political animosity toward Wagner as to say that Berlioz would have occupied as prominent a place in French musical life and thought as he actually does if Wagner had never existed. It is undeniable that Wagner's dreary farce, *Eine Kapitulation*, published shortly after the Franco-Prussian war, made the author so personally offensive to the French as to render the active Wagner propaganda in Paris — begun by Pasdeloup about 1862, and carried on by him and others since then — doubly obnoxious to all Frenchmen who had not clear enough heads to distinguish between the artist and the Gallophobe in Wagner. It seems also

pretty evident that French musicians must have seen whither all this Wagner cult was tending; that, unless some counter-influence were set at work, Wagner would not long be confined to the *Cirque d'Hiver*, but would in time make his way to the boards of the *Théâtre-Lyrique* or even of the *Opéra* itself. And the prospect of having to cope with so formidable a rival in the very field in which French musical genius was most anxious to shine was by no means encouraging. France was plainly in sore need of a champion, and who so well equipped for the post as Berlioz? To set up Berlioz as the culminating expression of French genius, in opposition to the Wagner influence, would right everything. In the first place, Berlioz was the only very prominent composer in all Europe who had been, like Wagner, a notable musical innovator, and at the same time a determined *anti-Wagnerian*. Then France owed Berlioz some reparation for past neglect, and to enable him thus posthumously to carry on the old fight against Wagner would go far towards wiping out old scores of indebtedness. Again, Berlioz was the great man of all others whom living French composers had least to dread as a rival in the field of opera. None of Berlioz's operas had ever been successful in France; and although it was mainly their novelty of style which militated against their success when they were first produced, they had lain on the shelf so long that any one with a discerning eye could see that they would strike the public as already antiquated and behind the times, if they should happen to be revived. So Berlioz was not only a powerful piece of ordnance to aim at the Wagnerian camp, but one that was tolerably safe not to go off through the breach and singe the gun-

¹ *Hector Berlioz, sa Vie et ses Œuvres*. Par ADOLPHE JULLIEN. Paris: A la Librairie de l'Art. 1888.

ners. But if all these extra-musical considerations had undoubted weight in inducing France to push Berlioz forward into the position of national musical champion, it seems, to the present writer, at least, that it was the man's intrinsic strength and fitness for the position that enabled him loyally and zealously to be upheld therein. What was at one time contemptuously called the "Berlioz flurry" in Paris, with its festival at the Trocadéro, its forty-seven performances of the *Damnation de Faust* at the Châtelet and elsewhere, and its statue on the Place Vintimille, was really no mere flurry at all. It was the beginning of a public recognition of the man's greatness, which shows every sign of being durable. Berlioz's name to-day heads the list of French composers. It can thus be seen how indispensable it was to M. Jullien's peace of mind, after outstripping Germany herself in doing justice to Wagner, to restore the equilibrium of his favor in the eyes of his compatriots by issuing this companion *Life of Berlioz*. Poor Berlioz! He is mercifully beyond the reach of this last stroke of the irony of Fate. Through his life it was an irritation to him to hear people speak of "Wagner and Berlioz." "Why is it never 'Berlioz and Wagner'?" cried he. Even his biographer attends to Wagner first.

But if M. Jullien could not in decency escape writing a *Life of Berlioz*, he also had the additional inducement of seeing the field clear before him. No worthy biography of the great French composer existed. To be sure, there were the *Mémoires*—Berlioz's own autobiography—and M. Edmond Hippéau's equally voluminous *Berlioz Intime*. But the *Mémoires*, that "tragedy written in tears of blood," as Bülow called them, although one of the most fascinating and withal brilliant books ever written, have been found to be so royally inaccurate in regard to facts as to be little more than a biographical romance. M. Hip-

peau's work, on the other hand, is the result of the most arduous and careful research; but it is in the end nothing but a setting right of the *Mémoires*, and the only way to read it is with it in one hand, and the *Mémoires* in the other. It is not, properly speaking, a book, but a collection of marginal notes. M. Jullien's work is as much the first *Life of Berlioz* as its predecessor was the first *Life of Wagner*.

The book shines by the same excellent qualities as the earlier work,—careful and extended research, clearness of statement, a certain well-balanced common sense, and great dispassionateness in argument. Its literary value is considerable, the arrangement of material in every way excellent, and the style lucid, dignified, and readable. M. Jullien has a Gallic clearness of vision which, if it do not always pierce quite to the core of things, reaches pretty well below the surface; everything he sees is photographed upon his mental retina with perfect definition, as through a lens unwarped by prejudice, upon a smooth surface unruffled by passion. Not that he is lacking in warmth and enthusiasm, but that he has his enthusiasm well under control, and his warmth is just sufficient to make what we have called his mental retina duly sensitive to the image projected upon it. One cannot escape the conviction that he sees Berlioz exactly as he was,—perhaps with even greater distinctness, and certainly more completely, than he saw Wagner. For if he have the virtue of most men who are in the habit of seeing things clearly, of not caring to speculate blindly about things which lie beyond his optic range, he has also the corresponding failing of being too prone to consider what he does not see, or only half sees, as non-existent, and to leave it out of the question. Most readers of his *Life of Wagner* must have felt that his eye never reached below the surface of certain traits in that great man's character, and that his por-

trayal of the character was, to that extent, distorted. Indeed, he often treated Wagner with what may be called the very impudence of common sense. Berlioz he sees more clearly, perhaps because more sympathetically. Berlioz's frenetic, nervous irritability, those emotional *coups de foudre* to which he was subject, and which, more than anything else served to wreck his life, are more comprehensible to him; he can see through them better, and view them in their proper relation to the other elements in his character, than he could Wagner's seeming arrogance in sacrificing everything and everybody to his own artistic ends, or his apparent coolness in making his own material support the business of whatever heaven-sent raven might happen to come his way. As an eminently "positive" and practical Frenchman, M. Jullien could descry in this side of Wagner nothing but sheer unscrupulousness and a deprecable transcendentalism in the art of begging; just as a German might have seen in Berlioz's *coups de foudre* nothing but the delirium of an irresponsible maniac, wanting both in reason and in true *Gemüth*. But M. Jullien sees these things in their true relation to the rest of Berlioz's character, and to his artistic productiveness; he sees them as functional elements in an organic whole, without which that whole had been utterly different in all its manifestations, whereas he views Wagner's ethical shortcomings merely as the unlovely reverse of a medal, which might well have been changed to advantage without thereby affecting the fair and slightly obverse side. Thus, although it is not hard to see that Wagner stands decidedly higher in his esteem as an artist, he is really more just, in the end, to Berlioz, both as artist and man.

Many of the incidents in Berlioz's life are, in this book, shown in quite a different light from the semi-theatrical glow in which they appear in the *Mé-*

moires, and the true account of them will doubtless be read here for the first time by many; for the number of readers who have taken the trouble to plod through M. Hippeau's book must be small in comparison with the thousands who will find this work of M. Jullien's easy reading. The story of Berlioz's love for Harriet Smithson, with its deplorable interludes of infatuation for Camille Moke, here assumes a wholly new aspect. We find that it was not mere forgetfulness of Miss Smithson that left his heart free for Camille's fascinations to work upon, but something far more positive. Calumny had been at work: the Irish actress's character had been besmirched by some wanton meddlers, and Berlioz, in his then desperate state of mind, found the accusations all too probable, and believed them. This explains one point in the *Fantastic Symphony*, which, as is well known, was meant as a tone-picture of the composer's love for Harriet Smithson. One item in the programme of the last movement of this symphony has always been deemed too horrible for belief. It was inconceivable how any man, even with Berlioz's fondness for the frenetic, should have first identified a certain melody with the pure object of his love, and then, in cold blood, as it were, and merely for the sake of a dramatic antithesis, have brought it into contact with such degrading associations as he did in the *Walpurgis Night's Dream* in his symphony. "The noble melody is here degraded to a vulgar dance-tune; it is a mere common courtesan who now comes to join in the mad revels of the witches' Sabbath." Too horrible by half, if the symphony were really in honor of Harriet Smithson! But the truth is that Berlioz had broken with Miss Smithson before he had got more than half through the symphony, and was already *au mieux* with Camille Moke. The whole *Walpurgis Night's Dream* movement was a piece of bitter revenge

upon "*la fille* Smithson" (as he called her in a letter to Humbert Ferrand), after calumny had shown her to him as she was not. Some years later, after Camille had left him in the lurch, and was married to Pleyel, when his love for Miss Smithson had revived, and the symphony was to be given in a concert at which he knew she was to be present, Berlioz had the grace to expunge this passage from the programme.

Deplorable as this whole escapade with Camille Moke was, one can see, with M. Jullien's help, how well-nigh unavoidable it was to a man of Berlioz's temperament and in his situation. Camille was really a superior person; as a cultivated musician, she fully appreciated Berlioz's genius, and this, too, at a time when appreciation was especially dear to him; whereas Miss Smithson knew or cared next to nothing about music. Then Berlioz's infatuation for Camille was kept aglow by constant appropinquity, while he could hardly be said to know Miss Smithson personally at all. He had met her once or twice, but, as the phrase goes, "she would have nothing to say to him," and returned his flaming letters unopened. He had merely adored her, as Juliet or Ophelia, from afar.

The picture M. Jullien draws of Berlioz's life after he had married Harriet, and of his gradual estrangement from his wife, is not so elaborate in detail as the account in M. Hippeau's book, but it is as graphic as it is sad. It must be remembered that the two were almost strangers when they married. Berlioz actually took her heart by storm, and while his passion was of the white-hot, frantic sort, she, as Legouvé put it, "*l'aimait bien*," loved him well enough. As his ardor, in the natural course of things, began to sink to the rational, every-day level of conjugal affection, she grew more and more deeply in love with him. Constant intercourse had revealed to her the finer side of his char-

acter and genius; she found how really lovable he was, and that he was by far the most superior man she had ever met; she was thoroughly proud of him, and it filled her with an apprehensive anguish that, just as she had become truly and deeply in love with him, the honeymoon responsiveness of his passion had begun to wane. Her love came too late, and what would have seemed to her a solid, husbandly affection on his part, had the two begun their married life with an equal warmth of love on either side, now offended her as irresponsible coldness. She fell a prey to the most furious jealousy, — she was older than he, — and the ever-increasing force of her passion may be said fairly to have *blown out* his flame. At last he could stand it no longer, and cut the Gordian knot. What a state of mind the man was in may be imagined from his allowing himself to fall into the toils of so vulgar and apparently uninteresting a woman as Marie Recio, afterwards his second wife. The daily stormy scenes with Harriet could have been as nothing, to a man of his fibre, compared to the slow wear and tear of constant attrition against this coarser clay. Think of Berlioz tied to a dull, ill-tempered, imperious woman, devoured with the ambition to sing his music, and generally singing out of tune!

As for Berlioz's last love, his unrequited adoration of Madame Fournier, the whilom *Stella montis* of his early boyhood, M. Jullien sees reason to believe that the narrative in the *Mémoires* is all too highly colored. He even doubts the authenticity of the letters published in the *Postface*. That the two did actually meet face to face, and afterwards correspond, seems indubitable. But that Madame Fournier's account of the matter, could it be had, would be very different from Berlioz's is more than probable. The love-stricken and physically wrecked old man of sixty had lashed himself up to such a pitch of frenzy that there is no knowing what

pictures his fevered imagination may not have painted.

M. Jullien's appreciation of Berlioz's works seems admirable in acumen and justness. But to consider this part of his book in detail would necessitate the use of a technical terminology quite out of place here. Suffice it to say that, as a piece of musical criticism, the work is

wholly fine. Upon the whole, in spite of its rather terrifying size, it is a book to be read by every one at all interested in the musical history of our time, — for few men have exerted so strong and subtle an influence upon modern music as Berlioz, — and the reading of which is calculated to give as much pleasure as instruction.

BISHOP KEN.¹

A NEW and fuller biography of the author of the *Morning and Evening Hymns* is an addition to those memoirs of Christian character which are the best ornament of the Anglican church, welcome to all branches of the Christian faith, and especially acceptable to lovers of piety rather than dogma. Bishop Ken had the misfortune to fall upon the unquiet times of controversy in religion and of revolution in the state, which could only offend and perplex a man of his temperament, and in consequence he ended his days in misfortune. It was a sign of his future that he was bred in near neighborhood to the studies and pursuits of Izaak Walton, who was his brother-in-law, and so much older than himself as to have a guardianship of care and counsel over him. He was early an orphan, and it seems not unlikely that Walton's house was the home to which the school-boy came on his vacations from Winchester, where he passed his boyhood. It was due to Walton, too, that he was sent to Hart Hall and New College at Oxford. The years of his education, however, were those of the Puritan ascendancy, and he was thus familiarized with disturbance and doubt in matters

both ecclesiastical and secular while still a youth, and thus from the first united in his career opposing influences. It is more to the purpose to note that from Walton he must have derived the beginning of those studies in literature which were the source and example of his own poetical labors. The influence of Herbert is traceable in his life as a parish priest, and the remembrance ring of Christ on the anchor, which Donne gave to Walton and Walton bequeathed to Ken, was a lifelong souvenir to the suffering bishop of the happier auspices under which he had set out in life. The lasting nature of these early influences was singularly attested by his last act. Donne had wrapped himself in his own shroud, and it was in imitation of him that Ken carried a shroud in his traveling-bag for many years, and when the time came put it on with his own hands.

The external events of Ken's life were not out of the ordinary for a man in his position, but they sometimes brought him into connection with interesting historical events. He was at first a parish priest where he had intimate associations with Lady Maynard, one of the saints of that unsainted age, whose diary is still remembered by kindred

¹ *The Life of Thomas Ken, D. D., Bishop of Bath and Wells.* By E. H. PLUMPTRE, D. D., Dean of Wells. With Illustrations by

E. WHYMPER. Two volumes. New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co.

souls. He was then successively attached to Winchester school, where he wrote that *Manual of Prayers* for the scholars which centuries have not displaced as a spiritual guide for the young; to the court at The Hague as chaplain to Princess Mary, where he offended William by his boldness in rebuking the vices of the courtiers, but won his regard; to the English court as chaplain, where he gave occasion for some well-remembered words of Charles II., who praised and liked "the little black fellow;" to the expedition to Tangier, also as chaplain (Colonel Kirke of "Kirke's Lambs" being in his flock), where he attracted the unfavorable comment of Councilor Pepys, who differed with him in argument with regard to "spirits;" and finally to the cathedral at Wells, to which see Charles II. elevated him. It was but shortly after this preferment that he attended at the bedside of the dying king, and spoke "like one inspired," Burnet says, in endeavoring to effect repentance in the royal bosom, persuading the king to remove the Duchess of Portsmouth and to send for the queen, and absolving him before the secret and more desired absolution of the Catholic priest, Huddleston, was clandestinely obtained. A few months after he stood by the unhappy Monmouth on the scaffold to perform the same offices for the dying, but of his part in that not over-pleasing scene there is scanty record. He was one of the seven bishops who presented the "standard of rebellion" petition to King James, suffered imprisonment and trial with them, and, resisting the enthronement of William and Mary, was deprived of his pastoral charge, and afterwards wandered about in friendly houses, principally established, however, at Lord Weymouth's seat at Longleat, until death put an end to his trials.

The history of his more important actions on the stage of events is of less consequence than the exhibition of his

character. He was naturally meditative and pious; not lacking in boldness, as became an eloquent preacher, he nevertheless took more pleasure in the duties of retirement. His personal habits were almost ascetic. He took but one meal and one sleep, and rose at three in the morning. An organ in his room was his only luxury. His musical taste seems to have been a leading trait of his nature, and he accompanied himself on the lute as he sang his morning hymns. His library was dear to him, and was curious in that it contained an unusual number of Catholic books of mystical devotion in the southern languages. He was never married, and it is rather humorously suggested that the anecdote which Walton may have told him of Hooker's "uncomfortable wife" was the occasion of his habitual morning vow that he "would not marry that day." In the discharge of his pastoral duties he was exemplary, and, besides writing proper books and counsels for the pious instruction of his people, he himself set them a living rule. He was not avaricious. He gave the largest lease-fine that fell in his incumbency, £4000, to the relief of the Huguenot refugees in England. He visited the prisons that were crowded with the victims of Monmouth's rebellion, provided for their wants, protested against Jeffries' cruelties, and interceded with the king. Each Sunday he had twelve beggars to dine at his table. In more private ways he also showed continuously the eminent goodness and charity of his nature. His toleration included so kind a feeling toward the Catholics that he lay under the suspicion of a leaning toward the Roman church; and he was, in the view of Dean Plumptre, a loyal and really attached friend of King James, even when he felt forced, in the interest of the liberties of England, to do him such serious disservice.

He had from time to time much leisure, especially in his last years, and this he apparently habitually devoted to the

composition of poetry. He left a large mass of verse, which never came into any wide public notice. Dean Plumptre, with the pardonable interest and closer observation of a biographer, finds in Ken's epics matter which would entitle them to more high consideration than they have received. They have, it is true, an autobiographical interest, and they show the ideals of the man, but he had not the gift of sustained or of lofty poetical expression. The *Morning and Evening Hymns*, in which his devout spirit poured itself out with directness, elevation, and simplicity, remain his only contribution to lasting literature; and these have obtained a breadth of acceptance in all communions which may well make up for the narrow fame of his other labors in poetry. They have kept his memory green, and have attracted to him the curiosity and the admiration of the most spiritually minded of Englishmen in later days. The tribute of Cardinal Newman

to him is a striking instance of this, and, though not so well known as Dryden's portrait of him as the parish priest, attests the spirituality of Ken as nobly as Dryden's lines honor his humane labors. The list of those who have cared for his memory would be one of great distinction. The proper public memorials of him, however, have been erected only within late years. Out of one of these the present biography grew; and weighted as it is with documents, appendixes, and the undigested materials of history, marred as we must think it by needless speculation in regard to the obscure portions of his life, guesses, and literary parallels, either too high or far too low for the subject, it affords materials for a patient reader to glean in; and if he discovers in these volumes, as it is quite possible to discover, the inner life, the noble serviceableness, and the conscientious public conduct of an ill-starred soul, he will obtain a treasure which is beyond our congratulation.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A New Profession. THE man who discovers a new profession is manifestly entitled to the gratitude of at least two classes: the people to whose comfort or needs it ministers, and those who find in it an occupation. With a view to serving alike certain of the gifted but unemployed, with whom the present time seems especially well furnished, and a large number of perplexed parents, I wish, in all due humility, to suggest a fresh field of labor.

Everybody who has had to do with children knows how much thought must be expended upon the subject of the reading proper and best for their young minds. In this progressive age it is well-nigh impossible for grown people

to keep up with the rapid advance of the youngsters in any field, and it is especially hard to know what to give them that at once they should and will read. If some clever and cultured person were in a position to make this subject the serious business of life, then it might be possible to come to something like a reasonable solution of the problem; and the thing that follows as the logical sequence is that some such person should be put in a position to give his whole time to it. In other words, there should be at once established professors of children's reading.

At first blush it may not be easy to take such a proposal seriously, but if one impartially considers the matter a

little, it must at least be evident that if the plan is practicable it would bring comfort and aid to innumerable homes. In a society like ours there are many parents who are bringing up their children to fortunes far above those of their own youth. They have never had the training which would fit them to direct the reading of their children, and they are pathetically helpless in face of the necessities of the case. There are others upon whom no amount of education would have bestowed the judgment necessary to choose wisely what children shall read; while for the wisest of us all there is always the difficulty of keeping in mind the books from which we should select, and of selecting with wisdom and discrimination. We are continually saying to ourselves of this or that book that we intended to have the children read it at a certain stage of development, but unluckily we forgot all about it.

Now one whose business it was to keep run of these things, who was trained to observe the influence on young minds of any given course of reading, and who studied the whole matter as a serious profession, could not fail to accomplish wonders in the development and the training of the youthful mind. He must be a person not only of intelligence, but of imagination; he must be catholic in his tastes and firm in his convictions; he must be one to whom children would turn naturally, and his knowledge must be as wide as possible.

When such a man is found, what a blessed prospect of relief opens before many a wearied parent! Tom is sulky, or Betty is getting too sentimental to be endured, or Harry is apparently dead to all sense of honor; Kate's whole small soul is given over to slothfulness, Dick will prevaricate, or Nancy's temper is the terror of the household. The professor of reading will be called in: he will give a prescription just as the phy-

sician does, only that his will go to the book-seller instead of to the apothecary, and, although the days of miracles are passed, and one cannot expect wonders, he will effect results that beforehand one would not have believed possible. To Tom he will perhaps—this is spoken merely in illustration, and the future professor is in no way to be held responsible for it—give a volume of Cooper or Marryatt; Betty will have something jolly, perhaps the Alice books or a volume of Edward Lear; and just the right thing to each. To one will be assigned a fairy story, to another the most matter-of-fact volume of history; to this a book on natural history, to that Scott's poems, to the third Grimm; and so on for all the innumerable varieties of childish minds.

Not to discuss it at too great length, it certainly does seem as if the scheme were one which has but to be mentioned to commend itself instantly to the intelligence of thoughtful people; and there seems but one difficulty of much magnitude. Children are plenty, parents might be induced to coöperate, books there are innumerable, but where is the professor?

— I fancy that it is an instinct common to all which makes us dislike things forced upon us, imposed upon our will by an external necessity. This lawless instinct I know is strong in me. Something that I might have no particular objection to, were a choice about it allowed me, becomes instantly distasteful when I find myself compelled to accept it. The less important the matter the more perversely I am often set against it. I do not want to read the book that all the world is reading and talking about, and if I give in to pressure I take it up with something of prejudice against the unoffending author. If I am undecided whether or not to go out for a walk, and possibly lean toward remaining within, no sooner does anything happen to necessitate

*Recreations
for Million-
aires.*

this than I am seized with a fervent desire to escape. I have a strong sense of freedom, in short, and hate to be cabined, cribbed, confined,—as in many ways, alas! we all are and must be, some more, some less. For this reason it is so unpleasant to be poor, even relatively so. Poverty is not degradation, but it is limitation; it shuts one up in bounds, ties one as to time, and restricts the free enjoyment of the senses and æsthetic instincts. Wealth means freedom, or may mean it, though in fact there are no more pitiable slaves than some men to whom riches bring loss, not gain, all other desires being merged in the one passion of mere money-getting.

I have come a long way — all round by Robin Hood's barn, as the picturesque phrase goes — to reach a simple point and offer a suggestion to those whom it may concern. I was wondering, the other day, what I should do for my amusement if I were the owner of millions, and I thought I should like to be original, to strike out some new device for getting the benefit of my money. I was considering its purely personal use, putting aside all thought of its use for others, from which, of course, the highest satisfaction is derived. There are many ways of enjoying riches, I thought, and yet it seems as though there might be more. Suppose that I explored the world thoroughly and at my leisure; that I made delightful trips in my yacht; that from time to time I added to the adornments of my house, — or rather houses, for I should like one among the hills, and one by the sea, a villa on Como, and perhaps another elsewhere; suppose that I bought all the pictures I wanted, and added to the treasures in my choice library, — what else could I contrive for my own especial pleasure and that of my intimate friends? Thus meditating, there occurred to me an idea which appeared good. If I were possessed of a trifle of fifty millions or so, I should

appropriate a portion of my income, say \$20,000, for the payment of the salaries of four musicians, whose time and talent should be entirely at my disposal. I am extremely fond of chamber music, and am sure I could keep them pretty regularly employed. Old King Cole had fiddlers three, but I should want four. That number would suffice for ordinary purposes, and if a quintette, sextette, or septette were to be performed, additional musicians could be brought in for the occasion. In this manner the music could be enjoyed as it never can be under other circumstances. I should control the selection of pieces for the *matinée* or *soirée musicale*, and indulge myself with the pleasure of calling for a repetition of any composition or any movement I preferred. One of the drawbacks to the full delight of a musical performance is the evanescence of the soul-thrilling sounds; no sooner is the *andante* or *adagio* begun than it is ended. Above all, I could summon these men at any moment to my presence. Whether in jolly mood like King Cole, or sentimental as Olivia's Duke, restless or serene, sad or simply grave, there at my hand would be the food and the medicine which ministers to the senses and the spirit of him that hath ears to hear.

I mentioned this idea to a friend of mine, and found it commended itself immediately. I asked if he had any original designs stored in his head for the amusement of millionaires. Yes, he said, he had conceived a project of a similar sort. "If I had a really large fortune, not a mere fifty millions," he went on, "I should build a model theatre, and engage a competent manager, who should hire actors of first-rate talent to form a stock company, so that the city I lived in should contain one playhouse where persons who know what good acting is, and I among them, should never fail to find entertainment furnished of the very finest in its kind. I am fond of the drama, and have been familiar with

the stage since early boyhood, and in the present lamentable condition of things I find myself deprived of my favorite pastime, as actors of any decided merit for the most part set forth to perambulate the continent, — in their slang, 'go on the road' in the character of 'stars,' supported by a few wretched sticks that were never so much as rockets at their best."

I offer these suggestions to any gentleman who is embarrassed by an annual surplus in his treasury.

A French Folly. — It is interesting to note that while day after day "all Paris" crowds the alleys of the Trocadéro for a view of the Eiffel Tower, the more thoughtful few see in it only a wild freak of engineering skill, and estimate the achievement as of little value. The crowds stare at "the biggest tower on earth," but the feeling of the best minds is that of M. François Coppée: "C'est énorme, — ce n'est pas grand."

Perhaps it is worth while to listen to the dictum of this distinguished Academician in the verses he has written about the tower, a translation of which I give below. They are an interesting commentary on the work from the standpoint of a man whose judgment is of more value than that of the capricious and sometimes terrible thing which in France is called "the people."

ON THE EIFFEL TOWER.

At last I've seen the enormous tower,
The iron mast, with rigging rude.
Confused, unfinished, and deformed,
The monster's hideous, closely viewed.

Gigantic, without form or grace,
A brazen idol (*sans remorse*),
The triumph of a brutal fact
And symbol of a useless force.

This foolish miracle I've tried,
This absurd prodigy I know;
Its endless lengths of winding stair
I've mounted, braving vertigo.

Clutching the balustrade, I climbed,
Bewildered, stupefied, by height,

As in a web — a web of iron —
A little quivering spider might.

And as at last the bird alights,
I made its topmost floors resound
Beneath my stumbling feet, which tripp'd
'Mid bolts and cables iron-bound.

There I could see, spread out for miles,
Paris, — with towers and dome it lay
Arena'd in its purpling hills, —
And still beyond, far, far away!

But in this yawning gulf, the Town
Nor charm nor terror had; in brief,
A panorama wrapped in gloom,
A plan of Paris in relief,

Transforming palace History knows,
Gay quarter, faubourg without joys,
To little playthings, just tossed out
Of a Black-Forest box of toys.

Yes, our great swarming Paris now
Is commonplace from this high plane:
The Obelisk a needle's point,
And but a ribbon seems the Seine;

And one is sad at heart to view,
Low-leveled, from this spot mid-air,
The Arc de Triomphe and Notre Dame,
Alas! our glory and our prayer.

What use to climb from point to point?
Of this vast world I cannot see
More than my little bit of earth,
And heaven is never nearer me.

The tower of Babel build again?
Why, children of our Gaul, so proud?
Mont Blanc, in dreaming of your tower,
But shrugs his shoulders, bathed in cloud.

Well, let our masters run to find
Some artist, ignorant, second-rate.
This tower three hundred metres high
Is overgrown, — it is not great.

O Middle Age! O Renaissance!
O those good workers of the Past!
Days of a genial innocence,
Art for art's sake, first thought, and last;

When, burning with a simple faith,
For twenty years the sculptor wrought
His cunning work on one *ogive*,
Which no stray sunbeam ever caught;

When, fired by all that's great in art,
The king adorned his donjon-hall
With marble chiseled by Goujon,
To shelter swallows on the wall!

O older centuries of art !
 What shame, to show our iron cage
 And awestruck bumpkins to the crowd —
 The hundred peoples of our age !

But, spite of failure sad to see,
 Our genius has not cried retreat,
 And laurels on our brows conceal
 The bitter wrinkles of defeat.

That Europe, who stands jeering by,
 Should be eclipsed by something tall,
 — For this *ferraille* we only pay
 Our twenty million, — that is all !

A masterpiece is worth still more ;
 Although, no doubt, the workman said
 This task was just as good for him,
 And, singing, gained his daily bread.

No. Out on struggles for ideals,
 On tourneys waged in beauty's part !
 Markets and stations let us build,
 The future themes, the newer art.

Long-drawn, as speech by deputy
 Or minister, our tower won't fail,
 At a "fixed price," to welcome all
 Who buy the welcome, — 't is for sale.

For here's at last the end, the aim,
 The underlying thought, the true
 Reason for being, of the fane :
 "Admission to the top, *cent sous*."

The idler, looking from below,
 Its hundred stories fail to awe.
 He, sneering at the monster, asks,
 What earthly use can this serve for ?

Is Tamerlane without our gates,
 And this the vantage-place to taunt
 His hosts with knowledge of their ways ?
 — Oh, no ! This is a restaurant.

Upon these dizzying heights, perhaps,
 Better can note the watching seer
 The shock of worlds and nebulae ?
 — Oh, not a bit ! There they'll take beer.

Our waning century's not too nice ;
 We build for *pourboires*, not for art.
 The Eiffel Tower's a mere pretext
 For gaining money, — that's the smart.

Building of decadence, too soon
 We'll read in letters seen afar :
 "Here you may drink," "Here you can
 dance."

— Who knows ? perhaps to *Ça ira* ? —

Thou monstrous work, thou failure great,
 Ugly colossus, black and blind,

Great iron tower, a Yankee's dream,
 Thy hideous image haunts my mind.

In reverie on thy highest plane,
 By sad presentiment I hear
 The German cannon's sullen roar
 Far eastward, on the French frontier.

For on the day when France in arms
 Shall cast, with fatal throw, the die,
 With bitter tears shall we not look
 Where gold and iron wasted lie,

And curse the Herculean task which placed,
 At so much toil, at such a cost,
 This foolish mast upon the ship
 Of Paris, — Paris tempest-tossed ?

"*Adieu-vat*," our symbolic ship,
 The surging wave breaks on thy prow !
 The heavens are black, the seas yawn deep.
 Oh, towards what reefs now driftest thou ?

Things.

— It is curious to note how
 two apparently conflicting tendencies can be operative at the same time in a given civilization. Thus in the newer portions of our West nothing is more marked than the element of outwardness, the immense appreciation of *things* involved in its sudden rise to prosperity. The only standard of value is a tangible one ; ideas count for nothing. The new millionaire, whose success in herds, or mines, or real estate has pushed him into social prominence, becomes the possessor of a house too large by half and ludicrously pretentious. Its furnishings are glaring and oppressive, with a general air throughout of having sacrificed unity of effect to what is striking and costly. Even in the rudest and most remote of American communities an unmistakable emphasis is put upon the commodity or convenience, while we are assured that in the older portions of the East people may be found who have put their idealism to the test by an actual surrender of property for the sake of that high thinking and plain living so often advocated in theory. Having come to look upon their establishments as a sort of enslaving encumbrance, they have disposed of them in an effort to gather themselves together for the freest possible move-

ment in time and space, heralding a return to nature and those simple tastes and resources which are conducive of intellectual and spiritual independence. They seek to minimize the claims which mere things have upon them as resolutely as if poverty had forced them to the position. Perhaps no better illustration of the spirit in which these people look out upon the world can be found than the family life of the Peabodys, as it appears in the biography of Nathaniel and Sophia Hawthorne, by their son. This would seem to be the starting-point of a possible reaction to materialism, and, if there should be a likelihood of its spreading, might well encourage the idealists, who are supposed to be having so hard a time of it now.

Mothers in
Fiction.

— A sick youth was lying in bed, watching with quiet eyes his mother's form moving gently about the room where for weeks she had been ministering to him with tenderest heart and hands. There had been a stillness there for a little while, when the boy spoke: "I wonder why there are no mothers in fiction." "Why, there are, dear; there must be," the mother answered quickly; but when she tried to name one, she found that none came at the call. When she related to me the little incident, I too immediately said that our memory must be strangely at fault that it did not furnish us with examples in plenty. So obvious and so pregnant a theme had surely not been neglected by novelists. Maternal love! Why, art was filled with illustrations of it, and so was literature. And yet, on making search, I too have failed to find the typical mother where it seems she would so easily be found. I have no large acquaintance with the imaginative literature of any language but our own, and the fiction of other countries may afford examples in this kind of which I know nothing. But recalling the work of our own finest and best known writers, their treatment of the subject appears

both scant and slight. Calling the roll of them from Fielding and Scott to Hawthorne and Hardy, it strikes one as singular that they have one and all omitted to delineate with any peculiar force and beauty a human type which suggests itself so naturally as full of opportunity for artistic representation.

There are many figures in fiction movingly illustrative of paternal, filial, fraternal, and sisterly affection. Clive Newcome's love for his old father is outdone by the Colonel's devotion to his son; Romola's dutiful affection for her father is beautiful, and so is the mutual love of Mollie Gibson and her father in *Wives and Daughters*; Harry and George Warrington, Seth and Adam Bede, are delightful portraiture of mutual brotherly love; Scott, in *Jeanie Deans*, has immortalized a sister's devotion, and in *Florence Dombey* Dickens has given it a pathetic loveliness. We find mothers sketched in as subordinate characters here and there in novels. Mrs. Garth in *Middlemarch* is a good specimen of motherhood, and so is Bell Robson in Mrs. Gaskell's *Sylvia's Lovers*; both of these, however, are not depicted as mothers only or chiefly, but also as wives, true and faithful. The Robson family is one of the most finely drawn groups in fiction; the passionate mutual devotion of the father and the daughter whose ardent, undisciplined nature was derived from his, and the deep and steadfast love of Bell's finely balanced character, are portrayed with an admirable force. Rufus Lyon and Esther are another pair that cannot be overlooked. Dolly Winthrop — dear soul! — contains all the sweet essence of motherhood in her ample person, although it is not in relation to any child of hers that this deep instinct displays itself. Dolly is a type of the genuine womanhood which includes motherhood, and with what wonderful simplicity she is set before us! Mrs. Yoebright, in Thomas Hardy's *Return of the Native*, is a sketch, firmly

and strongly drawn, as all that able writer's are, and the filial sentiment in the unfortunate Clym responds to the maternal feeling in his mother's intense soul. I know of no author who has shown a finer appreciation of maternal character than Miss Yonge, who has written too much for her own reputation, and whose work has been so self-restricted within a certain rather narrow sphere of observation that it has not appealed to a wide audience. Yet her earlier and best novels contain much fine and admirably true portraiture of character, and the influence of the mother in family life has never been better depicted. In the

Heir of Redclyffe the most natural and charming figure is that of Mrs. Edmondston, who so gently manages for his good her kind-hearted, hasty-tempered husband, and lends to each member of the household in turn the counsels of her mild wisdom. In the Daisy Chain, though Mrs. May dies and departs from the scene after the first chapter or two, she remains vividly present as a memory and an influence throughout the whole of the two volumes. Dr. May, always his wife's lover, is as real and charming a man and as good a father of a much too numerous family as can be found anywhere.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fiction. Sought and Found, translated from the German of Golo Raimund by Adelaide S. Buckley. (Funk & Wagnalls.) A sentimental tale, in which life looks like a Dusseldorf painting, highly glazed. — The Hands of a Clock, by William M. Runkel. (The American Publishing House, New York.) Dickens is responsible for this story as regards manner, but not for its incoherence or its dim English. — The Truth about Clement Ker, by George Fleming, has been reissued by Roberts Brothers in their Handy Library. — Alma, or Otonkah's Daughter, a story of the 20,000 Sioux, by Gay Waters. (T. S. Denison, Chicago.) An attempt at setting forth in the form of fiction the outrages upon Indians committed by white men. It is the shriekingest piece of literature we have met with for some time. — The Immortal, by Alphonse Daudet. (Rand, McNally & Co.) This seems to be the same translation as that which appeared in the Universal Review. — Kady, by Patience Stapleton. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) A novel of the frontier, with the noble, uneducated girl and the weak but finally successful Eastern lover. — Recent numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library are The Weaker Vessel, by D. Christie Murray, and Toilers of Babylon, by B. L. Farjeon. — Recent numbers of Ticknor's Paper Series are: The Desmond Hundred; A Woman of Honor, by H. C. Bunner; Forced Acquaintances, by Edith Robinson; Under Green Apple Boughs, by Helen

Campbell; and Fools of Nature, by Alice Brown. — Roberts Brothers have brought out what we believe to be the first American reprint of Leigh Hunt's Romances of Real Life. It is for the most part a compilation, but Leigh Hunt had a knack of making even his quotations delightful. — Miss Howard is a novelist whose work is pretty sure to interest and to pique curiosity. She has made one or two decided hits; she has made at least one failure. To which class must we assign The Open Door? (Houghton.) We are not sure that it will be called a decided success, but it is likely to interest readers. As a story it is very simple. A German count meets with an accident in his early manhood, and becomes a cripple. The lady who would probably have married him is thenceforth the heartless woman of the world in the book. His mother is an old frump, who lavishes all her tenderness on a lap-dog, and this lap-dog is thrust disagreeably upon one at every turn in the story. The mother has a way of taking on young girls as companions, expending her foolish fondness on them, and then tiring of them and throwing them aside. At last comes along the fifteenth of them, a pure, high-spirited girl, a baroness remotely connected with the family, who refuses to be a sycophant, and marches through the story with uncompromising sturdiness, dealing out truth on every hand. Early in the novel it is clear that the crippled count will marry her, and the reader is not for a moment

deceived by the obstacles that spring up. The countess tries to marry her to a German officer, but she disdains him, and he sets about seducing the baroness's maid. Here comes the one notable passage in the book: the baroness at night goes to an outcast's room, whither her silly maid has gone to meet the officer, and has there a long intellectual and sentimental struggle with the outcast and the maid, finally winning the game. But the passage is superficially strong; it is showy rather than genuine. Indeed, this is the term to be applied to the entire novel. The manner of the book is forced, exaggerated, with occasional brilliancy, but with the glitter of tin-foil rather than of precious metal. There is little of the reserved power which made *Aulnay Tower* a book out of the common. — *John Charáxes, a Tale of the Civil War in America*, by Peter Boylston. (Lippincott.) An inartistic novel, written apparently by a man of intellectual strength, so untrained in the writing of fiction as to make very elementary mistakes. It is a disjointed book, interesting by snatches, but tumbling to pieces in the reader's hands. Variety of scene alone cannot save a book from being tiresome; on the contrary, if a writer sweeps into a novel all his random observations, and makes haste to deliver through his characters all sorts of opinions upon politics and theology, and at the same time to tie and untie knots of relationship and rattle off adventures, he is likely to succeed, as in this case, in making a fifty-cent chaos. — *Esther Denison*, by Adeline Sergeant (Holt), is the latest issue in the *Leisure Hour Series*. The writer feels earnestly, and with a simple theme, a girl coming in between lover and loved, manages to manufacture a story which is carefully thought out, and contains a good deal of the effect of discipline upon life. One has a respect for the author, even if the air of the book is somewhat too intense. — *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy, or an Irish Romance of the Last Century*, by J. A. Froude. (Scribners.) Mr. Froude has had so much practice for novel-writing in his histories and travels that it is not at all surprising that his first acknowledged piece of fiction should be anything but 'prentice work. He deals, moreover, with public events, and does not make too heavy demands on the interest of the reader in mere men and women. — *Between Two Loves*, by Amelia E. Barr. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) The two loves are lover and brother; and though the girl is ready to give her life to her brother, he does not want it, so after much suffering her lover gets her. Mrs. Barr's strength lies in her masculine use of a few simple, elemental characters; she has a vigorous touch, and she does not weaken the force of her drawing by putting in a great many decorative flour-

ishes. — *The Pretty Sister of José*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Scribners.) A willful girl, with a dull, faithful brother, is beset with love by a dashing matador, whom she coolly dismisses. Her lover gone, her love comes, and now she nearly dies in her passion for him. The whole story is a sort of literary ballet, with Spanish dresses and guitar and fan. — *Dragon's Teeth*, from the Portuguese, by Mary J. Serrano. (Ticknor.) Although the translator puts her name only on the title-page, she is not wholly unjust to her author, for she gives due credit to *Eça de Queiroz* in a brief introductory note. One enters a Portuguese novel with some hopefulness, but when he comes out of this one he is bound to confess that the Portuguese variety of human nature offers no great surprise or specially new pleasure. There is the same cousin who interferes between man and wife. The flavor of the book is foreign, but that is all. — *Sam Lovel's Camps*; *Uncle 'Lisha's Friends under Bark and Canvas*, by Rowland E. Robinson. (Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York.) We were struck by the native tang in Mr. Robinson's former book. This possesses much the same quality. The scenes are a little more out-of-doors, but the French Canadian and the Vermonter are still the chief figures, and there is the same nervous, somewhat angular directness. — *The Sphinx in Aubrey Parish*, by N. H. Chamberlain. (Cupples & Hurd.) A queer, inconsequential book, the work apparently of a man who dreams out his story, and is forever trying to fix the outlines so that they shall not be too blurred. — *Lady Bluebeard* (Harpers) is a novel in which the author makes Eastern travel an excuse for fictitious philandering. — *French Janet*, by Sarah Tytler. (Harpers.) A fantastic story, with a spook for a heroine. — *A Transaction in Hearts*, by Edgar Saltus. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) Mr. Saltus keeps just ahead of the subscribers to the *Century dictionary* with his iserine eyes, other eyes "of that green-black which is noticeable in dysodile coal," his akosmism, his fetching young women, lancinating neuralgia, rememorate, and similar verbal bricabrac. The heroine is dreadfully undulating; she undulates at the slightest notice; her intonation, even, is undulant. Then she has a cleft in her neck, and the man who is a clergyman and her sister's husband sits in his study and imagines her going to bed. The story is moral, — oh, very moral; all the sin is committed in the desire; the sinner is held back by circumstance; the good are hypocritical, the fair are venomous, and the writer's smile is a sneer. What a devilish world this is, according to Mr. Saltus!

Poetry. In *Poems and Translations* (Scribner & Welford) Mr. W. J. Linton has brought

together in one volume the chief portions of two previous collections of verse, — *Claribel* and *Other Poems*, and *Love Lore*, works originally issued in limited editions, and now not procurable. To the earlier and well-known pieces the author has added a number of spirited translations, mostly from the French, and here printed for the first time. Among the selections from the volume of 1865 (*Claribel*, etc.), we miss the very noble threnody on Albert Dürer. We wish that this had been included. Those who know Mr. Linton only as a masterly engraver will have to make room for him in their regard as a true poet also. His briefer lyrics have a felicity wholly their own, with here and there an Elizabethan touch that in no way detracts from their genuineness. The book, which is limited to an edition of seven hundred copies, is tastefully printed and bound, and has for frontispiece an admirable photogravure portrait of the author. — The eleventh and twelfth volumes of Robert Browning's complete works (Macmillan) contain *Balaustion's Adventure*, *Fifine at the Fair*, *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country*, etc.

Literature and Criticism. *French Traits*, an Essay in Comparative Criticism, by W. C. Brownell (Scribner's Sons), is a reprint, with additions, of the series of charming papers which lately made one of the features of Scribner's Magazine. — *The Banquet of Dante Alighieri*, translated by Katharine Hillard. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London.) Miss Hillard's translation of the *Coniarto* has all the appearance of being painstaking work; if we miss a little the grave sweetness of the poet, we may fairly charge the lack to a less liquid language. Her introduction is modest and helpful, her annotations are not cumbersome, and altogether the book is a welcome addition to Dante literature. — *Prolegomena to In Memoriam*, by Thomas Davidson, with an Index to the Poem. (Houghton.) Mr. Davidson finds *In Memoriam* one of the great world-poems, and since it deals with the profoundest truths of life he easily finds justification in a close philosophical study of the poem, drawing illustration and commentary from other poets and from the masters of philosophy. His work is professedly more penetrating and comprehensive than Mr. Genung's analysis, but the two books

complement each other, one dealing more with the structure of the poem as a work of art, the other with the underlying thought developed. The index is in reality a concordance. — *Essays of William Hazlett*, selected and edited, with introduction, by Frank Carr (W. Scott, London), is a little volume to be commended.

Biography. The collectors of Americana owe a new debt to Mr. W. S. Baker for his *Bibliotheca Washingtoniana*, a Descriptive List of the Biographies and Biographical Sketches of George Washington. (R. M. Lindsay.) The value of Mr. Baker's work in this sort has long ago been recognized. — *Life of Friedrich Schiller*, by Henry W. Nevins. (Walter Scott, London.) A forcible little work, which is packed with biographical and critical matter. The biographer, while sturdily independent, does not annoy the reader by extraneous comment, but keeps well to his task. Like other books in the series (*Great Writers*), this is well equipped with index and bibliography. — *Life of General Lafayette*, with a Critical Estimate of his Character and Public Acts, by Bayard Tuckerman. In two volumes. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Mr. Tuckerman had abundant materials at his disposal, and appears to have used them diligently and with a praiseworthy method. The book is not brilliant, neither is it commonplace; it is well ordered, and the narrative is straightforward and clear. We wish the author had given a more minute index, and we wish the publishers had not made the two volumes so stiff and intractable. — *Hosea Ballou, a Marvelous Life-Story*, by Oscar F. Safford. (Universalist Publishing House, Boston.) An enthusiastic study of a man who attacked Calvinism in New England very sharply. No one can know the religious and social history of New England who has not made himself more or less familiar with the protest which was uttered by Murray and Ballou. It is already historical, and Dr. Safford's book would probably be impossible a quarter of a century hence; its writer is still within the glow of Ballou's personal presence. — *David Livingstone*, by Thomas Hughes, and *Henry the Fifth*, by A. J. Church, are the latest additions to Macmillan's interesting series of brief biographies of English Men of Action.





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